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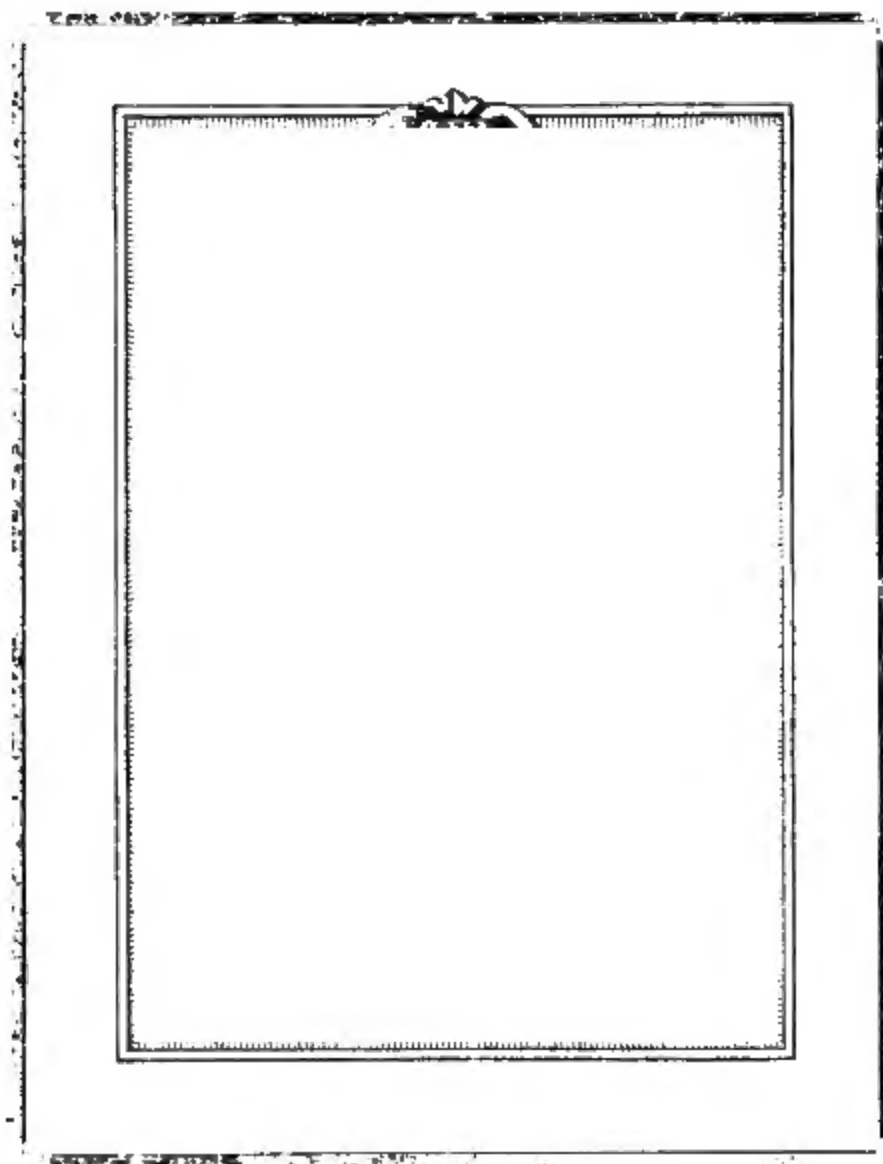
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LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

VOLUME XVIII.

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LONDON SOCIETY.

JULY, 1870.

Drawn by Charles Keene.

IN THE SOCIETY.

See p. 32.

HEIRESS-HUNTING.

THERE are certain persons who, at certain times of life, lay themselves out with great vigour and address for the absorbing pursuit of heiress-hunting. At first sight, at least, it is one of the quickest and pleasantest ways of making a great pot of money—by one coup you may sweep into your coffers more money than the work of years could give—but at the same time it is a monetary truth that large gains are not made without heavy ventures. There is

a great parallel between the hunting of hares and the hunting of heiresses. In each of them, despite Assheton Smith's pleasant theory that the fox highly enjoys fox-hunting, I think poor pussy has decidedly the worst of it, and is not much considered by the harriers. It must be allowed that in the long run there will probably be a heavy quitance exacted for his selfishness, and it must also be allowed that fortune-hunters are by no means confined to heiress-

hunters. Young ladies and their mammas are popularly supposed to have some appreciation of this business of amusement. For the present occasion we limit our remarks to the case of heiress-hunting.

And one heartily is sorry for the poor heiress. Her chances of happiness are certainly much more remote than those of less wealthy young ladies. In the first place, the poor girl is often the only child. There are occasionally families so wealthy that every girl has a fortune, and a good one, although the girls are numerous. But, as a rule, she is the only girl, and often the only child. As an only child she must have been an object of terrible anxiety to her parents. Every little ill and ailment will have been magnified by their fears. Family cares are divided when they are spread over a lot of children, but they are intensified when they are concentrated on a single child. Then the unfortunate girl is often brought up under a notion that is most debasing to a girl's mind, that she is to be prized, not for herself, her nature and culture, but for the property she is to possess. There are heiresses and heiresses. Many girls who have a great deal of money in reversion are quite poor until their parents depart, the said parents resembling that great character in history who declined to take off his clothes until it was bed-time. The heiress, in her consciousness of wealth, does not give full weight to the fact that her wealth is in prospect, not in possession. She is tormented with the idea that it is not herself but her gold that is being sought. Even years after she has been married, when her children are growing up and she and her husband are on most jog-trot familiar terms, this illusion will constantly crop up and perhaps paint imaginary scenes of pure unalloyed affection. Her parents will be still more anxious on her behalf. Too often they most resolutely and distinctly make up their minds that there must be a very full equivalent in cash or coin for any substance their daughter may possess. They too often forget that this substantial

equivalent may leave the heiress poor indeed in all that will make her truly happy, and satisfy the deepest wants of a woman's nature.

As a rule I take rather an unfavourable view of heiresses. Above all, the heiress who knows she is an heiress and presumes upon it is simply detestable. They are apt to have been spoilt in childhood. This gives a warp to their disposition, which is frequently disagreeably apparent in voice and disposition. Surely heiresses have been a good deal petted and coddled in the items of diet and exercise. They have frequently failed to have a full share of air and light, of bodily and intellectual exercise, and this has acted injuriously on their mental and physical development. In fact, I generally find—although one must always look at such general findings *cum grano*—that one has to abate or miss some excellence for every additional ten thousand pounds of fortune. If she has thirty thousand pounds she wears spectacles; if she has forty she squints in addition; if she has fifty thousand she is idiotic beside; if she has sixty she is illiterate, and so on. There is throughout the world a system of balances and compensations which often operates unpleasantly on the heiresses. I remember a man desperately hard up telling me that, after all, he thought he had the choice of three heiresses. One was an atheist, the next a fool, and the third no better than she should be. And even when the heiress is as nice as can be she is solitary or ill, and would willingly part with her banker's book for her bloom. These natural drawbacks, whatever their extent may be, diminish the heiress's chance of a good match. A man who is shy and proud and independent and rather poor, with all his moral and intellectual excellence, will often shrink from the society of wealthy women, and not subject himself to the chance of the imputation of mercenary motives. He is the man who least of all can bear or confront the insolence of prosperity. And while it is the tendency of good men to keep at a distance, it is naturally the tendency

of other men, notably those of the hawk and kite species, carefully and dexterously to watch the *habitat* of their heiress, and after all necessary preparation swoop on their devoted quarry.

For the heiress-hunter is an undoubted fact, frequently an unconscionable, repellent, selfish fact. There are men who fling themselves deliberately into this life-and-death game as utterly devoid of ruth and pity as may be. They go to work in a calm, calculated, and business-like point of view. It is a terrible thought that perhaps after all this is the very best way possible of making love. A man whose feelings are deeply and perhaps inextricably engaged will not play the great game of love-making with half the skill or success of the heiress-hunter. The fellow wants money, and wants it horribly. It may be said for him that he has never been trained for work, and cannot get it if he wanted it, and cannot set about it if he tried. If he has some ridiculously-small fixed income, he loafs about, and by an ingenious system of gold-beating spreads it over as large a surface as he can. If he has a little capital he probably prefers to make a dash, and rejects the Fabian policy for that of Marcellus. The first thing that an heiress-hunter does is to select his hunting-ground. Man, 'the mighty hunter,' always looks out for an appropriate hunting-ground. Man, when nomadic, not settled, hunting, not pastoral, lives on prey, which he seeks within limits as wide as possible. The Indian, whether by instinct or intuition, or summarising instantaneously the results of his experience, detects perhaps simply by the configuration of the country or the direction of the rivers the whole *fauna* and *flora* of a wide-spreading district. They know where the moose and the red deer and the rich-furred quadrupeds are to be sought. The expert heiress-hunter looks out for a shoal of heiresses, just as the fisherman looks out for a shoal of herrings. He intuitively rejects Bognor and Dawlish, Cromer and Bridge of Allan, as places which are to a very high degree unlikely. Bath and Chel-

tenham may offer their chances, Brighton and Torquay are not to be neglected; but perhaps he may arrive at the enlightened decision that the Yorkshire watering-places perhaps offer the best chances, such as Harrogate and Scarborough. The heiress-hunter proceeds methodically. He has his book, in which he enrolls his calculation of the chances. He will not, like the celebrated bumpkin, request a speedy answer, inasmuch as he has another young lady in his eye, or resemble a young lady with whom we are acquainted who told Jones that she would accept him very shortly, provided Robinson did not make her an offer in the meantime. Nevertheless the principle on which he proceeds will be identical. He will have his list of heiresses. He will guard, so far as may be, against going on mere hearsay and probability, and will seek to obtain legal accuracy in all details of wealth, although in such cases a great deal will necessarily be left to probabilities. If he is a man of some tenderness and ruth he will take a smaller heiress with a prettier face and more graceful manners instead of a plainer, stupider, but more moneyed partner. But, as a rule, all such questions of sentiment are as entirely discarded as they would be in any legal or commercial transaction. The affair is a money affair, and must be governed by entirely prudential considerations. Every little accessory of the plot will be most carefully studied. It is a game in which you cannot afford to throw a point away. All matters of dress, which the lovelorn swain will often discard, but which are nevertheless, in the judgment of the best critics, of the highest importance, will receive careful attention. You may also rely upon it that no personal awkwardness or lack of conversational small talk will injuriously affect the heiress-hunter. Good and clever girls will easily forgive the negligence or stupidity which they can best explain by their own overwhelming influence. But I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that a large proportion of heiresses are neither good

nor clever. Then the hunter has often a very difficult game to play. He has sometimes a couple of heiresses in tow, whom he meets every day and almost every hour; and he has adroitly to contrive that the circumstance shall help him in his game rather than prove a hindrance. Some men are hardly equal to complicated operations, and therefore they confine themselves rigidly to the single object of their one chosen quarry. If they fail here they shift the venue, as the lawyers say, and move off rapidly into more favourable quarters. If they are in a great hurry they conduct their movements with startling rapidity; and sometimes they lend a zest to their work by betting very freely upon its results.

The great point with the heiress-hunter is to arrange matters as speedily as possible, and to commit the heiress as deeply as he can; he therefore presses on the business with a well-regulated ardour. If it is allowed to assume an unimpulsive and deliberate stage, the poor heiress-hunter is apt to come to much grief. At some critical moment, brothers interfere, or her family solicitor is desired to look into matters. The mention of settlements frequently proves ominous. The gentleman has no corresponding settlements to make. The lady's friends not unnaturally look upon him in the light of an impostor. Sometimes the affair is broken off altogether, not without some use of opprobrious language by an elder brother; sometimes the settlement is made strictly upon the lady and the children of the marriage. Often the lady takes a mercenary fit, and breaks it off herself; sometimes she takes a fit of enthusiastic self-abnegation, and insists on surrendering at discretion both herself and her property. Cases are even known where a gentleman has been contented to waive his claim for a pecuniary consideration from the friends. The case occasionally arises where each side has been deceived; where the heiress-hunter imagines that he has caught his heiress, and the penniless lady thinks that she has found a rich

husband. Mr. Dickens has worked out this instance in Alfred Lammle and his wife. Captain Marryat, in one of his stories, makes the parties separate as soon as they discover their error, and the lady commits the now fashionable crime of bigamy. One of the instances in which poetical justice is freely dealt out, is when the heiress-hunter falls deeply in love, and is then rejected for his mercenary conduct. The game of the feelings is a dangerous one, and our hero incurs this peril, though he minimises it, and when he falls a victim, it is ever as in the great scenes of plays, where the villain by mistake has exchanged the poisoned rapier, or drank of the poisoned cup.

It strikes me that I have been a little hard on the heiresses, and even, though assuredly not undeservedly, on the heiress-hunter. Beyond all comparison, some of the best and brightest women I have known have been heiresses—but with an important qualification. They are heiresses who have never been married. They have been clever enough to avoid all the arts and crafts of the heiress-hunter. Perhaps they have been a great deal too clever. They have been so anxious to escape a simulated affection that they have lost a true. They have imputed, or have been persuaded to impute motives, where none existed. In early life they have allowed themselves to be governed too much by 'a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.' They have never allowed themselves to fall in love with the tutor, after the magnificent precedents of the Shirley of Charlotte Brontë, and the Lady Geraldine of Mrs. Browning. Perhaps they have so awed good men by their riches that they have never had the chance of mating with an 'equal mind, and any other chance they have righteously despised. I think myself that the old maids are at least as good as the matrons, and the heiresses are the pleasantest variety of old maids. You see they are old maids by their own free will. They have not married for the mere sake of getting settled,

as is the case with so many women. Their sweetness is not of that acidulated kind which is the generic flavour of spinsters. Frequently they have a singularly wide and generous range of sympathies. To give and to forgive seems the very air they draw. They have more culture than most women have, the result of larger means and greater leisure, and very frequently they are fond of friends and of society, largely indulging elevated tastes. They will give you sympathy, appreciation, allowance, when perhaps none others will; and every clergyman knows where the stream of bounty will run amplest and least stained by selfish motives. Now and then you hear that such a one has married. People lift up their eyes and their hands. It almost seems as if nature were avenging a life of common-sense by an act of tremendous absurdity. But I don't see why they should not. An immortal spirit never grows old. I know a brilliant old lady of seventy who is younger in heart and mind than most girls of seventeen. When Louis XIV. asked a very old woman at what age women ceased to love, he was told that he must ask some one older than herself. Of one thing you may be quite sure—that this sort of heiress never marries a heiress-hunter.

But there is a very important distinction that requires to be drawn. There is a confusion of thought about heiress-hunting which requires to be cleared up. Your heiress-hunters are not generally drawn from the class of poor men. Of course there are the younger son, and the soldier of fortune, and the parson, and the adventurer, all of whom, in the opinion of parents and guardians, may be as hungry pike and jack lying in wait for the innocent young gudgeon. But it is quite possible that even these objects of terror may be true men, and even true lovers, and that the real fortune-hunter may come under such a guise of respectability that he is not even suspected. As a rule, young men will be young men, and not think overmuch of that matter of money in a wife. If

the case were otherwise, there would be a tremendous rush towards girls with money; and this tremendous rush does not, as a matter of fact, exist. The heiress receives perhaps more offers, but perhaps she attracts less love. After all, the love of love is a much commoner and a much stronger feeling than the love of money. Many a young man who, with the mock worldly wisdom of the young, has laid down a mercenary system for himself, brilliantly falsifies it by marrying his sister's governess or his aunt's companion. He goes into the future in the spirit of adventure. He can draw to any extent on that large, illimitable bank of hope. He has no actual experience of the great practical difficulty of keeping up house and home. It is this inexperience and unwisdom that go so far in justifying French parents in arranging marriages for their children, and vindicates the remark that, if marriages were left to the Lord Chancellor or some other authority, there would be more happy marriages than there are now. As an ordinary rule, the blind youth obeys the blind natural law of falling in love, and then goes in steadily for the Darwinian struggle for existence. If he does not do this, but, on the contrary, sacrifices the emotions of youth for miserly thoughts, he has, depend upon it, the strong element of the Jonas Chuzzlewit or the Barnes Newcome in him. The young man who looks out resolutely for money has probably got plenty of his own. He has probably sown all his wild oats, and so is better able to take a 'commercial' view of the 'transaction.' He is perfectly able to marry a young girl on her merits; and even now, with his debased feelings and selfish experience, it would be happy for him if he could do so. But money is the great merit sought. He is not oblivious of other merits, can take a rational estimate of good looks, good education, and good connections; but most of all he has the greatest notion of adding house to house, land to land, money to money. And if this is really the governing motive, no amount of fortune of his own will exempt him from the imputa-

tion of being a fortune-hunter. And the heiress, captured and hunted, will have to undergo whatever inconvenience or unhappiness that may belong to such processes. The most grievous fault in heiress-hunting is that it simulates affection, and only gives the deceived heiress the shadow and affectation of it. And it is sad to think what that poor ill-fated woman has to undergo. It is just possible that her case may turn out better than we think for. The heiress-hunter may begin with money, but may end with love, on the principle of the fool who came to mock and remained to pray. And as the home-nest is built up, and children come, and many mutual interests arise, love may be strong as a rock at last. But this is not the ordinary way in which men's characters work towards their destinies. There can be nothing more torturing than for a young wife to discover that her husband has only married her for her money, and probably does not scruple to tell her so, in moments of ill temper. She finds out, perhaps, that he is sordid, ignorant, hard, selfish, unloving. If she is a good woman, her fate is little less than martyrdom. All the flowers of life wither at her touch, like those of poor Sybel in Marguerite's garden. Then sets in the mighty famine of the heart. Then the very beauty of the outward world becomes almost heart-breaking. You may tell her to rally; but the dove with a broken pinion cannot soar. I am supposing that she is a good woman; but if she has little strength of principle, hers may be a fate heavier than any earthly sufferings.

If a man makes up his mind deliberately that he will marry for money, and clings to this aim with downright tenacity of purpose, I see no reason why he should not succeed in his object. I think we may justifiably indulge in a great deal of moral indignation against the heiress-hunter. But when we come to classify and define, we see that there are large allowances to be made, and that in many cases the reproach has virtually to be wiped away. There are men in the

world who say, honestly enough, that they will only marry when they love, and yet that they can only love where there is money. Such men often find that their stars forbid the desired conjunction of love and money; that they must sacrifice the one or the other, or perhaps make a feeble compromise by accepting a little of each. It is impossible not to feel sympathy with such men. The poor curate, who can never be anything else than a poor curate; the half-pay officer, the younger son with a narrow, fixed limited income; the lay fellow of a college, who has never succeeded in opening up any career in life for himself—these men, if they are to be married at all, must marry those who are large or small heiresses in their way. And if there is genuine love in the case, I do not see that the heiress has done badly for herself who has married a poor gentleman. The great doctrine which Mr. Trollope persistently preaches—a sort of gospel, in its way, which he untiringly reiterates in all his stories—is, that you must marry for money, and you must not marry for anything else. To this school it cannot but be that Mr. Trollope's writings have done good by their inculcation of a wholesome moral. Take the case of fellows of colleges. Under the old regulations, they lost their income as soon as they married; under the new regulations, they may marry and retain their fellowships for twelve years, and then they lose them. Under either regulation, a marriage in many cases must be a marriage for money. Then again, there are men who candidly say that they must have money; perhaps they will even tell women so, or at least imply it, and the women will not be offended, at least under such circumstances as those which I have just mentioned. A case arises of heiress-hunting in a very modified form, which is perhaps not so uncommon. A man finds that he can no longer hope to marry for love, and so he thinks that he will marry for money. He would have married for love once, and would have desired nothing better. But the love was lost to him. Per-

haps she died, perhaps she discarded him, perhaps the love-suit was denied. There is many a dull, prosaic individual who could give you, from his own experience, all the plot of an imaginative romance. But because that bright dream is not for him, he does not therefore think, despite the warnings and anathemas of Mr. Trollope, that he is called upon to abstain from getting married. And marrying, from what he allows to be secondary motives, recognizing that marriage will not be a great spiritual power, but a worldly transaction, he determines that money shall form one of those secondary motives. But there is this difference between him and the heiress-hunter, that, with our friend, money only counts for one of various influences. He would not sacrifice womanliness, goodness, culture, for any amount of it. He has his income—or at all events, is able and willing to work for it; and is not, like the heiress-hunter, aspiring to be merely ‘kept’ by the woman he makes his wife. And perhaps there are good lines in store for these men. The heart, like its enshrouding form, is fearfully and wonderfully made. There is a deep spring gushing beneath the rocks, and flowers and shadows even in the desert. Insensibly the solitary is set in families; the solitary place is glad; though the golden summer of the year is gone, a later summer sets in, not unlike, and there is a solemn tenderness that more than consoles for early dreams.

But the happiest kind of heiress-hunting, after all, is when a man has honestly sought and won a girl’s love, and makes the discovery,

and not till then, that she is an heiress. I remember the aspiration of David Copperfield when he became enamoured of the eldest Miss Larkins. He imagined the paternal Larkins coming to him and saying: ‘Youth is no objection. Here are twenty thousand pounds. Be happy.’ I have known instances where a hardly less juvenile Copperfield has had such aspirations granted, and has, by a single happy flirtation of festive summer days, won lands and riches such as are rarely conceded to a long life of industry. And very pleasant it must be for an honest lover to have it laboriously explained to him how much property his wife will have, and be consulted about the disposition of it. He will not think much of the money part of his prize at present; but he will none the less feel the comfort of it one of these days. But there is, perhaps, even a happier way of obtaining a fortune through a wife: when the tried good wife unexpectedly inherits one, after long years of marriage life. She will hasten, with overflowing heart, to pour it all into the slender coffers of the husband, thankful that it was not hers at a time when her untried nature might have caused her, on its account, to lose the treasures of his love, and glad to give this evidence of wifely devotion. This kind of event is not so very uncommon in real life; and I think it is well worth the attention of the describers of contemporary manners, as indicating that happiest kind of transmutation, beyond any elixir, of changing common metal to gold, of transmuting gold itself into the currency of the ‘Spiritual City.’



PARISINE.

ONE Monday morning, not long ago, I took up the 'Constitutionnel' (Paris newspaper) for the sake of Nestor Roqueplan's theatrical *feuilleton*, or weekly comment on theatrical events. There it was in its place as usual, occupying the ground-floor of two whole pages, well-informed, sharp, yet fair and good-natured. A few hours afterwards another newspaper announced that Nestor Roqueplan was dead! 'Impossible it can be the writer,' I said. 'It is a father, cousin, uncle, or nephew. There are probably more Nestor Roqueplans than one. The event certainly took place at the Théâtre du Châtelet, of which the true Nestor was then the manager; but the deceased namesake may have been staying with him at the time. The hand that wrote those amusing sentences about what took place only a day or two since cannot now be cold and rigid!'

It was so, nevertheless. The proof of that article had been corrected by its writer only a few hours before death made it the last. An ailing heart, which had for some time threatened mischief, brought about, as usual, a sudden catastrophe. The witty tongue was silent; the fluent pen was still.

Nestor Roqueplan, though born in the south, spent his life as a veritable Parisian, and few men would be more missed from Paris than he. He died unmarried, in his sixty-fifth year; but he was one of those men who refuse to grow old at all in mind, and as little as possible in person. The latter effort cost, of course, a considerable amount of 'making-up.' It is not my intention even to sketch his biography, which may be imagined as that of a single man about town, a popular contributor to periodical literature, and successively manager of several of the Paris theatres, including the Grand Opera. The memoirs of such a personage might be made to fill volumes of amusing gossip. I will merely mention that, like the late Duke of Wellington,

he was the author of many expressions and sayings, which he let fall apparently unconscious of their aptness, but which were immediately adopted into the popular vocabulary. For instance, he gave the name of *lorettes* to certain women who showed a predilection for the parish of Notre Dame de Lorette; he also fitted with the title of *petits crevés* the Parisian representatives (only more effete) of the Dundreary type. My object is to direct the reader's attention to the book in which he concentrated his whole individuality. He himself was the essence of Paris; the book is the essence of himself. Its title is explained in the briefest of prefaces. 'People say: *Strychnine, Quinine, Nicotine, Aniline*. I say: *Parisine*.

'NESTOR ROQUEPLAN.'

What follows is a sample of the Lutetian elixir.

Next to the fact of having actually been born—the indispensable first step in human existence, without which no others are possible—marriage is perhaps the most important event of human life. Now marriage, as it exists in French society, is assuredly one of the institutions with which chance has the most to do. In Germany, England, and the United States, there is more opportunity for individual choice. Marriageable girls know nothing there of the French system of sequestration. They enjoy a liberty by which they largely profit to know and to be known. Engagements—the prefaces to marriage—not being a series of empty official conversations under the surveillance of parents and guardians, have a reality and an earnestness which render social mistakes somewhat difficult. And as if those preliminaries were insufficient, marriage there is not absolutely indissoluble.

We may add that marriages in France are either rash or interested. Their neighbours act at the same time more cautiously and more generously. They think more of the face and of the disposition than

of the portion; and if neither of the parties can contribute more than empty purses, they renounce or they adjourn their union. The man has greater reliance on himself, and cheerfully reckons on his own unaided resources: he wants a companion for life, and not a partner in business; a wife, and not a Co. in his concerns.

Marriage, in Parisian society, is simply an affair whose conditions are bargained for in an undertone, amidst the bustle and roar of the great metropolis. To unite, through the agency of a notary and a priest, the existence of a young lady with sharp-pointed heels to the existence of a young man with hair parted down the middle, seems easy enough; but in reality, for every family, and especially at present, now that the old social classifications are completely upset, the question of marriage is sombre as the unknown future. Do the fortunes which spring up so rapidly and so magically add no column of cares to the account-books of those whose children grow taller while their capital swells? If you were an upstart of yesterday yourself, would you give your daughter to a budding young upstart? Certainly not. You are too well aware of the danger of the means employed for starting up. People who have recently made large fortunes are fonder than ever of hunting out, for their daughter's husband, some noble scion of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, impoverished by cards and courtesans. A grand name on one side; great wealth on the other. These alliances of interest and vanity bring about ridiculous complications, which cannot be shaken off till the third generation.

An ambitious financier, of vulgar manners, gave his daughter to a worthy man of lofty parentage. Although irreproachable in his conduct towards the lady, he could not conquer the prejudices of his own private circle. Sometimes, on returning from a grand family dinner, the father-in-law would confide his sorrows to his wife. She, strong, stout, and well stocked with resignation, would answer, 'So long as

we are not sent to dine in the pantry, we mustn't complain.'

The do-nothing nobility of France—they cannot be called the aristocracy, because they enjoy no *cracy* whatever—are preparing for themselves a future which is anything but rose-coloured. While the English aristocracy strives to earn its privileges by its laborious activity, its high education, by the part it takes in public and private affairs, never ceasing to belong to the English people, not a few French 'gentilshommes'* (ignorant as the carp at Fontainebleau, who still fancy themselves living in the reign of François I., gamblers and dissolute out of vanity rather than inclination) strive hard to increase the general wealth of the nation with the remnants of their inheritance, already cut up by the Civil Code.

Restaurateurs, carriage-builders, and insatiable women, are the agents by whom this democratic decomposition of great families is effected. And as the king of France is no longer there to prop up tumbling houses; as the present laws of inheritance, with their system of infinite division, reduce illustrious names to incomes of fifty pounds a year; as misfortunes and losses are never repaired by labour, and as bourgeois will then invariably marry bourgeois, the hidalgos will have to refrain from marriage, for fear of engendering a race of beggars.

But besides persons of really noble birth—and French nobility, like French property, is subject to the law of infinite division—there are brummagem, pinchbeck, self-made nobles, who are not to be put down by the ridicule they excite.

Given a Monsieur whose name is Mâchelard, and who is very much disgusted with his name; the first temptation to ennoble himself is excited by street lads who address him with pompous titles when they open his carriage-door. The longing is kept alive by his tailor, who sends in his bill to M. *de* Mâchelard. Horsedealers and carriage-builders make the malady chronic. It is

* The word has a different meaning to our 'gentleman.' It implies that a person is of noble birth.

impossible to buy a horse and trap in the Champs Elysées without being treated as a Count. Then the servants come to take the orders of M. le Comte; the porters hand the letters and cards to M. le Comte. Then follows the purchase of half a dozen cottages in a village, say Floricourt, thirty or forty miles away from town, whose name he usurps, with the complicity of the peasants, who dub him with the title in order to earn double wages. The thing is done in a couple of years. By that time M. Machelard really believes himself to be the Comte de Floricourt. He avoids misalliances, and his children are insolent.

Without the links of family life, society holds together but loosely. Consequently, fashion, which meddles with everything, will never succeed in making large families ridiculous. What is a household where there are no children? It is a tête-à-tête in perpetuity, embittered by reproaches which are never expressed in words, for want of knowing whose the fault is; it is the haughty sarcasms of mothers of families irritating the childless wife, but sparing the husband; it is wealth unavailingly possessed, or leaking out into illicit channels; it is the certainty of meeting the last hour in solitude, or in the presence of heirs who measure their demonstrations of attachment by the importance of their share. A house without children is more melancholy than a house which has lost its children; because that at least treasures up a portrait, a lock of hair, a broken toy—souvenirs of joys and sorrows experienced in common. It has at least a tomb to which it can carry its tribute of flowers, and think of the past.

On the other hand, the living flock of brats are the amusement and the tyrants of the whole establishment. There is a competition as to who shall oppose the least resistance to the little despots, who, from the very first, try their strength—that is, their tears—in the subjugation of their nurses and mammas. The mother imagines the most elegant fal-lals to welcome the pretty

squallers on their entrance into the world; subsequently she will dress them as little Scotchmen, little Cossacks, as Scapins, Crispins, until, costumed with the schoolboy's tunic, they never lace their shoes, catch perennial colds in the head without troubling themselves about pocket-handkerchiefs, and make albums of postage-stamps. As to the father, the advent of the prodigy fills him with pride—and enables him to vary his evening amusements. He takes to it so kindly—he is delighted to be so fatherly and free, that he does his best to be as fatherly and free as possible.

Philosophers have observed, in every 'cercle' or club, that as soon as wives have fairly entered on their first *grossesse*, the husbands return to their nightly whist. What is called the *plongeon*, the dip or diving, that is, the disappearance of a new-married man, does not exceed six months on an average. Two preparatory months, for paying his court, and four months of decent and proper *convenance* after the wedding. After that he resumes all his bachelor habits, and his wife begins to complain with bitterness 'that there is no getting him away from his club.' From that date also, the most moderate whist may possibly become a dangerous game. It is no longer a house without children, but a house without a husband.

As the child grows, he becomes more and more frisky—and more and more inquisitive. It is a mistake not to be reserved in the presence of children; ordinarily, people speak and act (especially servants) as if they were not there. Before they can talk, we fancy them blind and deaf; when they talk, we believe them incapable of understanding; when they undoubtedly do understand, we take them to be inattentive or indifferent. A sensible woman said on this subject, 'I have always feared and respected my children from the time when they were five minutes old.' Children, in fact, resemble people who understand a language without being able to speak it. They see, hear, and comprehend with such

extraordinary quickness and precocity, that their parents regard them as marvels of intelligence, which they really are in the first days of childhood.

In their manifestations of family affections, the parents mostly act in this wise: the father manifests for his daughter an attachment which the mother more especially bestows on her son. Both of them obey a law which is at once mysterious and reasonable. The father falls into the habit of directing his faculties, his force, his fortune, to the side on which lie danger, weakness, and the absence of means of acquiring wealth. The mother, through an unconscious return of coquetry, is delighted to indulge in a second love. She loves her husband twice by loving her son, in whom his father resumes a hopeful existence. One of a mother's most delightful emotions is experienced the day when her son first puts on breeches. He is a little man!

With a mother devoted to her duties and to the future prospects of her children, the desire of finding as soon as possible a second protector, a champion, a name, produces a blindness which is complete. At every one of the stages passed by this creature whom we have been ourselves, whom we love when we have him, and whom we call 'the dear boy,' her blindness augments. As soon as the age of lace, and ribbons, and feathers is past, the infant suddenly grows ugly and continues so without intermission for fifteen years. School deforms and bleaches him. He is grotesque in his tunic and leather girdle. His feet and his face are always untidy. Poor mamma considers him charming.

At his first pipe, soon after the age of twelve, she gives him a good scolding, promising, however, not to tell papa. 'Pipes are horrid. If it was only a cigar, why——Here; there's some money to buy cigars, like most of your other schoolfellows.'

At the first manifestation of down on his lip, mamma runs to papa, and says, 'Haven't you noticed it? Alfred has got a moustache!'

'He's a beauty, your son; and his moustache is a beauty. I'd much rather he had got a prize or two.'

When domestic rumours—sometimes the lad's boastful talk—inform the lady that he has set his first step in gallantry, again she hurries to papa, and whispers, 'Don't you know it? Alfred has a sweetheart; he's in love. No wonder; such a good-looking young man!'

Daddy knits his brows and growls, 'He'll spend all his money about some hussey.' =

'Money! He has got no money! You ought to allow him pocket-money.'

'In my time we had nothing of the kind, and nevertheless——'

Whether papa gives it or not, Alfred is sure to have money. The mother relishes the supreme delight of giving the spoiled child money *without his father's knowledge*.

Ever fond, ever indulgent, resigned to see her son stretch his wings, provided she can tie a string to his leg, mamma does not like him to take his flight to unknown worlds whence he might be a long while before returning. She prefers his remaining within the sphere of *her world*.

Morality and civilisation agree in imposing legitimate unions as a social duty. But a man is not necessarily a rebel and egoist because he refrains from fulfilling that duty, any more than those who do accomplish it are without exception models of self-denial, fidelity, and disinterestedness.

Besides marriages of reparation, what motives usually determine the majority of other marriages? Some people marry without knowing why. A certain number have been heard to say, 'In our family, we marry from father to son, and I do the same.' A valid reason, certainly; and if things do not turn out well, if they are wretched in their quality of husbands, they make up for it in their quality of lovers, as writes the author of the 'Persian Letters.' Others know perfectly well why they marry—namely, to finger a dowry and

acquire a position. Certain country noodles fancy they constitute a race, and would not like their name to die out. We must not forget marriages of inclination; they are the most natural and the most moral, but not always the happiest.

Why do people *not* get married? Often through indolence; often through fear of responsibilities—which is not a blamable sentiment. There are bachelors of feeble health and weakly constitution, whose conscience revolts from entailing on their children the inheritance of a morbid principle. Others, arrived at the dull days of life, at the days when men cease to build up projects, hold it immoral as well as imprudent to amuse their old age with a tribe of youngsters whose education and establishment they can never direct. Better to buy kittens, as Chateaubriand did, and renew them when they get grave and sulky.

Bachelors are not selfish, because they deprive themselves of family pleasures. You might as well call a young man a coward, because he rejoices at having drawn a good number at the conscription. The bachelor is a courageous man, for he tranquilly looks his last hour in the face. He does not paint a fancy picture of his dying bed surrounded by three sorrowing generations—whose ‘expectations’ he is realising by his decease. He knows full well that his last drop of drink will be handed to him by his man-servant. The controversy between a single and a married life might be enlivened or saddened to any extent, for it comprises the whole history of humanity. A confirmed old bachelor declared that celibacy and marriage, in a moral and theoretical point of view, were equally open to attack and defence; that practically, marriage is an excellent thing in provincial towns, in the country, and in Switzerland. In Paris, there is only one good social position—that of a widower (rich, of course). The Parisiennes take men at a general valuation, comprising in their estimate the manners, the social position, and the fortune. Paris, happy city for célibataires;

true paradise of men in good preservation! But, ye well got-up, well-preserved men, never venture into Italy or Spain. In the land of the guitar and the mandoline, you will be looked upon as a set of mummies. Nobody, in those barbarous regions, has the right to be eight-and-forty. Twenty or thirty, at the outside, is the utmost limit.

Men, now-a-days, do not avoid the ladies; they neglect them. Is it the fault of the ladies? Perhaps a little. Perhaps they count too frequently, in the life of a man, either for everything or for nothing at all. What a lesson they might learn if they had the opportunity of observing how men contrive to pass long evenings stolen from the household, the family, and even from gallantry! How surprised they would be to find that nothing is more simple, and that men by themselves are often better behaved than when they are in ladies’ society!

This scission of the two sexes in Paris is the work of the cigar and of *chic*. The cigar has become so preponderant, that women have given way to it, although with a bad grace, certainly. They have their revenge, indirectly, by complimenting some perfumed Adonis with, ‘You are always welcome here. You never smoke!’ Or they send the culprits into a chilly little den, which they call the ‘fumoir’ or smoking room. The culprits go there after dinner, but don’t expect to see them back during the rest of the evening. Ladies, you are turned adrift! A few women of excessive liberality have consented to smoke a little themselves. But there is no treating with the smoker. He wants to smoke at all times and places, while playing cards, dancing, and even ‘at meals. The Cercles have received the smokers, who are not to be coaxed back by ungracious concessions. It is too late. The time is past.

Chic, which is the love of notoriety, urges the Parisian youth to indulge in astounding freaks. A horse and a celebrated and expensive mistress—that’s *chic*. To sigh, write love letters, make music, and turn spoony, all that is nothing but

serenading, contemptible in the eyes of *chicky* men. The word *chic* is ugly and badly connected. The words of its family generally express nothing but disagreeable, vulgar, repugnant, or ridiculous things. Thus, *chique* is a quid, the lump of tobacco which makes you fancy the quidder has caught a very bad swelled face. Apropos to which, as the French have adopted many of our popular expressions—'All right!' for instance—it is not impossible that *chic* may owe its origin to the English 'cheekey.' Whatever, however, its derivation, it is an ungraceful but necessary monosyllable.

Chic is not to be defined. It manifests itself in a variety of ways.

How many times does the word 'grâce' occur in Isabelle's air in the fourth act of 'Robert the Devil?' Well, it occurs only two-and-thirty times. How many times the word *chic* will occur in this dissertation, we cannot yet guess; but as the total will be considerable, we cease to italicise it: and it is impossible to express it by a periphrasis.

Take a *chic* child. The *chic* child wears a Scotch dress. His smart man-servant conducts him to the Tuileries gardens, carrying his young master's balloon and hoop, and makes him join some group of rich and well-curled children. The mother, on her way to the Bois de Boulogne, bestows a glance upon her darling's recreations. The father, when he leaves the Bourse, sometimes also comes to see how young Hopeful is amusing himself.

By-and-by, the *chic* child is led by a tutor, as a day-scholar, to the most *chic* Lycée in Paris—namely, the Lycée Bonaparte. No uniform, no blue cotton stockings for this love of a boy, but elegant jackets, silken neck-shawls, pretty bottines, and half-franc cigars. On Sundays and Thursdays (holidays) he rides a pony (necessarily Shetland or Welsh). Next day he talks of it to his schoolfellows, choosing poor Lycéens for his auditors.

His studies finished, his eye-glass fixed in place, and his first visit paid to a demoiselle engaged at the Bouffes-Parisiens, papa begins to grumble.

'I dare say,' says the son to himself. 'We'll see about that. You had better take good care of your cash-box. My head is full of *chic*, and *chic* I'll have.'

'Work,' says the father.

'Work at what? At morality? That's a little out of date, papa. You shouldn't have dressed me as a Highlander when I was little.'

Henceforth young Hopeful's situation in the world consists in impatiently awaiting papa's departure.

Chic insinuates itself, with the pertinacity of ivy, into all the interstices of life and society. Your tradesmen are *chic*, or they are not. Tailors, dressmakers, and boot-makers who have shops, are not reputed *chic*; they are all very well to supply the wants of passing strangers, visitors without luggage, and travelling Americans. There are houses which are *chic*, without appreciable reason. They have no apparent recommendation beyond the eagerness of those who throng to them in crowds; neither the birth, nor the connections, nor the talents (never *chic*), nor the beauty of the mistress of the house, nor the excellence of the cookery, nor the quality of the wines, but almost always the fortune.

Money is always *chic*.

Certain towns may be *chic*. Rouen, Lyons, and Marseilles are large and interesting cities. Bordeaux is *chic*. There has been much talk about hats of late, especially since the English importation of hats with rather low crowns. Such hats are *chic*. To pick up curiosities and pictures wherever you can find them good, attests nothing but your discernment, artistic knowledge, and taste. To buy the same things at a public auction, is *chic*. You bid against Lord H. What *chic*! There are *chic* Cercles; or rather, there is only one, the Jockey Club. Why? Nobody can tell. Other Cercles are just as select, as exclusive, as well constituted, but not so *chic*. A journal announced, not long ago, that a ball had been given by M.* *, *Member of the Jockey Club*; which is just as strange as if it had said, M.* *, *Subscriber to the Opera*, gave a grand dinner. But the Jockey

Club is so extremely chic, that many people consider the fact of belonging to it not as an ordinary circumstance, but as a dignity.

To arrive late at a house where you are asked to dinner (which in reality is merely insolent) is very chic.

What is never chic, is to fall really in love.

Two questions, often discussed in small establishments, demonstrate how tightly stretched at the present day are the relations between masters and servants. The first is the question of the liquor-stand. The French liquor-stand is a fetish, a household idol, in French families with moderate means. It is a tabernacle, a sacred shrine, whose mystic key is invariably carried by the mistress of the house about her person. At the close of every dinner she gives, the *bonne*, usually a maid of all work, deposits on the table the treasured box whose inconvenient mechanism is sure to bring about some ridiculous episode.

The keyhole refuses to admit the key.

'What a bungle you are making of it!' exclaims Monsieur politely.

Madame retorts, 'Open it yourself then, since you are so clever.'

'Not I,' replies Monsieur. 'I give it up. It wasn't properly wiped. The joints are glued together with curaçao.'

It is opened at last. Not a single glass is clean. *Nota bene*, that in small establishments the liquor glasses were never known to be clean; in the first place because those glasses are elaborately cut; the multiplicity of their facettes and angles multiplies the receptacles for dirt; secondly—and reason supreme!—Madame never allowing her liquor-stand, her sacred box, to quit her sight, scarcely waits for the last liqueurer to lick out his last drop of anisette before she replaces, with her own fair fingers, her cut-glass bottles and her cut-glass glasses in the complicated chest whose folding shutters open and close like those of a diptych altar-piece. Then, securing it with the key, she says to her maid, 'Take that away. We will clean the *cristaux* to-morrow.' To-morrow

ever remains to-morrow. The 'crystals' are never cleaned; whence the multiple deposit of curaçao at the bottom of every liqueur glass.

The bottoms of bottles raise another grand question which causes many an anxious thought to vigilant, economical masters who, as servants say, look out sharp 'to see that nobody pays twice.' In English houses, the difficulty is in great measure avoided by the prohibition of black bottles at table, and by presenting wine thereat in decanters which are locked up in sideboards when the repast is over. French servants have a variety of devices for appropriating their masters' wine, and so procuring a supplement to the number of bottles stipulated in the terms of their agreement. They don't care to drink the wine called *vin des maîtres*, company wine, but greatly prefer the *vin pour les gens*, servants' wine, because it is rough and 'scratches' their palate. The other, according to their notions, is mere lap for invalids, with no support in it.

Every time a descent is made to the cellar to fill a basket, whether by a 'confidential' servant or by the master himself armed with a candlestick, a key, and an absurdly knowing and distrustful countenance, the feat is performed, if only for the fun of playing Monsieur a trick. When they are suspected and accused, when a certain number of bottles are missing, servants instantly answer, with perfect sincerity, 'Monsieur is well aware that I don't like his wine, and that I prefer the *vin de propriétaire* wine supplied by the grower, which I get at the grocer's.' If it is white wine which has been so conveyanced, it is the cook who takes the burden on her shoulders. She has used every drop of it for her sauces.

'You are a wasteful hussey. It is shocking, horrible, unheard-of, to stew kidneys in l'Yquem of '48.'

'In lichen! In medicine! Who could ever guess it was that? However on earth should I know it was lichen? *Ma foi*, it is a thousand pities. I said my sauce had a queer sort of taste. Give me the petit Chablis of the wine-shops.'

It is quite true that, for her own cheek, cookey prefers the brandied *petit Chablis* served at the pot-house. The same is the case with restaurants' waiters, who care nothing for the delicate liquids left on the table after the choicest dinner, and who really enjoy only the *petit bleu* sold by the quart over the neighbouring counter — and always because it *gratte* or scratches.

Wine and liqueurs are the articles most subject to what is called, in a household, *coulage* or leakage. In what are styled by servants *grandes maisons*, wine disappears by whole swoops at a time; in those which they stigmatise as *baraques*, stalls or sheds, the leakage takes the shape of ends of bottles.

'Pierre, it strikes me that there ought to be some of yesterday's Bordeaux wine remaining.'

'Madame, I did not dare set it before Madame; there was nothing but a muddy remnant. If Madame wishes for it, here it is.'

At which, Pierre brings a bottle whose conical bottom stands up like a rock left dry by the tide. Pierre is the author of the ebb. When removing it from table, nicely calculating the inclination requisite from the quantity of liquid left, he applied the neck of the bottle to his mouth, and took his dose of the precious Château Latour. This horrible partnership is customary. The only way of escaping it is to renounce all right to the remnants of bottles.

In respect to Cognac and liqueurs, is it possible to allow the disappearance of bottles from which so small a quantity has been removed? Certainly not. In that case we may employ a method adopted by a master, name not mentioned, but probably M. Roqueplan himself.

He said to his servant—always the same Pierre—'Pierre! This Cognac is admirably good. I should consider you particularly stupid if you did not try to have a taste of it; and I should be still more stupid if I

gave you the chance of doing so. If you robbed me in cleanly style, by carefully pouring out a glass now and then, we might come to an understanding; but as your great delight in this matter is to stick the neck of the bottle into your mouth, I will seal my bottle after every time of using it with this ring, which never leaves me. But, as this precaution might hurt your feelings, when the bottle is coming to a close, I will make up for it by giving you the last glass.'

Pierre, accepting the compromise, carefully watched his master's consumption, and never failed at the right moment to say, 'Monsieur, don't take any more; the rest belongs to me.'

In the eyes of certain people such a dialogue and such a bargain might seem to savour too much of familiarity.

It is only small folk and ill-natured folk who are not a trifle familiar with their domestics. The whole repertory of the old French comedy attests that the grand seigneurs were not haughty with the people who live our lives, whom we associate with our pleasures, our passions, and our poultices; whom we send to our sweethearts, our apothecaries, and our attorneys, insisting on a secrecy which they sometimes observe. A man who is thoroughly conscious of being '*un homme comme il faut*,' is not afraid of any familiarity. It is a mistaken imitation of English manners which has introduced to France this hauteur towards people who wait on you. The difference of character between the two nations would suffice to explain the difference of their relations between master and servant. By relinquishing her old habits and customs, France has lost her old race of servants, who, with their sincere attachment and their human weaknesses, are still to be found in a few country families.



SKETCHES AND EPISODES OF THE LONDON SEASON.

II. AT THE ACADEMY.

THE social history of the London streets is a book which, notwithstanding the amount of continuous employment given by the various metropolitan localities to the industrious gentlemen who compile handbooks of curious antiquities, and manuals of forgotten places, still remains to be written. The vicissitudes through which many a score of the thoroughfares of the capital have passed are all unknown to the casual loungeur of to-day. The rise, zenith, and fall of Bloomsbury would introduce us to many objects of greater interest than bricks and mortar. If the mansions in the streets that abut upon what is now the Thames Embankment possessed any autobiographical capacity we should have a whole series of infinitely amusing chapters on the caprice of fashion, and the manner in which neighbourhoods once popular and famous commence their decline and consummate their failure. What material the sociologist might find for the construction of new theories of progress, what light might be let in upon the views of the philosophers of the world, it is impossible to say. Should some such treatise as that of whose suggestion we make a present, free, gratis, and for nothing, in all sincerity and good will, to Mr. Timbs or to any one of his followers and friends who may consider its adoption worth their while, ever be essayed, from the point of view and in the manner which we desiderate, Bond Street will fill in it no small space. But Bond Street will be cited as an instance not of mutability of whim on the part of mankind, but of constancy. Bond Street is exactly to-day what it was half a century ago—the chosen thoroughfare of fashion, and the favoured resort of well-appointed equipages and aristocratic loungeurs. The attempt has been made before now to deprive Bond Street of some portion of its traditional prestige, and to

effect a transference of it to the Street of the Regent. The idea was studiously disseminated that the glories of Bond were fast departing. A few years more, and it would be on a par, as far as regarded the vivacity of its scene, with the thoroughfares of Wimpole or Wigmore, the indisputably select, but indisputably dull. The tide of fashion had set irrevocably in the direction of the stuccoed houses of the Quadrant. The presiding deities of Bond Street had, it was confidently asserted, uttered, in tones that admitted of no doubt, the words 'Let us depart.' But the syllables of evil omen were spoken to no purpose. Bond Street remained in the possession of its pristine glories, as it remains now, and, one may be bold to say, will remain. There is an air of elegance and refined splendour about the thoroughfare which is unrivalled. Certain streets remind one of the vulgar ostentation and the tawdry show of the *nouveaux riches*. To these Bond Street stands in the same relation that the head of an aboriginal county family does to the self-made man of Manchester or Birmingham. At all times, night or morning, in the glare of the noon-day sun, or beneath the slanting of his afternoon rays, Bond Street never forgets itself; it is always well bred—the paragon and the queen of the fashionable thoroughfares of London.

Yes, we confess to a decided partiality for Bond Street; and in the season it is as good a place for the loungeur and social sketcher as the Row, the Horticultural, or the Clubs. The removal of the Academicians to Burlington House has given it a fresh stimulus; and the result is, that it is more crowded, more prosperous, and more fashionable than ever. Long live Bond Street! say we. But the Academy? Yes, we had forgotten; it *was* the Academy which we had intended to describe. Not the pictures, certainly not, but

the spectators. *Excudent alii spirantibus aera*; by which we mean to intimate that we have not the slightest wish to trench upon the legitimate occupation of the professional art-critic—a gentleman to whom, at this season of the year, society is assuredly under the deepest debt of gratitude. ‘Have you been to the Academy?’ The question is somewhat musty; and by the unaided assistance of their own powers a majority of persons would probably find a difficulty in getting beyond a monosyllabic reply, or, at best, a monosyllable dissolved into polysyllables. It is the function of the art-critic to provide a public uninitiated into art mysteries with ideas on a subject of which they know nothing, and the capacity to converse on them as well; to assist the world in general to fill up the talking-spaces of the Lancers, or the intervals between the courses at dinner, in the absence of any more exciting topic turning up—a scandal, an elopement, or a flirtation.

The nature of the company in which you find yourself in the Burlington House Galleries very essentially depends on the hour of the day which you select to visit them. Miss Tabitha M’Munn, spinster, of Laurel Row, Clapham, plants herself in the first morning ‘bus, and is at the doors almost as soon as they are open. ‘In this way,’ remarks Miss M’Munn, ‘you secure moderate seclusion and quietude. In these days men stare so.’ For the same reasons that this lady consents to display her virginal charms only when the day is young, Mrs. Hencoop elects to take her daughters, ere the more frivolous and later multitude profanes with its presence the golden halls of the Academicians. There is always a fair contingent of vigilant duennas and their charges between the hours of 8.30 and 11.0. What say the Misses Hencoop? ‘Why not a little later, dear mamma?’ thinking the while of new bonnet and dainty fichu. ‘My dears,’ is the reply, ‘what do you go to the Academy for; to look at the pictures or the men; to see or to show yourselves?’ Whereat Mary Jane and Susan hang their heads in

discomfiture and doubt. Or you may see in the chambers the severe man of business, legal or commercial. ‘Tis the hour which he snatches from the day. A visit at any other time would be pure wickedness, sacrilege, wanton loss of precious moments, or whatever else you will. Eleven comes, and he is in counting-house or chambers, just as Miss M’Munn is talking religious scandal to her neighbours at Clapham. Sylphs there are, somewhat bony and angular, nor exceedingly juvenile, it must be confessed, who present themselves at the doors of Burlington House at this primitive hour, not because they deny any other portion of their time to the spectacle of pictorial art, but because they are going to make a day of it, and wish to commence their campaign early. We may see them later, and bid them good-bye for the present. But there are other spectators, other groups whom we may note at these matutinal visits of a more interesting and attractive description. We are told that there is little artistic sympathy—no genuine æsthetic instinct in the breast of the hard-worked, practical, severe Briton. Look there. Here you have gazers at canvas and sculpture who have spent their shilling readily and gladly to have an hour’s enjoyment before the stern day’s work commences. No Croesuses or magnates of law or commerce here—clerks of lilliputian salaries, governesses, to whom the coin they have paid at the entrance represents fairly half of their day’s income. We wonder whether Mr. Ruskin has ever paid any attention to the composition of the little knots of the visitors whom we are looking at this morning at the only hour at which they are to be seen. Or if you want further proof of the fact that we are not such a people of Philistines and Goths as our detractors would fain represent, you may see boys and girls, meanly clad, vainly endeavouring to reproduce with their own unskilled pencils the outlines of the ideal figures and the forms which the painter’s magic brush has made instinct with life. It is worth an early visit, this place, for the sake of

such sights as these. We don't much care about Miss Tabitha M'Munn, or masculine and early-rising females in general; but one gets glimpses into a life of which one may have had little idea—notions which may be novelties—that make it quite worth one's while to submit once in a way to the monstrous hardship of abandoning one's couch when, in the ordinary course of things, one would be revelling in the delights of one's beauty-sleep.

Place aux dames, or rather *aux demoiselles*. It is with the spectators and spectatresses at the Academy that we have to do, not the pictures—the specimens and representatives of mingled art and Nature that throng the floor, not the creations of Fine Art which crowd the walls.

'I've seen far finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of your stone ideal.'

It is true that we are not as yet in the sculpture room; but the lines of Byron may be considered an equally appropriate motto for the contemplative philosopher in other apartments at the Burlington House Show. *Place aux demoiselles*, by all means—and first for the artistic young lady of the period. 'By many names men call us:' yes, we can conceive a variety of epithets being applied to these fair creatures who condescend habitually to grace the chambers of the Academicians with their presence. You may notice them here in great force to-day. Which charming member of the class shall we take first in order? If you look yonder you may see a young lady in attire somewhat sombre, but pretty, decidedly pretty, who will do for our purpose as well as any of her fellows. Certainly a severe student of nineteenth-century art. You do not recognise her? Look again. It is the hair, whose frizzled and toozled-out appearance reminds you of newly-tossed hay, which refuses to be restrained within the limits of bonnet—and the latitude which we allow in selecting this particular description of head-gear is considerable—or of the ultimate syllable of that word, net, and which by some pro-

cess, fearful and wonderful, is elaborated into a gigantic top-knot, whose motto is obviously *excelsior*, and whose altitude is totally in defiance of the received fashions of the day, that betokens the presence of our artistic Mademoiselle No. 1. One supposes, and naturally enough, that the position of the *chignon* is intended to supplement a natural deficiency of the head, and that the art of the *coiffeur* has been called in to impress the beholder with a sense of abnormal cerebral development. Yes. Miss Raphael yonder is, *par excellence*, the type of the most approved order of young ladies whose passion is Art. 'Beatrice is all soul,' her fond mamma will tell you; 'all soul, I assure you. She is never happy except when she is looking at pictures.' Do you care about pioneering this spiritual young lady through the galleries? She will give you criticisms on each particular picture by the yard—Miss Beatrice Raphael has been devoting the whole of her afternoons lately to the study of the Art critiques in the columns of the 'Pall-Mall Gazette.' In an hour's time the pace begins to tell: you suggest an ice in the excellent refreshment-room on the basement floor. But Mademoiselle—though the humidity of her countenance gives evidence of her susceptibility of the heat of the temperature—is 'all soul.' 'No, thanks, Mr. Nameless; nothing now. The pictures are enough for me—but we might, I think, go to Grange's when we want some lunch.' Lunch, with Miss Raphael—as is proper and right with a young lady constructed upon such ethereal principles—means strawberries and cream; and strawberries and cream mean, to a practical brute like yourself, an expenditure of five shillings a plate. Beatrice is all soul; but, ye powers, what a capacity for the costly and diminutive fruit! Mr. Nameless, you had better produce your tablets and find an early luncheon engagement for 1.30, when Miss Raphael murmurs, in the intervals of her recitative Art-criticism, that Grange's shop almost confronts the Royal Academy.

Artistic young lady of the period, No. 2: readily recognisable. Miss Raphael's face was piquant: there was a delicate chiselling in the region of the nasal and oral development, which struck you as decidedly a hit on the part of Nature: the eyes were clear and penetrative: in a word, there was character in the face. You are escorting now an angel of artistic propensities, of an altogether different kind. Limp silk, washed-out countenance, painfully pendant *chignon*, weak eyes, and double tortoiseshell eye-glass, thin remarks, and feeble sentiments, are the characteristics of your fair charge.

'Can you tell me the time, Mr. Nameless?'

The faithful and friendly watch apprises you of the advent of the hour of one.

'Good gracious! I have an appointment in the City at half-past, which I cannot escape.' (The angel looks unutterable things through the tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses.)

'Indeed I must go.'

A desperate effort and you are off.

'City?'

'No—hang the City!' you mentally ejaculate. 'Drive to the — Club.'

And as your hansom drives off, you say, '*Splendida mendax!*—nothing like a good—excuse! *Sic me servavit Apollo*—what a lucky thing the City exists!'

As for your charmer, she says to her duenna—

'I think Mr. Nameless might have stayed.'

'Yea. I never liked that young man,' is the reply.

Mademoiselle there, bright, busy, and active, has no pretensions to belong to the artistic division of her sex. Her artistic tastes are undeveloped: her critical faculty lies dormant—her judgments are contained in the simple statement of fact: 'This is pretty;' or, 'I don't like that;' or, 'Good gracious, what a fright!'—summary opinions delivered in tones more than sufficiently audible. Yet the young lady in question is the life and soul of her party—its pioneer and guide. Somewhat diminutive in size, lithe in

form, and quick in movement, you will see that she is ever just a little in advance of her friends. She has discovered a picture at which they look, and its number is exclaimed in accents of spasmodic earnestness. Herself she does not carry a catalogue: that duty is reserved for another member of the band.

'Look at number five thousand and two: that's a pretty face!' is the shrill observation of the lively young lady.

'"Aaron smiting the Rock"' is the reply, read aloud.

'Nonsense, Louie! how can you be so foolish? I never knew that the Israelites wore *fichus* and Alpine hats. You have made a mistake.'

'Yes, of course I have,' says the giggling, blushing Louie, with a simper that is meant to be attractive. 'I was looking at five hundred and two—five thousand and two is called "The Honeymoon on the Alps."'

And so on: for this is the sort of cackle you may hear *ad infinitum* in the rooms at Burlington House.

Talking about honeymoons, a visit to the Academy always brings one into contact with a vast number of happy couples—or otherwise—just launched together on the sea of life in the matrimonial bark. There is no mistaking them. Her very garments proclaim the presence of the bride. As for Edwin, he evidently enjoys the fact that Angelina leans heavily and perpetually on his arm,—a great deal more, considering the condition of the temperature, than he will when the pair have arrived at the Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton stage of their career. Charles Lamb wrote a wise and delightful paper on the conduct of newly-married persons. Therein he objects to the obtrusive publicity of their affectionate displays. So do we *in toto*. The world is not a dovecote. Billing and cooing are all very well in their proper place: but their proper place is not the floor of Burlington House. Young married people, be good enough to move on. Don't lose yourselves in raptures over the charms of that sentimental group on canvas, and don't whisper pretty nothings into each other's ears, to the

effect that the love which the painter has depicted is not half so intense as that which thrills each of your bosoms. Or if you must surrender yourselves to interchange of ecstatic soliloquies, there is the sculpture-room, or the refreshment-room: though Angelina abhors the idea of the favourite fresh strawberry-ice, and refuses to come down from the seventh heaven of delight to taste the curious cup which Edwin used to brew so well.

It is pleasant, it is even refreshing, to hear the unsophisticated comments of the heavy country cousin contingent on the painting before them. They reveal by their remarks a profound and entire ignorance of the fundamental principles of Art, not to say—whenever the opportunity of exhibiting it, by the presence of a costume picture, is offered—of the whole range of history, ancient and modern, as well, which presents an agreeable contrast to the predominant feature of this age of universal knowledge.

“Belisarius looking down upon the captured city,” remarks one of them, reading from the catalogue. ‘Who was Belisarius?’

‘Hush, Eliza! Don’t you know?’ the happy husband remarks; ‘the king who fiddled when Rome was burnt?’

Unaccustomed to crowds, these good people are doubtless utterly ignorant of the extent to which their voice is audible, and perhaps have not the remotest idea that, of all things which it is impossible not to overhear, the most impossible is an emphatic whisper.

‘Do let us look a little longer at this delicious colouring,’ says a languid lady, with a sigh, to her stalwart lord, who is in attendance at her side. ‘It is beautiful: it makes me quite happy; indeed it is quite heavenly.’

‘Hang it, Laura!’ replies the gentleman, ‘do let us move on. I want to see that stunning picture of Gladiator. I am told it is A 1.’

And the simple-hearted stalwart yeoman, with the painfully exotic wife, moves on vigorously, while the delicate creature at his side heaves

a sigh as she thinks of the materialism of man.

‘Mamma,’ says some *enfant terrible* to his parent as they stand before some work of the extreme pre-Raphaelite school, ‘why do they make all the faces so ugly?—why are the women all so thin, and their noses all so flat, exactly like cook, I think? And why is everything painted green, and why——’

‘Hush! my dear,’ interposes mamma, though in truth the observation of the intelligent child would, if the truth be known, find an echo in the minds of many an adult bystander, and suggest considerations which have entered into many an older head.

We have glanced at the young lady of the period who has a taste for art; is there no such thing as the young man endowed with the same proclivities? Of course there is, and in a variety that is infinite. To see him in his most approved shape and development one should select the young Oxford fellow of his college. That gentleman there with the locks somewhat unkempt and the appearance generally distraught is Mr. *Æstheticus Æthix*, who a year ago was elected fellow of St. Boniface. His rooms are really some of the prettiest in Oxford. There are photographs from Rome and Venice, line engravings, and one or two gems in oils and water-colours. His furniture is all of black oak, and comes entirely from Wardour Street. If you ask him for water wherewith to quench your thirst, he will offer it you in a curiously-fashioned glass that comes from Murano. It is in this elegant boudoir—for the softness of the appearance of the whole room reminds you more of the boudoir than the cloister—that *Æthix* loves to meditate over Italian treatises on art, and to talk of the mediæval *chefs-d’œuvre* with his companions who are of his way of thinking. *Æthix* spends his vacations in roaming through Continental galleries: he has smoked his cigarette, and drunk his coffee in the *Café Greco*; and he can tell you more than most people of the ateliers of Paris. He is primed full with

all the slang of art. Of English painters he thinks but poorly, and indeed he will characterize the entire exhibition as being miserably indicative of artistic decadence in his own country. This is the current cant of the school to which he belongs. The knowledge of art which Æthix in reality possesses does not exceed a fluent command of its jargon, picked up parrot-like in the course of reading and information. Yet Æthix arrogates to himself the air of infallible authority, and when he returns to St. Boniface you may be quite sure that he will take the first opportunity of ventilating his views on the subject to his brethren in the common room. Æthix is a prig, of course, but then as being a fair specimen of the very young fellow of the present day, as that gentleman is to be seen within the University of Oxford, he deserves some attention.

We move on with the crowd, and we find ourselves suddenly face to face with a very distinguished art-critic. He has come to take, for the twentieth time, a last look round. A very influential gentleman indeed is Mr. Aristarchus Pigment, greatly courted by artists, and, to the credit of his good-nature be it said, a zealous champion in print of his friends.

'By Jove, Pigment,' it was remarked to him one day, 'how careful you are of the interests of your friends!'—an extravagantly-eulogistic critique had just appeared in the journal for which Pigment writes of an absurdly poor picture.

'And a pretty sort of fellow I should be,' rejoins the ingenuous and genial Pigment, 'if I was not careful of the interests of my friends.' On the whole, though, this gentleman is a fair and honest critic. He is not the victim of cliqueism to the extent which makes so much of our art-criticism in the present day utterly corrupt and untrustworthy. True, as we have said, Mr. Pigment has his friends, but then he can see artistic merit in others than those with whom he claims personal acquaintance: and this is a great deal more than can be said of

nine-tenths of the gentlemen who 'do' the notices of pictorial exhibitions for the journals of Great Britain. If you look there you will see an illustrious personage whom his friends and admirers tell you is the greatest art-critic of the day. But then this opinion is limited to those who compose the extreme world of the pre-Raphaelite order. Critic, forsooth! he is simply the spokesman of a certain school and clique; if in what he is pleased to call his criticisms he does mention the works of others than his own immediate intimates, it is simply for the purpose of censure and contempt. He will rave by the column in print over the glories of those paintings which are the works of any one member of his particular set; he will dilate in tones which ring from one end of the room to the other, on the floor of Burlington House itself, on the singular excellence of any one of these productions, and sneer as much as you like at whatever is painted by the brush of artist whose powers belong to a different order, and whose works are of a different style. There is apparent enough of partiality and cliqueism in the literary criticism of the day, but it is as nothing to that which pervades the whole range of artistic.

Another turn and we are brought face to face with one of the chief patrons of art of the new order. Mr. Thunderbolt Flash is a Manchester manufacturer, a great collector of pictures, and a great patron of artists. But, hang it, he will tell you, he must have the real thing. 'None of your sullen skies and neutral tints for me. I like something with lots of life in it, and lots of colour. If you pay a good price have a good thing, say I.' And Mr. Thunderbolt Flash's idea of a good thing is something which from its multitudinous hues reminds you strongly of a coloured photograph of the interior of the kaleidoscope worked off by some instantaneous process. Scenes of nineteenth-century life, and the newer the fashions are the better—costume pictures of every conceivable de-

gree of gaudiness, make up Thunderbolt's idea of high art. And men of this order it is whose influence is most prejudicial to the interests of English art—men whose standard of execution is show. Artists, like others, must live by their work: and to do this they must busy themselves with what pays best. What the patrons are, that, in the main the patronized will be. It is the *nouveaux riches* who are the enemies of art.

We have alluded to the sculpture room: it might be called the flirtation room. Its seclusion is convenient, and there is a seductive influence in its quiet. When mamma cannot make out what has become of two certain members of her party, she is quite sure to be able eventually to discover them in the immediate vicinity of a bust of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. But there are other scenes of a less tender and sentimental nature which one may witness in this locality. It is a favourite haunt at the mid-day hour of those severe Academy goers who, determined to realise the value of the shillings which they expended on their entrance to the uttermost farthing, have come with the intention of making a long day of it, and are equipped accordingly. Then and there you may see packets of sandwiches produced, and devoured;

curious bottles slyly produced from divers pockets, and greedily drained. The lady will arrange her bonnet and smooth her ribbons. The gentleman is armed with a pocket-comb, with which instrument he rearranges his whiskers or adjusts his moustache.

Talking about severe Academy goers, you see one there. He is in the ante-hall, and was just on the point of leaving through the circular gate; but he was seized with a sudden misgiving ere the final step had been taken. Was he quite certain he had seen all that he ought to see, or could see? Would not the possible conviction come upon him, after he had shut himself out from the scene, that there were certain pictures which he had passed over? To assure himself, the honest fellow produces his well-worn catalogue, and, leaning against the door-post, peruses it and reperuses it for the ninety-ninth time. It is a process of severe self-examination. But at length the ordeal has been gone through satisfactorily, and our friend feels himself at liberty to emerge through the portal, with eyes that smart and head that aches with all the exertion through which he has gone. The conscientious and energetic visitor to the Academy has his work cut out for him in good earnest.

: PEARL AND THE CRICKETERS.

IT is the characteristic of people who live in the country to lay stress on the *minutiae* of position, and to be jealous of each other in these important matters. This sort of conduct produces a good deal of uncomfortableness, without answering any satisfactory purpose, but I suppose that a human being cannot live without ambition; and your bucolicals, as Sir Piercie Shafton would call them, being too stupid or too idle to succeed in the real battle of life, cultivate the arts of attack and defence still, and practise them on the only arena where they have a chance of escaping discomfiture.

I am, perhaps, writing rather rudely; but I speak from a somewhat unpleasant experience. This same experience befell me about a twelvemonth after my succession to a country doctor's practice in the village of Highborough—a village that was not as other villages, but held its head rather above them. It was neither dirty nor small, and in it, and immediately round it, were villas and country-houses in unusual number; consequently, *noblesse oblige* was a sentiment held in high honour about Highborough.

It was not, however, till an event occurred that will shortly appear in this story that I suffered much annoyance from this turn of mind of the Highboroughites. They were, most of them, my patients, and I dare say they felt it would be injudicious to give themselves airs to their medical adviser. Besides, it transpired that though I was merely a young country doctor without a physician's diploma, I was descended from a family that had once stood much higher in the world than it did now; and I was also regarded, I found, as both personable and presentable.

From these causes, I found matters, at first, pleasant enough, and I was asked to the croquet and dancing parties, though, of those who gave me the invitations, no less than three were more or less connected with peers of the realm, and

one was actually a baronet, and another (an exceedingly indigent patrician who was always late in his payments for medical attendance) had the title of Honourable.

I had resided in Highborough nearly a year, when there happened to me what I then esteemed as a great calamity. I found myself falling in love with the prettiest and richest girl in the neighbourhood. I left off shaving, because my dressing-room reminded me of her. It commanded a view of arable and pasture lands which belonged to her in her own right. She was an orphan, and lived with a cousin, a rather lively, rather pretty girl, and with an aunt of a neutral tint.

I could not bear the contemplation, which inspired me with despair, and almost made my razor linger suspiciously about my throat. My love, however, grew stronger, as my beard grew longer, every day. My friend Palliser—Pea-shooting Palliser, as he was called by men who remembered his university career—my friend, Pea-shooting Palliser, told me that my appearance was improving. But if I had grown as handsome as Apollo, what chance should I, a poor country doctor, have with Pearl Fanshawe, the beautiful heiress, about whom every young aristocrat in the neighbourhood was hovering, while she spoilt the marriageable chances of every other girl for miles around?

That fatal picnic! Picnics are not quite as fashionable, I thought to myself, as they used to be; would they had 'all gone out of fashion quite,' as the song says. Then I should not have had that delicious destructive half-hour with Pearl in the woodlands; should not have been blinded by her large blue-grey eyes, and meshed in the deep-brown hair drawn off heavily from above them; should not have remembered, night and day, the clear features on which was fixed the faint, pomegranate flush of utter youth; and the light tall figure, and the gracious words—for she talked to me with perfect

ease and kindness, in her quiet pleasant manner, nowise annoyed that I had contrived or chanced to find the place next her as we sat at our picnic in the woods. You may see from what I have written, that, just at this epoch, I was in what an elderly gentleman would call a very foolish, and a man of the world a very amusing, condition. Well, there is some folly that, to my thinking, is nobler, and better, and purer than some wisdom. However, I was in the midst of this hopeless love-fit when my friend Palliser called on me one morning, and asked me if I would join a new cricket-club which was being formed in the neighbourhood. The club was to have some peculiar features. It was to consist entirely of unmarried men, because married men, as Palliser put it, ought to stay at home with their wives and families, and not to go gadding about with nomad cricket-clubs, such as this was to be. Then, again, the club was to be select, as opposed to the regular village club, which latter was undeniably miscellaneous. To secure this end, the election of members was to be made by ballot. This last circumstance made me hesitate.

'The men are very conceited about here, and I shall, as likely as not, be blackballed,' I said.

'Nobody dislikes you,' said Pea-shooting Palliser, 'except the Honourable; and he daren't pill you, because you've pill him, and not been paid for it yet, I expect.'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't feel inclined to run the risk.'

'Nonsense,' Palliser said, starting up out of his chair.

'And what is more, I will not,' I said, regretfully, for I was not ill-disposed to obtain some diversion from my present hopeless feelings, and the excitement of this new cricket-club might afford it. 'I'm sorry,' I went on; 'I should rather have liked to become a mem——confound it! what's that?'

I put my hand up quickly to my face, conscious of a sharp stinging sensation not by any means too far off my left eye.

'My dear fellow,' Palliser said, tranquilly, from the other side of

the table, 'it's a just, though playful, corrective of your obstinacy, administered by my pea-shooter: 'I'll shoot again if you persist in not joining us.'

I should here perhaps explain that Palliser, though a capital fellow, was, and for the matter of that, is, a 'funny man.' He is still recollected in that character, I have heard, at the University of Oxford, where he appears to me to have acquired no accomplishment but that of shooting peas with an aim as undeviating, though not as deadly, as an Indian's with his similarly projected reed. At Oxford he had a monomania for this recreation. He invented what he called the invisible pea-shooter, a very small tube, so easily concealed that no one knew when he was about to shoot. He established a panic at the Union, where he spoilt many perorations by hitting the orators on their noses with his peas. From the gallery in the schools, where undergraduates are allowed, we believe, to listen to the *viva voce* examinations, the audacious Palliser shot a public examiner. There was a row, and an inquiry. But Palliser's guilt never got beyond the undergraduates, and, ever after, he enjoyed a reputation amongst them equal in some respects, and superior in others, to that of an Ireland scholar.

'Well,' I said, 'if you'll keep that instrument quiet, I'll perpend the matter.'

And accordingly I thought it over, and, at last, came to the conclusion that my fears were morbid, and that I might as well take my chance with the ballot-box. While I was still in doubt, Palliser called the next morning to tell me that there was a ballot that very afternoon, and he expedited my decision by peppering the passers-by in the main street of the village with his pea-shooter. As the peas came from my window, I saw, of course, that it would be supposed that I had shot them. Not wishing thus to injure my professional prospects, I turned the drift of Palliser's ideas by consenting to the proposal he had come to make.

'We've decided on the name of the club,' he said, pocketing the pea-shooter, to my great relief; "The Saunterers;" quiet and unpretending. We shall do the thing well—claret-cup dinners, and that kind of thing—and add a little archery, perhaps, which will give us a tone, and a ball in the winter.'

'The pea-shooter won't give you a tone,' I said; 'The Saunterers will distinctly object to the pea-shooter.'

'I have no doubt,' Palliser said; but 'I can resign it without much of a struggle: I have used it very sparingly of late; and as I am going to be married I had, perhaps, better drop it altogether.'

'You going to be married?' I asked.

'Yes. Why shouldn't I?'

'Who is she?'

'Pearl Fanshawe——' he began.

I suppose that on hearing this I was so taken by surprise as to betray myself by my agitation. Palliser paused a moment, looked at me, and—

'Has a cousin,' he went on; 'as I was about to add, when you began to glare at me so. That cousin, to my thinking, is nicer even than Pearl. She is staying with Pearl now, and I am going to be married to her; not to Pearl, but to her cousin, Emma Thorpe.'

'I congratulate you, my dear fellow,' I said, heartily and hurriedly. 'Now you say this ballot——'

'Come, come,' Palliser interrupted, 'this won't do, Payne. I've caught you. I've suspected before, but I know now, why you've been so *distant* lately. People are saying everywhere that you are getting quite a disagreeable young man. It was that picnic did it, I expect—come now, wasn't it?'

'You seem to know all about my inmost feelings,' I said, gloomily.

'Perhaps it was.'

'Well now,' my friend said, 'I'm going up to the house directly after the club meeting this afternoon. It won't last long; the balloting will be mere form, and there's only one match to settle, the first one, with the Hingham Club, which, by

the way, as it's our first, we particularly want to win. So I'll just drop in here and tell you you're elected, and then we'll go up together, and do a little croquet. You can be Pearl's partner, and play against Emma and me.'

'I had rather not go,' I said.

'I shall call for you, anyhow,' Palliser said. 'At five minutes to four this afternoon a pea will rattle against your middle window-pane. Come down into the street, and you will find me waiting.'

And my friend left me.

Palliser was right in surmising that I could not resist this temptation. Some five minutes after the time he had fixed, he announced his arrival, as he had told me he should, by shooting a pea at my window. I was waiting, and condemning my own folly all the while. I went down to him prepared to pay a visit which, I felt, could but increase my present sufferings.

I found my friend below, not looking quite so cheerful as usual, though he greeted me with unusual warmth and fondness. He did not say a word about the ballot, and, as my mind was full of Pearl, I forgot the projected club and my candidature altogether, and asked him no question.

The manor-house, where Pearl lived, is only a quarter of a mile from the village, and we were soon there. Palliser was, of course, received with great amiability; and when he said, referring to me, that Mr. Payne, from his natural bashfulness, had not been brought up to the manor-house without great difficulty—an observation which, I thought, might have been put better—Miss Fairfax was candid enough, in her reply, to put me quite at my ease.

'I only hope, Mr. Payne,' she said, 'that you will excuse the deficiencies of our new page. We have not had him a week, but his blunders seem hopeless. The first day he was here, before he had been in the house three hours, he came and told me that a person wanted to see me. "Where is he?" I said. "In the servants' hall, miss," the boy answered; and I went in and found

that the person was Sir Frederick Dashwood, who had called, and had been shown by the page into this apartment, and presented with a three-legged stool to sit upon.'

'I should have liked to have seen Dashwood,' Palliser observed. 'His lofty stature, magnificent appearance, and, I have no doubt, sumptuous apparel, must have afforded a pleasing contrast with the three-legged stool. Was he sitting on it when you entered?'

'He looked handsomer on the stool than you do off it, Mr. Palliser,' Pearl returned, rather curtly.

I was not so much amused at all this as I might have been, particularly when Pearl so keenly defended Sir Frederick. I knew that there was a rumour that Miss Fanshawe and Sir Frederick were engaged, and I thought this call of his might have ended more pleasantly than it began. But at this juncture we went out to croquet. I played very badly, not being in that easy frame of mind which conduces to success in games. After Pearl and I had lost every time, owing to my incapacity, we went in to tea. This repast was served, inaccurately, by the new page. I felt all the afternoon that I was oppressively stupid, and sat making a feeble attempt to look as if I had an appetite for a sponge biscuit, when the new page entered, with agitation depicted on his countenance.

'Please, miss,' he said, rapidly and excitedly, 'the police is here after Mr. Payne.'

I rose; so did Miss Fanshawe.

'What do you mean, sir, by bringing such impertinences into this room?' she said, with evident anger.

'If you please, miss, the police says as Mr. Payne was shooting peas out of his window all this morning, and he hit lots of people, and him, the policeman, too, as he was passing by, and he's followed him hup, miss——'

'Then he may go before him down again,' Miss Fanshawe said, interrupting the new page. But the new page was irrepressible;

'And please, miss, he says as it's all over the town as Mr. Payne's

blackballed for the new cricket-club.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Payne, for letting the boy go on so far,' Pearl said, turning to me. 'Go back to the servants' hall, sir,' she said to the boy, 'and tell the policeman that when I want him, I will send for him; and get rid of him, or I will get rid of you. And then come back and beg Mr. Payne's pardon for your impertinence.'

Palliser, during this scene, had, as had also his *fiancée*, been almost suffocated with laughter. But when the blackballing was mentioned he suddenly became grave.

I had, indeed, been blackballed; but he did not mention the fact till we were walking home together after a delightful, but, as I felt, injudicious visit. He then explained. It appeared that the opposition to my election had been very decided indeed, and that six or seven balls of the fatal colour had been found in the box.

'They worked the thing very quietly,' Palliser said; 'but that conceited fool of a baronet headed it, I'm convinced. But, I say, Payne, why on earth don't you go in for Pearl? I'm as sure as ever I was with my pea-shooter, when I was in practice, that she likes you. How serious and indignant she was when the new page, at your expense, exhibited his natural candour. And, as Emma told me, five minutes ago, she's even more indignant about this blackballing business, and vowed that if she could think of any little harmless plot against them, she would contrive that the Saunterers should lose their first match.'

'Then,' I said, striking my stick hard on the moonlit ground, 'I'll play against them, for one. But as for my marrying Miss Fanshawe, the idea's ridiculous. I am a poor, despised Sawbones; she's the prettiest and the richest girl in the shire. If I tried, I should be out of the race from start to finish; and, besides, I've no intention of exposing myself to the suspicion of being, what I am not, a fortune-hunter. As for her being kind to me, it's her natural goodness of

heart. Depend upon it, if she were really disposed to be more than a friend, she would be reserved and not stand up for me. It's the way of girls.'

'It's not Pearl's way,' Palliser said. 'She's always been in a position that put shyness rather out of court. I don't mean that she'd make the first advances, not she: no girl would be slower to do so; but she's not exactly "so much alarmed that she is quite alarming," as Byron expresses it.'

'Oh nonsense!' I returned. 'She's sorry for me, and thinks my position an awkward one.'

'Pity is akin to love,' Palliser remarked.

'She likes,' I said, 'that big, good-looking, conceited fellow, who always reminds me of the girl's brother in "Maud;" Dashwood I mean.'

Palliser appeared to see the force of my remarks, and, on reaching my door, we parted, and did not meet again till the day of the match. I played with the village club, and was never in so gloomy a temper as on this occasion. I had heard that Miss Fanshawe was leaving the neighbourhood for some time—going to Canada. And there had been a farewell dancing-party at the manor-house on the previous evening, attended by all the Saunterers, to which I had not received an invitation. And, remembering the views I understood Miss Fanshawe to have expressed relative to the way in which the Saunterers had behaved to me, I was furious against the inconstancy of the sex, and indignant with myself for not being able to throw off my attachment to a girl so insincere, flighty, forgetful, and spoilt. When I saw her drive in her basket-phaeton on to the field, I held sulkily aloof, while the Saunterers, to a man, flocked eagerly round her. I did not go near enough to hear her musical voice, but I could tell from a distance that she was in high spirits, by her demeanour, and that of those who surrounded her. I tried, with indifferent success, to concentrate my mind on the match. I was madly

anxious that we should beat the Saunterers; but I felt that ours was a very composite eleven with a 'tail,' and that theirs was a strong one, comprising several bats dreaded upon Fenner's and the Magdalen ground, and well provided with swift bowlers and quick fieldsmen.

The Saunterers went in first and played before the eyes of Pearl gazing from her phaeton. The most extraordinary and indescribable innings I ever saw. At the time I was utterly puzzled by it, and I should think that many of the spectators, such at least as understood the game, will to their dying day, in the seasons of memory, try to fathom the mystery of that innings. It was a short and a poor innings, far inferior to what might have been reasonably expected from such a team. With the exception of Palliser, who went in hindmost man of the eleven, played well, and brought out his bat for a very fair score, the Saunterers batted, one and all, with the most absurd irresolution I ever saw in a cricket-field; they played, that is, not as if they wanted to make runs, nor as if they wanted to get 'out,' but as if they could not make up their minds which of these ends to compass.

And just as they batted, so they bowled and fielded when the village club took its turn at the wickets. The bowlers did not bowl individually badly, but their balls were neither swift nor straight, and I knew that two of them at least could be both, at need. The fieldsmen did not egregiously miss balls hit to them in the air or on the ground, the contemptuous exclamation, 'butterfingers,' was not heard round the field; but they fielded languidly and loosely, and let many more runs be got than need be got. I thought, at first, that it was a concerted plan, and that they were giving themselves airs. They meant, perhaps, these contemptibly-conceited Saunterers, to make an ostentation of not putting forth their strength against us. But I very soon, narrowly watching them, perceived that however little each member of the eleven exerted himself, he was quite as much surprised as I was at the

apathy of his comrades. In fact, before the Saunterers had been out in the field half an hour every one of their faces wore a more or less bewildered and ridiculous expression. Each languid cricketer was shocked that the rest between them did not make up for his own indolence. Still our eleven was so bad that, even with these advantages, we had lost all our wickets but one, and were then twenty runs behind. I had been chosen to go in 'first wicket down,' the post of honour, and I was 'well set' when the last man joined me. He, I knew, was an utter incapable. But by judiciously playing for 'singles' at the end of each over, I managed to give him a sinecure as far as batting went, and to receive every ball for many successive overs on my own bat, this being our only chance. The score rapidly rose. We were within seven of a 'tie,' when I got well hold of an 'on' ball and lifted it over the tents and out of the field. Down went the figure 6 on my line in the scoring-book.

'One to tie two to win' was buzzed round the ring of spectators. I made the single off the next ball, but it was not the last of the over. The next was, and my *vis-à-vis* received it amidst breathless suspense. It was not straight, and was, considering the bowling power of the man who delivered it, slow. But my partner was a person to whom the easy in cricket was the difficult, and instead of availing himself of his opponent's generosity, he mildly scooped the ball up into the air. It came down into point's hands, so gently that a child in a pinafore might have caught it. 'Point' was Sir Frederick Dashwood, my enemy. I noticed him glance with a curious expression towards Pearl's phaeton, as the ball came down delicately; and then he did what hardly seemed feasible—let it slip through his hands. From the whole field there arose hereat a roar of derision, at which the baronet went very red in the face. He was not virulently abused by the other Saunterers, but far worse than this was the loudly-expressed contempt of the spectators, which almost be-

came annoying as he walked back to the tent, the match being now over in our favour, for we ran the hit on speculation.

I was walking off the ground in a melancholy mood enough, forgetful already of the plaudits which I received for the triumph I had won for the village club over 'those confounded, conceited Saunterers.' Any little excitement the match might have afforded me had passed away, and a reaction had succeeded, when, as I opened the gate at the entrance of the field, I suddenly felt a sharp stinging pain under my left whisker. I instantly knew that it was inflicted by Palliser's pea-shooter, and not being in a good temper I turned round in a state of high irritation. There was Palliser close behind me.

'When are you going to leave off that absurd, childish trick?'

'My dear fellow,' Palliser returned, 'you have received the last shot which I shall ever fire from this or any similar tube. See, I throw it away,' and he jerked his favourite instrument into a dry ditch over an intervening hedge. 'Emma objects to it, takes the same view of it as you do, that it's, perhaps, rather a puerile source of amusement.'

'I should think it was,' I said, 'and I wish you would have chosen some one else for your farewell victim—Sir Frederick Dashwood, for instance. Why on earth did he miss that catch?'

'He is as savage in the tent just now as the examiner was when my pellet hit him in the schools,' Palliser returned. 'Some roughs got round the tent and told him he did it because he had a bet on the match. But I'll tell you the real reason, in fact, it was with that object that I drew your attention just now.'

'Which you might have done in some other way,' I said. 'But it seems to me that, altogether, there's some mystery about this match. The Saunterers hesitated about every ball they played, or bowled, or stopped.'

'Men have a natural reluctance to play under their proper mark at cricket. Besides, it's difficult, I

should say,' Palliser replied. 'But you observed correctly. I'll tell you why they did it. It was done at Pearl Fanshawe's request.'

'At Miss Fanshawe's request?'

'Yes. She's not in your good books, now, I suppose. After all her professions of friendship, not to ask you up to her farewell party was a most unkind cut, wasn't it?'

'I told you I was right about Miss Fanshawe,' I said, coldly. 'She never cared for me.'

'That doesn't prove that you were right,' he returned. 'However, at her party, Pearl told every one of these men, separately, mind you, that she wished the village club to win the match. So (I have it all from Emma, you know), each of them acted on her suggestion, without knowing that the rest had received the same hint.'

'Well,' I said, 'there's no accounting for woman's freaks. Sir Frederick's was the crowning piece of self-sacrifice, and I don't doubt that he will be rewarded.'

'I'll tell you another thing,' Palliser said. 'Pearl had her work cut out last night. How many men do you suppose offered to her, knowing she was going away? Why, every man, except myself, that played with the Saunterers to-day, and some more besides.'

'She must have given them every opportunity,' I said; 'unless they proposed *en masse*.'

'She did,' Palliser replied. 'As you might have gathered from what I said just now, their propositions were made between the dances in the usual way, *tête-à-tête*.'

'And I suppose she took the baronet,' I said, as coolly as I could.

'I am glad we have reached your house,' Palliser answered; 'you look so white. You know what to prescribe for yourself, I suppose? but I should suggest a stimulant—a cordial was the old-fashioned term.'

'Confound you!' I said, quickly. 'Has she taken him? Though it's nothing to me.'

'If you will come up to the manor-house this evening, you will see,' Palliser replied. 'I will call

for you at seven precisely. And now go in, and take a nip of brandy.'

As before, Palliser called for me, and I went up with him to the manor-house. I could trust him, and I knew he would not place me in any ignominious or awkward position. But I was somewhat disconcerted when, after sitting with the aunt, Miss Thorpe, and Palliser for a short time in the drawing-room, the door opened, and the new page—who was by this time taking more kindly to his function—announced, with much emphasis, 'Sir Frederick Dashwood.'

The baronet entered. His bearing was confident; as, however, I suppose, that of baronets usually is; his evening costume was faultless, of course, but a moss-rose which he wore in his buttonhole gave him a festal air, and his gold sleeve-links, of which he afforded us a pretty good glimpse, were anchors, the emblems of hope. I knew he had been the main agent in blackballing me, and hardly bowed to him therefore. I fancied he looked rather surprised at seeing me, which I, then, put down to an idea of his that I was not a fit visitor at the manor-house. However, he sat down, and began to talk with his usual ease. Presently the new page announced another visitor, one of the Saunterers. He, too, entered in an assured manner, and had a flower in his buttonhole. But, evidently, both he and the baronet were taken aback at seeing each other, and their greetings were awkwardish.

'There will be rare fun presently,' Palliser whispered, leaning over to me.

I asked him, in the same undertone where Miss Fanshawe was.

'You'll know all about it in a jiffy,' was his rejoinder; and while he was speaking the door was again opened and a third Saunterer entered, smiling, dress-suited, rose-buttonholed. But he stopped short, and his countenance assumed a sudden change of expression when he saw the other members of his club. They looked equally uncomfortable, and I began to think the

Saunterers a queer set, and that I was well out of them. Half an hour more, and all the Saunterers and a few non-cricketing young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were sitting in the drawing-room, looking anything but pleased with each other's company. Conversation was almost at a stand-still. I could not but see that there was some mystery—that some strange scene was about to be enacted, and I waited eagerly. Still Miss Fanshawe did not appear.

At last Sir Frederick Dashwood rose, went to the ottoman on which Miss Thorpe was sitting, and, leaning over the back of it, whispered to her. Miss Thorpe's reply, however, was made in loud tones:

'If, Sir Frederick, you will give my aunt your arm, we shall find supper in the dining-room, and my cousin will be there as soon as she possibly can.'

With as much cordiality as he could achieve, the baronet did as she asked him, and we all followed into the dining-room, where supper was laid.

'I trust all you fellows haven't dined too late to be peckish,' Palliser said.

Meanwhile the baronet, with a very ill grace, seeing nothing else for it, sat down and began the carving of a cold turkey, and the rest followed his lead. There was plenty of wine, and it was good. The Saunterers therefore made the best of things, and in twenty minutes' time were beginning to thaw from their normal state, that evening of frost, when suddenly there was a dead silence. Having entered so quietly that, I think, scarcely any one but myself perceived the door open, Pearl Fanshawe stood before us.

The ideas of the poets, I consider, verge occasionally on the absurd. I cannot sympathise with their ecstasies respecting female beauty. The generality of girls may be more or less comely and pleasant to look at, but I see no reasonableness in the adoration which their personal appearance excites. Still at that moment, perhaps, Pearl would have justified such raptures as are indulged in by a Tom Moore or an

Apuleius. With her slender figure drawn up to its full height, and her little head borne bravely, she stood before us, who had all risen at her entrance. As she looked at us her fair cheek flushed scarlet, but her eyes did not decline.

'Gentlemen,' she said, with even a slight smile on her lips, 'I dare say you are very much surprised at seeing each other, inasmuch as it was in private that I asked you to come here, each of you, for a final answer to-night. However,'—here she suddenly paused in great confusion, after hitherto speaking steadily; she had caught sight of me, and I flushed as much as she did. She was silent for a few minutes, and then, looking towards Palliser, she said—

'Mr. Palliser, this is your fault; you have brought to my house an uninvited guest——'

'I fancied as much,' Sir Frederick Dashwood put in, giving me a very contumelious look; indeed I felt what a fool I had been: how I had compromised myself by trusting Palliser—in fact, I could say nothing to excuse myself. Still, I thought that, after the way in which I had been received before upon Palliser's introduction, more allowance might have been made. I was at the door, however, quickly. But Palliser was quicker, and, the key being in, he turned it, and put it in his pocket. So I was compelled to stay.

'Well, gentlemen,' Pearl resumed—I was behind her now, and she seemed to have forgotten me—'I thank you very much for your proposals; but I have to ask you whether you will renew them when you hear what I have to tell you? In my uncle's will, who left me all this property of mine, there is a clause which states that in the event of my marriage every farthing and farthing's worth of that property is to be divided between six charitable institutions.' And she paused.

Sir Frederick Dashwood came a step forward instantly, as red as the rose in his buttonhole.

'I must say,' he blurted out, 'that you have used me very rudely. I am not speaking to one of my own sex, and I am moderate in my ex-

pressions. My proposal, at least, was private.'

'And mine.' 'And mine.' 'And mine,' several of the others said.

'And you have made it public, Miss Fanshawe,' the baronet resumed. 'I—I—I shall go home at once. Palliser, let me out.'

There were, besides Palliser and myself, fifteen men in the room. Of these ten followed the baronet. I stayed; so did four others.

'Am I to understand,' Miss Fanshawe asked, after a brief pause, 'that you four gentlemen abide by your proposals?'

They all bowed. And at this moment I came forward and stood face to face with Pearl. She flushed deeper than ever, and, for the first time, her eyes dropped.

'The only apology I can make,' I said, 'for my intrusion is to add myself to these four gentlemen; and I am proud to be found in their company. It may serve for an apology, for strong feeling somewhat excuses rudeness. Prompted by such feeling, I ask you, Miss Fanshawe, to be my wife.'

With her eyes again raised, Pearl said, with a slight smile playing about the corners of her mouth, 'What I have stated about my uncle's will is strictly true; but that will shortly afterwards returns to the subject, and affirms that the clause depriving me of my property in case of my marriage, is to be of none effect provided that a gentleman who is named, my uncle's oldest friend, approves of my choice. My uncle adds that he has made his will in this manner in order to protect me as far as possible from being deceived by fortune-hunters. This guardian of my matrimonial affairs lives in Canada, and I sail thither during the week. I thank you, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Lawes, and Mr. Hetherington, for your disinterestedness, and I regret that my feelings would not justify me in consulting my uncle about any of you. To tell the truth, I did not anticipate that any of you would stand my test, and I feel that you have not been overwell used in this matter.'

All this time Pearl studiously abstained from looking at me.

'And do you propose to make any mention to your guardian of Mr. Payne?' I said.

'She has answered your question by an exhaustive process,' Palliser observed. 'Aren't you satisfied?'

'I do,' said Pearl, with her eyes downcast. And suddenly she lifted them, and looked at the four rejected suitors, who, in some dudgeon, were preparing to go, and indeed, from the force of circumstances, found themselves cutting about as ridiculous a figure, as, in a quiet way, they well could. 'One moment more,' Pearl proceeded. 'Before you go, I wish you to understand why I have made this final answer of mine a public affair. As to the information I gave you about the will you will, of course, see already that I took the only means I had of proving your disinterestedness; but in regard to the publicity, I meant it for a punishment of the absurd exclusiveness which, ill-grounded as it is, prevails in this neighbourhood. And tell,' she ended, turning towards me—'recommend those other pitiful members of your club to be careful next time that they do not blackball a gentleman.'

Miss Fanshawe did not go to Canada after all. I went instead, it being decided between us that this was the better course. I was so fortunate as to satisfy the guardian of her matrimonial interests; and I now occupy a position in the county very little inferior to that of the baronet. Nor have I cause to be jealous of him in any other respect, though my wife once confessed to me that there was a time when she did think him very good-looking; but she could not perceive that he had any other recommendatory point, and therefore she rejected the only man of the Saunterers for whom she ever felt anything like a fancy. That very select club was dissolved very soon after its young affections were so decidedly blighted by the present Mrs. Payne.

KRAVENS.

IN THE SOLENT.

'OH the breath of the merry breeze !'
 The poet ecstatic sings,
 Secure on shore, of his crested seas ;
 But two very different things—
 Lucretius hinted it long ago,—
 Are to see and to feel the Ocean's flow.

Sweet to view is the silver sail
 Flecking the Solent's tide
 With graceful swell to the gentle gale
 Seen from the pier of Ryde.
 All very well yon yacht to adore
 When you look on it safe from shore.

Pleasant to see at noon, or night
 When lamps from mast-heads glow,
 Myriads shedding their elf-like light
 Far on the waves below.
 As for the sea 'tis amply near
 Viewed as you view it from yonder pier.

Treachery lurks in the Solent's tide,—
 Seek not to quit the pier,—
 Pain and anguish its wavelets hide
 Vide our yachtsmen here :
 'Snugly ashore how sweet to be !'
 Murmurs the amateur tar at sea.

A CAMPAIGN WITH THE MILITIA.

'Gentlemen, the toast I am about to propose needs no further comment from me. I give you the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers.'—*Extract from the Speech of any Chairman at any Public Dinner.*

THE toast is duly responded to. That is to say, an officer, who has probably been in the service some thirty years before, says that he has very little to say, and is not sure of being able to say that, but is sure that the army will always do its duty; another officer, who is too old to remember such recent things as ironclads, assures the company that England's wooden walls are always ready to go anywhere and do anything; and a third officer, after apologising for the existence of the force to which he belongs, expresses an abject sense of his unfitness to serve in it, but hopes that the best of intentions will compensate for utter want of capacity in that indefinite period of a facetious future known as 'the hour of need.'

This is all very well, and just as it should be. But surely one branch of the service has been omitted in the apportionment of the honours of the evening. How about 'the constitutional force of the country,' of which we hear so much when the estimates are being discussed in Parliament, and so little at any other time? The Militia, if I mistake not, numbers eighty thousand men, and *did* number a hundred and twenty thousand before recent reductions. It is officered in proportion, has all necessary establishments, and is thoroughly effective for four weeks in the year, when it is placed on the same footing as the Line. Upon any emergency, or whenever the army needs strengthening, it may be made permanent, either wholly or in part, and sent to serve in any part of the United Kingdom. Should service abroad be required, regiments are invited to volunteer—which they mostly do with readiness—and then they may be despatched anywhere to take their share of duty with the Line.

One would think that a force like this would be considered sufficiently important to mention upon public occasions, where praise of the public

services is the business in hand. But apparently it is not; for only very rarely is an allusion made to it, and then usually for the simple reason that some prominent person present is found to owe his military rank to this branch of the Army. That the Militia is included in the Army when reference is made to the latter, may be supposed; but the intention is not generally understood, and a special tribute may well be claimed by the great Reserve Force of the country. The consequence of a long-continued course of neglect in this particular is that most people seem to have a very vague idea of what the Militia really is. They knew that there was such a military establishment during the long war which preceded the long peace, and they heard of it again when it was reconstituted at the call to arms in 1854. But many persons have a notion that it still exists principally upon paper, and that it is at its best but a holiday force, very remotely connected with utility. Only last year, the writer of a 'social leader' in a morning paper, in the course of some verbal embroidery upon the scene in St. James's Street on a levée day, made this remarkable announcement: 'Here too may be seen a number of fancy military costumes *suggestive of Militia.*' Fancy costumes indeed! The writer might surely have known that the uniform of the Militia is identical with that of the Line to a button—the only difference being that the lace and other ornaments are of silver instead of gold. We find too a not unfrequent sneer at the Militia that it 'does not fight'—as if the Militia could go out and fight whenever it felt inclined! Since the long peace the Militia has not been called upon to fight; but during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutinies a considerable portion of it was embodied, and did garrison duty in Ireland and in

Mediterranean stations, thus relieving regiments of the Line who were sent to the front. Moreover, if the Militia has seldom to fight *as* Militia, it is not unconnected with hostilities in connection with regular troops. Thus it numbers in its ranks a large proportion of old soldiers who have been, and young soldiers who will go, into the Line. Of its officers, too, many have served with the regulars, and many more would, in the event of a war, become part of the permanent force.

Of the future connection of the Militia with the regulars we may gain some idea from the working of the new scheme of the Militia reserve. Under this arrangement militiamen are engaged for five years to serve in the Line in the event of war breaking out during the period of their engagements, which may be renewed from time to time. The temptation of twenty shillings bounty, with the chances in favour of having nothing to do for it, did not tempt many men at first; but, as the conditions become better understood they are eagerly responding to the invitation; and I suspect that it will be found, when the results of the present training season are published, that in most regiments the full complement of volunteers (two hundred and fifty) have been obtained. If this be so we shall be in a good position to go to war at any time, despite further reductions in the Army, which are more than possible in these days of retrenchment.

Pending some sagacious suggestions for the improvement of the service which I intend to make presently, let us take a glance at the outward and visible signs of a twenty-eight days' training in the Militia, as exhibited, say, in one of the metropolitan regiments. I may best give you an idea of the salient points, perhaps, by citing the experiences of a young subaltern officer, fresh from his first year's exercise, and therefore, of course, a high authority upon the subject. I do not pretend to edit his communication, but will leave him to tell his tale in his own way.

* * * *

I had no difficulty in getting my commission. Indeed, the lord-lieutenant of the county, who is a friend of my family, made me the offer of one upon very slight acquaintance. I thought at the time that he was stretching a point in my favour, and had a great respect for the high interest at my command, and looked upon myself as likely to become a spoiled child of fortune. But I have since had reason to believe that his lordship was very glad to get me. For Militia officers are not always easy to get in these days—that is to say, officers of proper social position. You could get plenty of cads, you know, who would jump at the idea of her Majesty's uniform, and be prepared to vote the Volunteers 'low' at very short notice. But these of course would not do—the line must be drawn somewhere. The Volunteer movement has had a great deal to do with the backwardness of Militia officers in coming forward, and something must be set down to the mania for efficiency, which, in these days, makes service in 'the constitutional force of the country' by no means a bed of roses. It was all very well when you could get in as a captain and had very little to do; but the first condition is now very rare, and the second has no existence. The consequence is that the subaltern ranks are insufficiently filled in many regiments, and I know of some in which they are nearly empty.

Thus it was that, finding myself really wanted, I modified my views as to the favour shown to me by the lord-lieutenant, and determined to patronise him rather than otherwise upon the first possible occasion. Meanwhile I accepted my rank of lieutenant with some affability, and, upon being attached to a battalion of Foot Guards for instruction, at once set about the task of becoming an ornament to the service.

I was attached, I say, to a battalion of Guards, but I saw little of the regiment and still less of its officers. After reporting myself personally to the adjutant, I found myself intrusted to the guidance of

the sergeant-major, who put a drill sergeant upon me; and under that intelligent non-commissioned officer I at once proceeded to drill. My instruction took place in the barrack-square, where I had an idea that the entire regiment would be paraded for my benefit. But the material at my disposal was confined to the defaulters, who, however, were sufficient in number for the purpose, and with whom I soon made good progress. The first initiation into the art of war is awfully discouraging, but I was spared the rudimentary trials which are experienced by professional officers. I was not drilled in the ranks—put to the goose-step, or anything of the kind—at least during my time with the Guards. The sergeant by my side in the first place showed me how to tell off and prove a company—that is to say, he told me the words of command, which I bawled out after him with considerable success. The men moved with such punctuality at my bidding, that I began to think something of the success must be due to my own proficiency, and about the third morning I fancied myself only a little short of being every inch a soldier. But I was soon undeceived upon this point; for whenever I tried to get on without the sergeant I got off in a most remarkable manner. The men must have known what I meant, but they took my orders *au pied de la lettre* in a most absurd manner. What nonsense it was, for instance, for them to move in subdivisions when they were quite aware that I intended to say sections, and to stand at ease with shouldered arms when anybody but idiots might know that they should first be brought to the order! But these are the trials to which young officers are subjected, owing to the dreadful want of intelligence which, I am sorry to say, prevails among the rank and file. Such, at least, were my reflections at the time—they are modified considerably now, when my prejudices are inclined to err, perhaps on the side of accuracy, and pipeclay has thoroughly entered into my soul.

By the end of the allotted month I had picked up something of the alphabet of the business, and with a far more modest idea of my own acquirements than I had entertained at the beginning, looked forward with anticipation to the time when I might become a moderately bad officer. I progressed at least sufficiently to obtain the necessary certificate entitling me to five shillings a day during the time when I had kindly consented to learn my duties, and meanwhile I had no further disbursement to make than that of ten shillings a week to the sergeant, so that I came off very well on the whole. It covered cabs at least, and almost amounted to gloves.

There was nothing more to do now until the training, a couple of months hence, and during the intervening time I availed myself of a *levée* day to get presented to my sovereign, and justify by my appearance her Majesty's trust in my courage and loyalty which she had so kindly expressed, by deputy, in the document constituting my commission in her service. For that document, by-the-way, the Court of Lieutenancy made me pay a guinea, but it was cheap at the price, considering the flattering terms in which I was mentioned.

In due time came the call to arms. A letter 'On her Majesty's Service' informed me that the regiment would assemble for the annual training on a certain Monday towards the end of April; and on that day accordingly I presented myself at head-quarters—much before the appointed ten o'clock—arrayed in all the subdued splendour of undress uniform.

On my route from the railway—which had brought me to a northern suburb of the metropolis—I thought some of the people proceeding in my direction remarkably civil; for they saluted me in military fashion, contrary to the custom of the majority of the passengers, who merely stared when they deigned to take any notice of me at all. The salutes I scrupulously returned, though not with too much eagerness, as I remembered Frank Mildmay's over-attention in this respect, and the im-

pression produced thereby that he intended to stand for the borough. I found, however, that my courtesy was not misplaced; for the men—very common-looking men, it must be confessed—who had bestowed upon me such flattering marks of respect turned out to belong to my own regiment. Like myself they were proceeding to join, but, unlike myself, they had not yet obtained the means of appearing in uniform.

They were an odd lot, indeed, as I saw them formed up in the barrack-square, falling into their respective companies as they arrived. Some were very respectably dressed—even as artisans might dress on a Sunday. Others looked like common labouring men, as indeed they were. Many had the slouching get-up peculiar to costermongers, as indeed they were also. Every kind of humble occupation seemed to be represented, and not wanting were appearances suggestive of no occupation at all. As they came up they answered to their names, which were put down by their respective sergeants. Some did so in a civilized, others in rather a savage manner; and a few were so much at their ease as to appear with pipes in their mouths—a proceeding of which they were made to see the impropriety in a very summary manner. For the rest they were all well behaved—if somewhat rough—and I did not notice any symptoms among them suggestive of premature beer, though such things are not unknown in the constitutional force of the country, in common with the Line.

A few officers had arrived before me, and the Adjutant, soon singling me out as a stranger, learned my name and introduced me to the rest—Adjutants, of course, are introduced by virtue of their office. So I was soon made at home, and furnished with much preliminary information concerning the regiment and the coming campaign. Most polite of all was the Colonel—so much so that I already imagined myself a favourite of his, and felt sure that my promotion would be rapid. The flattering idea in fact crossed my mind—should I become a spoiled child of fortune after all!

Our chat in the Officers' room was interrupted by a request to join our companies, which were by this time tolerably complete; and already great piles of boots and clothing were being brought from the quartermaster's stores for distribution among the men. I had by this time been posted to a company, and found myself the subaltern of one of the pleasantest fellows among my new acquaintances. I did not seem to be particularly required as yet, and confined myself to a vague superintendence principally expressed by looking on. The boots and the knapsacks containing the kits were distributed first. The process was easy enough as regarded the knapsacks, the names of the recipients being affixed thereto; but there were some changes and additions. All the company were present with the exception of three, one being returned as dead, another as being in custody of the civil power, and the third of whom no account could be given. (The latter, I may here mention, came up on the following day, or he would have been returned as a deserter; and being able to give a satisfactory reason for his absence escaped without punishment.) One man who came up sick was immediately sent into hospital. There were a few vacancies caused by the discharge of time-expired men, and their places were supplied by such of the new recruits as had seen service and were already fit for the ranks. Thus we had eighty-one effectives, whose names were duly called over by the sergeant. These were soon supplied with their kits; but the assignment of the boots was not such an easy matter. There are only four sizes, and the feet intended for them were in greater variety, so that the result was unsatisfactory in some cases. I noticed that the men were more particular about their boots than about any other article of dress; the boots being among the things that they retain as their own property when the training is over. When complaints were made it was generally on the score of excess in size; for the regulations on this score were intended for the Line, whereas

they are made to apply to the Militia, in which the standard of height is somewhat smaller. However, by a judicious process of approximate apportionment in the first instance, and individual negotiation in the second, the men were tolerably well fitted in the end, and some very successfully.

Jackets, summer trousers, and forage caps followed. These were as far as possible given to their former wearers; but the rule is difficult to observe—if only on account of changes in the *personnel* of the company, and the fact that new clothing falls due to some of the men. So there is a great deal of measuring and ‘trying on’—the latter process being performed in a rough and ready manner, without the removal of the other garments. I did not notice that any of the men expected to get their former forage caps; as a rule they were content to come forward by turns, and make their selection from the heap which lay on the ground, growling a little when the sergeants differed with them as to the fit, and occasionally making complaints thereupon to the officers. However, heads are more accommodating than feet in the constitutional force of the country, and they have the additional advantage that the men have not to march upon them. So the forage-cap question was soon settled, and the wearers were then in possession of their equipments for the day.

Some three hours or more were occupied in all these proceedings, and then, in a laudable spirit of inquiry, I asked my superior officer what was to be done next. ‘Nothing but pay and dismiss,’ was the reply; ‘there will be no afternoon parade to-day; to-morrow there will be parade in jackets and forage caps, when the accoutrements, the tunics, and the other trousers will be given out; there will be a little drill here, and on Wednesday we shall have exercise in the field, all in proper order.’

‘How much is the pay?’ I asked—you see I knew nothing about such matters of detail as yet.

‘The pay is one shilling and twopence a day—the twopence being

the latest addition made by a considerate government. But there are allowances besides—fourpence for lodging, and a penny for beer money, making one and sevenpence. Our practice is to pay eighteenpence a day—a shilling in the morning and sixpence in the afternoon—and two shillings on Saturdays, accounts being adjusted at the end of the training. When there is no afternoon parade the eighteenpence is of course paid in the morning; and to-day, being the first, the men get an additional tenpence each, ordained by prescription “for a hot meal.”’

‘Do they get nothing more?’

‘Oh, yes; they have a bounty of a pound on enlistment, half of which is paid on the spot, and they have a bounty of a pound a year besides—so that they receive six pounds bounty for the five years, and I need scarcely say the same over again if they reattest.’

‘But why do you pay them twice a day?’

‘Why, it’s just a little safer; it prevents them from spending it all before the afternoon parade and coming up disconsolate, or perhaps’—he added, quietly—‘not coming up at all. It’s for *their* good, you know.’

The captain of a company is ordered to pay his men personally, but I suppose the practical object is attained by seeing the process performed by the sergeant—if not it ought to be. Our men are paid with all proper care, and as each man receives the welcome coins he goes about his business—or his pleasure, as the case may be—taking his traps with him.

Meanwhile we have not been without interruptions. More than once has been heard a bugle sound, since familiar enough, but at first nothing more to me than the idle wind in the respect that I regarded it not. But I was soon made aware that it meant something. It was the Officers’ call, in fact; and whenever it was sounded we were expected to assemble round the Colonel on the square, or meet him in the barracks, as the case might be. For the commanding officer was busy all this time, you may be sure, and had much

to do in orderly-room and elsewhere. There were a few cases—'crimes' I found to be the professional term—to be dealt with among the men, and five hundred matters to be seen to besides. In the course of the arrangements he had something every now and then to say to the Officers, and these were summoned in the regular manner. The Sergeants' call is somewhat similar, and it was not immediately that I managed to distinguish between the two.

The communications thus made to us had reference principally to special points connected with our duties, but were not unconnected with exhortations connected with their general performance. The Militia service, we were assured, is not what it was. It is relied upon as a necessary auxiliary to the Army, and its thorough effectiveness is insisted upon by authority. A Militia regiment must in no way be inferior to a regiment of the Line, and every officer must perform his part towards the expected result. If we are rusty we must get the rust rubbed off, and make the best use of our time during the year so as to be up to the mark for the training. All this and a great deal more to similar effect was put to us in that genial tone of severity customary with commanding officers who practise true military deportment, and I am sure that it must have done us all good. For myself, though as a new subaltern not specially appealed to, I can answer for feeling a wiser and a better officer after each appeal.

The most personally interesting communication with the Colonel was when we were called together for a mess meeting. In this case our own comforts during the training were specially concerned, and we readily agreed to the usual means taken for insuring them. We were glad to learn that we had so good a balance—between four and five hundred pounds—at Cox's, and that a moderate subscription for the current year, increasing according to rank, would suffice for current expenses. I found, by-the-way, that I was expected to pay an entrance fee of ten pounds to the mess, which was a considerable proportion out

of twelve and sixpence a day, pay and allowances, which was all I was entitled to draw. But it was a comfort to know that the disbursement was for the common good, so I liked making it rather than otherwise. What is there in the moral atmosphere of the constitutional force of the country that makes one feel so benevolent?

All these important matters being adjusted we are free to depart, and lunch is the order of the day. The mess is held at the principal hotel in the neighbourhood, for we have no mess-house of our own, and efforts made towards procuring one have been as yet singularly unsuccessful. Voluntary contributions are ready enough, I am told, but they fail to find organisation, and so we go on drifting from year to year, waiting for happier times. However, we have very good rooms of our own, and the two pairs of colours with which they are decorated give them a professional air—which is something by way of consolation. As we have our own plate, glass, &c., and our own mess orderlies, we are well off as far as appointments and attendants go, so perhaps there is not much to complain of after all. I need scarcely add that we furnish our own wine.

You would not have known the barrack-square next morning without good reason to suppose it the same place. The uncouth garb worn by the men on the previous day had all disappeared. Not a fustian coat nor a felt hat was to be seen; corduroys were nowhere, and belcher neckerchiefs were conspicuous by their absence. The regimental jackets, trousers, and forage caps, whose distribution had given so much trouble, looked neat and presentable on their respective wearers, and even the boots appeared as if they belonged to the feet that bore them. The men themselves were clean and kempt, and some of them had even gone so far as to dispense with the tufts under their chins for which the promiscuous orders of society—if, in Parliamentary phrase, they will allow me to call them so—seem to regard with such affection. Their moral tone, too, had gone up wonderfully.

They were anybodies before, and conducted themselves accordingly; now they were soldiers unmistakably, and the fact was as evident in their bearing as in their dress. If you want to make an uneducated man a gentleman, there is nothing like making him a soldier to begin with: drill and discipline are a social education in themselves. Such was my profound reflection as I surveyed the men of my company—well, the company to which I belonged—upon parade; and I believe that I jumped at an opinion arrived at by far more experienced persons.

The commander of the company was a retired officer of the Indian Service. He was well up in his drill, as might be expected; but he made a few lapses here and there, suggestive of the land of the lotus and the palm, chillums and chillumchees, curree bhât and brandy panee. Thus he occasionally called the non-commissioned officers Havildars and Zemindars, which I believe the men believed to be terms of abuse—even as was the inoffensive parallelogram believed to be by the discomfited fish-wives. But the pay-sergeant at least understood him; for he was a man of four medals, and his services dated back beyond the days of Aliwal and Sobraon. For myself, I soon found that, as a subaltern officer, I had nothing to do—nothing at least that could not be done for me. I did not make the discovery immediately—not until after a few mornings in the field, by which time I had learned to despise the slothful life of the supernumerary rank, and to long for distinction in substantive command. I obtained this sooner than I had expected; for it happened that the captain of the company, for some inscrutable reason, obtained leave for the rest of the training, and there being no other Officer to supply his place, it devolved upon me to fill as I best could. Then it was that my troubles began. As a subaltern I enjoyed the proverbial reputation of the good woman who is never heard of, and incurred no reproach except occasionally, for being oblivious when there was

some absurd requirement for changing my flank, being late in saluting, and so forth. But the post of honour proved decidedly the post of danger; and, after a few days, during which I had gone the round of every conceivable blunder, I came to the conclusion that a man who can command a company can do anything. Commanding a mere battalion is nothing to it, as you need never be in a hurry, and at the worst can always fall back upon the Adjutant, who knows everything as a matter of course. The commander of a company may be sometimes saved in a similar manner by his sergeant; but that indispensable non-commissioned officer cannot always come to his aid, and the Captain must take care to know what he is about unless he wishes everything to go wrong.

These sagacious reflections are of course applicable to the Line as well as to the Militia; but in regiments of the Line there is always a complement of Officers, and none are placed in positions of command until after long training.

I was more fortunate than some subalterns who found themselves prematurely placed in positions of responsibility. There are no Ensigns now in the Militia, and if a Captain get leave—which some Captains have a remarkable talent for getting—the Lieutenant is the only officer left. Hitherto he has had next to nothing to do, as we have seen, except being occasionally deputed to inspect or prove the company. The duty of inspection, by-the-way, is easy enough, for it does not require much experience to see that the arms are in working condition, the belts and pouches properly pipe-clayed or polished, and the men generally neat and regular in their get-up; while he can at least manage the proving with the assistance of the sergeant. But he is apt to get into a flutter when he finds himself in command. There was Lightly, for instance. He was always in scrapes. His name was continually borne upon the breeze whenever we were out.

‘Mr. Lightly, look to your covering,’ bawls the Adjutant.

Poor Lightly is looking after his company, and in his anxiety to take it properly into square and say, 'Front turn, sections outwards,' at the proper moment, has drifted into an ingenious state of *échelon* with the officer marching in front of him. So he looks to his covering accordingly, and by the time this is set right one of the Majors rides up and reminds him of the next word of command, of which he is already aware, and the Colonel, who has an instinctive idea that he will forget, adds his own injunction to remember. The consequence is that Lightly loses his presence of mind and gives the order too soon, to the great confusion of the square—his own confusion not being diminished by the sarcastic comment of the Colonel, conveyed with all the force of that officer's vigorous lungs, that he is not fit to command a corporal's guard. After one or two mishaps of this kind comes a crisis not unfrequent in Lightly's essays at command.

'Mr. Lightly,' cries the Colonel, 'you can fall out. Sergeant Jones, take charge of No. — company.'

Poor Lightly feels abjectly humiliated—conscious as he is that the eyes and ears of Europe are upon him. But, after all—considering his very limited experience—the wonder is that he is not a worse Officer. His principal fault, I suspect, is that of being fluttery. There are others in the regiment who are no better, but they have an easy way of setting their mistakes right and making them less conspicuous. Larkins, for instance, treats the whole thing as a joke, and is ostentatiously defiant in many matters of detail. But I never notice that he gets either himself or his company into important scrapes. Perhaps he knows better than he chooses to let us suppose. In the service, as elsewhere, it is sometimes advantageous to pretend to a little incapacity; but this may be too well done, and it is rather a bore if you get people to believe you

Some of 'ours,' I am bound to say, are above suspicion on this score. Several have served in the Line, and others are quite competent for any service at an hour's notice.

The Colonel is an old soldier, and insists upon everything being done up to a service standard; and the rule is observed in all essential respects. The Adjutant, too, who is from the regulars, takes a high moral tone, and is seriously distressed at any want of seriousness, in matters of duty, among the junior officers, as savouring of a Volunteer spirit, which he regards with a holy horror. There are some of us, in the Militia as in the regulars, who take a social rather than a professional view of the service, and look upon dining and dancing as its final cause. These are useful in their way. They are sure to be upon the mess committee, and keep up the courtesies in the way of returning calls which some of us are apt to neglect. They are down for any number of guests on public nights, and are themselves the recipients of invitations from far and near. The local people, it must be said, pay great attention to the regiment, and dinners and dances, kettle-drums and croquet parties, are available on all sides. A particular set go in for such things; the remainder seem to run away from them, and dash into town as often as possible. A few, in fact, are seen but little with the regiment; and were there more Officers to supply their places, I suspect that they would not long remain attached. Among the social men are the few among us who are married, and have their wives with them at the training. It is due to them to say that they do not shirk their duties nor omit occasional attendance at mess, while they are always trying—with more or less success—to get up outside entertainments, and are further distinguished by the exercise of much domestic hospitality.

It must not be supposed that the Officers who are so fond of rushing into town are always bent upon pleasure. Several have professional or other avocations which they cannot altogether abandon, and to these some consideration is shown in the way of leave. Two of them have an erratic practice at the bar, and may be seen, at intervals of the training, in Parliamentary committee rooms

down at Westminster, their arms ceded to the toga—their war-paint cast aside for wig and gown. The change is a little embarrassing at first, as I was told by one of these legal warriors, who said that his instinct was to call the committee to attention before addressing them, and tell them off by subdivisions and sections, and that wishing to recall an inadvertent statement one day, he found himself bringing them back to the point by saying, 'as you were.'

The men, as you know, have many occupations. The most respectable among them make the best soldiers; they are quick, intelligent, well conducted, and give very little trouble. These are generally artisans of one kind or another, and some of them are so well-to-do that they ask as a favour to have their pay reserved for them until the end of the training. The larger proportion, however, have very miscellaneous occupations, or none at all. Besides costermongers there are a few dog-fanciers, and I have a suspicion that chimney-sweeps are not unrepresented among us. Of day-labourers there are a considerable number, and others seem to pick up a livelihood in any way they can. To those whose occupations demand the concession, occasional leave is given 'on private affairs.' The most poor are not always the most apparently grateful to the service which provides for them during at least a part of the year; but it is probable that they are never so well off as during the training; and after that, besides their pay, allowances, and bounty, they have the advantage of retaining their boots, two shirts, and two pairs of socks, as their private property. All of these articles being the best of their kind that can be made.

Among men of such varied pursuits some will necessarily make better soldiers than others; but all are up to a very fair standard, and, in this respect, the men of towns have considerable advantage over men of the country—they learn more quickly and retain more readily. They have plenty of drill

—morning and afternoon regularly, unless the weather be absolutely prohibitory—for time is short and efficiency imperative. For the rest the duties are such as belong to any regiment of the Line in country quarters. The commanders of companies are responsible, as we have seen, for the pay of their men, and have to keep a strict account with their pay-sergeants for the moneys which they disburse—being supplied with fifty pounds each, every week, on account of the estimate of the ultimate expense, which is very carefully made. They have also to keep the defaulters' book, and enter the 'crimes,' for which their men may be brought up to orderly-room, from the guard report, besides checking the ledger and the pay-sheet, and being responsible for their correctness. They have also, with the subalterns, to take their turn of orderly duty, and the Queen's regulations under this head are strictly observed. There is a Captain and subaltern appointed by rotation each day for this duty, and two officers, one of each rank, are 'in waiting'—that is to say, are held in readiness to take the duty in case of accident. Each Officer goes the rounds once by day and once by night—turning out and inspecting the guard, visiting the prisoners, if any, in the guard-room and cells, examining the sentinels in order to see that they know their orders, and also, during the day, visiting the hospitals in order to make sure that everything is as it should be. In the case of the prisoners and the hospital patients the Officer is expressly enjoined to ask if there are any complaints—as to treatment and so forth—and to notify the result in his next morning's report. Sometimes you get extra regulation answers to inquiries of the kind. Thus a sentry whom I was visiting, after reciting the bulk of his orders, concluded thus—

'—— to salute all officers according to rank, and prevent the children from scratching the adjutant's carriage.'

The latter was of course an extraneous instruction given by the corporal of the guard, and related

to a newly-varnished brougham which was standing under the arms-shed.

A hospital patient, when I asked him if he had any complaints to make, replied—

‘Why, sir, Bill Simmons bin and hit me over the head with a pewter pot.’

As he was already being treated for the consequence of Bill Simmons’ exuberance of temper, there was no need to include *that* item in my report.

One of the least pleasant parts of the Officers’ duties—specially enjoined by the Queen’s regulations—is in these days enforced with great exactitude. This consists in being called into the Officers’ room from time to time, to be examined by the Colonel as to our knowledge of various points relating to drill and discipline. There is no escaping this catechism, which is not a little embarrassing to junior Officers, who, as they say, ‘know how to do things, but can’t say how they are done.’ The questions embrace a wide range. You are asked one minute, for instance, how you would form open column right in front, or line on the leading company; and the next you are interrogated as to the duties of a judge-advocate at courts-martial; presently you are required to state the pay and allowances of a corporal, or the price of the piece of sponge contained in a kit. The majority of us, it is right to say, answer most questions correctly; but others are reduced to make chance shots or a frank confession of ignorance. I have known such a thing as a very young Officer taking his seat as nearly as possible in rear of the Colonel, so as to avoid catching that officer’s eye—an abject expedient invented, I believe, in the Line. We are always glad when this ordeal is over, and we feel ourselves once more Officers and Gentlemen instead of small boys at school.

There are various phases in the training by which its progress is marked. The first week is one of settling down. The parades are regular after the first two days, but a great deal has to be done in the

way of interior organisation, and the mess is not quite what it will be. A few people have called, and a few have received invitations, but the festivities are not in full force. The second week is one of thorough work. The regiment is in excellent order, and is beginning to do its best on the ground; our visitors at the mess—when we have by this time made a note of the best wines—are increasing in number, and we are bidden to entertainments in the neighbourhood. The third week we are in our best form, as regards both our exercise and our social gatherings. The movements are executed with wonderful precision, and another stock has been ordered of that favourite dry champagne. About this time we learn the day fixed for the inspection, which is usually about the middle of the fourth week, and the knowledge gives a new impetus to everybody. Some new manœuvres are gone through on the field; there is a great deal of ‘mugging up’ from the ‘Field Exercise’ and the ‘Queen’s Regulations,’ in case of questions being asked; and long discussions take place as to the nature of the lunch—which is always made a feature upon such occasions—and the feasibility of further festivities. A couple of Officers who are going up for promotion become preternaturally diligent as the day of examination draws near; and their interviews with the little red books aforesaid are of a sustained character.

About this time—if it has not taken place before—there is a ‘marching order’ parade, and an inspection of kits by the commanding officer. The latter proceeding is gone through before the regiment leaves the barrack-yard. The rear rank of each company being faced about, the men deposit their knapsacks on the ground in front of them, open them, and display their contents in proper order.

The contents are not in proper order in the beginning, as you may suppose, and getting them into proper order is a work of time. At first sight it may seem somewhat absurd that there should be any regulation as to the distribution of

the various articles; but the object is to insure neat packing and the occupation of the smallest possible space, and without regulation this would not be secured. Neatness in such arrangements is not a spontaneous military virtue, and men if left to do as they pleased would please to stuff their 'things' in anyhow, and lose or leave behind them a great many of the said things into the bargain. To meet this failing it is enjoined that each article composing the kit shall occupy a certain relative position, departure from which shall on no account be permitted. The sergeants do the rough work in the enforcement of uniformity, under the supervision of the officers, whose moral influence is strong in the matter, and saves a great deal of disputing. There is a model kit somewhere, from which the rest are supposed to be copied, but the sergeants are apt to have ideas of their own, derived from the practice of the several line regiments in which they have served, and a little discrepancy is the consequence. Thus my company, as far as I know, is settling everything in its proper place. We are getting on very well, in fact. The spare trousers are folded up at the bottom of the knapsack; the spare shirt is rolled up on the right, the socks are placed next, and next to these come the towels. The remainder of the space is occupied by the four brushes—for boots, clothes, and hair—the little box of blacking, and the sponge. The jacket (in marching order the tunics are on the backs of the men) is folded up in front of the knapsack, with the forage cap (the shakos are on the heads) placed in front, and the hold-all, with its minor appurtenances, a little in rear of these, but in front of the knapsack. It is not very easy to make the men observant of arrangement. Some roll up the articles unceremoniously in very small compass; others display them as if they were meant to tempt purchasers in a shop-window. Both faults have to be amended. In the disposition of the brushes it is especially difficult to make them economists of space. They have an

inevitable tendency to place the two long brushes together and the two short ones in a line, whereas the junction of a short one with a long one just fills the vacant space, and is an obvious measure of economy. I, as well as the other company officers, have to enter into distressing details of this kind, and bring to bear all the experience which we have ever obtained in the packing of portmanteaus. I have nearly succeeded in obtaining uniformity, when it is found that the model kit, which nobody seems to have noticed for some time, differs in some prominent respects. So a great deal of the work has to be done over again. The front rank claims my first attention. Here, to begin with, I find the right flank man has packed his knapsack erroneously. I have to assure him that he has his towels in the wrong place, and that his shirt should be in the position occupied by his socks. As for his brushes, his blacking, and his sponge, they are all wild and wandering, so a general redistribution becomes necessary; and so on, man after man. But it is wonderful how they make up for misguided time when they know that the Colonel is coming round. There is always a difficulty about the hold-all. This little epitome of a dressing-case—similar to what is called in old-fashioned domestic circles a housewife—contains the knife, fork, spoon, razor, comb, button-brass, and shaving-brush. They should all be displayed in certain rotation, but men will be men, and I regret to see that several of these articles appear in improper places. You think you have just got them right; the front rank is quite correct, and you have gone round to see that the rear rank is equally up to the mark, when up comes the Adjutant, who is giving us the benefit of a preliminary supervision. 'Quite wrong,' he says; 'the button-brass and the comb should change places,' and the mandate thereupon goes up and down the line. You think you are right again, when another order is received from authority,—that the shaving-brush

should have its handle pointed towards the Officer. This is awful; the tendency of the shaving-brushes in my company is to have their handles towards the men, so another adjustment in both ranks becomes necessary. Everything seems right now, but we suddenly discover that in many instances the marks on the socks and towels are not displayed, as enjoined by regulation; so the erring articles are refolded, and after that the kits are surely *sans reproche*. Not so. Some of the forage caps are so laid that the devices on their fronts do not duly appear to the eye; so these have to be altered. After this everything is right except some of the shaving-brushes—the shaving-brushes always give trouble—which at the last moment are found to turn their bristles instead of their handles outwards. There is just time to prevent this insulting demonstration before the commanding officer comes round, when the company officer, calling the men to attention, conducts him with great gravity along the ranks. The eye of our Commandant is proverbial for seeing everything, but no grave deviation from decorum is noticed in my company; the only irregularity pointed out being the unnecessary display of *two* shirts and *two* pairs of socks by some of the men, the presumption being that they would be wearing some part of their regimental necessaries.

This important business being concluded, the knapsacks are closed, and deposited under the shed while we march out for exercise.

The Inspection comes in due course. Eleven o'clock is the time appointed, and precisely at that hour we are on the field ready to receive the Inspecting Officer—drawn up in line with shouldered arms, the Officers in front and at the port. Immediately upon his arrival there is a general salute, after which the Inspecting Officer rides along the line, accompanied by the Colonel, and makes his observations. After this comes manual and platoon exercise, and we are then put through a series of manœuvres at his dictation; and then he calls upon the senior Cap-

tain to exercise the battalion. The senior Captain does not half like it, but he gets through his task very respectably, and after a sufficiently hard morning's work we march back to barracks. Here, in the barrack-square, follows an examination of the kits, which are fortunately in very good order, even the refractory shaving-brushes being in their places. This is succeeded by an investigation in the orderly-room of various matters relating to the interior economy of the regiment. There are some preliminary inquiries in which the regimental staff are concerned, and then the Officers of companies are called in by rotation to give an account of their commands. The books of each company are already deposited, as well as the books which each Officer is required to keep by him for his instruction and guidance. With the latter the Inspecting Officer does not much trouble himself; but if they were not there he would be sure to notice the fact. As the examination gets more stringent every year, there is naturally some anxiety felt on the part of those who have to encounter it; for they are liable to be asked all kinds of impertinent questions, ranging from battalion movements to the price of a pair of boots. We are sure at any rate to be made to show that we are able to keep the regimental books, and have kept them to the extent required; and it is strange indeed if we are not met with a variety of minor and unexpected inquiries. These we get through as we best can, and when we break down it is usually in reference to such matters as the prices of articles, in which, as we consider, the quartermaster is more concerned than ourselves. Prices, by-the-way, would be much more easily remembered if they seemed to us more important, and if they did not include so many ignoble details—so many twopence-halfpennys and penny-three-farthings tacked on to round sums. The opinion is quite at variance with all authority, but the general impression among us is that the most distinguished Officers in the service would be least likely to

possess such information—that we should fight just as well or better without it—and that details of the kind are the last thing that, ought to be required of heroes.

Some of us escape more easily than others—owing as much to accident as any other cause—but we are all glad to bring our books away and to be rid of the ordeal.

Our trials, however, are not yet over. Theory is all very well to a certain extent, but practical tests are required; and some of us are ordered to exercise our companies independently. This is perhaps the least pleasant of all the proceedings; and of the Officers selected for the test there is not one, perhaps, who does himself justice. He may be quite fit for the work, but ‘showing off’ is quite a different matter, and he is apt to forget some of the things that he really knows best. However, the result is not unsatisfactory; and when the Inspecting Officer addresses the regiment collectively, it is in terms of high praise. He naturally remembers that the real proof of efficiency is what the battalion is able to do on the field, and not the individual cases in which he may catch officers tripping. This is, of course, apart from matters of interior economy, which are absolutely essential to discipline.

The duties of inspection used to be performed by Officers of the Guards, deputed, I know not upon what principle of selection, for the purpose. But since the Reserve Forces have been placed upon their present footing, the work has been done by Deputy Inspectors-General, who, in the presence of real responsibility, are far from taking things so easily as their predecessors. They are as courteous, however, as could be desired in their personal relations, and when invited to luncheon make themselves pleasantly at home. Our luncheon is already served at the mess, where, owing to the presence of an unusual number of ladies, there is such a muster as was never seen before; and the whole affair winds up with an afternoon dance—the band being specially retained for the purpose.

We have only a couple of days

more to disembody, and wind up our affairs for the season. Next morning, and on the following day, the clothing is taken back from the men, except in the case of those who have worn it sufficiently long to retain it as their own. The jackets and trousers, &c., I may here state, serve three years, and the tunics for five. The clothes thus acquired, I observe, are not carried away by the men. Several persons, more or less, apparently of the Jewish persuasion, have been haunting the barrack-yard during the process of recovery; and they make rapid bargains with the men who keep their clothes, which they—the Jewish gentlemen—carry away in bags. I am afraid that the clothes do not ‘fetch’ much; but the occasion is not very favourable to profitable conditions on the part of the vendor.

The men generally, reduced to their private apparel, present a very sorry appearance compared with their service array. But discipline has not been without its effect, and their deportment is very different from that which distinguished them on their first muster. Many, doubtless, would be glad to prolong their service, upon the easy terms of their month’s training, and a large number have marked their military partialities by enlisting for the Militia Reserve—indeed we have more than the full complement of volunteers allowed us by law. But a considerable number are not apparently unpleased to be rid of pipeclay; and I daresay—as Macaulay says of the Grub Street Bohemians of the last century—are as wedded to their desolate freedom as the wild ass of the desert. It seems to me, however, that they must resemble wild asses in more than one respect, if they prefer the hand-to-mouth life that many of them lead, to serving as soldiers under easy conditions, and with but few restraints except those entailed by a moderate degree of order and respectability.

The Officers of companies have no light task in the final payment and closing of accounts with their men; for each must be personally settled with, and made to sign his name

(or mark) in the ledger, and the signature of the Officer is appended to each account. Signing your name something more than eighty times at a sitting is in itself rather fatiguing work; and there are other forms to go through, including more signatures. Happy is the officer who has a sergeant who smooths the way for him, instead of giving him extra trouble—and on this score I have no cause for complaint.

There is no mess to-night; the waggon which may be seen coming into the barrack-yard late in the afternoon contains the mess plate and other property, which is to be deposited among the quartermaster's stores until next year. Those enthusiastic spirits among us who intend to make a festive farewell will dine together at a London club.

We separate on a Saturday; so there will be no more church-parade, as on the three preceding Sundays, when we have marched to church with the band in proper form, and monopolised considerable space within the edifice, to the confusion, I fear, of the congregation. The young ladies, perhaps, forgave us, but I will say nothing for the rest. Our training, you see, is, in practice, only for twenty-seven days; for the last week ends on a Sunday, and by sacrificing that, a day's pay throughout the Militia force is saved to our friend the British tax-payer.

You have heard of what manner of men our regiment is composed. They are—the majority of them at any rate—what most people would call a rough lot; but as soldiers they are equal to those which make up the majority of regiments of the Line; and I say this not only on my own authority, but on the authority of others who, let me modestly say, are better able to judge. And this, too, must be added in their favour—that during the entire training they have been wonderfully well conducted. Militia regiments have not the best reputation on this score; but if properly controlled there is no reason why they should not be as orderly as any other troops. You cannot expect to get men to settle down in

the course of four weeks into a thorough state of discipline; but they do settle down to a great extent, and more than answer expectation. As far as 'ours' is concerned, I can certify to the fact that, for a body composed of over eight hundred men, the cases in orderly-room have been few in number and of a very trifling kind. Of the general conduct of the men, indeed, there can be no better test than the opinion of the neighbourhood in which they have been quartered. This is greatly in their favour, and has even been publicly expressed.

* * * *

I need add but little to the candid relation of my friend. The Militia is becoming better known and better understood than it was; and now that the policy is to reduce the Army, a still larger amount of attention will be bestowed upon the Reserve Force. People who 'know all about it' say that the service will be placed upon a better footing than the present; and I know that any shortcomings which may attach to it are not caused by want of attention on the part of authority. One of its chief requirements is a larger number of officers, and better provision for their training. It is true that they are afforded certain facilities for instruction before joining, or afterwards if they please, by being attached to Guards or Line regiments; but the instruction is not compulsory, and it is only for one month that they can put in a claim to the small allowance made to them on this score. It may be that gentlemen do not enter the Militia for the sake of pecuniary profit; but it is nevertheless not fair to expect them to perfect themselves in their duties at their own expense, and the annual training is insufficient for the purpose. It may be said that they will not give up more time than they do; but Volunteer officers give up a great deal of time, not only without pay, but with the accompaniment of considerable personal outlay. Indeed, the popularity of the Volunteer service has greatly interfered with the Militia; and stronger inducements than those which exist are wanting for gentle-

men to join the latter service. There are some drawbacks which are supposed to be insurmountable. Thus the four weeks' training must be gone through all at once, and with very little opportunity for attendance to private affairs; and the exercise, besides being incessant, takes place in the midst of the London season. There are two objections frequently urged: the first is said to lead many men who are in public employ, and do not care to spend their annual holiday at drill, to prefer the Volunteers; and the second—well the objection is easily understood as being entertained by many men who have otherwise a decent desire to serve their country. Two trainings in the year of a fortnight each would no doubt be popular with the Officers, but unless the regiments were more strictly localized than they are now there would be a difficulty in getting the men together, and even then these objections might be made on the ground of expense. The latter objection, however, would not apply were the permanent staffs of the regiments utilized all the year round instead of being maintained to do nothing for more than eleven months during that period. Any change, however, which would have the effect of shortening the trainings and making them more frequent, would be highly acceptable—certainly to Officers and probably to men. With regard to the time of year selected for the training the question is worth considering, whether the autumn instead of the spring would not be preferable—say immediately after the harvest. As a rule, our autumns are finer than our springs, and settled cold weather—when we have any—seldom sets in before Christmas.

As a rule, it may be supposed that officers enter the Militia because they like the duty. The service, with its present exigencies, certainly cannot attract those who are merely for playing at soldiers and shirking serious work. There are numbers of idle gentlemen who would crowd

into it were it as easy as the Volunteers, and care nothing about the cost. But the Militia demands in these days a thorough training on the part of its Officers; and those who have such training—Officers retired from the Line, for instance—are not always inclined to join *en amateur*, especially in the junior grades. In an embodied state—with pay going on for the entire year—a Militia regiment need never want efficient Officers. But embodiment for any lengthened time is rare; and in the meantime it is necessary to provide for the ordinary state of things. It becomes especially desirable, therefore, to offer existing Officers some additional inducement to increase their efficiency and maintain the standard when attained. The purpose would perhaps be served were they required to serve for one month every year with a regular regiment—the service to be divided, if desired, into two periods. It may be said that some would be unable to spare the additional time; but those who are best fitted for their duties do and must spare a great deal of time besides that occupied by the training, and it is to be supposed that they would not be worse off than before. For the rest, many Officers would be well content to undergo extra instruction, not at their own expense, but receiving the ordinary pay and allowances for the service—the latter of course being a necessary condition of the plan proposed. The hard work of the training, too, which meets with such frequent objection, would come far easier to Officers more familiar with their active duties than many are at present. For nothing makes drill more irksome than want of practice, which doubles all the difficulties and is fatal to that spirit of confidence which is half the battle in military training as in everything else. It is to be hoped that some provision of this kind will not be omitted in the changes which are said to be in contemplation for the improvement of the Militia Service.

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MANTONS AT HOME—NEWS FOR THE PEMBERTONS.

WHENCE had the necklace come, and what was to be done with it? These were the two questions which occupied May and her father on that night and the following morning. May had never given the captain any detailed account of her meeting with Cecil Halidame at the Shuttleton ball, but had only generally referred to the fact, after the scene at Richmond, that she had made his acquaintance at the mayor's. The captain had then entreated her—so earnestly, so solemnly—to hold no further communication with him that she had no resource but to promise, as far, at least, as any voluntary action on her part was concerned. She dared not now tell the nature of her suspicions, as she dreaded even the mention of Halidame's name to her father. And there was really no reason for doing so. The necklace was not Halidame's property, even though he had been its finder at the ball, and returning it to him was out of the question. Nor could any advantage be gained by obtaining an explanation of the delay in its restoration. So May contented herself by agreeing with her father that the ornament must have come from one of the mayor's guests, who had found it after her departure, and had, perhaps, only now discovered the owner. 'Though he might have advertised it, or left it with the mayor,' the captain remarked, not noticing the deep blush which the suggestion brought upon May's tell-tale face.

The necklace, in fact, belonged to May—or rather to Captain Pemberton, who had paid for it. But it would be only right, they both instinctively felt, to make Lucy acquainted with its restoration, as she would be probably glad to regain her lost ornament, notwithstanding the indifference she had formerly

manifested on the subject. So it was arranged that May should pay her friend a visit and tell her all about the occurrence.

'It would be only common gratitude,' said the captain, 'to make her a present of the thing; for it has brought us good fortune by bringing us to town. I am not much obliged to it for its share in taking you to the theatre; but that is all over, and we need care no more about it. But it has put me again in commission, and I was becoming a mere hulk at Shuttleton—of no use to anybody, including myself. Now I find, from letters received this morning, that our Indian expedition may be considered settled.'

May was charmed at the prospect, and, in her exuberance, was for returning the necklace to Lucy upon unconditional terms.

'Well, you have my full consent to do so,' said the captain; 'but she is scarcely likely to accept it.'

May went off to Mount Street that afternoon in the brougham which had taken Miss Mirabel on so many previous occasions—the rehearsals of course included—to the Imperial Theatre. She found her friend at home, by a fortunate chance, for Lucy had a great habit of being out during her present animated career in the metropolis. Mr. Manton had gone out to buy her some flowers and get a couple of stalls at one of the theatres; and Lucy, meantime, was playing with a new novel, and mentally engaged with a Maltese terrier. She meant the arrangement to be the reverse; but Lucy was not much of a reader and paid more attention to the dog than the book.

When May's name was announced—it was Miss Pemberton by this time, you may be sure—Lucy uttered an exclamation of delight and bounded into her friend's arms.

The Maltese terrier barked with all his might and knocked the book into the fender, where it brought down all the fire-irons. Nothing, in fact, could be more gratifying than the welcome.

'I am so delighted to see you!' cried Lucy, as soon as the fire-irons had concluded, and heedless of the fact that the Maltese terrier had possession of the house. 'Down, Bijou, down!'—and then, as soon as Bijou had been bullied and slapped into silence, she continued—'I was wondering when you would come. I could not go to you, of course, after the invitation you gave me to stay away. Oh, you sly thing!—who could have supposed that the daughter of the Doge should turn out to be my May? And now let me see how you look.' For which purpose Lucy retreated some paces and took an admirable survey of her friend. 'I can almost fancy I am *Farinà*, in the Inquisition scene. What is it he says? "Love is more than life, and dishonour is death to a Venetian!" Beautiful, was it not? But you, May—I beg your pardon, Miss Mirabel—astonished me. And Frank, too, admires you so much that I am almost jealous. You have come to stay, of course, so take off your things at once.'

Lucy was becoming a greater bore than Bijou—going on in this way. But May stopped her at last, and the two sat on the sofa and commenced a course of comparatively rational conversation.

'Do drop the theatre now, like a dear, and don't call me Miss Mirabel.'

Now that May had dropped the theatre herself she was as timid as if she had never made an appearance upon any stage.

'Well, I will, if you wish it; but it is not every day that one meets mild young ladies, whom one has not seen for a few months, converted into heroines, and all that.'

'I came to give you a surprise—to show you something; you will never guess what it is.'

And, hopeless of a solution of the question by otherwise than practical means, May opened the morocco-case she held in her hand, and disclosed its glittering contents.

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Lucy jumped with joy—literally jumped, with her feet, in a manner which would have scandalized the proprieties of Minerva House, and was certainly inappropriate to the dignity of a married lady.

'Oh, I am so pleased! But I do not want it back. Keep it. I have plenty of such things. There, I make you a present of it. But what nonsense I talk—it is yours already. Oh, I am more pleased than ever that you have found it. And how did you manage it?—tell me all about it.'

The 'all about it' was soon told; and then May added—

'But I have brought it for you, after all. Papa told me I might. It has brought us so much good fortune—that is to say its loss has—that it would be only a piece of poetic justice to restore it to its original owner; so I mean to make it a present to you.'

'Poetic justice is all very well; but it is expensive to practise when it costs hundreds of pounds.'

Lucy was a practical young lady, as young ladies who have fortunes in their own right and draw their own cheques are apt to be. She saw the transaction from the point of view of a bank parlour. May regarded it in an atmosphere of rose perfume, lit by moonlight, and sublimed with the sound of soft music. So there was a pretty little contest on the subject, such as, I am sorry to say, does not often happen in real life. And if May had not been so romantic, and Lucy so disgustingly rich, I dare say it would not have come to pass even in the present case.

The battle had just ended in the defeat, discomfiture, and final overthrow of May, when a rat-tat-ing was heard at the door. Lucy was seized with an idea, and immediately proceeded to put it into execution.

'That is Frank's knock. Go into the back drawing-room for a moment, and you may hear of something to your advantage.'

And, before May could ask the meaning of the movement, Lucy pushed her into the apartment in question, placed her on the music-stool before the open piano, and

returned into the front room, leaving the door ajar.

Manton returned, with disgust depicted upon his usually happy countenance.

'Well,' said Lucy, 'what tickets have you brought?'

'A couple of stalls for the Octagon,' replied her husband, sullenly.

'I thought you would be too late for the Imperial. Never mind; you got some for another night, of course?'

'No, I have not. I was not too late at the Imperial, and there were plenty of places to be had. But the performance is changed. Here is the announcement circulated at the box-office.'

And Frank Manton read—

'In consequence of the serious indisposition of Miss Mirabel, the highly successful play of "Love and Liberty; or, the Daughter of the Doge," is withdrawn for a short time, its place being supplied by the favourite drama of domestic interest, "The Monkey of Æthiopia; or, the Devoted Wife;" in which Miss Rosemary will sustain her original character of Finetta, the Ape Bride. Early application is necessary to secure places.'

'I thought you would not care to see that,' said Manton. 'It's as old as the hills, and all rot from beginning to end. But this is very unfortunate—Miss Mirabel's illness. The people who had come for seats were very indignant, and the general impression seemed to be that it was a swindle—that she was going to be married, or wanted to amuse herself out of town, at any rate. But I told them that the lady was incapable of any deception of the kind; and I'm afraid it's true. We ought to go and inquire; don't you think so?'

Lucy was amused and not a little puzzled.

'You seem to be very anxious about Miss Mirabel. Perhaps you had better go alone—I might be in the way,' she said, with a pettishness half assumed and half not.

'My pet, you surely will allow me, as one of the public, to take an interest in the best actress and the most beautiful girl on the stage!'

Here May, who could not help

hearing what passed, thought she had heard quite enough, and came forth from her retreat.

Lucy clapped her hands with delight on seeing her husband's astonishment.

'I wanted him to go into ecstasies about you,' she said to May; 'and so he would, I daresay, but for this awful bulletin about your health. But what does it mean?—why are you cheating the poor public, who have done nothing to deserve it?'

May took Lucy's little plot in good part, but she felt very indignant with Mr. Mandeville's excuse, making no allowance for that gentleman's position towards the public, who would have been highly incensed had any other reason been assigned, and would certainly have thrown the blame upon his shoulders. When an artiste leaves a manager very suddenly, it is usually supposed that he is mean, and will not give her money enough. They would never have believed the simple truth—that the new actress had changed her mind, and intended retiring from the stage after three nights of such enormous success as that of 'Love and Liberty; or, the Daughter of the Doge.'

Both Lucy and her husband were at first incredulous of the fact; and when thoroughly assured, the former, at least, found one consolation.

'We shall see so much more of you now,' she said to May. 'Actresses seem to have no time for their friends; and it will not be my fault if we do not get up some private theatricals. Ah! but I forgot—who will dare to play with you?'

May said she was afraid that they would not meet much for some time to come, as she would probably accompany her father to India very shortly.

'To India!' cried Lucy. 'Everybody's going to India. Cecil Haldame is going by next mail, and we may be going at any time. Frank's regiment will be one of the first, very likely. How nice it will be if we are all together there!'

Lucy's ideas of 'everybody'

were very limited; but the mention of one of the expectant travellers agitated May not a little. She was afraid to think what were her own feelings towards Halidame, but she naturally could not disregard her father's warning; and the return of the necklace—which she could not help connecting with the hussar—added to the mystery which seemed to surround him. The latter occurrence, however, she was content to consider in his favour. It might be that he had kept the ornament in a romantic spirit of regard for her; and there are few ladies who would not consider such an indiscretion a fault in the right direction; while his sending it back was at any rate a sign that he had no wish to appropriate it to himself. Such were May's reflections upon Cecil Halidame's part in the transaction; and they show how important it is, in a doubtful case, to have a female advocate whose private partialities are in your favour.

May stayed that afternoon with the Mantons, but returned to Brompton Row to dine with her father. She found the captain in high spirits; for his Indian mission had that day been made secure, and he stood pledged to proceed to Calcutta in time for the commencement of the cold season. Sir Norman Halidame was also appointed one of the direction in India, and was to go out, if possible, at the same time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MORE OF THE NECKLACE — A MYSTERY OF THE PAST.

The matter of the necklace, you may be sure, was duly discussed next day. Captain Pemberton was not nearly so much surprised as was his daughter at Lucy's refusal of the ornament. Indeed I may say that he was not surprised at all, he was evidently becoming a hard man of business. 'There is one course open to us,' said he, 'which I think would be a proper one—to offer the thing to the mayor, who may have an affection to it, and prefer it to the money which he has

received in compensation, which in the event of *his* acceptance will of course be returned.'

May acquiesced in this view of the case; so her father wrote to Mr. Cartwright, explained the new phase of the affair, and placed the necklace at that gentleman's disposal, with the necessary pecuniary condition. The promptitude of the reply was an example to all correspondents. Mr. Cartwright, by return of post, expressed himself to the effect that he considered his daughter rather than himself to be the person concerned, and as she had chosen to marry without his consent he did not consider himself bound to effect its restoration. If Captain Pemberton preferred the money to the necklace, he had better apply to Ensign Manton.

May thought the letter rather contemptuous, and did not like it at all. Captain Pemberton—he was certainly becoming a man of business—thought it natural enough, considering the quarter whence it came. 'What can you expect from people of the kind?' he said, with his old service contempt for self-made men, coming to London or Manchester, as the case might be, with three halfpence in their pockets, and so forth. Fortunately he did not want the money, and the ornament was just the kind of ornament that his daughter ought to have. 'Had I not lost my fortune and given up my active career in the service, my child, such things would have been yours long ago as a matter of course, and now, when I am regaining lost ground to some extent, you may fairly claim an adornment of the kind.'

'You allude,' said May, who had seldom ventured to evince curiosity as to the past—for she had experience of her father's repugnance to be questioned on the subject—'you allude to times of which I know nothing. I can remember little before Shuttleton. I have some faint memories of a ship, and being in charge of a black woman, who I suppose was a nurse, and still fainter memories of a bright, beautiful country with a warm air, which of course was India, since I was born

there. I can also remember—very faintly indeed—a beautiful lady who was white, and must have been my mother, only you would never tell me so, or indeed talk about her at all. I think, papa—father—I am old enough now to be told more concerning her. I know that she is dead, and that is all I know. I have never seen even her portrait—oh, I should so much like to see her portrait—to see if it is like a face I see sometimes in my dreams. You ought to show me her portrait, if you have one—and you must have one—why do you conceal it from me? There is some secret that you keep from me, and you cannot expect me to be contented in my ignorance, though for years past I have been obedient to what I believed to be your wishes upon the subject. My father, you must not expect that I can remain all my life satisfied to know no more of my family—of your family—than I can gain from my memories of a sunny land, a ship, a black nurse, and—of Shuttleton.'

May summed up her position with an energy that added to the evident confusion with which Captain Pemberton received her appeal.

'My dear May, my dear daughter,' said he, 'I was not prepared for your introduction of a very painful subject. I told you, years ago, that your mother was no more—no more to me or to you—and that there were reasons why I wished to avoid even the mention of her name. She was dear to me—dear as she can be to you in your fancy, even in your dreams—and I have had *my* fancies and *my* dreams for years past, and have not told them to man or to woman; and the tale to which they relate must not be told, even to you. You may know some day—perhaps through me—but you must not ask me now for painful revelations. You must be content to believe me when I tell you that your father's honour is unimpugned, that he has no fear even of the world's opinion, though he wishes to preserve a certain secret even from his daughter. But I am an old fool for talking in this romantic way'—here the conventional side of

the Captain's character asserted itself—'and what I have to say, May, once for all, is, that you must not question me on this subject. I have always done my duty towards you, and you must be, or ought to be, content with the assurance that, as regards your—your dead mother—my honour is unquestionable. Do you believe me, May, or do you not?'

May had not known her mother, but she knew her father well, and she threw herself into his arms.

'I do, I do believe you,' she cried; 'could anybody ever doubt your word? You have ever been to me what a father should be. I was wrong, I was wicked, to ask for more from you. It is only at times—after long intervals—that I think of the difference between me and other people—other girls—and now, when I have no longer the excitement of the theatre, I return to my old musings. But I will do so no more, and I ask your pardon for having forgotten myself and what is due to you.'

And May wept upon her father's shoulder; and her father forgave her with a strong protestation that he ought rather to forgive himself; but he had his reasons, as he said, for not telling May more, and restrained his emotions, as became a business man who was going out to the East in the interest of a company. So May restrained her emotions also, as became a dutiful daughter.

The next month was passed in preparations for their departure, but some 'urgent private affairs' detained Captain Pemberton beyond the anticipated time; so Sir Norman Halidame preceded instead of accompanied him by the first mail in October. As I have my reasons, as a chronicler, for following Sir Norman, I will leave the Pembertons to make the journey at their leisure.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIR NORMAN HALIDAME IN PARIS—A VISION IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Asia is a pleasant place. Perhaps I am not paying proper attention to that important quarter of

the globe in giving it a mere topographical distinction; but our familiarity with far lands in these travelling times is apt to produce the proverbial effect of familiarity in general; and it seems almost as natural to talk of a man about Asia as of a man about town. Some of these days, I suppose, we shall be equally slighting in our reference to the planets, and even in these we have a celebrated authority for 'speaking disrespectfully of the equator.'

All I meant to say was that however pleasant Asia may be, we most of us, when bound in its direction, like to linger a little in Europe; and to account, therefore, for the fact that Sir Norman Halidame, in his journey to India, preferred the route *viâ* Marseilles to the route *viâ* Southampton.

The route *viâ* Marseilles naturally took him to Paris, and there he proposed to pass the two or three days that he had to spare. He had only two or three days, but they were sufficient for the occurrence of an important event in his life.

Sir Norman Halidame fell in love. He had fancied himself in love several times before; but he had always found his feminine preferences resolve themselves into matters of taste, and to be not very distinct from the sentiment which led him to admire fair flowers and fine pictures and graceful and beautiful things generally; to furnish his house with the luxuries of art, and even to bestow some care upon the apparelling of his own handsome person. For Sir Norman, though far from being a dandy, in the vulgar sense of the term—though the term, by the way, has *only* a vulgar sense—was not indifferent to the latter consideration, and regarded an ill-dressed man or woman in much the same light as an ill-dressed dinner; the one, in his idea, being as injurious to the moral health as the other is to the physical. His mental training, as evinced in such matters, had perhaps been a little too *fine*. But after all, as he had been heard to say, 'A certain attention to conventionalities saves a man at least from some kinds of

degradation. There have been great villains among fine gentlemen; but they are comparatively free from vice, and never commit crimes except when they happen to be heroes.' I daresay Sir Norman was wrong in his generalization; but he was an example in himself of the beneficial effect of conventional refinement, and it may be that but for his delicate love of beauty, fastidious taste, and sensitive temperament, he would have turned out a hero, and done a great deal of harm in the world. As it was, we find Sir Norman doing no worse than proceeding to India by way of intoxicated Paris instead of sober Southampton, and improving the occasion by falling in love.

It was with such a charming object, too. He saw her first driving in the Bois. He then thought that nobody had ever looked so well in a carriage; but when she alighted and walked, it was his serious belief that nobody had ever looked so well out of a carriage, in which latter conclusion he opened rather a wide field for competition. She was accompanied by a lady, whose apparent age would warrant the supposition that the relative positions of the pair were those of mother and daughter. Not that she looked old enough to experience a child of seventeen; but we must make allowance, of course, for the juvenile appearance of mothers of matured daughters in these days, when confessed elderly ladies seem to exist only in the imaginations of caricaturists.

The elder lady—I call her the elder in a strictly relative sense, as you would allude to the riper of a pair of peaches—was as beautiful in one way as the younger was beautiful in another. She was a beaming blonde, rich and ripe as a jargonelle pear, with an air when in repose that might have seemed languid were it not more evidently lazy, and with a form which might be accused of exuberance, but would be better described as characterized by a pleasant sufficiency. There was a happy good nature depicted in every trait, and the soft charm of her presence was nourishing to the eye.

The younger differed from her in every detail. Her hair was as dark as hair may be that distinctly refuses to be black; and her face was of that delicate fairness which is not ardent but essentially clear. Beneath her waved tresses it would irresistibly bring to your mind Macaulay's cabinet picture of

'April's ivory moonlight,
Beneath the chestnut shade.'

The epithet 'ivory,' by the way, has been challenged by critics who find no more poetry in the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' than music in the blast of a trumpet; but its value is recognised by those who have seen moonlight in the South—granting, of course, that they are competent to see, and not merely make use of their eyes.

Her features were finely chiselled, and perfect almost to a fault, and her brown orbs shone with a light that was perhaps too seldom subdued. There was such a radiance in her presence that you might expect to see her in the dark, and she gave you the idea of a gem rather than a flower. Her form was light and graceful, with all the charm of a transient immaturity.

If you do not now know what the two ladies were like, it is not my fault; but perhaps you may be assisted by the remark of a gentleman who stayed to speak to Sir Norman, as he stood watching the pair as they walked by the side of the lake:

'A fine picture, is it not? But they are by different masters. One looks like a Rubens, with the brush of Lawrence gently passed over her; the other as if she had been designed by Guido, and finished by Watteau.'

'Do spare us your definitions,' said Sir Norman. 'But they are a fine picture, as you say. They are both beautiful women, and the younger——'

Sir Norman paused; he had begun to think too seriously about the younger to talk about her.

'And what are you doing in Paris?' said he, still watching the ladies as they left the lake, re-

entered their carriage, and drove into the distance.

Sir Norman took not the remotest interest in the inquiry; but the reply aroused his attention.

'I am on my way to Marseilles—going to join my regiment in India.'

'Then we are well met. I am on my way to India, too. You go by this mail?'

'Must. I have exhausted worlds of leave, and then imagined new, but to no purpose. The Horse Guards expects every man to do his duty, and I have not done mine for two years, except a little at the dépôt, in the intervals of fresh applications. I am now at the end of my tether, unless I take to that last resort, studying at the Staff College; and after giving that alternative mature consideration, I have come to a virtuous determination to scorn the action.'

The ornament to Her Majesty's Service who thus delivered himself was a gentleman of some six or eight-and-twenty, whose appearance indicated the precision which he loved to impart to his language. There was precision in his quick eye and compact features, and even in the cut of his short hair. His dress was precision itself, and characterized by a strict accuracy in the minutest detail. His cheerful manner was conceived in a similar spirit. If he laughed it was because laughter was due to the matter in hand, and he would not refuse to the matter in hand that which belonged to it. He was incapable of being gloomy, and never allowed himself to be discomposed. His name was Milward, and he bore the rank of lieutenant in her Majesty's —th Regiment of Foot. How her Majesty's —th Regiment of Foot bore him I am unable to say, but he did not seem to run the risk of fatiguing that gallant corps by being too much with it.

Mr. Milward graciously agreed to dine with Sir Norman, upon the invitation of that gentleman, and the pair proceeded to the Boulevards for that purpose. Once or twice the conversation turned upon the ladies they had seen in the Bois; and one of them, I suspect, was

never absent from Sir Norman's thoughts. Milward was better able than the baronet to keep up the concert-pitch of conversation, having the advantage of being comparatively uninterested in the subject. But his admiration was strong enough to suggest a practical purpose; and he undertook to devote the next morning to finding out, if possible, the names of the fair strangers and their address in Paris. This was just what Sir Norman wanted to know, so he was rather glad than otherwise that he had asked Milward to dinner.

But Milward was not so clever or so fortunate as he had anticipated. The clue was too slight for a successful search. He found plenty of names in the lists at the hotels, and he heard of many ladies travelling with their daughters; he saw a great many strangers; but he learned nothing that could give him any indication of the ladies of the Bois, and after a whole morning spent in inquiries, he was obliged to return to Sir Norman with an account of his failure.

Sir Norman, not being so clever as his friend, had taken the best means of making the desired discovery. That is to say, he had visited all the most public places, in hopes of meeting the strangers by chance. He failed also; but he had better prospect of success. Meanwhile the departure of the mail was impending. Had Sir Norman been alone I suspect that he would have waited for the next steamer; or had Milward been a different person he would have still waited, and told him why. But Milward being Milward, Sir Norman could not muster courage for the confidence; his change of plan would have been denounced as too absurd. So after a hard struggle he departed with his decided friend.

*'Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.'*

Halidame did not make the quotation, for people never do make quotations when their hearts and souls are concerned; but he felt, when he took the train to Marseilles, that he was leaving all hope behind in Paris.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VIA MARSEILLES.

Our two travellers, when they arrived on the following afternoon, found Marseilles full of overland passengers. Well, not exactly full, perhaps, for it would take a great many human shiploads to fill Marseilles. What I meant to say was that there were far more than usual; for one Peninsular and Oriental steamer had arrived from Alexandria just as another was leaving for that port, as will occasionally happen, and the homeward and outward people pervaded all the public places. The former were, as a general rule, older, and in by no means in such high spirits as the latter, and the first impression they created was that they wanted tailors; for the journey home is simplified in comparison with the journey out by the fact that nobody requires an outfit. On the contrary, indeed, you cast as much as possible, and bring away nothing in the shape of apparel that is not worth the trouble and expense, your baggage being always swelled beyond regulation limits by a crowd of miscellaneous articles that you wish to carry with you. The returning Indian is apt therefore to present a neglected appearance upon his arrival by no means consistent with his ordinary habits, and a rush to a tailor becomes the first necessity. Ladies, of course, always look beautiful on board ship as they do everywhere else, and P. and O. ladies will sometimes treat us to three or four toilettes in the course of the day.

Coming home is seldom so lively a proceeding as going out, albeit a great many of the passengers are very glad to get back, and abuse the land they have left in good set terms, as a great many of the homeward bound were doing upon this occasion. You may be always sure, however, that those who are most intolerant of the one country will be the least contented with the other when they arrive. Among the homewarders at the present time, for instance, was Major Mac Growler, an old acquaintance of Sir

Norman's, but a young man for a major, even as majors go, for the mutinies did wonderful things for some officers in the way of promotion. He has 'chucked up the service' in disgust, saying that he went out to command men, and not monkeys; that the natives, sir, are the most confounded set of lying niggers upon the face of the earth; that service in India is a state of purgatory, and life in the country under any conditions not to be endured; that bread and cheese and a crossing to sweep at home are enjoyable arrangements in comparison with the most luxurious living and the most lucrative employment in the gorgeous East, &c. &c. All this would be at least consistent if the major had always been of the same mind; but for some years of his military career he was enchanted with everything around him, concentrating his wrath upon 'his honourable masters' the Directors of the East India Company. Now it is only the country that is to blame. The Company was a glorious institution, sir; knew how to treat its servants, sir; and its abolition was, as he happens to know, nothing but an infamous conspiracy, and as gross a piece of parliamentary corruption as could be conceived. Nevertheless—though he is very hard upon the amalgamation measure, of which he has been one of the victims—he is thoroughly imbued with the kind of patriotism which will not admit that anything abroad can be so good as anything at home, and is prepared to land in England upon the best possible terms with the country. His enthusiasm will last for a few weeks, during which he will make a wild dash into London life, see everything that is to be seen and everybody that is to be known, partake with juvenile avidity of the most miscellaneous amusements, and eat oysters with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. Then he will do some field-sports in the country, if the season admits, and plume himself upon imbibing the true spirit of English life. All this—and a great deal more which he will manage to go through—will last

him, as I have said, for a few weeks. After that he will make the discovery that things at home are not quite so *couleur de rose* as he had supposed. He will miss his multiplicity of servants, and find that English domestics are, as Mr. Carlyle remarked of the population generally of Great Britain and Ireland, 'mostly fools.' He will miss his plurality of horses, and, looking at his limited resources in this respect, will decide that there is no place like India for horseflesh after all. Then his club will not content him, and he will take it into his head that he ought to have a bungalow somewhere in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, where he could be independent and live like a gentleman. As for cookery in England, you will hear him say, they know nothing about it; and he will back a Bengal *bobachee* to beat the best of them hollow. Every minor discomfort—of which he will have an acquired an exaggerated sense—he will compare with the happy state of things at Calcutta, Delhi, Meerut, or still more distant Lahore, where, by Jove, sir, they all lived like princes. At the present time, when he is fresh from on board ship, he holds romantic notions of marrying the object of his future but not yet settled affections, a pure English girl, sir, with the bloom upon her cheek and no Indian airs about her. As his disillusionation approaches completion he will discover that there is not half the freedom and jollity about girls in England that he has experienced among girls in India, where, though they had a habit, to be sure, of preferring the civilians when it came to marriage, they were ten times the trumps at carrying on with the red jackets that they are at home, where, except in country quarters, an officer does not seem to have the common preference given to him which he has a right to expect! The fact is, he very probably finds—all through that confounded amalgamation, as he will tell you—that it is not convenient for him to marry unless the papa of his by this time realised and too settled affections will do something handsome, which the

papa very probably will not. So there is the bloom taken at once off things in general, and as a natural consequence passing discomforts become permanent privations. Servants are more stupid, dinners more flat, amusements more monotonous, society more insipid, and everything more unsatisfactory than before. He now abuses the home of his former admiration up hill and down dale, and laments again and again that he was such a fool as to 'chuck up' the 'finest service in the world' in its finest country. In this prospective state let us charitably leave him, rapidly becoming the bore of his club.

The outward bound, on the other hand, are all hilarity, except in the case of a few who are returning to India against their inclinations; officers perhaps who have been hardly used in the matter of leave, or merchants who are summoned out by bad accounts of business. The majority, however, are making the journey for the first time, and their hilariousness will give the tone to the social intercourse *en route*. The said tone will perhaps be a little loud at times; but overland travellers are privileged persons, and the few scrapes into which the younger among them may get are considered as matters of course.

Sir Norman Halidame and Mr. Milward, as you may suppose, were not likely to err conspicuously either on the one side or the other. They had both travelled the route before, and were not therefore open to novel sensations, while neither had been long enough in India to become Major Mac Growlers, even though arriving at that officer's state of mind were a necessary condition of protracted residence in the East. Sir Norman—if the truth must be told—was in a luxurious dream of the vision in the Bois de Boulogne, and was but dull company for the balanced Milward, who had his frailties, but treated them like sources of strength, and prided himself upon the possession of nerves like other men's sinews. He had not had occasion to bring these advantages to bear, except in small matters, for he had never been

thrown in the way of real trials; but material-like his is excellent for any kind of dealings with the world, as far as the protection of the dealer is concerned. And Milward was, as you may guess, nothing of a hero, and in the game of life was content to play principally for safety. He had been himself much impressed by the vision of the Bois, but he was not quite sure which lady he admired most, and he was not the man to compromise himself rashly. So not being compromised, and the ladies being beyond the reach of his researches, he ceased to entertain them in his mind, except as agreeable contingencies that he would like to come to pass rather than otherwise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON BOARD THE 'EXUBERANT'— BREAKFAST.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship 'Exuberant' lay in the harbour awaiting the outward passengers, and our friends lost little time next morning in going on board. She was to weigh anchor at noon, and the bulk of the voyagers had taken up their quarters the night before, though they spent as much of the evening as possible on shore, as we have seen—disporting themselves among all the motley and polyglot people who always seem to be in a chronic state of arrival and departure at Marseilles, and visiting all those wonderful cafés where travellers from all parts of the world meet on the common ground of refreshment, and every third man is supposed by the inexperienced imagination to be a Monte Christo.

It was early in the morning when Sir Norman and Mr. Milward put off in a boat with their baggage to go on board the 'Exuberant,' which was a small steamer—one of a class employed before more recent arrangements, to convey the Marseilles passengers to Malta, where they joined the direct mail. There are always a few people who arrive the very last thing; but their time had not yet come, and it was only

when our friends had got half way to the ship that they observed a solitary boat following them.

They had reached the deck in safety, received their baggage, and made the necessary inquiries about a cabin, when the second boat came alongside.

The two gentlemen then did what any other two gentlemen would probably have done—that is to say, they leant over the bulwark to watch the new arrivals and assert their own superiority in being on board beforehand. But the first glance at the boat gave them an unexpected interest in its occupants. Sir Norman recognised them at once, and uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise. Milward, master of himself as usual, accepted the occurrence as a matter of course.

‘They are the same people, no doubt,’ he remarked; ‘but there is no reason why they should not be going to India as well as ourselves.’

In a few minutes the persons of whom he spoke stood upon the deck. They were, indeed, as you have by this time anticipated, no less than the fair strangers of the Bois de Boulogne.

Sir Norman and Milward stood a little apart while the ladies saw their baggage safely deposited near that of the two gentlemen; but when they were presently engaged giving some directions to the maid by whom they were attended, Milward, under pretence of making a selection from his own effects, passed close by the other collection, and read the two names, repeated upon I am afraid to say how many trunks.

‘MRS. BELTRAVERS,
‘Passenger,
‘CALCUTTA.’

‘MISS BELTRAVERS,
‘Passenger,
‘CALCUTTA.’

As he did so the elder lady glanced at Sir Norman, who was standing alone, and a change came over her face. She turned pale, and showed signs of strong internal agitation. But recovering herself, as if by a great effort, she addressed her

daughter—it was evidently her daughter—saying that it was time to go below and see their cabins, and led her away.

As the ladies passed the baggage of the gentlemen they both saw the names thereon inscribed, and again was the elder lady’s face marked by emotion. The fact, however, was unnoticed by Sir Norman, whose eyes were fixed upon the

‘April’s ivory moonlight,
‘Beneath the chestnut shade,’

which had been shining in his heart ever since he first beheld it beaming in the Bois de Boulogne.

Milward had by this time rejoined him.

‘Baggage on board ship,’ remarked that gentleman, ‘is the best master of the ceremonies possible. We are already as well acquainted with those lovely ladies as we could be had a common friend gone through the conventional formula—“Sir Norman Halidame and Mr. Milward, Mrs. Beltravers and Miss Beltravers,” with the reverse arrangement of names which requires a master of the ceremonies for its observance.’

Sir Norman felt, since the ivory moonlight had left the deck, as if there had passed away a glory from the earth. But he was not so absurd as to say so to a man like Milward, so he carelessly rejoined—

‘Well, we have their names, but I can’t guess who they are.’

‘For that we ought to be thankful,’ said the complacent Milward, ‘for we shall have the excitement of a mystery at any rate, and it may be the satisfaction of finding it out. In the meantime it may be as well to be early at breakfast, so that we may secure seats near the right people.’

Milward’s precaution was not necessary, for when they were summoned to the meal shortly afterwards they found that the late comers, consisting only of themselves and the ladies, were—in the absence of special arrangements—assigned to the same end of the table—that the two couples were to sit opposite to each other, in fact, as if they had been a family party.

Under these conditions conversation was not difficult, and a few minutes sufficed to establish a talking acquaintance. But two of the party were embarrassed, and said but little—Sir Norman because he was thinking a great deal and watching a certain person who was his *vis-à-vis* with anxious attention; while Mrs. Beltravers, for reasons, probably, of her own, that were not so apparent, regarded him with considerable curiosity. I need scarcely say that Mr. Milward was perfectly at his ease, and conducted himself with charming affability. Ignoring, with graceful indifference, the fact that Mrs. Beltravers seemed indisposed to be very communicative, he repeatedly asked her opinion upon the most indifferent subjects, volunteering his own most liberally in return. Finding, however, that it was not easy to gain reciprocity in that quarter, he had recourse to Miss Beltravers, and that young lady being more complaisant, a diagonal dialogue between the two was soon in a highly-flourishing condition.

‘Have you ever made the Overland journey?’ asked Milward, starting in orthodox style.

‘Once,’ was the answer.

‘Once each way, I suppose—an extensive experience for so young a lady.’

‘No, I only came home.’

‘Ah! then you were—then you belong to India?’

‘Yes, my father had estates there.’

The latter fact was mentioned with an air which seemed to convey that the possession of estates in India gave people a right to come into the world there, and that the young lady was not to be confounded with the *oi polloi* of ‘country-borns.’

‘And you remember the journey?’

‘Oh, yes, it was only three years ago.’

‘A pleasant trip, is it not? You are so well taken care of on board the P. and O. steamers, except that the fares are too large and the cabins too small, and the food is open to the charge of being bad, and the wine has been repeatedly convicted of being worse, and the

passengers generally all quarrel, and just when you think you could not possibly be more uncomfortable than you are, the ship gives a jump and you find yourself wrecked on a coral reef, and condemned for ten days to make common cause with cads, who take advantage of the danger to be familiar. But, for my part, I see no reason why a man should have a right to claim your acquaintance because he has met you, say, on a raft, or you have been drawn on shore together by the same hawser.’

‘Or are thrown together at the same breakfast table?’

This was said a little maliciously—in case, I suppose, that Mr. Milward should happen to mean what he said, though that gentleman spoke with great gravity, and betrayed no appearance of jesting. But Mr. Milward was not to be discomposed. Bowing deferentially he resumed—

‘There I admit you give me a fair hint, and did I suppose that I could ‘be for a moment misunderstood I should immediately make an apology. But I was saying—there is no knowing what advantage objectionable people will take of you, in order to make your acquaintance. I remember a cad once who, at the risk of his own life, saved the life of a lord, so that he might get into his society. But the lord was too much for him. When he had quite recovered—he had been very nearly drowned—and the cad came to see how he was, his lordship said: “My good man, you did very well, did your duty to your neighbour, indeed, in a most proper manner. But the fact does not change the relations which we bear towards one another, and I must ask you not to call upon me again, except on business. If you have been out of pocket through the little service you rendered to me I shall be happy to reimburse you, or, should you be out of employment, I think I might promise you a place in the Excise. Let me know by letter what you would like—I shall be always happy to hear of your welfare—good morning.” Neat, was it not? The cad, I believe, was fool

enough to be offended. It was fortunate that he was not allowed to take the life he had saved, or I daresay he would have done so. And you are going all the way with us to Calcutta?' he added, with an air as if 'us' had chartered the ship, but would be happy to extend its accommodation to a limited number of presentable persons.

'Yes, we are going to Calcutta first, but eventually I think to the hills.'

'Then you stay in India?'

'I really do not know—you must ask mamma about our arrangements—they depend upon her.'

'Oh, I must "ask mamma," must I?'

Milward laid a little emphasis upon the words which he repeated, but without betraying Miss Beltravers into more than a little laugh.

Mamma, however, seemed about to reply without being asked; but Sir Norman, who had not appeared very tolerant of his friend's talk, and at the last remark looked a little indignant, diverted the subject of conversation by asking Mrs. Beltravers if he could be of any use to her in making her preliminary arrangements on board.

'Thank you,' returned that lady, composedly, 'our cabin is engaged beforehand, and I daresay my maid has by this time taken down as many things as we are allowed to put in it. The remainder will of course go into the hold. I am much obliged to you, and if any advantage should be taken of our unprotected condition'—Mrs. Beltravers did not say this very seriously—'I will ask for your aid. I think, by the way'—turning to her daughter—'we might go and see what Mary Jane is about.'

So the ladies rose, the gentlemen bowed, and the former left the table. As they were mounting the stairs leading from the saloon to the deck Mrs. Beltravers was heard to remark—

'I think that is the most disagreeable person I ever met in the whole course of my life.'

To which gentleman she referred did not appear; but her daughter seemed to know, for she answered—

'Do you think so?'

And the most enthusiastic eavesdropper, unless he had followed them upon deck, could have heard no more.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BETWEEN MARSEILLES AND MALTA.

Halidame had half a mind to quarrel with Milward for what he considered the impertinent tone of that gentleman's conversation towards their new acquaintances. But his claims to the position of a champion were not indisputable, and he saw that some ridicule might be attached to the assumption. Moreover, his sensibility dreaded anything like a 'scene,' especially when certain persons were concerned; and then, too, it was easier to say nothing than to interfere. So, between one consideration and another, Sir Norman did not express his annoyance, and allowed Milward to disport himself as he pleased upon the prospect of having such charming fellow-passengers on their journey. I believe that gentleman was under the serious impression that he had made a decided conquest of one or both of them, by his engaging manners and amiable criticisms upon men and things.

An important event soon diverted everybody from other considerations. The 'Exuberant' weighed anchor, steamed out of the harbour, and was soon in the open sea.

The open sea was a great check upon the imagination of most of the passengers, who were not many in number, by the way, for the majority of the outward bound had proceeded by Southampton, and so saved themselves the extra trouble incident to the route *viâ* Marseilles. As the 'Exuberant' began to bound over the billows under the influence of a fresh breeze, one by one disappeared from the deck, and were not to be found either in the saloon. Mrs. and Miss Beltravers were not among the number, for they had been invisible since breakfast, and by their seclusion gave bitter disappointment to those of their fellow-

passengers who were well enough to have enjoyed staring themselves into acquaintanceship.

A few of these were discussing their cigars on the quarter-deck and lamenting the threatened bad weather, when they were joined by Milward, who recognised a man he knew in the group. The two were soon engaged in conversation. His friend was many years his senior, but Milward did not address him with any kind of deference on that account.

'Why, Juteley, my boy, you are the last man I should have expected to see going out, for the reason that you are the last man I should have expected to see coming home. I thought you were wedded to Calcutta, wrapped up in grey shirtings, mule twist, and all those mysterious things out of which you have made so many fortunes.'

'And lost them, you might have added. Yes, after forty years of Calcutta, I thought I would give Europe a turn.'

'Do the civil thing, eh?'

'Yes, if you like to put it so. At any rate I thought it as well to have some idea of England—of London, especially—having only the vaguest remembrance of what they call "home." So I gave myself leave of absence for six months, and have had quite enough of the place during the three months I passed in it. Everything looked so ugly, dirty, and dwarfed, that it made me melancholy. And the atmosphere! It makes a man feel as if he had committed a murder, and had a suicide constantly on the cards. Nothing will ever make me believe that the sun is the same as that we see in India—nor the moon either—and as for the stars, they have clearly no connection with the Calcutta branch of the astronomical firm. As for the living—you can get good dinners, no doubt, but I will back Calcutta cookery against English any day, and we have a few special things, such as the mango-fish, which can't be matched in Europe; while in wine we can go to the same markets, of course. I couldn't stand the little houses you live in, and the cost of horses, and,

above all, the people you meet about, whose careworn existence is depicted in their faces. I am glad I have been home, however, for the experience will settle me in India, and I shall never wish to leave it again.'

'You forty-years'-men always talk in that way. Perhaps if you had come home thirty years ago, you would have formed a different opinion.'

Milward, you see, was not disposed to allow Mr. Juteley to be too contented.

'*Apropos* of Calcutta,' he added, presently, 'you ought to know all about everybody who has ever lived there within something short of half a century. Do you happen to know anything about some people named Beltravers?'

'You can scarcely mean Calcutta itself,' was the answer. 'There has never been a Beltravers living there, but there was one in a Mofussil station, who used to come in now and then. I had no acquaintance with him, but I know him well by repute. He was an indigo planter, and immensely rich. I say *was*, because he died about three years ago.'

'Did he leave any family?'

'Yes, a widow and an only daughter. They went home soon after his death, and I have heard nothing of them since. Indeed, it was only when they came to Calcutta to embark that I heard of them at all. But why do you ask? Are you interested in their whereabouts?'

'Well, I don't know; or, if you like—yes. They are on board here—no doubt the same people—and I am interested to this extent. They are both very beautiful women—one of them being only a girl.'

'Yes, I heard that the mother was handsome, but I never saw her; and I suppose the girl when in India was too young to be included in the local *gup*.'

'I daresay—she cannot be more than seventeen or so now; and then years make a great deal of difference at that time of life. They are very rich, you say?'

'Beltravers was one of the weal-

thiest men in Bengal; and they must be as rich as he, if he left them his money, which I suppose he did, as I never heard of any other members of the family.'

'You came on board late, I think, for I did not see you at breakfast. Had you been there, you could not fail to have remarked the two ladies who sat opposite to us—I mean myself and my friend Sir Norman Halidame.'

'Halidame—Halidame,' said Mr. Juteley, in a musing manner; 'I know that name. There was some scandal connected with him in Calcutta, some ten or twelve years ago.'

'Yes; I heard something about it in India. Halidame is said to have had an intrigue with somebody else's wife—got into a little scrape, but got out of it again, as a great many men have done before him,' added Milward, taking a charitable view of the transaction. Milward could be charitable, it seems, about people getting into scrapes—when they happened also to get out of them.

Here the conversation dropped. It had been conducted not without some difficulty; for the still rising wind was 'dead on end,' and the weather was of the kind that sailors call 'dirty.'

'We shall have a disgusting passage,' remarked Milward; 'but, fortunately, it cannot last long, unless we get a regular gale.'

The weather, however, did not threaten to go to this extreme. It was a little better by dinner-time, and several ladies appeared for that meal. Among them were Mrs. and Miss Beltravers, who looked quite unruffled and serene in a calm indifference to the elements.

Sir Norman had not been among those whom the weather had placed *hors de combat*; and he would have joined the hardy party upon deck, probably, had his mind been sufficiently disengaged. As it was, he had amused himself, or pretended to amuse himself, with a book in the saloon. But he had an odd way of reading upon this occasion, not calculated for the mastery even of a novel. How can a man take an in-

telligent interest in the fortunes of fictitious personages when real personages occupy his mind and he is bent on beholding them? Sir Norman seemed so much engaged in watching certain cabin-doors, that it is doubtful whether he did justice to the popular author upon whose work he was engaged; and I suspect that he would not have cared much had the heroine been found out in the murder as well as the bigamy, and been hanged out of hand, instead of confusing her enemies, condoning with her conscience, and living very happily ever afterwards.

It was only at dinner that he received the satisfaction he sought; and then he was delighted to find that the ladies whose presence he awaited were so undisturbed by the rough weather. They seated themselves in the places previously assigned to them, and were most gracious in their salutations; and these were exclusively rendered to Halidame, for Mr. Milward had not made his appearance at the time. When he did vouchsafe that honour they were a little more constrained. It seemed that Milward had already accomplished the usual result of his social endeavours—that of taking up a position considerably removed from that of first favourite in the race.

The unfavourable impression, however, was more evinced on the part of Mrs. Beltravers than on that of her daughter. The elderly lady put him down with some decision whenever he ventured out of the range of good-natured conventionality; but the younger, as conversation advanced, encouraged him so far as to show herself not unamused sometimes at his cynical remarks. I daresay she had her own reasons for this complaisance; but, whatever they were, the result was not agreeable to Halidame, who found Milward more in his way than ever. He was piqued, too, that Miss Beltravers should ever—as she occasionally did—neglect him in order to listen to observations which, in his opinion, were not calculated to charm the listener as models of good taste. I suspect he showed

his annoyance, and that Miss Beltravers was flattered by the sign; for before dinner was over her gaiety had risen greatly, and she wore an air of radiant triumph which, Halidame remarked, with some sadness, made her look even more beautiful than before. For Miss Beltravers' face was least effective in repose. When she occasionally leaned back in her chair, as if disposed neither to talk nor to listen, the fact became observable that her features were too perfect, like those we see on some ancient sculpture, conveying an abstract rather than an individual idea of beauty. The distinction was lost, however, on Sir Norman, who was under the influence of a foregone conclusion; and even had his criticism extended so far, would not have been disposed to quarrel with perfection for being too perfect.

It is well, perhaps, that Sir Norman was incapable of forming a disinterested judgment, or he might have been led to form a suspicion that Miss Beltravers was just a trifle of a coquette.

The two ladies disappeared after dinner, and sought the shelter of their cabin, where, Miss Beltravers said, she had a novel to read which interested her more than any society. The few other ladies on board soon followed their example; for the saloon was cold and cheerless, and going on deck to enjoy the little remaining daylight was out of the question; for the wind, which had changed its quarter and considerably subsided, was succeeded by a heavy rain which lasted all the evening. Even tea, which came on at seven o'clock, did not draw them from their retirement, though you

may guess that they were not without that feminine consolation in their private quarters. So, left entirely to themselves, the men drew as near to the stove as possible, and, having made a few parties at cards, relieved the monotony of losing or winning money by refreshment somewhat stronger than tea, taken in tumblers, until the decanters were ruthlessly removed by strong-minded stewards, in acknowledgment of the hour of ten, when the lights were extinguished and everybody was expected to be at rest. The question how far rest was probable, in some cases, did not enter into the scope of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's regulations.

The second day was as dreary as the first as far as the weather was concerned, and our four friends passed the time in much the same manner as the day before. The ladies appeared but little except at breakfast and dinner, and the gentlemen did not make much advance into their acquaintanceship. The little change observable was in the direction already taken. Thus, Mrs. Beltravers was greatly courteous to Sir Norman, and scarcely concealed her dislike to Mr. Milward; while Miss Beltravers was more tolerant, and, while not quite neglecting the baronet, encouraged his friend in his favourite style of development, and made him more aggressive than he would otherwise have been—to Sir Norman's increased disgust.

There was a growing coolness between the two gentlemen by the time the 'Exuberant' arrived at Malta, on the morning of the third day after leaving Marseilles.



THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

A Long Vacation Romance.

CHAPTER I.

'YOU ought to be uncommonly lucky in your wife, George Seaforth,' said my friend Everard to me one morning as we sat at breakfast together in my rooms at Oxford, 'for upon my word you are the most unlucky beggar at cards I ever knew.'

'Ah, you are thinking of last night.'

'Not only last night, but every night. You always lose at any game of chance. You go upon a system, I believe.'

'You will do me the justice, my dear fellow, to admit that I seem perfectly aware of my ill luck, and never hazard much.'

'Well, that's true enough, fortunately for you. I am bound to say you seem to take an interest in Van John only for the sake of society.'

'My bad luck goes beyond Van, I believe, in every game of chance, as you observed just now; there is not such a luckless creature in all England as myself.'

'Then, to return to my first remark—if there is any truth in proverbs—you ought to be uncommonly lucky in your wife.'

Wife, indeed! Such a subject never occupied my thoughts. I knew quite well that love was a luxury I could not afford, and as to my ever marrying a rich wife, I thought that would be a destiny simply less tolerable than marrying a poor one. And so I told Everard. To which he replied simply, 'Pooh—nonsense.'

It was just the end of term, and the beginning of the long vacation, and I was contemplating, not without regret, my parting, for good and all, from Oxford. I am not prepared to say that I had found university life entirely paradisaical; on the contrary, I had taken my degree at as early a date as I possibly could, under the not unnatural impression that I should be very glad to be a little more inde-

pendent. College discipline, I admit, was not strikingly severe; but I am afraid I rather objected to any discipline at all. An ill-regulated mind was mine, no doubt, but there it was, and all I could do was to make the best of it.

'What are you going to do this Long, George?' asked Everard.

'I am going north to-morrow in order to visit an aged aunt—about the only relation I have got in the world, I believe; and when I have done my duty there for ten days or a fortnight, I mean to go abroad, and lay in a stock of air and exercise previous to settling down in chambers in the Temple.'

'Going abroad, eh? Ah! then perhaps you will accomplish your inevitable destiny in some romantic spot. You will find a beautiful young lady with no end of dollars who will compensate you for your three years' run of bad luck at Oxford.'

'My dear Everard, it is lucky I am not so impressionable as you are, or I have no doubt, after what you have said, I should be always thinking of this beautiful golden young lady. As it is, you know my worst enemy could never say that I was a spoony sort of fellow, and I don't think I am very likely to fall a victim to wealth and loveliness without a struggle. Come, I tell you what; if I pick up an enormous heiress without youth and beauty, I'll undertake to pay your Oxford debts.'

'Then be off on your travels at once, my generous friend. Plunge into the vortex of society, rush madly to the Swiss lakes, the Italian lakes, any other lakes you may prefer; give yourself a fair chance, and I shall spend a happy Christmas.'

During this day I had occasion to call myself an ass and an idiot a great number of times, for I caught myself continually thinking about what Everard had said. What a fool I was to allow such nonsense

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to remain in my head! As a sufficient refutation of his absurd idea, I considered how that the commemoration, which was just over, had been unusually gay; there had been heaps of pretty girls, and not a few heiresses at the balls—if rumour might be trusted—but where was my good luck all the time? Not perceptible to me, certainly.

Though I was in a good college, and moved in the best set, nobody knew anything about me, except that I was a comparatively poor man; and mothers and chaperones did not seem enthusiastic about my dancing with their several young ladies. Bosh! humbug! let me go down to —shire to-morrow and enjoy my existence by the side of an admirable trout stream I was well acquainted with in the neighbourhood of my aunt's house.

'Unlucky at cards, lucky in a wife.' Confound the words! why I was always repeating them to myself. Of course I had heard the proverb a hundred times before; why in the world should it take such ridiculous possession of my mind now? Ah! I saw how it was; I had been reading too hard for the final schools, and my head, not impossibly, was in a slightly puzzled condition. Landing a few good fish would very soon put that to rights. That reminded me I was not usually an unlucky fisherman; I wondered if that fact would in any way upset—pshaw—there I was off again.'

I did not see Everard again that day: he came up to my rooms to say good-bye, as he was 'going down' that evening; but not finding me, he had written on a slip of paper, 'Good-bye, old fellow, sorry not to see you. Perhaps we may meet on the continent. By-the-by, I have run up another tick or two in anticipation of the Christmas settlement. Thine ever, TOM EVERARD.'

What an absurd fellow! Of course, he could not believe his own nonsense. He could not believe seriously that there was any truth in the proverb, 'Unlucky at cards'—Pish! there I was again.

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I believe I was almost the only man left in college that evening. Every one had 'gone down,' with the exception of a few Dons, and one or two old Fellows, who stuck to their rooms like learned barnacles, and utterly declined to mingle with an uninstructed world. I had a good many final arrangements to make, and so was pretty well occupied till after dinner. Then, having smoked one peaceful cigar, I set to work to pack my portmanteau, and called out to my scout to come and assist me. That willing help speedily appeared.

Turning over a multitude of things, a pack of cards made a thumbing appearance.

'Charles,' said I, sententiously, 'never you touch cards.'

'Never do now, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Did at one time, but they never agreed with me.'

'How do you mean?'

'Always was agin me, sir. Never played for a sixpence at beggar-my-neighbour but what I lost. When I married, I give 'em up entirely.'

'Why?' I demanded, with rising curiosity.

'Well, sir, you see I wasn't lucky with them. But I was lucky enough to get an uncommon good wife, and I never touched a card since.'

'Ah! I see—to be sure—pack away, Charles.'

There it was again; but there seemed to be something in it this time. Really, proverbs might be true, it would seem. Philosophically, now, could this be accounted for rationally? Of course it could, it was merely a coincidence. But when the willing Charles had departed, I half determined I would consider the question deeply when I got down to —shire, and, if necessary, write an interesting paper on the subject.

All humbug, thought I, the next morning when I awoke early, the sun shining gloriously into my bedroom. Three-and-twenty, and the 'lawless science of the law' stretching into hopeless space before me. What have I to do with love-making or wives? Away with such slight things!

Twenty years ago, when I left Oxford, railways were not quite so obliging as they are now, and my aunt's house in ——shire was nearly fifteen miles from the nearest railway station. For this welcome drive after a long and dusty railway journey, I managed to procure a dog-cart, with a tolerable horse, and rattled merrily along the valley in the delicious cool of a glorious summer evening.

I must own it. I did wish rather that there was somebody to welcome me besides my good old aunt. How delightful it would be if I might only hope to find at Daylesford some fair young creature who would accompany me on my angling excursions, or meet me at noon with the thrice welcome luncheon. I was quite astonished at myself for entertaining this notion; but I entertained it none the less. In fact, I thought about it so much, that I began to fancy it must be a sweet presentiment, and I certainly experienced something in the nature of a pang of disappointment when I looked in vain for signs of any fair form on the lawn or in the garden as I drove up.

No; it was all the same as usual. My aunt, of course, somewhat older, and perhaps a trifle deafer. I was evidently destined to find the events of this visit much the same as on previous occasions.

The dear old lady was always delighted when I came to see her, but this time she had evidently been looking forward most eagerly to my visit. 'It may be the last, George, it may be the last. I have run my threescore years and ten, my dear boy, and I don't think I am so strong as to come to fourscore.'

'I think you are looking as hearty and cheerful as ever, aunt. I don't say it as a compliment, for I really mean it.'

'Ah! I feel my strength pretty much as I have felt it for the last five years, but I feel too that it must give way altogether soon. 'Tis your last visit, George; I know it is. You have been a kind, good boy to me, but I don't think I shall ever trouble you to come so far north again to see me.'

'Now, my dear aunt, I am not going to allow you to talk like this. You know you are under a solemn promise to dance at my wedding, and I am sure that won't be just yet.'

A kind smile lit up her venerable face as she answered:

'I have often thought of your marriage, George. Perhaps it may not be as far off as you think.'

('Unlucky at cards,' &c., was back again in my head in an instant.)

'My dear aunt, what can make you suggest such a thing? I have often told you, when you have asked me what pretty young ladies I have seen lately, that I am not a ladies' man—least of all, a marrying man.'

Suddenly the smile died upon her lips, and an exceeding pallor overspread her countenance. She passed her hand tremulously across her forehead, and then said, in a hollow, troubled voice:

'But there's somebody waiting for you, George. Somebody keeps coming and going—looking for you, I am sure.'

No wonder this piece of information, so delivered, rather startled me at first. Were my aunt's faculties indeed beginning to fail her?

'I saw her cross the lawn the other evening, and she glanced once or twice towards the dining-room window. I was sitting in the recess of the large window, and saw her plainly.'

'Good gracious, aunt! Saw whom?'

'The girl that is waiting for you, George.'

'Bless my soul! my dear aunt, I think you must be mistaken. I am sure I am not in love with anybody, and I think I may safely venture to say there is nobody in love with me. What is the name of the young lady you saw upon the lawn?'

'Ah! that is more than I can tell you, George. I have seen her two or three times; but, oddly enough, none of the servants appear to have noticed her. And though I have described her, I can find out nothing about her. But she is waiting somewhere for you, George; I am sure of that.' All this she said in the same hollow, troubled voice.

That evening I made inquiries myself of some of the servants: they said that their mistress had asked who the young lady was that she had seen crossing the lawn two or three times; but they could tell her nothing, as no one else had observed this same young lady; and, indeed, they had supposed that it was simply an illusion: and I could not help agreeing with them.

A day or two afterwards, my aunt's conversation recurred to the young lady she persisted she had seen. Whenever she approached this strange topic, I noticed that her voice changed, her eyes lost their usual gentle expression, and she seemed to be gazing into vacancy.

'Have you found her yet, George?'

'No, aunt; I have discovered no trace; indeed, I have not even seen her yet; and,' I continued, hoping to humour her fancy, 'I hope I shall like her when I do see her.'

'That you will, boy, that you will, if you have any eye for beauty; for though my sight is not what it was, still I could see plainly that she is very lovely.'

'I wish she would come again, aunt, that I might see her.'

'Wheel my chair into the window-recess, and let me watch.'

I wheeled her chair to the spot she indicated; and resting her chin upon her left hand, she gazed steadily across the lawn towards the shrubbery.

So she sat silently for a long time, as it seemed to me. It was late for her to be still up, yet she would not move. She shook her head in a determined manner when I suggested ringing for the butler to help me carry her upstairs. It was just the time when the long twilight is fading into night, and there was a strange and solemn stillness over all; not a breath of air, not a leaf stirring; but still she sat motionless, and gazed intently towards the ever-deepening shadows of the little wood. It was a weird proceeding, to stand beside this ancient lady, in the gloaming of the hot summer night, and mark her earnest watching for one who I firmly believed had no real existence.

Hush! what was this? Why did she look eagerly at my face for a moment, and with her eyes direct my gaze towards the shrubbery?

Yes; it was to some purpose that she did so. There could be no mistake—no illusion there. I saw, as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, the graceful figure of a woman emerging from the path that led through the shrubbery to the lawn. My aunt appeared to look at me triumphantly when she saw how my gaze was directed.

We neither of us spoke, but intently watched the advancing figure. On she came slowly, and, it seemed to me, sadly; and at last she paused upon the lawn directly opposite the window. Then for the first time she turned her face full towards us, and seemed to see us.

Although, as I have said, the twilight was fading into night, I could see her plainly. It was a tall, almost majestic figure. She wore a plain white morning dress, and her dark hair was bound with blue ribbons. Her face was indeed most lovely. I wondered afterwards, but not at the time, how it was I could see it all so clearly.

She paused, as I said, and seemed to see us. Then, after looking at us for a moment, she turned slowly and retraced her steps.

'I knew it!' said my aunt, 'in a whisper. She has found you, George. Whenever I have seen her before she has always gone straight on, seemingly disappointed; now she is going back contented.'

'Back where?' I exclaimed.

'Follow her, and see.'

I rushed from the room, gained the hall, unlocked and unbarred the heavy front-door, and was out in another instant upon the lawn. Too late: she had already disappeared. I was hastily turning towards the shrubbery, when a sharp cry from within arrested me, and darting in again, I found my aunt senseless in her chair.

CHAPTER II.

We carried her upstairs; but it was a long time before she was restored to partial consciousness. I

had sent off at once for the doctor, who resided within a couple of miles; and when he came, he pronounced gravely that that terrible enemy of human life, paralysis, had seized her.

The next day, all inquiries about; all search after our mysterious visitor were fruitless. No one had seen the young lady in the white dress; no one could give even the remotest guess as to who she might be, or where she could have come from; and the servants, who evidently thought, when they had been previously questioned by my aunt, that the figure was only the creation of an aged and wandering brain, were startled when they found that I, in the full possession of health and strength, had seen this same figure too. 'It must have been a ghost,' said one of the maids.

'A ghost! don't tell me. Pish, pooh, nonsense.'

It certainly was very strange; and I own I could by no means give to myself any satisfactory explanation of the 'mysterious occurrence. Still, I made up my mind that time would show, and we should have an easy solution of our present difficulty. . These apparent mysteries always turn out to be something exceedingly simple, I said to myself. And, further, it seemed that I should have ample time for finding out the beautiful young lady with the dark hair, for my aunt seemed most anxious that I should not go away; so I was obliged to put off my continental trip indefinitely.

I am bound to say that it was no great hardship to me to stay at Daylesford, and do my best at nursing my dear old aunt. She was so quiet and patient; she loved so much to have me sitting in the room, and to hear me read to her; and she was so contented and so peaceful, that I often thought that I was happier and more contented in that sick chamber than I might have been while roaming restlessly about nature's grandest scenery.

I used to spend the best part of the day by her bedside; and when the evening came, I would take my rod and wander along the banks of the delightful stream.

One evening, about a fortnight after my aunt had been so suddenly struck, I started rather earlier than usual, intending to work my way farther up the stream than I had hitherto done, having heard from the keeper that there was a certain pool where some of the finest trout were to be found, and which I did not remember to have visited. All day long there had not been a cloud in the sky—the heat had been intense, and not a fish had been stirring in the river; and I calculated that soon after sunset the finny monarchs I was in search of would probably be on the feed, and in the evening shade I hoped to deceive their cunning.

I must have walked about three or four miles when I arrived at an open piece of water beyond which I had never yet penetrated; for, above this point, the trees and bushes on either side came down to the water, and they were so thick that it was next to impossible to throw a fly from the bank. The pool I was in search of was about half a mile beyond this, as I imagined from the description I had received. There was a quarter of an hour yet to sunset, so, as I was rather hot after my walk, I sat down in the shade of a great oak to rest a little. Meaning to rest for twenty minutes, I fell asleep for a full hour.

I was immensely annoyed with myself when I awoke to know that I had lost so much time, so I at once started off and plunged into the wood, keeping as near to the bank of the river as I could.

I hastened onward through the gloom—for the foliage of the trees was very thick, and I found some difficulty in making my way at all quickly through the bushes and brambles that were in my path. I kept as nearly as I could parallel with the stream; every now and then I caught a glimpse of it, and now and again heard the plash of a large fish. I certainly had expected better walking than this. I had understood from the keeper that there was a regular path running along the bank: certainly I could not find it, or anything like it. However, on I pushed, hoping that

my toil would speedily be rewarded by a basket of fine fish.

After some half hour's scrambling, I saw the sky in front of me more clearly; the underwood was not so thick, and I thought I must be near my goal—a nice quiet spot, the keeper had said; hardly any one ever had occasion to go that way, and the fish were very little disturbed by anglers or others. Another five minutes, and I was clear of the wood.

But, judge of my surprise when I found myself standing on a lawn-like piece of grass, the river indeed running fast and almost furiously upon my left hand, and straight in front of me, an old and strangely-fashioned house! I concluded I must have gone too far, and my first impulse was to retrace my steps, but I hesitated and took a good survey of the scene before me.

What house could this possibly be? I had never had the slightest suspicion that there was any one living up in this direction beyond a few labourers, but here was an old house, not large, but roomy, and of a strange and unusual style. Certainly it did not look very bright or cheerful, but still it did not look deserted, but could scarcely be inhabited by mere rustics. Between me and the house there lay a little garden and a burnt-up lawn. The garden was luxuriant, but not neatly kept, and the paths sadly wanted weeding. The house itself was an old grey pile with curious windows, more in the fashion of an unpretending German château than an English country-house. One side of the house was washed by the river, and on this side my attention was particularly struck by a large bay window at the height of some thirty feet above the water. Exactly opposite to me was the front door, which stood wide open.

It had a weird and ghostly aspect, this sombre house—none the less, I imagine, on this particular evening when the air was close and motionless, when the trees were dark and silent, and the shades of night were coming on. Even the river shared the general character of the place, for instead of the brawling stream

that I had been accustomed to, the waters at this place seemed to be much deeper and rushed by silently and swiftly.

However, if I was to have any sport after all the trouble I had taken, there was no time to be lost; so I quickly prepared to make a cast. Perhaps though, I thought, this part of the river belongs to the house, and I shall be ignominiously treated like a trespasser. I can't help it—the spot is much too tempting—and I advanced a pace or two nearer the bank. Then, involuntarily it seemed, I looked up again at the bay window overhanging the river, and saw that there was someone there.

At first I could only see her profile, for she—it was a woman—was looking down upon the river, but what I saw of her face did not seem unfamiliar to me. Who could it be? After a moment or two, she looked up to the blue sky above her, and then slowly turned her face towards where I was standing. Then the full recognition rushed upon me. There could be no mistaking that face; it was the same my aunt and I had seen so mysteriously upon the lawn at Daylesford a few evenings back. It was here then that our strange visitor lived. Her eyes met mine, but, rude as it might seem, I could not withdraw my gaze. I stood like one entranced. I thought I had never seen any face one-half so beautiful, and yet so sad; there was a wearied look about the large dark eyes, and the countenance was very pale. For how long or short a time we continued thus gazing at each other, I cannot say. I only know that it was long enough for me to impress indelibly every line and feature upon my memory.

Suddenly she seemed to start, and half turned round, and looked within the room—then she again hastily turned towards me, and now there was a terrified, but passionate and imploring expression on her countenance. Involuntarily, I took a step forward and then paused again—for now I saw what was, apparently, a man's hand seize her by the arm and drag her from the window.

What could it all mean? Once it occurred to me that this might be some unhappy lunatic who was confined in this terrible old house—but I dismissed the idea at once. Still I stood rooted to the spot. Would she appear again?

Hush! what was that? A cry of some one in distress—a cry half smothered. I dropped the fishing-rod upon the grass. Should I rush through the open hall-door and at any risk solve this mystery?

Again that cry! not half suppressed this time but loud and piercing. I waited to hear no more, but sprung over the low iron railings that edged the lawn—rushed across the garden, and in another instant stood within a low and gloomy hall. To the right as I entered was a broad oak staircase, and up this I bounded—reached the first landing, and searched eagerly in the direction where I thought the door of the room with the bay window ought to be. Yes—there it was. I seized the handle, but the door was firmly fastened on the inside. I shook it violently, and again I heard the cry. I shouted for help, but heard nothing but my own voice, which sounded strangely hollow and subdued. Again I attempted to force the door, but to no purpose. I turned round, wildly looking for some instrument that might assist me, when I noticed another door standing ajar on the same side of the wall as the one I had been endeavouring to open. I darted through it, and found myself in a long narrow passage. Thinking there might possibly be another means of communication here with the room with the bay window, I hurried down it and came upon a door, which I instantly opened, and stood within a wide old-fashioned bed-chamber. But from this room by the uncertain light I could see no further outlet. Glancing hastily out of the window, I saw the river below me, and the bay window a little to my left. I looked again eagerly along the wall which separated the room I was in from the one in which some horrible struggle was evidently going on, and, noticing that it was panelled, hastily

thought that there might be some concealed or half-concealed door. As well as the light would permit me, I examined the panels, and passed my hands carefully down the mouldings in search of anything like a hinge or handle, but could find nothing of the sort. My left hand was searching down the side of the third panel and was on—I noticed it well—the paw of a quaintly-carved lion, when I heard again the cry from within, but this time fainter than before. I started violently, and in the action my hand pressed hard upon the lion's paw; it was a spring, and the panel slowly opened. In another instant I had passed through the aperture into the room beyond. But instead of the struggle, or worse, which I thought to have seen—the place was empty!

Could this be the room I was in search of? Yes—there was the bay window, there was the open casement from which I had seen her looking towards me. But how was this? There was thick dust on almost every article of furniture, as if no human being had been within this room for months! No sign of habitation—no trace whatever of any recent struggle. I examined the door which I had tried to open from the other side—it was still locked and bolted fast. No sound, not even of a mouse behind the wainscot. I searched the room thoroughly by what little light remained, became convinced that there could have been no one there, and at last left it by the sliding panel through which I had entered.

It was becoming rapidly dark as I retraced my steps, and after the intense excitement of a few moments back, a reaction came upon me, and a ghostly horror crept over me, as I descended the broad oak staircase. Everything around me tended to convince me that the place was not inhabited. Then, as I emerged from the gloomy hall into the fresh air, I thought I must be the victim of a strong delusion. But I looked up again at the bay-window, for I remembered every line and feature of the beautiful face I had seen there, and the awful cry was still ringing

in my ears. If that was a deception, then so was the house and everything around me. I could not understand it.

Slowly I passed through the neglected garden and across the burnt-up lawn, and regained the spot where I had dropped my rod. I took one last survey of the grim old house, and turned to go home, as it was now dark, and I had a long way to walk before I reached Daylesford. I determined to call at the keeper's cottage, which I should have to pass, and ask him how it was he had never even mentioned to me the existence of the place I was now leaving behind me.

The wood was very dark, and I could only proceed very slowly, guided in the right direction only by the noise of the stream, which seemed now, by its brawling, to be no longer the deep, rapid river it had seemed to be beneath that bay-window. By-and-by I saw that it was not so dark in front of me, and I concluded I must be near the open spot where I had slept for so long. I was right; but the moment I emerged from the wood my foot caught in the stump of a tree, and I fell heavily forward, my head came in contact with a large stone, and I lay senseless.

From this state I was at length aroused by my aunt's keeper, who, I found afterwards, had, from the position in which I lay, comprehended the nature of my accident.

'You have had a nasty tumble, sir,' said he; 'tripped your foot in that there root, and knocked your head agin this here stone.'

'Where am I? Oh, I remember. I remember all now.' I looked around me; one thing seemed very odd. The root I had tripped ought, as it seemed to me, to have been near the wood, and the stone against which I had fallen farther off, but the reverse was the case. 'I was meaning to call at your cottage, Giles, on my way home. How lucky you happened to come up just at this moment.'

'Well, sir, I didn't exactly happen,' replied the keeper, somewhat confusedly. 'The fact is, I was a looking for you, and know'd as you

had come along this way after them big trout.'

'I am afraid you will be disappointed, Giles. I have not even had a cast.'

'Haven't you, sir? Well, it worn't exactly that as I came after, neither. I was sent to look for you.'

'Sent to look for me! Is it so very late?'

'No, sir; 'taint that, neither. But the missus, she's been took bad again, and has been asking for you, and they sent me to fetch you.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, starting to my feet. 'Another attack! The doctors said a second stroke would prove most serious.'

'That's just where it is, sir. Grant I mayn't be too late.'

'Too late! Good heavens! Is my aunt dying?'

'Well, sir, I don't want to alarm you, but I think as how you'd better be going back as fast as you can—if you feel all right now after that fall.'

I could see by the man's manner that there was indeed no time to be lost; so I hurried homeward as fast as possible; and the thought of my aunt's condition put out of my head for some little time the scenes I had so lately witnessed. Indeed, we were pretty well half-way home before I again addressed the keeper.

'Whose house is that?' I asked, abruptly, 'about half an hour's walk up through the wood?'

'Which house, sir?'

'Why, that queer old house by the river side, about, as I said, half an hour's walk beyond the place where you found me—where the river runs so deep and quietly?'

'Deep and quietly?' echoed the keeper in amazement; 'why, you are pretty nigh the spring up there. It don't run deep, and there ain't no house.'

'Nonsense; it can't be near the spring, and I saw the house with my own eyes.'

'Well, sir, I have been along that way many a time for this last thirty year, and I know the spring is there, and I never saw no house.'

'Then is there any other stream that flows into this one anywhere in that direction?'

'Not the ghost of a one, sir,' was the prompt reply.

Not the ghost of a one! Was it possible that all I had seen and heard—the bay window, the matchless face, the gloomy hall, the fearful cries, the secret panel—was only the creation of an accident to my head? No; I remembered it all too clearly. It was impossible!

But further conversation with the keeper half-convinced me that it was possible. He had lived in these parts all his life, and he denied all knowledge of the house, which I minutely described to him.

'You must have been a-dreaming, sir.'

'Well, perhaps I was, Giles.'

However that might be I determined that, on the first opportunity, I would find my way back to the spot, and satisfy myself whether or not I had been the victim of an illusion.

The opportunity never came. I found my aunt speechless, and at daybreak she died. I found that there was much for me to do as sole executor, and immediately after the funeral I had to leave for London. So I left ———shire without attempting to solve the mystery of the strange old house beside the river.

CHAPTER III.

I had a good deal to do, as I have said, in settling all my deceased aunt's affairs, but when I had cleared off all these I felt more inclined than ever for my long-meditated continental trip. I should say that my aunt had by no means forgotten me in her will, and I consequently found myself in a far better position, pecuniarily speaking, than before, and I determined to enlarge considerably the small circumference of travel I had originally sketched. Indeed I think I obliterated it altogether; there was no need for me now to limit myself to the expenditure of fifty pounds, so I provided myself liberally with circular notes, and arrived at London Bridge station one fine morning in August, ready to go wherever my wayward fancy might take me.

I hate making plans. To be the victim of a fixed idea at any time is bad enough, but for a tourist to map out a certain route and never deviate from it by a mile is indeed a miserable fate.

I intended to spend some days in Paris, but it was much too hot. Which way next? Why not to Cologne and up the Rhine? That would do as well as anything else, so I went by the night express to Cologne. Of course I went up the Drachenfels. When I was at the top I thought how much better the view was from the bottom. Then I went on board the steamboat, and whom should I fall in with but Everard.

'Well, old man,' he exclaimed, 'this is a find. So far I have been bored out of my life. You wouldn't believe it, but I have been doing churches in Belgium—read up somebody on architecture on purpose—to say nothing of somebody else's notes on the Middle Ages. Where are you going?'

'I really hardly know,' I replied, 'Switzerland or the Tyrol, I think.'

'You must come along with me first. I am going to do the dutiful at Wiesbaden. My people are there: the mother is drinking hot water, I believe. She doesn't exactly know why, but she thinks she likes it. The governor is taking baths for what he calls rheumatism, and other people call the gout. Come to Wiesbaden, there's a good soul, and have a look at the tables.'

I at once consented, and soon found myself comfortably lodged in that extremely uninteresting place, for there certainly appeared to me to be nothing to do there but to look at a Greek church with a shining dome, walk up to the top of a hill where it was the custom to drink beer, and, when not peripatetically inclined, watch the unhappy victims of the gambling-tables. I was not, I should say, in the same hotel as Everard, as I could not, on first arriving, get a room there.

I had been at Wiesbaden for nearly a week, when I began to think it was time to move on; but it occurred to me, as I was sitting alone at breakfast, that I had gained

no practical experience in the mysteries of rouge-et-noir. I had looked on often enough, but I had never felt tempted to stake a kreutzer on the chances, and I thought I ought really to do something in that way, if only for the benefit of the bank which provided me with the kursaal and the pleasant gardens. I am bound to say I had not the least expectation of winning a farthing. I knew my luck too well. Still, I walked to the tables with the fixed and deliberate intention of playing.

'I suppose I am a fool,' I observed to myself, as I walked leisurely along. 'It isn't in my nature to win. I know how unlucky I am at cards,' there I paused; for Everard's saying instantly recurred to me: 'Unlucky at cards—lucky in a wife.'

Perhaps, now that I was considerably more independent than when I was at Oxford, my luck might have changed. Perhaps, after all, I might turn out to be lucky at cards, and unlucky—well, as far as the cards were concerned, I should soon see.

It was very absurd of me, but I really felt quite anxious to know whether my luck had changed. I entered the largest *salon de jeu*, and found that there were already very many persons gathered round the table, and play was in full swing. I waited patiently for some time, watching the persistency with which some of the players adhered to a system and lost, and how others apparently staked at haphazard and won. At last, a withered old woman with a repulsive wig and well-rouged cheeks, having lost her last florin, got up and left the table, and I took her place. I had just ten napoleons in my pocket: if I doubled them, I determined to be content; if I lost them, to be—if possible—equally content.

Rouge had gained five times consecutively when I took my seat, therefore I backed Noir. I lost. Backed Noir again: lost again. Again, won. Again, the irrevocable Rouge triumphed four times running, but I had faithfully stuck to Noir, and I continued to stick to it. Rouge persistently won the day, and

in a manner that ought to have astonished the croupier, if that stolid functionary had it in him to be astonished at anything. However, I was backing Noir, so it was but natural that Rouge should be the winning colour. In twenty minutes, my ten napoleons had passed from my possession, and I rose from my chair, much to the surprise of a Russian gentleman next me, who evidently thought me very pusillanimous.

I felt a hand upon my shoulder.

'My dear George, how can you be such an ass! You, of all men, to try your wretched luck!'

It was Everard who spoke; he had been standing behind me all the time.

'Simply an experiment, my dear fellow. You know me too well to think there is anything of the gambler about me. Good heavens!'

Everard started at my sudden exclamation.

'What is the matter, George?'

I could not answer; I stood spell-bound. For there at the door which led out upon the gardens stood one whom I recognised in an instant. I recognised the majestic figure—the white morning dress—the dark hair bound with blue ribbons—the peerless loveliness—the same that I had seen on the lawn at Daylesford, and in the bay window of the old house beside the river!

Her eyes met mine. Was I deceived, or did she, too, really start? I fancied that she did.

I could not withdraw my eager gaze, and I saw she coloured slightly, as she moved slowly away into the kursaal grounds.

'Ah, I see what it is,' said Everard, laughing: 'you're struck too. That young lady who just went out literally walks upon the bodies of her victims.'

'For God's sake, tell me who she is!'

'Is it possible you don't know?' returned Everard, amused at my vehemence: 'that is the beautiful Miss Irvine—Mabel Irvine—have you never heard of her?'

'Never,' I replied, mechanically, still gazing vacantly at the spot where she had stood.

'She was the belle of Rome last winter—as she is of every place she goes to. And though her face ought to be fortune enough, she has five thousand a year into the bargain!'

'An heiress,' I muttered, as we walked out of the salon.

'Rather—and no mistake about it, either. In fact, I believe I have put the figure rather too low.'

'You say she was in Rome last winter—do you happen to know if she has been in England this summer?'

'I happen to know that she has not; they are staying at our hotel, and have only recently come from Italy.'

'*They*—who are *they*?'

'Herself and an elderly cousin with whom she is travelling—a Colonel Irvine; he is her guardian or something of that sort, I believe, for she is an orphan, and not quite of age.'

'This is indeed most strange!' I muttered as we walked along arm in arm.

'What is strange?'

'You say that she has only just come from Italy—and yet I could swear that I saw her up in the north of England, not two months ago. And yet I must be mistaken.'

'Of course you are. Colonel Irvine himself has told me all about their voyagings. But I should hardly have thought you could have been so fortunate as to have seen any one so like her.'

'I should hardly have thought so,' I echoed.

'Come and dine with me this evening at our *table-d'hôte*. They sit opposite to us, and after dinner I can introduce you.'

I suppose there must have been a very strange expression on my face as I stopped and looked up at my friend, for he exclaimed:

'Bless me, George! Why, what's the matter with the man? Are you frightened at the happiness that awaits you? You don't seem half to like the thoughts of coming.'

'Oh yes. I'll come with pleasure,' I answered, eagerly. 'But there's something rather odd about this meeting. I can't explain it to you

now, Everard. At what time is your *table-d'hôte*?'

'Five, sharp.'

'I'll be with you punctually. I must say good-bye for the present.'

Excusing myself as best I could for not continuing our walk, I turned hastily away, leaving my friend, as I felt sure, staring after me in the most unfeigned astonishment.

Arrived at my own apartments, I threw myself into an arm-chair and endeavoured to reflect calmly.

Will it seem strange if I say that in this morning I had almost forgotten that vision on the lawn—in the bay window—and those dreadful cries? Yet such indeed was the case. If they ever did cross my thoughts, it was more in the fashion of a half-forgotten dream; in fact, I think I had persuaded myself that the whole thing was an illusion of the brain, created, I know not how, by the accident I met with on the night before my aunt's death.

But now all the circumstances rushed back upon my memory with a marvellous vividness. I was again with my aunt gazing out into the twilight, and I saw again the beautiful white figure cross the lawn. Again, I was wandering along the stream, rod in hand; again, I was fighting my way through the thick wood; again, I was standing before the quaint old house beside the river; again, I saw the lovely face in the bay window: I heard the cries—I was in the house; I touched the spring—I remembered exactly whereabouts it was—I stood within the mysteriously empty chamber. No, it could have been no mere illusion. For here in the flesh was the woman I had seen, and I should soon be speaking with her. How could I explain it? And did she not too, on her part, seem to recognise me as she stood beside the door? The slight gesture she made, when her eyes met mine, certainly made me think so.

Suddenly those odd words of my aunt's recurred to me, as if she had only just spoken them:

'There's somebody waiting for you, George; somebody keeps coming and going!'

For a long time I sat lost in

thought, but I could arrive at no satisfactory solution of the riddle that was puzzling me. By-and-by, looking at my watch, I found that it was time to prepare for dinner.

I could not help it, I own, I was excited; foolishly so, it may have been. I scarcely knew as I left my hotel which desire preponderated most, to penetrate a seeming mystery or to feast my eyes upon the radiant loveliness of Mabel Irvine.

At dinner I was indeed seated exactly opposite Miss Irvine, but unfortunately—or fortunately, I suppose I ought to say—I was placed between two of Everard's sisters—pretty, charming, high-spirited, I admit—but on this occasion they were too much for me, and I felt painfully oppressed by their gaiety. I am certain that they confided to each other afterwards that I was either very stupid or very cross.

I scarcely dared to look directly at Miss Irvine; furtively I did so once or twice, and I could not resist the impression that she seemed nearly as embarrassed as I was. I turned my attention chiefly to her cousin, guardian, or whatever he was—Colonel Irvine—and I marked him well.

He was a man of, apparently, some eight and forty or fifty years of age, and must have been strikingly handsome in his youth and prime. His hair was already grey, but there were no signs of baldness, and he wore a long drooping moustache. The eyes were fiery and restless, but, handsome as he was, there was, at times, something of a sinister expression on his face which was calculated to make most persons think twice before they would knowingly make him an enemy. Altogether, I felt that I should not like him, and I endeavoured to get rid of the impression, for I had resolved to make myself as agreeable to him as possible.

Table-d'hôte over, we all strolled up to the kursaal for coffee, and at the first opportunity, Everard presented me to the Irvines. The colonel was studiously polite, unnecessarily so, it seemed to me; asked me what route I had been pursuing, and discoursed eloquently

upon Italy. It was not until some time had passed that I got a chance of speaking to Mabel. We had finished coffee and the 'petit verre,' and were sauntering through the gardens. Everard's father, I am happy to say, had fastened upon the colonel, the animated young ladies met some friends, and I found myself by Mabel's side.

'Do you like Wiesbaden, Miss Irvine?' was my first rather ordinary observation.

'We only came yesterday,' she replied, in a sweet voice which thrilled through me, 'so I can hardly say. It seems very dull and commonplace after Italy.'

Could that be the voice I had heard in such other tones in the quaint old house beside the river? I shuddered as I asked myself the question.

'You have been spending the winter at Rome, Everard tells me. I suppose you have been coming northwards slowly.'

'Yes; we stayed some time at Florence and Venice, and now are only just come from the Italian lakes.'

I resolved to lose no more time, so I said, somewhat abruptly,—

'Tell me, Miss Irvine, and excuse the question—but, have you a sister?'

She looked up at me in astonishment, and answered—

'No—what makes you ask that question?'

'Simply because your face is so strangely familiar to me. Indeed,' I continued, looking at her fixedly, 'when I caught a glimpse of you this morning in the salon, I could have sworn you were some one I had seen a short time since in the north of England.'

'The north of England! I have never been there in my life. And I have not been in England at all for eighteen months nearly.'

Mystery on mystery! The more I looked at her, the more I felt convinced of her identity.

'It is very odd,' I muttered.

'I daresay you saw somebody like me. Or,' she added, laughing lightly, 'perhaps you are only making conversation. I assure you

I have known gentlemen say all sorts of odd things on first introduction, in order to avoid appearing commonplace.'

'No—indeed,' I answered, eagerly. 'My question was *bonâ fide*. I cannot tell you, Miss Irvine, how sorely the resemblance puzzles me.'

'Well, I acquit you of the charge,' she replied, gravely; 'the more so, as I can quite appreciate your position. Oddly enough, I thought I recognised you this morning. Candidly own, Mr. Seaforth, instead of the north of England were you not in Florence last June?'

'Florence!' I exclaimed, in my turn. 'Till a fortnight ago I was never on the Continent.'

'Then, as you say, it is rather odd,' she rejoined, in a musing tone. 'I certainly saw some one very like you there. The circumstance recurred to my mind this afternoon.'

I could not help noticing that she blushed slightly—she, too, had been puzzling over a face—as she continued:

'It was one hot and sultry evening, I remember: I had been for a walk with my maid. As we returned home, I remembered that I wanted her to do some trifling shopping; so, as we were not far from the hotel, I sent her to execute my commissions, and I went on alone. I had to pass an English-looking house—which I had passed once or twice before—with a neat attempt at lawn and garden in front of it, and as it was so unlike most Italian villas, I could not help pausing to look at it. Suddenly, I became aware that some one, an Englishman apparently, was observing me from a window on the ground-floor. I saw his face distinctly, and I suppose you very much resemble him. I saw an old lady sitting by the window, too. I had seen her on previous occasions as I passed, not with a gentleman.'

The close summer evening—my aunt—the dining-room window—the lawn—the white figure turned towards us: the whole scene was before me.

'I don't know,' she went on, smiling, 'if this gentleman's appearance would have impressed

itself so strongly upon me, if I had not met him again.'

'May I ask—when and where?' I said, breathlessly.

'I will tell you. A few evenings afterwards, I was standing on the balcony of our salon in the hotel which overlooked the Arno. I saw this same Englishman—if Englishman he was—standing beside the parapet on the bank of the river, gazing steadily at me. I recognised him at once, and felt rather angry at thinking that he recognised me, and was just retreating into the room when suddenly I was seized with a horrible spasm in my throat,—just managed to stagger back into the salon, and fell fainting on the floor.'

'I hope you were not seriously ill?'

'No—it was some miasma from the river, the doctors said. Colonel Irvine summoned two or three Florentine physicians. I believe they would have killed me if they had had their way. They wanted to bleed me, but I resolutely declined.'

I determined to keep my own counsel, and say nothing now of the when and the where I had seen her, or her image, before. Her story was perfectly plain and simple—not so, mine. So I merely said, with an effort at gaiety—

'I believe I have got Scotch blood in my veins: henceforth I shall steadily believe in doubles.'

I contrived to change the conversation, and we walked on amid the deepening shades—and oh! what a happy time to me! I had read of love—latterly, I had dreamed of love—and now I knew the sweet reality.

After a while, I observed the colonel glance over his shoulder sharply towards us, and soon afterwards he turned back and joined us, and said, in a singularly soft and pleasing voice—

'It is getting late, Mabel; and the evening damp in these gardens is not as wholesome as it might be—certainly not for you. I think you must ask Mr. Seaforth to turn round and take you home again.'

'Ought I really to go in, Cousin James? It is so delicious out here.'

'Well, I don't want to be a tyrant, but I really think you had better be going homewards now. Remember, you are not in Italy.'

So we all turned back; but Colonel Irvine thought fit to walk by my side and enter into conversation with me. One of Everard's sisters trotted up to Mabel, and the thrice-happy *tête-à-tête* walk was at an end.

'You are destined for the bar, Mr. Seaforth, our friend Tom Everard tells me. Well, it is unquestionably a fine profession, but the prizes are comparatively very few, and the competition is very great.'

'Quite true,' I replied, laughing; 'but may you not say the same of all professions now-a-days? Out of six competent men, five go to the wall.'

'Then what becomes of the incompetent?' asked the colonel.

'Perhaps they go right through the wall, and come out more fortunate on the other side.'

'That's a hopeful view to take of their condition, at all events. Whereabouts do you intend to be? Not in the wall altogether, I trust.'

This was said in the lightest and pleasantest manner possible; but, Heaven knows why, I mistrusted the tone, and answered as much as possible in his own manner:

'Well, I am bound to say I don't expect too much. Still, I don't mean to be left with the ruck; even if I don't get a place, I hope at any rate to be decidedly in the race.'

'A metaphor from the turf,' he exclaimed. 'Do you do much in that way, Mr. Seaforth?'

'Nothing at all, Colonel Irvine,' I replied, hastily. 'I really don't know what made me use the expression. Of course I have seen something of it, but what I have seen I don't like.'

'I am glad to hear it. The paddock and the betting ring are bad places. Still, fine fortunes are made there occasionally.'

'And finer fortunes more often lost.'

I felt that he looked at me sharply for an instant, but he only said—

'Quite true—quite true.'

Everard's father then came up to us, and shortly afterwards we arrived at their hotel.

'Good-night' to Mabel! What a strange, and hitherto to me unknown and unexperienced thrill of pleasure passed through me as I pressed her hand!

I had some few letters to write that night before I went to bed, and amongst these was one to a certain Major Wray, an elderly bachelor, long since retired from the service, who I had known all my life, and who, I had a sort of notion, was my godfather. He resided in London, and though he was, as I suspected, possessed of anything but ample means, he had always been a good fast friend to me. He had that not uncommon qualification of being able to give good advice to everybody except himself. However, he contrived to live pretty comfortably in 'society,' and had a knack of knowing everybody. It occurred to me, at the close of my despatch, to make the following inquiry:—

'By-the-by, as you are acquainted with most people who turn up periodically in the vast metropolis, do you happen ever to have fallen in with a certain Colonel Irvine? He is a fine handsome man of, say, fifty years of age. I have just met him here. He is travelling with a juvenile cousin of his, a young lady, Mabel Irvine, said to be—I know not with what amount of truth—a great heiress. Heiress or not, one has only to look at her to feel perfectly satisfied about her—she is wonderfully good-looking. But I own I am not satisfied about the colonel. I can't tell why. You, my dear major, with your cynical habits of thought, have, perhaps, instilled a certain amount of suspicion of human nature into me, and I feel a little suspicious of this colonel. You will probably say that I ought to trust the man and not the woman. Give me your sound reasons, major, and I shall be convinced.'

IN REGENT STREET.

LET London's lyrist gaily sing,
 In weather warm or chilly,
 The pleasures new all objects bring
 When seen in Piccadilly.
 Or round the street of famed Saint James
 Weave myriad sparkling fancies
 Of powdered squires, brocaded dames,
 And other like romances.

Bond Street may suit our gilded youth,
 Aristocratic very :
 If Cork Street's something dull, in truth
 The ' Burlington ' is merry.
 Beyond all other haunts, Pall Mall,
 The shady side or sunny,
 Is dear to ' flâneur,' clubman, swell—
 But, oh, Pall Mall wants money !

Exclusive thoroughfares are these :
 The miscellaneous many
 The street our artist's drawn will please
 As well as—more than—any.
 Motley enough the crowd one meets—
Qui rident multa legent—
 The most cosmopolite of streets
 Is surely that called Regent.

Here Parthian jostles Elamite,
 I speak in tropes,—no matter—
 Poles, Spaniards, Dutch, a medley sight,
 Heavens, what a panglot chatter !
 The swarthy son of Ursko,
 And Chinaman from Peking,
 Cilician, Cappadocian—know
 Again in tropes I'm speaking.

And other meetings scarce less strange,
 You'll see them by the dozen
 As down the street you idly range,
 Town bird and country cousin.
 Want elbows wealth, the false the true,
 Juxtaposition curious.
 Fair cheeks whose bloom is Nature's hue,
 And cheeks whose bloom is spurious.



Drawn by M. A. Doyd.]

SWEET VISIONS.

" And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view ;
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears
So oft, so tenderly.*

Caucasus.

And high-dressed swells are *vis-à-vis*
 With seedy skulking rowdies,
 A jumble odd enough to see
 In Regent Street this crowd is.
 Here jaded miss buys silken gown,
 Yawneth yon squire allegiant;
 The most amusing street in town,
 I think is that called Regent.

FANCY AND FASHION IN FANS.

A DAINTY collection of Fans is this at South Kensington: the most dainty, the most extensive, ever assembled at one time and place in this country. Here are fans of many different centuries, exemplifying the ordeal through which fashion seems destined to pass, and at the same time showing how remarkably individual fancy can assert itself in special instances. Not only are there choice specimens of English production, but illustrations likewise of the handiwork of Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Holland, and Belgium; and, in more distant climes, of India, China, and Japan. It would not be easy to assign a market value to these four hundred fine examples of workmanship; because some of them, ranking as works of art, would be objects of very eager competition at Christie's or Sotheby's, and would realise prices far ahead of those which were paid for them when originally manufactured; while other specimens would have a high value attached to them, irrespective of their beauty, on account of the distinguished ladies to whom they now belong or once belonged. Not only have the great French fan-makers—such as Duvelleroy, Alexandre, Chardin, and Fayet—contributed some of their choicest productions; but royal and noble ladies have freely assisted to make the collection large and complete. Queen Victoria has sent seventeen fans, the Empress Eugénie nearly double this number; while the English nobility are represented by the Duchess of Northumberland, Countess of Warwick, Lady Lindsay,

Countess of Craven, Lady Drake, Countess Granville, Countess of Tankerville, Countess of Dudley, Countess of Shaftesbury, &c.; and the French nobility by la Vicomtesse d'Aguardo, la Comtesse Duchâtel, Princess Metternich, la Comtesse de Beaussier, la Duchesse de Mouchy, la Comtesse d'Armaillé, la Comtesse de Bardaillac, la Comtesse de Pourtalès, &c. Lady Wyatt is the most lavish contributor of all, having sent in no less than seventy-three fans, of various ages and countries, but all remarkable in their artistic features. And gentlemen, too, though not fan-users in Europe, have been fan-buyers, and have contributed out of their stores to this very choice and pleasant collection.

Who can tell us when and where the fan was first used? As its real purpose is to create an artificial breeze of cooling air in a warm atmosphere, we may naturally look to hot climates as the land of its birth. We know that there were fans in Egypt three or four thousand years ago, for they are represented in paintings on the walls of the buildings at Thebes. Indeed the fan-bearer was a high officer among the Pharaohs—using his fan as a standard in war, as a breeze-creating instrument in the palace, and to wave off noxious insects from the sacred offerings in the temple. The ancient Greeks used fans very beautiful in form; sometimes the wings of a bird joined laterally, and attached to a slender handle; sometimes feathers of different lengths spread out somewhat in the form of

a semicircle, and affixed to a handle. The Roman ladies had gorgeous fans of peacocks' feathers and tinted ostrich plumes, held by attendants. We know that noble ladies in Europe used fans in the thirteenth century; but it is uncertain how much further back the usage could be traced. The *folding-fan*, as we now know it, was certainly invented in Japan, from which country it went to China, thence to Portugal (in the fifteenth century), thence to Spain and Italy, and (in the sixteenth century) to France and England. The fan-trade has never at any other period been so important in Europe as it was about the middle of the last century, when a fan was quite indispensable to a lady, and when nearly every lady had an assortment of them. It was an important implement for fascination, for grace, for love-making, for coquetry, for a kind of silent talk on all sorts of subjects. One poet called it the 'sceptre of the world.' A French lady, of the time of Louis Quatorze, declared that however agreeable, graceful, and elegantly dressed a woman might be, she would necessarily be ridiculous unless she knew how to handle a fan; that you could tell a princess from a comtesse, a comtesse from a marquise, a marquise from an untitled lady, by delicate movements of the fan; and that this subtle instrument by its opening and closing, its rising and falling, its sweeping and waving, its pointing and beating, might be made significant of an almost infinity of meanings. Addison, long before this, talked very pleasantly in the 'Spectator' of the language of the fan. He supposes a regiment of young ladies drawn up in line, and going through the fan exercise, obeying the words of command 'handle your fans,' 'unfurl your fans,' 'discharge your fans,' 'ground your fans,' 'recover your fans,' 'flutter your fans,' &c. The description of three of these evolutions, the 'handling,' the 'unfurling,' and the 'fluttering,' is very rich. 'Upon giving the word "Handle your fans," each lady shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand neighbour a tap upon the

shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of the fan, and then lets her arms fall in an easy motion.' The 'unfurling' is effective, because it gives an opportunity of displaying the dainty devices painted on the fan: 'This part of the exercise pleases the spectator more than any other; as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view.' Then, as to the order 'Flutter your fans:' 'There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it.' Then the P.S. is worthy of the rest: 'I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.'

Many a pleasant episode is connected with the fans in this beautiful collection, relating either to the fair owners themselves, or to the circumstances under which the ownership has changed from time to time. Among those contributed by Lady Wyatt is one which was presented to her grandmother on her wedding day, nearly a century ago: a bespangled silken mount, with carved and gilt ivory stick, and enamelled and embossed guards. A vellum fan, painted by Vidal and Hervy, and mounted in pierced and carved mother-of-pearl, was presented to the Empress Eugénie when she distributed the prizes at the Paris International Exhibition in

1855. A French fan with a modern mount has a stick which once belonged to a fan of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, in the gay days of Louis Quartorze. A fan which formed part of the wedding-suite of the Empress is here, marked with the date 30 January, 1853. An old Chinese fan with a stick of gold filagree having enamel enrichments was presented by the Chinese ambassador in 1804, on the occasion of the coronation of Napoleon I., to Madame la Maréchale Comtesse Clausel; whose granddaughter, Madame de Ville de Sardelys, is now the owner of it. A more historically interesting fan is that which belonged to the hapless Queen Marie Antoinette; she gave it to her 'keeper of laces' in 1789, from whom it passed through the hands of Madame la Bruyère to M. de Thiac; the carving in ivory of the 'Interview between Porus and Alexander' is very dainty work. An old ivory French fan, decorated in 'Vernis Martin,' is the one which Madame de Sévigné described as containing a picture of 'The toilet of Madame la Marquise de Montespan.' We may here remark that *Vernis Martin* is named from a celebrated coach-painter, Martin, who, in the time of Louis XIV., applied the arts both of painting and of varnishing in a very beautiful way to fans. The fan presented by the Empress Eugénie to the Comtesse de Pourtalès, made by Alexandre of Paris, has exquisite little enamels by Solier, imbedded in the gold ornaments of the guards. Another, with paintings by Prevost,¹ of Francis I. at the Château d'Anet, Louis XIV. at Versailles, and the present Emperor and Empress at the Bois de Boulogne, was presented by the same gracious lady to the Viscountess Aguado, one of her Dames d'Honneur; as were likewise two others, of great beauty, to Princess Metternich. The Countess Granville's fan, presented to her ladyship by the Foreign Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1867, is rich with its paintings on silk by Hamon, and its carvings in ivory by Rambert. One of the fans was that which was made in 1837 for the

marriage of the Duchess d'Orleans, and now belongs to her god-daughter the Comtesse de Paris; as is likewise the fan made by Duvelleroy for the marriage of the last-named royal lady in 1864. Rather a curious work of art is a fan belonging to the Prince of Wales, delicately painted in Russia by an Hungarian artist, and presenting an allegorical painting of the Return of the Prince from Russia after the Marriage of his Sister-in-law, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, to the Czarewitch; the manner in which about twenty little Cupids are busying themselves with adieus and regrets—some carrying the 'Ich Dien,' and others the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers—is certainly fanciful. A fan that once belonged to Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, but is now the property of Madame Achille Jubinal, is marvellously cut in paper in imitation of lace: so fine that it is difficult to conceive what kind of cutting instruments were employed in the fabrication. An English fan of the time of Charles I. was presented in 1696 by the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen of England, to a young lady on her marriage with a country squire. A fan belonging eighty years ago to Marie Antoinette has had her cipher removed from it, and another cipher placed on the shield. An early German fan, once belonging to the collection at Gotha, was presented by the late Prince Consort to the Queen; as was also a dress fan of modern French production. Here is a fan which was made for the *corbèille* of the Duchess d'Orleans, and which was presented by the Comte de Paris to our Princess Helena on her marriage with Prince Christian; and here a fan presented to Queen Victoria by the Queen of Prussia in 1852, with paintings of seven royal residences in the two countries; and here one which passed successively into the hands of three queens—Marie Antoinette, the Queen of the Belgians, and Queen Victoria; and here an Italian fan of the last century, which belonged to Queen Charlotte,² then to the Duchess of Bedford, by whom (when lady of the bedchamber).

was presented to the present Queen. Other fans presented to her Majesty, and more or less attractive in character, are those given by the Duke of Coburg and the Duchess of Gordon, a third that belonged to the late Princess Charlotte, and a fourth once owned by Queen Adelaide. A fan, painted on chicken-skin in the Pompeian style, was the one which the Princess Charlotte presented in 1809 to her governess, the Countess of Elgin. A Dutch fan, nearly two hundred years old, is supposed to have been designed to commemorate the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England; it belonged to a distinguished family in Holland, partisans of the Orange cause. One, skilfully painted on kid, belonged to Benjamin West; while another, painted on chicken-skin, belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom it was given to his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. Our distinguished painters would gladly possess fans on which the pencils of Watteau or Gavarni had been exercised—irrespective of all other attractions.

The *éventailistes*, or fan manufacturers, of France carry on their trade with a good deal of organisation and system. Twenty different operations, performed by as many pairs of hands, are necessary for the production of even a halfpenny French fan; and for the costly productions of high finish, the number of subdivisions is of course far larger. The *éventailistes* themselves—the Duvelleroyes, Alexandres, Fayets, Chardins—are, in fact, only the makers-up or finishers; they purchase the various parts of the fans in various districts of France, and employ persons to put them together or build them up. There are, it appears, four distinct branches of trade, associated with different component parts of a fan; and no fan, whether humble or luxurious, is complete until all these branches have contributed their aid. So economical are the materials and manufacture of some fans, that even Duvelleroy would take an order for such at the price of fivepence per dozen; while at the other extreme are fans in which the mother-of-

pearl sticks contain no less than sixteen hundred distinct holes, each worked with a saw, in a square inch!

Let us take a bird's-eye glance at the mode of conducting the manufacture. The French give the name of *pied* to the solid or firm parts of a fan, and that of *feuille* to the flexible or folding part. The *pied* is subdivided into the *brins* or inner ribs, and *panaches* or outer ribs. The frame or *pied* is made of any one among a large variety of materials—ebony, plum-wood, sandal-wood, lime-tree, bone, ivory, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, &c., cheap or costly according to the quality of the fan. The materials for the ribs are brought into shape by sawing, filing, polishing, piercing, carving, gilding, and other decorative processes; the spangles and pins of gold, silver, and steel are affixed; and the several ribs are riveted to a joint at the end of the handle, where a gem or precious stone often adorns the more costly specimens. There is much scope for the display of taste in putting the ribs together: seeing that the *panaches*, being thicker and more openly displayed than the *brins*, afford a greater field for elaborate ornamentation. The *feuille* is made of a larger variety of substances than the frame. It may be of silk, satin, painted or stained paper, printed or embossed paper, gilt or silvered paper, parchment, lamb's skin, kid, chicken skin, lace, tulle, gauze, crêpe, vellum, tambour-work, gold or silver tissue, peacocks' or pheasants' feathers, &c. A very frequent kind is, paper on one side and silk on the other. Artists of every degree of skill in water-colours are employed in painting the *feuilles*; where cheapness is not studied, there the Watteaus and Bouchers, the Roqueplans and Gavarnis, the Boulangers and Duprés, and many other names of note, may be met with; while, at the other end of the scale, children who can merely dab a few bits of bright colour on a fan meet with ready employment. Pictures printed from copper-plates, and coloured by hand, form the *feuilles* of vast numbers of fans; as

do likewise various kinds of chromolithographs. The *feuille* has its peculiar folds given to it before being mounted on the frame, and glued to the prolongations of the inner ribs.

The making of the different parts of a fan is usually conducted by the workpeople at their own houses; where a piercer, out of a little bit of watch-spring, will provide himself with the tiny saws which pierce the beautiful open-work of some fans. The makers of the frames and *feuilles* mostly reside in the country districts; while the engravers, printers, lithographers, painters, colourists, mounters, illuminators, &c., are mostly congregated at Paris. The *éventailleur*, besides superintending the mounting, decorating, and finishing at his own establishment, furnishes instructions for the country workers; he supplies the drawings to suit the frequent changes of fashion, instructs the *feuille* makers as to the style of ornament, groups together the frames and *feuilles*, and decides upon the last finish with tassel and sheath. Most of the work is, as may readily be supposed, small handicraft labour; yet not wholly so, for the stamping-press is now much used in cutting out and embossing the various materials.

As to the oriental fan, it differs in many ways from the European. The Indian fans are seldom made to close; nor do the lazy possessors take the trouble to fan themselves. Some of them, affixed to central handles, are gorgeously enriched with embroidery and jewels; others resemble a curtain suspended from a silver rod, which is held horizontally by an attendant, and waved backwards and forwards; others, again, are of the circular standard-form, the fan being attached to the top of a silver staff, and swung to and fro by an attendant, who rests the lower end of the staff on the ground. Some of the Chinese fans are made in a curious way of beads and pearls. Very clever, and often very beautiful, fans are made of the divided leaf of the *Borassus flabelliformis*, which emits a fragrant perfume; of the *Khus-khus* grass; of

thin sheets of sandal-wood; of bamboo; and of the palmyra leaf.

Some of the fans in this collection are, as may be expected, quite as remarkable for their singularity as their beauty. One or two of the Chinese fans have pictures with that impossible perspective which our willow-pattern plates have rendered familiar to us. One, of English make, exhibits Cupids working lustily away in forging and sharpening Love's arrows. A French fan has the mount apparently made up of eight-and-twenty assignats and other kinds of paper-money, belonging to the stirring times of the Revolution: a queer sort of Stock-Exchange idea, worked out in plain printed paper and plain rosewood handle. Not less curious is the fan, made about the same time, mounted with an engraving of the bust of Mirabeau, and scenes from his life. Celebrated sayings of his—such as '*Je combattrai les facteurs de tous les parties*'—fill up small spaces in the design. One, a splendid production of the time of the unfortunate Louis XVI., may be truly called a toilet fan; for the *feuille*, painted in medallion on silk, represents the toilet of a lady of the Court, all embroidered and bespangled; while the ivory handle is carved with figures representing a lady's toilet. A fan of the seventeenth century has a most elaborately-drawn pen-and-ink picture of a meeting of an Academy of the Sciences. A French fan of the last century very well represents that odd medley of courtly life with heathen mythology which was at that time so much in favour among painters; the marriage of Louis XV. is being solemnized on Mount Olympus, attended by Jupiter, Juno, and Apollo, and surmounted by the arms of France and Poland. A Revolutionary fan has a painting representing the Assembly of the States-General in 1789; with, on the back or reverse, a statistical account of the revenue and expenditure for that year! A Spanish fan, belonging to Mrs. Layard (now ambassadress at Madrid), presents, painted on a kid *feuille*, the signs of the Zodiac, and a printed almanac

marked with some historical event for each day. An English fan of the last century is mounted with a printed copy of the Laws of Whist—thereby enabling a lady of quality to keep herself cool and at the same time to attend to her rubber.

Happily, this is not the last Exhibition of the kind we shall have. It is the first fruit of a plan, formed by those who have the power of carrying it into effect, for reviving the production of fans in England as a branch of Fine Art applied to industry, especially suitable for the employment of female artists. There is, as we all know, to be an International Exhibition next year, the first of an annual series; and it is in contemplation to include fans among the exhibits. Her Majesty—always alive to the value of these pleasant and instructive gatherings—has given the matter a start by the offer of a handsome money-prize for the best fan exhibited next year: being either a work of painting or carving, or a combination of both, and executed by a female artist under twenty-five years of age. The Society of Arts offers a gold medal

for the fan second in merit; while Lady Cornelia Guest and the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild offer prizes of ten pounds each for the third and fourth in merit. Princess Louise, whose artistic taste lends an additional grace to her amiability, has signified her intention of preparing a fan of her own handiwork for next year's Exhibition. The Science and Art Department will also contribute towards the same end. It is this department which has lately organised a system of Art-teaching for women; and the Loan Exhibition of Fans is regarded as an incentive. The department, in soliciting the good offices of the owners, pointed out that the fans most to be selected are those which present examples of the best art applied to their ornamentation; that the beauty or novelty of the materials and manufacture should also be attended to; and that an attempt should be made to show the changes of fashion in form and ornamentation. It must be admitted that these recommendations have been responded to in an admirable way.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

ON THE THAMES.

I SUPPOSE that at times, amid all the rush of business and amusement at the busiest and most amusing time of the year, the Londoner gets very tired of London. He finds, indeed, that he cannot keep the pace unless he alternates glimpses of the country with residence in town. He constantly migrates from the Saturday to the Monday; and whether or not he is a legislator for the empire, he is truly glad of the Easter and Whitsuntide recess. Like the Laureate's hero—

'I hate the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.'

On a brilliant burning day the notion of vulgar work becomes repulsive to one's finer feelings, and, like the Latin poet, we long for a cool valley, by some river side, beneath an abundance of pleasant foliage. This year the spring was so very long in coming on. One heard rumours of enormous icebergs, ever so many miles in length, cooling the Gulf Stream and threatening to spoil the spring altogether. In the early spring, which ought to have been late in spring, it was quite pitiable to see the ladies go to her Majesty's drawing-room. In front of Buckingham Palace round to the Riding School and up Grosvenor Place was there an unceasing string of carriages; and beautifully-dressed ladies—'I love that beauty should go beautifully'—for an interminable time were sitting with arms, bust, and shoulders bare, in a cutting, unwholesome wind, even without closing the windows of their carriages. In the benevolence of his heart, the Peripatetic felt strongly inclined to urge upon them that they should send for cloaks and shawls; but his conventionality proved too strong, and he left them to perish of phthisis and bronchitis. At last the spring made a desperate push to get to the front, and there was even a sudden blaze of

hot weather, a short time before the Derby Day. Then it suddenly occurred to the Peripatetic that it would be good for him to cool himself. Sudden gleams of woods and waters passed before his mental eye as he took the shady side of Bond Street, and followed Mr. Disraeli's advice in looking at the fish on the cool marble slabs, or contemplating the delicious ortolans, pretty birds that should be too pretty to be killed. Then the idea suddenly suggested itself that I should betake myself to the Thames and hire a boat, and lie down beneath the trees, and alternate my boating with talk and books. Take the hint, friendly reader: fling a few things together, go down in a Hansom to Paddington or the South Western, and go off to the Thames—some thirty miles up the river is best—and stay for the few hours, or days, or weeks that may be most pleasing to you.

In the course of my wanderings in the Thames district I think I only met a single tourist who, accompanied by his wife, was working through the country, and this amid as lovely scenery and famous localities as southern England can show. I was continually passing and repassing the Thames, and spent a good deal of time on the water. The fishing towns and villages are now generally busy, and the comfortable hostels at the water-side full to overflowing. The closing of the river during the month of May has had the effect of making the fishing villages dull for the time, but has been very beneficial in stocking the water. The quantity of small fish in the river is enormous; and the whole course of the Thames, in its season, is thickly studded with punts. The punting fishermen are interesting, because a patient and withal an enthusiastic people. They have a kind of conversation of their own. One has just arrived, in pursuit of his annual

custom of spending two months of the year in fishing. Another has sent back his carriage, and intends to punt home so far as Teddington. Another, an inveterate punter of eighty, from absence of mind or some other cause, has tilted from his chair into seven feet of water, and narrowly escaped drowning. Another has been informed, by telegraph, that a very big trout has been seen near a certain weir, and has taken lodgings until such time as the trout should be caught or disposed of. It is to be observed that the parlours of most of the angling inns display a stuffed trout in a glass case, with an extract from the local paper setting forth when it was caught and the number of pounds it weighs. This serves to fire the angler with a noble ambition, or to cheer his drooping spirits. From the immense number of fishermen, and the abundant supplies which the fishes find for themselves near their fertile banks, I should not think the Thames the best kind of fishing-ground. I see the punters are obliged to resort to the unsportsmanlike custom of raking the bed of the river to force the retired gudgeon into the actual contemplation of the bait. This brief allusion may be pardoned to a worthy and much-enduring race, with whom I frequently came in friendly collision. When I explained that I did not care for fishing, and was simply out on tourist purposes, they regarded me as a harmless lunatic; which was very much my own opinion concerning them. The river scenery is certainly something wonderful. I know of nothing more beautiful than the Thames from Eton to Pangbourne. Excepting London and Oxford, I know the Rhine better than I know the Thames; and in most respects I give this reach of the river a distinct preference over the Rhine. Less grand, it is much more lovely, and the towns and seats near the banks are not inferior in historic interest. It ought to be said, however, that the expense of travelling at home is not lighter than travelling on the Continent, and that you do not get so much for your money

in the way of commons and company. In some out-of-the-way localities you sometimes find the most unsophisticated prices. A learned friend has been telling me that after a long and conscientious investigation of the subject, he is satisfied that, upon the whole, iced champagne is the most wholesome beverage for his daily drink. He might overcome the difficulty about the ice by dropping the bottle in the cool Thames waters; but my learned friend would find a preliminary difficulty in procuring any light wines. It is in spring, and in spring only, that the foliage has that delicious exquisite green which painters so love. You cannot get such masses of this lovely colour in higher perfection than in the Undercliff, Isle of Wight, and in the valley of the Thames. You get it splendidly in driving along the Long Walk, from the Castle gates to George III.'s statue.

I had the opportunity of observing the extraordinary precautions taken on the occasion of her Majesty's journey northward. The Paper of Special Instructions, furnished to all the railway officials and the police, is quite a curiosity in its way. The train is timed to a second for each station. A pilot engine precedes for a quarter of an hour. There is not only telegraph communication from the break-vans to the engine, but the electric instrument and apparatus are conveyed in the royal train. A telegraphic communication could thus at once be made on the line, the notice paper says, 'the call for which will be L. I. To this signal precedence must be given.' The telegraph clerks of the station when the train is passing are to report both to the next station and to the last station the fact of the passing train, and are to watch the instruments until they are relieved. The danger signals are to be kept for fifteen minutes after the train has passed, and the line is to be kept clear for twenty minutes before. None of the public are on this occasion to be admitted; and the servants of the company are to perform the necessary work on the platforms

without noise, and no cheering or other demonstration must be allowed—the object being that her Majesty shall be perfectly undisturbed during the journey.’ And so with all precautions the royal train flashed through the night, crossing and recrossing the imperial river.

Pacing the Castle Terrace, or, better still, making the circuit of the Keep, it is impossible not to be struck with the great number of points in the landscape connected with the literary history of England. The two greatest names in our literature, Shakspeare and Milton, are connected with Windsor. That very morning I had seen on the Windsor walls the announcement that the ‘Merry Wives’ was to be performed. There is the spot where Herne’s oak—or what was reckoned such—stood till a year or two ago; and a little on is Datchet Mead, the scene of the troubles of Sir John Falstaff. Close by, below the railway bridge, is the little island of Black Pots, where worthy Sir Henry Wotton built himself a little fishing-place, and whither Izaak Walton used annually to resort. Three miles from Windsor you see the old church of Horton, with the twin yews in front, where Milton’s mother lies buried, and where he spent some of the most active years of his intellectual life. Yonder is a still more picturesque churchyard, that of Stoke Pogis, where Gray wrote the *Elegy*, and where he lies buried. Before us is the forest associated with the genius of Pope and recollections of Arbuthnot and Swift. Following the course of the Thames, a little beyond Magna Charta Island and the fine downs of Runnymede, you have Cowper’s Hill. The whole course of the Thames has its literary souvenirs. At Great Marlow, Shelley wrote ‘*The Revolt of Islam*.’ Beyond is Bisham Abbey, with its recollections of the early days of Queen Elizabeth, and Medmenham Abbey, and its wild traditions of Wilkes and his monks. The list might be increased indefinitely, if the noble chapel of Eton College, fronting the Castle and rising above the foliage of the

Playing Fields, might be allowed to suggest its associations. Simply to visit such localities would be a pleasure; and, without aspiring to be original, it would be a pleasure to verify what had been written in reference to them. The best way to realise the associations of scenery is to know and love the literature that inspired them; as when Gray, in his *Letters*, describes Burnham Beeches, or Pope draws the description, which has still so much truth, of Windsor Forest.

But, after all, the best effect of a brief retirement from town is the silence and solitude, the rippling of the stream, of the foliage, of the air; the opportunity of a little quiet thought, the introspect, the prospect, the retrospect. The Loto-phagi were right—

‘We never fold our wings,
Nor cease our wanderings,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown,
Nor steep our brows in slumber’s holy balm,
Or hearken what the inner spirit sings,
“There is no joy but calm.”’

‘There is no joy but calm.’ Exactly. That just suits the Thames, and sums up the philosophy of the punt.

THE CHRIST CHURCH OUTRAGE.

The recent outrage at Christ Church has excited a great deal of annoyance and much real pain among those who are acquainted with the ways of ‘the House.’ The escapade itself was unfortunate; but the most unfortunate thing about it was that it should find its way into the newspapers. If all the Christ Church rows were published with equal detail, they would furnish a good many exciting columns, and matter for a series of virtuous-indignation leaders in the penny papers. Most Oxford men will remember several notorious cases in which Christ Church men have been accused of offences which might very properly have been tried at the criminal bar. They excited a great deal of scandal in the university, but luckily they were kept out of the papers. I remember a member of a late Government saying that he fully expected that some member of the House of Commons

would rise in his place and ask the Home Secretary if he knew anything of certain occurrences at Christ Church. The right honourable gentleman little thought that one of his nearest relatives was at the bottom of all the mischief to which he referred. There has always been at Christ Church a fast, unscrupulous, extravagant set, who have never taken the least serious interest in the studies of the place, and are content to scrape through the mere pass examination, or to reside as long as they can without encountering any examination at all. I am a Christ Church man myself, and, while desiring to meet the facts fully and fairly, I still think there is a great deal of undue exaggeration respecting them, and unjust inference. The 'rat-catcher' set at Christ Church, to use a phrase current in my day, were lightly esteemed, and did not number largely, and formed a very moderate percentage on the numbers of the largest college in Oxford. Moreover, when we inquire into most of the Christ Church rows, there is less of crime in them than sheer nonsense and frivolity.

It was so with this last row. As the facts were told, they looked exceedingly black in the first instance. The case looked one of felony—a felony which the authorities might not be able to compound. Afterwards the case assumed a much milder complexion. It was a curious thought which suggested to the wild undergraduate mind the thought of the raid on the library. The solitude of that splendid library is very rarely invaded by the undergraduate. You may get the use of a key for a half-crown fee to the librarian, and then study books, or statues, or paintings to any extent in undisturbed seclusion. I have heard of the present Dean, when a young man, doing much of his celebrated 'Lexicon' here before breakfast of a morning; but these legends of superhuman industry, vaguely reported and dimly believed, have hardly the faintest counterpart in the present day. I remember a man being asked by Dean Liddell at collections, what Sophocles he knew.

'I know all Sophocles,' was the aspiring reply. 'Ah,' said Dr. Liddell, quietly, 'I wish I did.' A neat reply, which considerably shut up the young man. But the library is very little known to men of the House, unless when showing the Guise collection of pictures to their visitors. Now, if these young men had been bent only on the most mischievous kind of frolic they could devise, in a few minutes they might have done thousands of pounds of mischief. There are some pictures in that collection which were almost priceless—as the world recognized at the Manchester Art Exhibition—and they could, without much difficulty, be cut to pieces and destroyed. Then we have the Chantrey busts, with their vacant pedestal. Chantrey refused to do the bust of George IV. until the King had paid him for his bust of George III. Now it was pure whim which induced young men, apparently hard-up for a way of exhibiting their animal spirits, to take Mr. Munro's bust of Dean Gaisford and some others out of the abode and deposit them in quad. To give them a moustache, fling something over the shoulders, stick a cigar in the mouth, was probably the extent of the mischief meditated. It was intensely silly and boyish; but I do not think there is anything more to be said. It was not so bad as climbing over into a private garden of the House, and demolishing everything, right and left, that the garden had contained. If the frolic had stopped at this point, we should have heard nothing more about it. But the demon of discord hovering over Christ Church—I believe that is a classical way of expressing oneself—sent another mischievous party roaming about Christ Church to view these sacred effigies. To roam about the House at midnight, and to do what little harm that can be done in the rooms of friends who have imprudently neglected to sport oaks—upsetting everything in the rooms, which is called haymaking—is a nocturnal employment congenial to the undergraduate mind. Pleasing, also, is it to have a great midnight bonfire, and let the ruddy

blaze overtop Canterbury Quad into Oriel Street. I remember, in my time, a raid being made into the lecture-room, and some forms, chairs, and indifferent pictures being carried away, together with wheelbarrows and ladders belonging to some workmen, to form a glorious fire in Peckwater Quad. Of course the censors or tutors would hurry to the spot, if they had heard what had happened; but the real offenders would have scurried off, and generally they could only seize and severely reprimand some timid freshman who had hurried to the spot through some alarm of fire. In the case I have mentioned, the matter was condoned through the chief offender sending a cheque for about a hundred pounds, which covered all damages. The same course might have been adopted in the present instance—and any amount of money would have been forthcoming to avoid expulsion—if the true proportions of the occurrence had been known at the time. The first band of revellers had had their skylarking and retired from the field. Enter to them a second band, who are seized with the idea of having a blaze and blackening those venerable countenances. The silly boys were probably dismayed when they found the marble calcined into lime, and discovered that they had been vulgar Goths and Vandals in destroying a work of art. If the transaction had been designed and complete from beginning to end, the offence would have deserved something more than any measure of collegiate punishment; but the responsibility thus divided, makes the offence lighter than many that have been condoned. Great must have been the consternation of the Christ Church dons, when they found the effigies of the greatest of all dons, Dean Gaisford—albeit a German commentator did choose to call him *Gaisfordius escior quis*—thus maltreated. It would not fail to suggest to their minds the mutilation of the Hermæ, previous to the Sicilian expedition, and, in its way, excited as much terror and disgust as that famous and mysterious event.

Expulsion is a punishment of a very varying effect. To men intended for a public or professional career it is simply ruin; to other men it is little more than a mere occurrence of a moment. At some institutions it has been a method tried on a large scale. Dr. Arnold made Rugby a great school by expelling boys, or forcing them to leave, or refusing to admit them when they would do the school discredit; a system that has been extensively imitated by succeeding masters of public schools. You may weed a school or college very completely this way, but it perhaps involves some hardship to parents, and after all had boys must go to school or college as well as good. There are always a slight sprinkling of men at Christ Church who might be told to take their names off the books very advantageously to the interests of the university. The records of hall, chapel, and lecture-room, and the entries in the porter's book indicate the suspicious or the *suspectes d'être suspectes*. A man whose general character is high may now and then do some extraordinary breach of discipline, without being called to account for it, whereas a man of indifferent repute, for a minor breach of discipline, would be sure to receive the censor's compliments, and the censor would be glad to speak to him the first thing after chapel. So true it is that one man may take a horse while another may be hanged for looking over a hedge. Some extraordinary freaks have been done at Christ Church by very quiet men in some sudden ebullition, and their character has stood so well with the authorities that they have never been suspected. I am not at all surprised that in this last outbreak some suspected men have been discovered to be innocent, and some unsuspected men have been shown to be culprits.

But I cannot help thinking, with a well-informed man who wrote a very sensible leader on the subject in the 'Times,' that if these young men have sinned against the House, there are also respects in which Christ Church sins against its undergraduates. Young men at Ox-

ford have a social and moral life on which the college system fails even to infringe. Now and then young men are invited by dons to a wine or an evening party, but they merely show themselves as on parade and pass by unnoted. Dean Liddell is one of our greatest scholars, and one of the most just and upright of men, but it can hardly be said that he has obtained that popularity which is almost the duty of the ruler of a great society. Cannot the Dean, Canons, and Tutors of Christ Church do something more to win the confidence, to raise the moral tone, to increase the happiness and self-respect of that large and important section of English youth intrusted to their care, nearly all of whom are possible magistrates and legislators, and probably much also that is higher? Christ Church has many great traditions to uphold, but the governing body does not seem to see the way very clearly how to uphold or extend them. Perhaps the imparting some element of home life into collegiate life, the tutors seeking direct personal influence over the men, as sometimes has been done at Balliol and elsewhere, the seeking of personal friendship, which young men are mostly so generously ready to confer, might do something towards weaning undergraduates from practical jokes, and of awakening them into some wide and true ideas of the duties and destinies of life.

FLOWER SHOWS AND FANCY FAIRS.

The revolving summer as it comes round restores to us once more the pleasing phenomena of the flower show and the fancy fair. They form certainly the most ingenious instrumentation ever devised by the ladies with the single object of the extraction of coin from that unworthy gender which has usurped the power of the purse. The twin institutions have covered the country with such a perfect network that it is almost hopeless to expect that any man will be able to escape the toils. We have no doubt that flower shows were originally

devised by fair ladies, who certainly furnish the most delicate and delicious blooms of all to such institutions. They also effect an incalculable amount of good, for there is hardly a village that does not hold its little horticultural fête, and the good effect is spread over many thousand smiling gardens throughout the country. But the flower shows are no longer presided over by the graces—they are generally managed by rough-handed gardeners and a hirsute committee of the local gentry. The institution of the bazaar or the fancy fair is exclusively the ladies' domain, and we regret to say that they have an unbusinesslike way of doing business. A worthy bishop the other day, when taking the chair at an institution of this sort, made some very ungracious and unflattering remarks on them, and I really think that he was very hard upon them, for sometimes they don't do so very much wrong, and if they do, they do wrong with the best intentions.

I beg to say that I know fancy fairs to which the bishop's criticisms will not apply in the least degree. I am bound to admit, however, that these exceptions chiefly apply to provincial districts, and the rules of commercial virtue have hardly penetrated to the fancy fairs of Belgravian demoiselles. Generally speaking, the taste for the fancy fair survives, but the original spirit which animated it is lost. Originally the ladies worked hard at a hundred elegant and useful things, or made great sacrifices of little personal objects very dear to them, sustained by the enthusiasm of a great cause. But now they do not give away much of their own, and they find it easier to order in a lot of things from the shops, and they demand exorbitant prices for what they sell. Still the old style of thing often survives in its best form. As you go about the Little Pedlingtons of the world you will find the young ladies of such obscure localities are for weeks and months busily employing their fair fingers in industrious work that has for its object the maintenance of the parish schools, the warming of the church, or the

building of a parsonage for the popular parson. It is also to be noticed that the age of elegant trifling has gone by, and young ladies when sensibly brought up have an eye to the useful, and, in the case of a bazaar, to the market state of supply and demand for such wares as they fabricate. They charge as much as they think they are likely to get for mere admission, and I do not see how the most rigid bishop can object to what is simply a matter of free choice. Their prices are very much the same as the shops—much to the indignation of the shopkeepers, with whom the bazaars are often no favourites. If the clergyman is rigid he will not even allow a raffle, and his wife will not approve of a flirtation. And yet the fancy fair will flourish even under such ungenial conditions. I have seen indeed some innovations made with the happiest results. The stall system was discouraged as leading to rivalry, and the ladies officiated at different times behind the imitation counter as amateur shopwomen. During the evening they perform pieces of music, and so produce a kind of drawing-room where all classes might pleasantly associate together, and we think the country thus gives hints which may be advantageously followed in town.

The London bazaar is certainly iniquitous enough. Flirting is almost the end and aim of the institution, but its best effects are sometimes painfully counteracted by extreme voracity in obtaining high prices. There are a number of pretty little legends about fancy fairs, of men who have given sovereigns for flowers and a ten-pound note for a lock of hair. It almost seems as if young ladies were resolutely bent on sounding the lowest depths of an adorer's purse, as if the traditional worldly mamma was resolved to draw from trifles some light on the subject of settlements. The most enamoured adorer might, however, be a little cooled by reflecting that he was thus prodigally drained. The plea 'Remember it's for a charity' is supposed to cover every kind of immoderate pressure and entreaty. Perhaps the worst thing in this line

used to be the theatrical fancy fair at the Crystal Palace, but I am told that this is now placed upon a better footing. Mr. Trollope, in his '*Miss Mackenzie*,' makes his Guardsmen use very bad language because young ladies charged them five shillings each for looking through a peep-hole and five shillings for writing their names on a slip of paper. Many worse things, however, might be told of the bazaars. Unless they can be altered into something better, it is an open question whether they should not be abolished altogether. The Peripatetic hereby announces his intention of taking notice of such institutions during the summer and autumn, with a view of promulgating a timely scheme of reform respecting their character and uses.

STRAY NOTES ON BOOKS.

Earl Stanhope, in his '*Reign of Queen Anne*,'* has given us a work which will be of decided service to students of history, but which provokes an odious comparison, of which the critics have made a good deal. He designs his work as a link between his own history from the Peace of Utrecht and Lord Macaulay's fragmentary fifth volume. It is not given to every one to draw the bow of Achilles, and it is impossible to read this book without feeling how painfully destitute of eloquence, imagination, and historical genius Earl Stanhope is. It might have been better called a *Life of Marlborough*, and the real book to compare with it is Sir Archibald Alison's '*Life of Marlborough*.' Lord Stanhope need not shrink from a comparison with Alison as an historian. In some points of view he need not shrink from a comparison with Macaulay. He is a much more honest writer. We are always quite free from that feeling of suspicion which continually haunts Macaulay's pages. We find here a much calmer, a much juster estimate of William III. and Marlborough. He often refers to Macaulay, and gives the following

* '*History of England: comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht, 1701—1713.*' By Earl Stanhope. Murray.

little anecdote: 'He pointed out to me that the ancient device of the Templars had been two knights upon one horse, to indicate the original poverty of their order; and he observed that the same device might be as aptly applied to the modern members of the Temple—two barristers at least to one cause.' Lord Stanhope has a very interesting argument, to show that in the reign of Queen Anne people were much more happy and contented than they are in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is in the last chapter, entitled 'The Age of Anne,' that we especially feel Lord Stanhope's inferiority to Lord Macaulay. Macaulay was always happiest when he got away from his politics to the domain of pure literature. In the whole range of literature there is no period which he knew so thoroughly and with which he sympathised so thoroughly as the age of Anne. As we read these meagre pages we cannot but recal how Macaulay would have revelled in the subject, and would have crowded his pages with exhaustless and brilliant illustrations of the subject. We must, however, say that to those who really study history this cannot fail to be a very serviceable volume. It is perhaps, however, the least service of the many valuable services which Lord Stanhope has rendered to the country. To him we owe many valuable historical books, and the National Portrait Gallery—public services of no ordinary kind.

Mr. Kingsley, in his 'Madam How and Lady Why,'* has given us one of his best books, not destined perhaps to be as popular as his novels, but certainly as valuable as anything which he has done in science, and much more valuable than anything he has done in history. He calls it a book for children, but children of very large growth indeed, who are often deplorably ignorant of scientific truth, may be put by this work in the right groove for an infinite expansion of their ideas. Mr. Kingsley is no less noted for his

science than for his protests against the dogmatism and materialism of scientific men. There are some bright, pungent sentences which we especially commend to the attention of some of the savants. 'Then you are fast asleep, and perhaps that is the best thing for you; for sleep will (so I am informed, though I never saw it happen, nor any one else) put fresh grey matter into your brain; or save the wear and tear of the old grey matter, or something else, when they have settled what it is to do: and if so, you will wake up with a fresh fiddlestring to your little fiddle of a brain, on which you are playing new tunes all day long. So much the better; but when I believe your brain is you, pretty boy, then I shall believe also that the fiddler is his fiddle.' Similarly Mr. Kingsley quotes Herder. 'The organ is in no case the power that works it;' 'which is as much as to say,' proceeds Mr. Kingsley, 'that the engine is not the engine-driver, nor the spade the gardener.'

A wonderful little book for the student is Mr. Bond's 'Handy-Book of Dates.'* Mr. Bond is well and very favourably known to all who frequent the library of the Rolls, and is the Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. He, if any man, knows the importance of verifying dates, and the ingenuity of his method and the wide range of his readings will be evident to every student. The work indeed appeals to an esoteric circle both of readers and of critics, and these will not be slow to estimate the substantial help afforded to them. Mr. Bond truly points out that the mere knowledge of the fact that an event occurred is of little worth *per se*, unless the true place in the history of the world of the event in question is also known. This is one of those valuable books which it is the interest of all true scholars to praise and make known.

A work on the 'Discovery of the

* 'Madam How and Lady Why; or, First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children.' By Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A. Bell and Daldy.

* 'Handy-Book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates with the Christian Era.' By John J. Bond, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. Bell and Daldy.

Great West,'* published indeed by Mr. Murray, but we imagine printed in America, only meagrely fulfils the expectations set forth by the title. By the 'Great West' the author means the valleys of the Mississippi and the Lakes; and Mr. Parkman has industriously searched private sources and the public archives of France. The volume is rather of American than general interest, and its hero is that great pioneer of civilisation, La Salle, who was assassinated on the prairie by some of his unworthy followers. It is satisfactory to know that the wretched scoundrels were soon afterwards murdered themselves, according to that rapid system of crime and recrimination which has always been predominant in the Far West. La Salle achieved a great geographical discovery, and for a time it proved fruitless, and has only yielded one of the most wild and mournful of the American narratives of discovery. We imagine that our readers will hardly find it worth while to go fully into the narrative, unless for the sake of tracing the character of the Jesuit missions.

'Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste.† It is now twelve years since the second edition of this book was exhausted. Messrs. Groombridge now bring forward a third, more handsome than ever. Fully two hundred illustrations on wood

* 'The Discovery of the Great West: an Historical Narrative.' By Francis Parkman. Murray.

† 'Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste.' By Shirley Hibberd. Groombridge and Sons.

and in colour illustrate the text which takes up the adornments of the house and the garden. It is a charming volume, and we cannot do better than allow the author to explain himself in the following lines from the Preface: 'Its purport is to enlarge the circle of domestic pleasures and home pursuits; to quicken observation of natural phenomena so that the meanest of familiar things shall become eloquent in praise of beneficence and beauty; to strengthen family ties and affections by multiplying the sources of mutual sympathy; and to cheer the loneliest with amusements that tend to cheerfulness, and afford solace and variety, where, but for such reliefs, life might become unbearably monotonous and wearisome. Whatever may be our views of life, religion, and duty, such recreations as are herein described are not likely to clash with them, but they may help the soul in its aspirations by conducting it away from disturbing scenes, and surrounding it with an atmosphere of health and peacefulness. Happy he who by experience can enter into the full meaning of Coleridge's exquisite lines on the lark in his "Tears in Solitude:"—

There he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark, that sings unseen,
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature;
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds;
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark,
'That singest like an angel in the clouds.'



SONG OF THE SMOKE-WREATHS.

Sung to the Smokers.

NOT like clouds that cap the mountains,
 Not like mists that mask the sea,
 Not like vapours round the fountains—
 Soft and clear and warm are we.

Hear the tempest, how its minions
 Tear the clouds and heap the snows;
 No storm-rage is in our pinions,
 Who knows us, 'tis peace he knows.

Soaring from the burning censers,
 Stealing forth through all the air,
 Hovering as the mild dispensers
 Over you of blisses rare,

Softly float we, softly blend we,
 Tinted from the deep blue sky,
 Scented from the myrrh-lands, bend we
 Downward to you ere we die.

Ease we bring and airy fancies,
 Sober thoughts with visions gay,
 Peace profound, with daring glances
 Through the clouds to endless day.

Not like clouds that cap the mountains,
 Not like mists that mask the sea,
 Not like vapours round the fountains—
 Soft and clear and warm are we.

L. T. A.

Valetta, Malta.

TAKING A HEADER.

DOWN through the sapphire pavement
 That roofs the sea-god's world
 I shall pass with the speed of a shooting star
 From heaven's turret hurled.
 I have sworn, as I stripped for battle,
 To wrest the emerald throne
 From Neptune and Amphitrite,
 They have reigned too long alone.

To my feet the servile billows
 Creep with a fawning smile,
 But I know too well such creatures,
 Their wrath o'erlaid with guile;
 And I stand like a naked athlete
 Scorning the rabble's roar,
 Till in wilder insurrection
 They foam on the gleaming shore.

I will tear the crown of coral
 And the chains of shipwrecked gold
 From the brow and breast of Neptune,
 That tyrant grey and old.
 Alone, unarmed I'll venture
 Without talisman or spell :—
 That toll from the church tower yonder,
 Diver, may be your knell !

Oh no ! that sea of azure
 Bright in the morning sun,
 And warm as an Indian ocean
 When the summer has begun,
 Will open to the diver
 As the air does to the bird,
 And swift as an arrow shot by night
 I shall dart unseen, unheard.

Now I stand like one invoking
 Jove in his realms of cloud,
 My praying hands upraising
 Defiant still and proud,
 As the shouldering ranks of billows
 Beat on my brawny breast,
 And lash themselves to anger
 In the might of their great unrest.

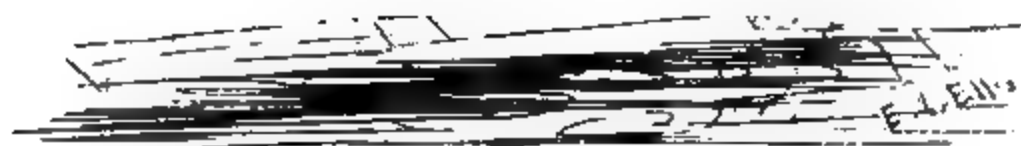
Look ! the sea gulls skim around me
 With wild inquiring eyes,
 Glancing through spray and rainbow
 Like great white butterflies.

And like birds of larger pinion
The boats with the brown sails dart,
And I seem to see with a keener eye,
And to feel with a larger heart.

Flash ! as the swallow passes
I have cleft the azure dark ;
A gurgle, a bubble, that rose and broke—
A glimmer, a widening spark,
As if eyes of ocean monsters
Were glaring to bar our reign ;—
A flash, green light expanding,
And I spring to life again.

But still the old enchantment
Has hid King Neptune's door,
And I seem to hear derision
In the hoarse sea's louder roar ;
When all at once a giant's voice
Says with an angry shout,
' *Bill, see to forty-seven,*
Ain't be ever a-coming out ?

WALTER THORNBURY.



LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST, 1870.

Drawn by the late M. J. Lewicki.

AN EPISODE IN THE ITALIAN WAR.

See p. 192.

AT THE SEASIDE.

I AM a man that lives a great deal at the sea-side. Originally I used to run down for a month or two, then I came down regularly to spend the winter, latterly I have got into the way of spending all my time on the southern coast save when I go off for a holiday to northern latitudes. Originally my object in going to the coast was to avoid the east wind; I may say, however, that this is all a delusion. The east wind blows everywhere, and I believe it blows with peculiar viru-

lence on the south coast. Another primary notion was that I should get plenty of ozone—whatever ozone may happen to be, and however you may happen to get it. There is a rather strong—to some nostrils rather unpleasant—smell of seaweed, which is supposed to contain iodine, which we are exhorted to sniff as highly beneficial and probably helpful with the ozone. Life at the coast may be roughly described as three months spasmodic gaiety varied by a hybernating

process extending over the other nine months. We have a brief but glorious campaign, and, like the old-fashioned generals and their armies, we then go quietly into winter quarters. Or, to vary the simile, we weave our cocoons until we poor grubs emerge from our chrysalis and fly away upon gauzy butterfly wings for our fleeting season.

Upon most days—I mean our days of dulness—I calculate that you might fire a cannon opposite our assembly rooms, and let it sweep the beach or the principal street without much chance of dislocating any of the inhabitants. As you walk about you think that most of the people are devoting themselves with intense energy to the pursuit of being agents for houses, creating the pleasing uncertainty where the landlords and landladies may be, since every one is tawing agent, and a still more uncertain problem respecting the possibility of tenants. I should say that our district pretty much reproduces the ancient state of Attica, as described by historians, as being broken up into the sections of the men of the coast, the men of the plain, and the men of the hills. The men of the coast are of course the inhabitants of the seaboard, whose apartments face the sweet south and command the sea view. Let the men of the plain be defined as those whose abodes are in the rear of us sea-folk and whose bucolic dwellings are scattered, miscellaneous, heterogeneously, about the country side. Let us understand by the men of the hill-country society at large, with their mansions built on 'a gentle elevation,' surrounded with 'park-like grounds,' and guarded by 'picturesque lodges.' It will be perceived that I have formed my descriptive style by an attentive perusal of the somewhat desultory but extensive writings of the late Mr. George Robins, auctioneer. Their great carriages will sometimes roll into our little watering-place, where the shops, like other shops of other watering-places, will faithfully reproduce the last year's fashions of Paris, as faithfully as our great county town

itself. Out of these different elements, by a constant series of permutations and combinations, you may construct the varying elements of our watering-place society. Those are fortunate people who know some of the county grandees, for this will give them some substantial enjoyment and society amid the wavering and uncertain elements of a watering-place. Then, in addition to these, we have the 'loafers' or wandering Christians, who, in a vagrant and irregular manner, make an irruption upon the town, out of the proper season, and, for some reason best known to themselves, take lodgings for a time. The natives are not too proud to accept their money, and in their corporate capacity, if indeed we may speak of the aggregate of the visitors as anything so substantial and defined as a corporation, the visitors are looked upon with extreme respect. Indeed their advent is expected just in the same way as the Egyptians expect the rising of the Nile. If the highly welcome inundation did not come with its fructifying waters, our little commercial society, as a society, might adjourn at once to Deringhall Street. But still for stony 'loafers,' for individuals who come and take lodgings at abnormal seasons of the year, the prevalent feeling appears to be that of contempt. I need hardly say that the perpetual denizens of the town regard them with a kind of unwavering hostility. Our town gentry construct a kind of cosy selfishness for themselves, eating and drinking among themselves, the favourite party being that of 'tea and turn out,' and entertain a supercilious well-bred contempt for strangers. The ordinary Britisher proceeds upon the hypothesis that every stranger, until you know him to be a gentleman, must be an undetected pick-pocket or a discarded billiard-marker. We don't 'heave harf a brick' at them, but we 'remember to forget' to entertain them. But the curious thing is that the 'loafers' appear to look upon each other with mutual distrust, and only very rarely appear to take any steps towards amalgamation

among themselves. This is our British insularity. Each person is afraid of being considered solitary, afraid of being thought to make the first advances, and so mountains rise and oceans roll between worthy people who only want the *open sesame* of an introduction to become close allies. Sometimes, on the other hand, the most agreeable intimacies spring up in most pleasant encounters, and after all there is some kind of freemasonry among persons of culture and kindly feeling.

Before we pass on to the gay irruption of the season, let us say something more of permanent life by the shore. It is singular how the sea, which our ancestors associated with every image of horror and desolation, has come into fashion within the last century, and attracts such a number of permanent residents. A taste for the sea has come in parallel with a taste for the tub. It is the fault of our community that it is broken up into cliques, over all of which Mrs. Grundy reigns supreme. Everybody has got his pet parson and his pet doctor; and the conflict of opinions on the rival merits of parsons and doctors is tremendous. The bulk of the society of small watering-places is made up of persons who have nothing to do, and yet contrive to make a considerable amount of fuss in doing it. People live in the full glare of a mutually destructive criticism; and if you believed all the pleasant things that ill-natured people say of each other, you would form an exceedingly low moral estimate of our neighbourhood. But the ill-natured people do not have it all their own way. There is a leaven of goodness and sweet manners in the unlikely localities, and in some this happy element predominates and gives the tone of society. And even the ill-natured people will soften at times and come out with a truly surprising degree of mildness. It is an unpleasant fact, that in every watering-place there is a large amount of chronic distress. In the season there is plenty of money stirring. Work is plentiful

and very well paid. But it is hard to expect from the mass of fishermen and their families saving, provident habits, and if you do expect it you are extremely sanguine and likely to be disappointed. After prosperous employment, a season of enforced inactivity sets in. The poor cannot find work, and they will not make work. Then comes a period of chronic distress on a little town, and all the good-hearted people combine together for the purpose of its alleviation. This charitable object, while it does good to others also does good to ourselves. It furnishes the excuse for a good deal of harmless, and, in fact, extremely moderated festivity. Perhaps we have a bazaar, and if some lawless outsider chooses to wander within its precinct and flirt with some of our innocent pretty girls, it furnishes a keen matter of discussion for some of our tea-tables. We take to periodical penny readings; but, alas! the penny readings are entering upon a radical and demoralized phase. One gentleman of a revolutionary frame of mind lately insisted on blacking his face and giving us a nigger melody in appropriate character. This was a particularly strong shock to the feelings of our 'oldest inhabitant,' a very respectable gentleman, who never condescended to look at a 'Punch and Judy' in his life. Under the innocuous title of a 'selection from the writings of Madison Morton,' some of them actually got up a performance of 'Box and Cox;' and afterwards, throwing aside the flimsy pretence of penny reading, went in bodily for a little operetta and burlesque. But our most sensible critics hardly looked severely on these proceedings, as they considered that the sanitary effect of stirring up our stagnant minds was highly salutary.

But I am bold to say—having lived various lives, if I may be permitted that bold metaphor—a tolerably continuous life at the seaside is highly enjoyable, so far as mere existence goes. Whatever fine weather our bleak skies admit is attainable here if anywhere. For the

three wintriest months to many life is a mere discomfort; but there we have the first gleams of spring and the latest gleams of autumn. Have you ever watched in the Alps some little cloud that has got detached from the upper heavens, and seems wandering forlorn adown the crests and precipitous sides of the mountains? In some such way there comes ever and again in spring some day that has evidently been detached from Italy and from summer, and has floated unawares upon the south coast of our northern isle. The waves and winds are laid, the sunshine flushes warm and benignant, the breeze is exhilarating and pure; and then our resident population turns out *en masse*—a poor notion of *en masse*—on the beach, and for the warmest hours of the day there is almost a flutter of liveliness. On such a day may frequently be observed some prying individual, in an apparently wavering and tentative state of mind, perhaps accompanied by the better half, and perhaps by a fraction of the family, frequently pausing on the beach to make an inspection of the parade. The experienced local eye immediately detects that he is looking out for a house or apartment. Only a sense of dignity and respectability can prevent the lodging-house keepers from laying violent hands upon him. But then the anxious inquiry arises whether he is merely a 'loafer' who might come down miscellaneously at any time, or whether he is the pioneer of the welcome horde of visitants, the first gush of the fountain, the first nugget of the mine. Fashion reigns so obtusely that, for the most radiant parts of the year, the brightest days of the spring, and the mildest of the autumn, we are comparatively deserted.

As welcome as Blücher's troops to the English at Waterloo are our visitants and tourists, when they really come at last, to a quantity of people who are well-nigh worn out or famished out by their prolonged absence. Our omnibuses, which for months past have gone through the forlorn routine of attending trains which seem rarely to bring or take

away anybody, are now loaded with luggage and crowded with passengers. The drivers and conductors exchange hilarious remarks. The demand for cabs rises; they cannot be had for love or money,—let us say simply for money, for I am not aware that the other thing ever forms an item in such business calculations. Now all the hangers-on of a watering-place, like Jeshurun, wax fat and kick; people who have been living on the rates, who have been supported by your multifarious tickets for soup, bread, grocery, coals, meat, blankets, will hardly condescend to be civil to you or to do your work at any price. Into these three months the profits of the whole year are to be crowded. The board and lodging of the visitors are to afford board and lodging for all the year round. I am sure I bring no imputation on the lodging-house keepers. They do quite right in taking twenty guineas a week for a house if they can get it. They are often very worthy people, prudently husbanding their resources, and not neglecting those who are worse off than themselves. It is a lower and different grade chiefly on whom the holiday system has such a demoralizing effect.

When the irruption sets in it is very pleasing to notice those varieties of English life of which it gives us an idea. Some are old visitants, who come year after year, go to the same lodgings, hire the same flies, and haunt the same shops. These are almost part of ourselves, and we greet them 'with effusion.' Then there are always a number of young ladies who seem neatly turned out of their bandboxes, and a number of young gentlemen of whom pretty much the same thing might be said. Some of these last affect a lawless nautical air, and show a disposition to use telescopes and dispense with braces. Our pier is the great centre of attraction during the season. Of course we have a band; the townsfolk, the visitors, and the pier company combine to keep it up. After an allowance for an ignoble set of Saturday-to-Monday-ers, we get a goodly crowd of holiday residents. Sometimes the

tide sets in overwhelmingly. Even cottages in back streets will let off their bedrooms for thirty shillings a week. The rumour flies with exultation through the town that on a certain Saturday night the demand for lodging overflowed all ordinary accommodation, and there was quite a run upon cabs and bathing-machines. Then the pier is gay with flags. The streets are alive with music. Then an awning is spread on the pier, and a gay company are seated. Then carriages roll past, and from horsemen and horsewomen the merry laughter echoes through the country lanes. Then the almost grass-grown streets are busy with cheerful throngs. Then the parsons furbish up their best sermons, and preach for their local charities, and the pew-openers reap an abundant harvest of shillings. Then the celebrated equestrian companies give a brilliant series of performances in their circus, and nomadic rogues black their faces and call themselves Christy Minstrels. Then the visitors rush off for the local papers to see their names in all the glories of print, announcing their arrival or departure. It is the Holiday Season! Now it makes a very great difference whereabouts on the coast you may happen to be, and what particular object you may specially propose by going to the coast. Coasts infinitely vary. The West Sussex coast is low and flat; the East Sussex coast rises into cliffs and hills. South Wales has castles and precipitous cliffs. Devon has shadowy combes and woods feathering to the water's edge, and sub-alpine scenery of mingled softness and grandeur. Cornwall alternates iron-bound coasts with delicious little fishing coves. Of course these instances may be indefinitely multiplied. One great necessity is that you should have fine sands for bathing; some very pretty watering-places, notably Torquay, are deficient in this. It is a great advantage to have some place to go to, and not a bare unbroken expanse of sea; to be, for instance, within easy sailing distance of the Isle of Wight, or to be able to take

short steamboat excursions, as from Scarborough to Whitby. Then it is a great advantage if you have some natural curiosities in these parts—a beach strewn with shells, a cave, a far-drawn bay, almost an estuary, a landslip, some curious hole in the ground through which the undermining sea will cast up, under certain conditions of tide and wind, a cloud of spray. It is dull work simply to sail out and to sail back with no other variety than a seizure of the customary form of invalidism, or, perchance, the shipping of half a boatful of water.

While you are on the coast you may as well work the resources of the seashore to the utmost. Get Mr. Gosse's books, or Mr. Kingsley's 'Glaucus,' and you will get as fascinating introductions as maybe to its peculiar studies and delights. What an added pleasure and interest it gives to all excursions along the coast when you have some kind of stimulus over and above the mere walk or lounge! I have always a feeling of respect for the boys and girls whom I see gathering and collecting shells and pebbles on some rough approximation to a scientific principle, or collecting wild flowers and ferns, especially that notable maiden-hair above the cliffs, and who have got such active minds that they *will* interest themselves in something or other, and in all ways are all the better for it. Rather than do nothing, my lads, paddle about in the water with a shrimping net. I admire the Quaker who gave a beggar sixpence to take a lot of wood into a shed, and then another sixpence to take it out again. I knew a young gentleman at Brighton who developed an extraordinary capacity for fishing; he used to take up his station at the end of the old pier where the descending steps meet the water, and with his lines and pots he contrived to have quite a fishery. He insisted upon the privilege of supplying his father's somewhat large household with fish at fishmonger's prices, and a very liberal notion of charging that young gentleman had! I cannot say that I at all approve of his introducing

business arrangements, of such a strongly marked mercantile character into family life, but I am glad that he took heartily to fishing, or that, in these *poco curanto* days, any one should take heartily to anything. There are very great delights in deep-sea fishing, if you are superior to the motion of the boat; only give most of your fish away to your friends, for otherwise the mercantile element crops up. And let me tell you that there is almost as much address required in deep-sea fishing as in tickling up a trout with a fly. Some time ago I gave half a day to fishing for whiting. We rowed on to the feeding-grounds—the fishermen could define it exactly—and we fished for the whiting, who themselves were fishing for smaller fishes still. It seemed so perfectly easy to haul down your set of baited hooks, and then, as you ascertain your nibs, to haul in your finny booty. But the fisherman caught a dozen whiting to every one of mine; yet our ways of procedure were to all appearance identical; but there was a subtle difference in the mode, which the fishes seemed to appreciate. Then it is interesting to be on the spot at the time when the fishing-boats come in, and there is a rough suction on the beach. The fish is then sold for so much a pound, a price very different from the retail price, a return which seems really very little for the labour and peril and expenditure of small capital incurred by the fishermen. It is a pitiable sight at times to see how the nets have been torn open by the sword fish, who have destroyed their draught, and inflicted many hours of toil upon them. As a rule, very little of this fish is cried about your town or carted about the neighbouring district; it is carried off to the large towns or to London. I have often been surprised to note how extremely little exact knowledge of any scientific matter relating to the sea is possessed by seafaring people. I have repeatedly seen exhibited by sailors small specimens of the fish which Victor Hugo almost makes the hero of his 'Toilers of the Sea.'

In the English version it is called the 'devil fish,' probably for the sake of the alarming term, but it is properly a kind of cuttle fish, which, according to Buffon, can at times be very dangerous, whereas the devil fish is only a mild kind of fish. The sailors point with awe to its system of many suckers; but they have not the least knowledge of the creature, and any clever boy, well-up in ichthyology, would be able to surprise quite an old sailor. But still try and pick up an acquaintance with the old fishermen. They are often surly and uncommunicative, and generally require to be refreshed with a pot of beer. That pot of beer will be very well bestowed. If they are socially disposed, they will give you yarns of the salt seas and of far-off islands, which the boys and girls at least will long remember. Of course in your fashionable watering-places you will not often find genuine sailors, except at such places as Hastings or Tenby; but you can hardly proceed along the coast in any direction for half a dozen miles without finding some very genuine examples.

It seems so strange to come back to a seaside place after a long absence, yourself so changed and all around unchanged. The subdued colouring of your own mind has toned down all the brilliancy and the poetry of old ocean; 'the golden islands which lay in the sunrise pass into clouds and the gorgeous sparkle into a stern reality of struggle and storm.' It is strange in the summer evening to listen to the silvery laughter or some thoughtless talk, and the bright sparkling glee that is the simple product of the animal spirits of youth. It is hard to realise that not so long ago one was as careless and jovial as ever. Our beach is thronged with visitors listening to the last strains of the band; it is a full promenade, an open drawing-room. Then 'God save the Queen' sounds, and a great proportion of our company draw off. I too must gather up my papers, now I bethink me of this valedictory music. It is nine o'clock, and our grandees

go indoors or step into their carriages and drive off. The chaperones gather their young charges closer beneath the maternal wing. But still there is a vast residue who will not hear or think of indoors, but pace the esplanade long and late, watching that deep sunset that

will not die, but stains the heavens with colour for half the night. I have no place in that festive procession, but on the verandah of my hotel I light the meditative cigar, and let the fancies of the olden time thicken around me in the shadows.

THE INDIAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

THIS is sad news indeed! The Indian marriage market—so we are told by the Indian journals—is in a bad way, and likely to remain so; for the causes which tend to this depression in social securities are of a permanent kind. By ‘Indian,’ be it understood, I mean Anglo-Indian, the subject of my solicitude having no reference to such matters of detail as the hundred and eighty millions of mere natives of the country, over whom Her Majesty holds direct or suzerain sway. The Singhs and the Khans, the Ram Chunders and the Nubbee Bukshes, have as extensive transactions as ever on the matrimonial exchange, and ruin themselves in the celebrations with traditional enterprise. It is among our own countrymen that no ‘offers’ are made. A falling-off of the kind is a serious blow to British interests. We could have endured a decline in mule-twist; grey shirtings might have gone to Hong Kong for us, in search of a market; jute been as inactive as it pleased, and safflower reduced to despair for want of a demand. But when there are no bidders for marriage the case becomes serious. The drain of silver to the East has doubtless done harm to the equilibrium of the currency; but the drain of young ladies in that direction has done good by relieving the market at home. And now it seems that the East gives but a cold welcome to these charming exports, and ‘nothing done in spinsters’ has become an established item in the returns of the marriage market in India.

Time was when the hope of parents and guardians was able to tell a tale in which there was no

need for flattery. In the golden days, before the pagoda-tree had met with so many merciless shakings—when rupees were an element to Anglo-Indians, and came naturally like the wind and the rain—we all knew what was ‘the worth of a lass’ in India, and had no occasion to ‘come to forty year’ to gain the information. The old stories about girls going out as consignments for matrimonial investment, and being ‘taken up’ by bachelors rolling in wealth who boarded the ships as soon as they arrived, in order to be in time—these stories are probably no ‘stories’ at all, but literal recitals of fact. We know in our own time how eager has been the demand for the article known to tropical ribaldry as ‘spins’—how young ladies arriving at Calcutta by the P. & O. steamers have been besieged by suitors, so that the more cautious among them have flown—on the wings of the now nearly obsolete dāk—to the upper provinces, in order to gain breathing time while they made up their minds. We all know the sensation caused by their arrival at a Mofussil station—how a mere morsel of a girl, with inoffensive features, some felicity as to coiffure, and moderately engaging manners, might command as never did the Brigadier, or even the Brigadier’s wife, and make the social laws that she administered at her leisure.

Not all men ventured to approach her. The happiness was reserved for the favoured few—for the brave in society who assumed to themselves the right of deserving the fair. There was, for instance, my old friend Captain Tulwar, of the Huggermuggur Light Horse. He

was down upon a new 'spin' before she had time to get her bonnets out of her boxes. He never waited for her parent or guardian to call at the mess, still less to call upon *him*. He had a preternatural knowledge of the whereabouts of her bungalow before other men had time to make inquiries concerning it; and his card, with its owner, was always the first to the fore. He was as little a laggard in love as a craven in war, and the Sikhs knew that he had not the latter failing. He established a confidence with the new-comer before other men were on bowing terms, and if he did not always marry her—and it was not his fault if arrangements in that respect are limited—he managed to monopolise the lion's share of her society. When he did marry, by the way, the object of his choice was the most insignificant and least likely young lady that had been in the station for years, and his new condition did not in the least interfere with his old habits. His wife seemed to consider it as a settled thing that he should pay promiscuous attentions, and their very promiscuousness was, I suppose, her security. But little Mrs. Tulwar went up to the hills sometimes for the benefit of her health, and it was noticed that in her absence Tulwar never volunteered to new arrivals the avowal that he was a married man. They soon found out the fact, you may be sure, but he generally managed to get a few days to the good before the fatal announcement. There are always mean men going about who are ready to stab in the dark, and some of these would usually take an opportunity to betray him behind his back. But Jack Scabbard—of Tulwar's own regiment, and his junior too—struck the blow one night in full *salon*. Tulwar was keeping the reigning beauty all to himself, and was evidently making great way with her. He had just taken his seat by her side in a quiet nook near a verandah, when Scabbard marched up to him with the apparently careless inquiry—

'How are you—heard from your wife lately?'

A thunderbolt, falling in a quiet

way, could not have more discomposed the couple. But the most awkward part of the situation was that the lady dared not assume the right to reproach, while the gentleman would have accused himself had he attempted to apologise. Compelled to return an answer confirmatory of the inference involved by the inquiry, Tulwar stood confessed in his proper character; his friend passed on to let matters develop. The subject of conversation upon which the couple were engaged was abruptly broken off; there was a sudden silence, which was becoming awkward for both sides, when Tulwar faced the situation by saying—

'You never saw my wife, I suppose, when you were at home?'

'No, indeed,' replied the young lady; 'I never knew you were married until just now.'

This was said in a tone intended to convey the impression that she did not care either, but the object was not quite successful.

'Curious, is it not?' rejoined Tulwar, quite at his ease by this time. 'Nobody thinks I am married; I suppose I have not the look of a married man, whatever that look may be.'

But the charm was broken; even this kind of conversation did not succeed; and the lady soon discovered that she must be taken back to her chaperone.

Why is it, by the way, that young ladies take so much more interest in single than in married men? Were they always wanting the single men to marry them the preference would be comprehensible. But I have heard it said by the authorities upon the subject that even in the case of men whose offers they would unhesitatingly refuse, they would prefer them single, rather than married, for purposes of society. You see there are girls going about who are as selfish as so many dogs in the manger.

To revert, however, to the state of the marriage market in days gone by. As a general rule the new arrivals entered into the holy condition as soon as they pleased. When they were not snapped up

on board ship, they always found plenty to take them at the Presidency town to which they might be destined; and when they went into the interior of the country it was generally for the natural purpose of joining their friends. Many girls remained a long time without getting married; but that was because they could not or would not fix their affections, flirted furiously, and fell into the dangerous category of 'garrison hacks.' In that case, when the situation became serious, the usual resource was to marry an Ensign—an Ensign was the Nemesis of flirtation in India.

Some girls, as may be supposed, found it less easy than others, even in India, to marry whom they pleased. Occasionally there might be a little difficulty in the way, leading to delay. There was Miss Flagstaffe, for instance, a few years ago, who hung on hand for a considerable time. Taking her all in all, she was no doubt highly eligible; but—as was once said of a lady in the same situation—there was so much of her that no one liked to take her all in all. In fact, Miss Flagstaffe, with all the advantages of a very fine figure, exaggerated height to such an extent that men took alarm. A man does not like marrying a girl much taller than himself. She may look up to him in one sense, but she certainly has to look down upon him in another. And there were few men who were even a match for Miss Flagstaffe's grenadier proportions.

Her case was getting desperate.

'I should as soon think of marrying the Kootub at Delhi,' said Blades, the joint magistrate, with his usual cynicism.

Nobody had asked Blades to marry Miss Flagstaffe, but he took it for granted that the young lady desired such an arrangement.

'Waltzed with her the other night at the Plungers' ball,' said Ensign Blossom; 'could scarcely reach her waist.'

The ensign never made use of the personal pronoun in conversation; I believe he considered its omission to give him a manly tone. *His* fault, as regards stature, by the

way, was precisely the reverse of that of the lady referred to.

'She is more like Tenterden Church steeple than the Goodwin Sands,' said Captain Baldash, one of the Plungers referred to, with the vague idea that he was saying something smart.

'You wouldn't have a lady look like the Goodwin Sands,' remarked Topham of the Artillery, down upon Baldash as sharp as a needle. 'Rather an odd style of beauty that—the steeple would be decidedly the better of the two.'

'Well, I know the church and the sands have something to do with one another—I forget what—but I meant to say that the girl was too tall for my money.'

'For your what?'

But there is no need to pursue the personal part of the conversation. This was the ribald way, you see, in which poor Miss Flagstaffe was talked about by a certain class of men.

Her case was getting desperate, as I have said, and the relative with whom she lived was lamenting the fact one day to a confidential friend, Colonel Glacis, of the Engineers. Glacis had a great taste for art, and had even painted pictures for exhibition in London.

'I see one way out of it,' said he, reflectingly, following the young lady with his eye from the open window of the drawing-room, as she walked along the verandah. 'Give her a hilly background; it will take off her height wonderfully.'

The elder lady was enchanted at the idea. That very day arrangements were set on foot, and before a week was over the family were on their way to Simla. The result was—to use a favourite expression of the late Dr. Smollett's heroes—all that their fondest imagination could have conceived. Miss Flagstaffe, who looked so preposterously tall in the plains, assumed proper proportions to the eye in the midst of the Himalaya Mountains. In fact, if asked if she were tall or short, you would have answered that you could scarcely say—you fancied she was neither one nor the other—about the right height.

She married at Simla in a month. There was some little difficulty in getting her down again when her husband had to resume his duties below; and it is said that he expressed some astonishment when he first beheld her upon level ground, the word 'delusion' being distinctly heard among other expressions. However, he had taken her for shorter or for taller, and no mistake on his part could avail him in the Divorce Court; and as she is in all general respects a most advantageous person, the pair are living, I believe, very happy ever afterwards. When they come to Europe they stay—in deference to public opinion—a great deal at Chamounix, for the sake of the background of Mont Blanc. Merely moderately mountainous countries, like Wales, they find to be of no use. The husband has promised his wife a trip to Teneriffe, the lady having been so charmed by pictures she has seen of the Peak; but her dream is to settle somewhere near Chimborazo, and as he never refuses her anything in reason, I suppose they will retire thither one of these days.

The instance of Miss Flagstaffe is one of the few remembered in India of serious difficulties presenting themselves in the paths of matrimony. Supposing that a girl conducted herself tolerably well—and even when she did not, which was of course never the case—she was almost sure of finding a husband in the good old times. There are only two instances remembered of thorough failure, without some strong exceptional reason. Only one case, in fact, of two sisters, who were sent out by an uncle upon whom they were dependent, and who desired, with the proverbial hard-heartedness of uncles in his position, to transfer the responsibility to a couple of other persons. So he sent them out to a remote cousin of his, who had married into one of the Indian services, and that lady promised to do the needful in the way of introduction. The girls, it must be confessed, were not angels of beauty and grace, and, what was more serious, they did not—in the language of the remote cousin—make

themselves agreeable. In fact, an American gentleman of candid temperament, who saw a great deal of them in Calcutta, said that 'You might, if you liked, compare them with Venuses and angelic beings, but it would be a darned deal more easy to recognise them from the simple description of a couple of ugly, cantankerous young cusses.'

It is very sad to hear a gentleman talk in this way of ladies, and even being American should not—as police magistrates say of drunkenness—be any excuse for ill behaviour. A man may be American, or even drunk, and need not forget himself so far. But I only record facts; and the American gentleman who uttered the above sentiment was really a gentleman—as much a gentleman, in fact, as it is necessary or desirable to be.

The Misses Rasper, as you may guess from this little historical anecdote, did not get on well in the marriage market. Not only were they not taken freely, but they were not taken at all. At the end of three years the remote cousin returned to England, and brought back with her Miss Rose Rasper and Miss Lily Rasper—with no other names to smell as sweet by, and indeed in precisely the same condition as when they went out—with three years of maturity added to their charms.

The hard-hearted uncle was furious.

'So you have brought back the girls without getting them married?' he said sternly to the remote cousin.

'I could not help it, my dear,' was the answer of the remote cousin. 'We tried them in Calcutta for a year, and there was not one offer, good, bad, or indifferent.'

'You should have sent them up-country,' growled the hard-hearted uncle.

'We did send them up-country,' remonstrated the remote cousin, 'but it was of no use.'

'Then,' rejoined the hard-hearted uncle, determined not to be beaten, '*then you did not send them far enough up.*'

So you see there would have been a chance even in the desperate cases

of Miss Rose and Miss Lily Rasper. As there is a lower still to the lowest depths, so there is always a farther on to the farthest journeys. Farther up country the Rasper girls would probably have fared better. The fact should be a lesson for us all never to give up a point for want of perseverance.

I mention these instances in order to show the wonderful capabilities of the Indian marriage market in times gone by, and only just gone, too; for until the other day the change was undreamed of in this country, and had certainly not attracted public attention in India.

In the pre-Peninsular-and-Oriental period of Anglo-Indian history, European ladies were such rare birds in the country that they had only to come, to see, and to conquer. The only subject of regret with chaperones was that, with so many chances, a young lady could avail herself of only one—of one at a time, that is to say. At the Presidency towns they made their admirers foolish; in the Mofussil they drove them mad. In the days of duelling—which are well remembered by senior sojourners in the land of the lotus and the rupee—rival claims were the cause of an infinity of hot temper and the exchange of not a little cold lead. And the quarrels were not only about the most beautiful ladies: the Misses Rasper themselves might have led to pistols for two and coffee for one, half a dozen times over; and a long course of admiration, it may be, would have made them the most good-natured girls going, and given them at least one kind of good looks as a natural consequence.

The post-Peninsular-and-Oriental period—that is to say, the period since the establishment of the Overland Route—has been the great era of marriages. It was not every girl who had the courage or the patience to go round the Cape; but the route through Egypt was found to be rather festive than otherwise, and as soon as the fact was known the steamers swarmed with young ladies impelled by a sudden desire to go and see their friends in India. Those who had no chaperones were

placed under the care of the captain—rather a vague kind of guardianship, shared more or less by the passengers generally—and this arrangement is a frequent one in the present day. Some of these fair consignments, it must be admitted, need somebody to take care of them. They consist to a great extent of a class of girls who are remarkable for two leading characteristics: they use the word 'awful' upon every possible or impossible occasion, and have a preposterous partiality for the Woolwich balls. You have met such girls in London, of course. They are always flirts; and a flirt upon land being doubly a flirt upon water, you may guess how they go on when committed to the P. & O. These have hitherto married, as a matter of course, soon after their arrival in India, and some have got engaged on board ship. It is well for them in these latter days if they take time thus prematurely by the forelock; for he is, as we have seen, likely to win in the race if they wait for their chances on shore.

There was, indeed, an immense amount of marrying in India. The P. & O. established quick and continual communication, but until very recent times the company was far more employed for going out than for coming home. The civil and military officers of the old Company had comparatively little leave to Europe, or at any rate their leave was at less frequent intervals, and merchants and others were not always running backwards and forwards as they are in these days. Anglo-Indian society was a society apart, and had but few changing elements. The additions which it received became a portion of it, and most people who went to India were prepared to make a long stay. But several causes combined to break up the great family party. First came the opening of the Civil Service to competition. The members of the service under the patronage system were mostly known to one another by name if not by alliance, and, as far as associations and connections were concerned, found themselves rather more at home in India than

in England. They formed, in fact, an inner society of their own, and married as much as possible among themselves. A young lady, if she followed the advice of her parents or guardians, would never marry a military man if she could get a civilian—that is to say, a member of the Civil Service—and the members of rich mercantile firms, belonging frequently to the same families, were rivals to the Civil Service itself. Military men, however, found wives readily enough, and, like the civilians, were induced, by the conditions of service, to seek them early in life. In the Presidency towns there was always a sufficiently large society to induce a certain amount of activity and change, and relieve bachelorhood from much of its boredom. But in the provinces, and especially at remote Mofussil stations, a single state of existence was more than could be borne with resignation. Men found the want of partners to be miserable with, if not to make them happy. Hence it was that if 'new spins' were not available on the spot, they made raids upon Calcutta or Bombay, and captured them as soon as they landed. Long engagements were little known, or not known at all, and the matrimonial state was entered into without much ceremony beyond that of the church. Leave when available was not always taken, owing to considerations of expense, and a happy couple as often as not went straight to their future home, frequently the bungalow which had been the bachelor den of the bridegroom, with as many decorative additions as could be contrived on short notice.

And curiously enough these hazardous enterprises proved more felicitous in their results than the majority of matches made under conventional forms. A few years ago India was proverbial for domestic happiness, and if you ask Anglo-Indians they will tell you that it is so still, or ought to be, despite the statements of a few writers with a sporting tendency toward satire, and certain records of the courts which reflect at least as much upon English as upon Indian

society. It is a fact, indeed, that the 'scandals' of which India has been the scene have originated principally with people fresh from home, and cannot properly be set down to the local account. They have occurred, too, mostly among persons of higher position in the services than those who make the hazardous matches referred to; and the increased intercourse with England has had at least this advantage, that it has well nigh put an end to a laxity which used to be far from uncommon in India, that of alliances between Europeans and natives in which marriage was not a necessary condition. The opening of the Civil Service, as has been said, was one cause of a change which has been only recently noticed, but must have been at work for some years past. Then came the abolition of the political functions of the East India Company, not the abolition of the Company, as some people insist upon styling the proceeding, for the Company still exists for financial purposes. The assumption of the government of India by the Crown, and the impetus given to commerce by a new policy, caused an immense influx of the non-official element in society, and, notwithstanding periods of failure and depression, largely increased the wealth of the community. Hence arose increased intercourse with home, and the mercantile people, more frequently on the move than any other class, were far from being dependent upon the Indian marriage market. While the new conditions of commercial progress were taking effect, the amalgamation of the old Company's army with that of the Queen was brought to pass. For several years previously, ever since the revolt of 1857, the royal army had formed the principal element of our Indian forces, and the service became mainly officered by men having nothing in common with the old class of Indians, regarding everything local, indeed, with disdain, and thinking even less of local ladies than would have been the case had they met them elsewhere. The Queen's officers never considered themselves settled in the country. While in it they mingled

with the society they found there; but they formed a large society of their own, and for the most part did not care to marry in India. The amalgamation, which added a number of the Company's officers to their number, added also to the prevailing feeling on this score. And then came alterations in the rules for furlough to Europe, not only as regards the army but the Civil Service and all public officials. No man in government employ need, in these days, stay more than a very few years at one time in India. He must wait for long leave, but short leave may be frequently taken, and as a general rule everybody takes it who can bear the expense. The consequence is that the intending Benedict, instead of making the best of the Indian marriage market, most frequently prefers to defer his venture until he is able to visit Europe; and of the advantages of Europe, in this as in other respects, people in India are apt to get an exaggerated idea.

I suspect, too, that even taking Europe into account, men serving in India do not marry in so large a proportion as they did. Another cause, not yet noticed, has acted as a considerable check upon the matrimonial imagination. Indian allowances, in the military service, are still larger than English allowances; but they are not so large as in the days of the Company; while civil salaries have been generally cut down.

The old government of India heard very little good of itself during its rule, though it had enthusiastic supporters among its servants, who felt instinctively that any change, as concerned themselves, would be for the worse. But the bitterest opponents of the former system are among the greatest grumblers at the existing state of things. 'After all, John Company, whatever he was, was a good paymaster.' You hear the sentiment on all sides in India, and Indians reflect it in the clubs at home. Hear Major Pigsticker, for instance, who has been well-nigh swamped in his career by the amalgamation measure, and McGram, who was a judge under the old system until superseded by

a barrister from England. To judge from the conversation of these two amiable—and doubtless injured—gentlemen, you might suppose that India under the Company was a paradise of perfection, compared with which the Golden Age was a reign of Dutch metal; and it is awful to hear of the iniquities which they believe to be perpetrated in the present day by a government which has such enormous credit for justice and efficiency. Nothing, according to these authorities, is so good as it was, not even the curry; and as for public security—there are elements at work, they tell you, which will one of these days combine and cause such an explosion as—but their anticipations are too terrible for repetition.

This truth, indeed, must be admitted: that life in India is far from being the pleasant life that it was some years ago, to say nothing of the good old times that few of us remember and many consider a myth. One important element is decidedly wanting. The pagoda tree is tolerably well shaken of its fruit; that is to say it will not yield as it used to mere shaking. It produces more fruit than ever, but not spontaneously. It requires careful cultivation, and few may hope for more than a small share of its product. Now and then somebody gets hold of a big branch and turns it to large profit; but this is exceptional. As a rule not only have people less to receive but they have more work to do for that; and the consequence of increased competition—of the very cause which has so enormously increased the national wealth—is that the prices of everything have doubled, and nothing is cheap in the country except the labour of its white conquerors.

The cost of living is twice what it was a few years ago. House rent, and every supply necessary for the table, have increased in regular proportion; horses cost more to buy, and the expense of keeping them when bought has augmented considerably. Native servants might once have been had for next to nothing; now they are steadily increasing their demands, and bewil-

dering small householders to a distressing extent. When prices rise in one direction they always rise in another, and the fact is becoming painfully apparent in India, particularly in the presidency towns. Families who formerly had houses to themselves must in these days be content with suites of rooms or live in boarding establishments. Where stately carriages were once driven, undignified little vehicles can alone be commanded: the traditions of 'mere curricles' seem like a dream of the past, as indeed they are. Tables that were luxuriously supplied, must now groan, if they insist upon groaning—as tables are supposed to do in conventional descriptions—under the merest necessities, and their owners find it necessary to look after the cold mutton. Servants who were entertained in troops must be limited to twos and threes, and Anglo-Indians have actually to assist themselves. Everything is dear, with the exception of English flesh and blood—with the necessary addition of brains—and these are becoming more and more cheap.

Under these conditions it is quite comprehensible that people are, if not less inclined at least less able to marry than they were in happier times, and that the matrimonial market should be in its present state of depression.

Things may revive. Some great financier may be found to bring the government revenue up to the point of the government expenditure—which has been by no means its accustomed position of late years—and public prosperity may exercise a beneficial influence upon private fortunes. But meanwhile our countrymen in India have hard times to endure, and wives appear to be among the luxuries that they have to forego. Several causes, as we have seen, contribute to the present state of the marriage market; but the direct cause is sufficient to account for it. Meanwhile, there is no evading the fact that marriageable young ladies would do well to stay in England or go to some promising colony—for they are clearly at a discount in the Indian market.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



A DAY-DREAM IN A YACHT.

THE sea looked up with its great blue eye,
 And smiled, and lured me to dive and float.
 The flags were fluttering merrily ;
 The wave was dandling the fishing-boat.
 Then, without casting a look behind,
 Radiant with love, and hope, and joy,
 I trimmed my sail at the harbour mouth,
 And swept keen round by the dancing buoy.

Morning of youth ! how the rosy clouds
 Flushed all the heavens as I set forth.
 I felt like Columbus ; but which to choose—
 East or West, or South or North ?
 Should I seek the land of ice or fire ;
 The granite cliff or the golden sands ;
 The coral isle or the stormy cape ;
 Well-worn regions or unknown lands ?

But while I pondered the boat flew on,
 And noon on my yellow sail shone hot :
 No glimmering now of the long white cliffs ;
 No glimpse of tower, or town, or cot.
 Waves wherever I turned my eye,
 Growing stormy and white with wrath ;
 Roaring for food, and rising up,
 Like giants, to bar my onward path.

Where are the golden islands now
 I hoped to conquer an hour ago ?
 Where is the lode-star of the dawn ?
 Sunk in the surges' roll and flow.—
 And as I clung to the wavering helm,
 I longed for the coming of the night,
 So I might see through the breaking storm
 One friendly flash of the harbour light.

Ah ! treacherous sea, to lure me forth
 Only to wreck me, like the rest :
 Will the sun, hidden behind the storm,
 Never burst through in the smouldering west ?
 Oh for a shore, though of hungry rocks !
 Or a strip of scorching desert sands ;
 So I might sleep, and forget this toil ;
 Though clinging to life with my bleeding hands.

Evening came ere I saw it come,
 And over the thin grey level bar
 Of fading cloud there sparkled out
 The kindly rays of the first pale star.

A vapour lifted, and I beheld
 An azure line of spectral shore,
 Stretching on to a silent plain
 Bordered by mountains vast and hoar.

And the boat, like a dolphin, leaped and flew
 As night came lowering upon the land ;
 And now I could see the ghostly forms
 Of those who waited upon the strand.
 There were the faces of friends long dead,
 And pale hands stretching to welcome mine ;
 A black flag waved from a ruined tower,
 And the cruel star had ceased to shine.

The sunny ripple below the keel
 Awoke me ;—'twas only a moment's dream,
 Never was sky so pure and blue ;
 Never had cliffs a pearlier gleam.
 A mile from the Needles.—Harkaway !
 We are flying fast ; and the wind is south.
 Hurrah for the little Hironnelle !
 Running away ' with a bone in her mouth.'

Ryde, July 15, 1870.

WALTER THORNBURY.

HOW MR. ERSKINE TOOK HIS CHOIR INTO THE COUNTRY AT MIDSUMMER.

MR. ERSKINE had had a living in the country. It was a most desirable living: little to do and a great deal to receive, a rectory smothered with roses, honeysuckle, and ivy, and a lawn to which all the county people came to croquet and afternoon tea. But these plentiful pastures fretted him. He pined for hard work—fretted for it, piously longed to grapple with the demoralization, ignorance and atheism of London. There are such men in the world, friendly reader, although it is not given to many of us to meet many of them. Anyhow, he exchanged his lovely rectory in the country for some vile hole in London: Shoreditch, Hoxton, Bethnal Green—what you will. The church and the parsonage were the only noticeable points which that wide parish presented. The house was a very good one, built in the true ecclesiastical style, and with spacious rooms. When you were there on an evening with the shutters closed, and bright faces were

clustered in the drawing-room, and neither harp, organ or piano were wanting—and let me also say that some of the best men in London, writers, orators, and politicians, would find their way, in hansoms, through that maze of little dirty streets—you might imagine that you were at some select Belgravian shrine. But out of doors all the surroundings were of the most depressing kind that can be conceived. Only a high firm purpose could have upheld the Erskines to the habitual contemplation of all the forms of sordid life which surrounded them. My friends, as you have run down, with happy hearts, to some festal scene at Greenwich or the Crystal Palace, you have looked dismayed at the wilderness of brick and mortar outstretched around you. You have, perhaps, shudderingly thought how life could possibly be sustained in such a human Sahara. and you have felt grateful for that contemplated whitebait and iced champagne. Erskine and his

heroine of a wife voluntarily went into that parched desert.

There is a great deal of difference in London poverty. Perhaps even a lower depth than Erskine's parish afforded, might be found. There was much chronic poverty, but there was no absolute destitution. People could find work, not too much and not too well paid, but still they could work, and therefore they could live. It is hardly necessary to say that there were no gentry in the place. The man who kept the general grocery shop round the corner—who was the rector's churchwarden, the parish churchwarden being a publican—personified the local idea of wealth and respectability. In London parishes the worst kind of separation of classes takes place. The rich become richer, the poor, poorer. Wealth and refinement cluster together, and so likewise congregate ignorance and want. But let me say, to the credit of a rich London parish, that its rector sought out Mr. Erskine and told him that the rich congregation of the West-end would willingly support all the charities of the poor parish at the East-end. So, relying upon this generous id, Erskine fearlessly set to work upon all the complicated machinery of a vast London parish,—curates, Scripture readers, Bible-women, schools, savings-bank, reading-rooms, soup-kitchen, lying-in charities, and what not.

Mr. Erskine especially took great pains with his choir, and had got them into capital order. His singing boys, frightful little wretches in the streets, looked perfect angels in their surplices. I remember being once at a transpontine church where surpliced boys sang angelically. I wondered at the perfection of the choir, but I was told that they had all been imported for the occasion from Evans's, in Covent Garden. Mr. Erskine's choir, such as it was, was the indigenous growth of his own poor parish. He was fond of boys, and was a boy himself in many things, playing at cricket with them, and never afraid of the reproach—which we are told quite upset a worthy clergyman—of

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'Well struck, parson!' A choir is often a standing difficulty. You have to soothe the susceptible feelings of the organist, and to control the varying whims of the singers. I once told Erskine that he ought to secure the sweet voices of young women for his choir; but he told me that the very suggestion made him meditate the expediency of resigning his living. Boys were hard to manage, but girls would be perfectly unmanageable. They must content themselves with singing congregationally. But when Mr. Erskine gave an invitation to his choir at Midsummer, he construed it in the widest possible way. The boys might all bring their sisters; and, in fact, those who were most elderly, or most precocious, brought their sweethearts with them as well. Then he and Mrs. Erskine asked the poor people, whom they knew well, in every direction, after a miscellaneous manner; so what was meant as an invitation for the choir was, in fact, a parish or congregational party. The Erskines thought the more the better, and were much pleased with the added number of the gathering. Then the question arises whither it would be best to go. Mr. Erskine was struck by a placard at a metropolitan station—'At Rosherville—where to spend a Happy Day.' Ah! what a delicious thing it would be if happiness could be secured by the simple expedient of spending a shilling or two and going to Rosherville! The race of Londoners would surely all migrate to that favoured spot. But he considered that he wanted to give his poor people, shut up so long in a wilderness of brick and mortar, the most thorough change attainable for them. There should be nothing to remind them of hackneyed ways or cheap metropolitan dissipation. I wonder if people fully recognise the fact that in the neighbourhood of London there are wilds as lonely, sequestered and picturesque as the wolds of Yorkshire or the moors of Devonshire: woods in whose deep shelter you might imagine yourselves hundreds of miles away from town. Erskine knew one such spot espe-

cially. Wonderful to say, no railway station, nor even any railway, came within several miles of it. Here, through a succession of the loveliest of the green lanes of Kent, you come to woodland and meadowland, which it has been the delight of many great artists to depicture. Simply to get down to such rural scenes would be a delight. But Erskine knew the kindhearted baronet who owned the land; and Sir Thomas readily gave him the free use of the park on the day of the expedition. The upper part was a thickly-wooded plantation, where much game was preserved—then groves of firs—and the ground fell to a wide lake, where wild fowl clustered among the reeds of the marsh land. There were boats on the lake, whose use was not interdicted to the visitors. Here Mr. Erskine resolved to bring his choir or parish party. They were to go there and back in commodious pleasure vans, a shilling a head being the charge for each person. Then the churchwarden—the general dealer aforesaid—had made a contract to provision each member of the party with tea, bread and butter, cold meat and salad, at the charge of another shilling per head. The Erskines added a lot of drinkables which were not ‘written in the bond.’ Mrs. Erskine thought that the girls and boys would require an ocean of lemonade on a hot summer afternoon, and her husband brought down bitter beer, and, I may add, with bated breath, some strong waters for such aged people as might be disposed in moderation towards them on account of internal complaints. Some of his literary friends went with him. There was a Quarterly Reviewer, who thought it a capital opportunity for getting up the Condition of the People question. One or two friends came because they thought it a good opportunity of seeing something of the beauties of Sir Thomas’s famous park. A detachment of young ladies, from the rich West-end congregation, were told off by the energetic rector for the purpose of making the tea and looking after the comforts of the guests. They

were attended by some good-looking young gentlemen who bore a sort of official connection towards them through being designated as ‘sidesmen’ of their church. I may add that the great Sir Thomas himself dropped in upon them, and entered into a long conversation with an aged costermonger, who might have explained to him poor dear Dickens’s theory that oysters and poverty are always synonymous.

So we rattled away from our poor parish into the garden suburbs of London, and through almost interminable rows of villas embowered in groves, till we gained the open country. At a certain point of the journey one or two West-end carriages fell in with us. Our costermongers had not green veils, like aristocratic sidesmen, but they had curtains to their cars to exclude the dust, should it prove to be too much. Our choir were troubled by no such cares. The boys and girls had a carriage to themselves, where Mr. Erskine presided, and most lenient he was in his supervision. Indeed some private words of remonstrance were addressed to him by Mrs. Erskine on the vociferant mirth of that particular carriage. They startled the opulent villages which they passed, but all their laughing salutations were returned with hearty good-will by the natives. The delight of all was exuberant when the carriages came upon the velvet turf, and the horses were unloosed. If you will only find some leisure and a feed, young people will always find the happiness. When you are old, you may give large sums to singers from the Opera or other artistes to enliven your evening parties, and you may be dull enough for all that.

The choir was much happier than the Caliph who could only score up an All Eleven happy days. They sang a great deal, the grace before and after, and the Worcester Alleluia, ‘How pants the hart,’ with sundry chorales; ‘The Chough and Crow,’ and other melodies of Bishop and Lord Mornington. I believe it took some trouble to persuade the Duke that his illustrious relative really composed good

music, and he was very much pleased when he was convinced of it. The favourite amusement was flirting, very open and very harmless, done under the eyes of pastors and masters. It was an amusement not limited, by the way, to the East-enders. A wonderful civilizer is music, making our East-enders kindly-eyed and soft-spoken. You all know the line 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' though I wonder if you know where it comes from? It is from Congreve's 'Mourning Bride,' beginning of fourth act: 'When found make note of.' Also I was much pleased to see them roam the woods, and I was perfectly astonished at the many girls who sought out wild flowers and could name them aright. That indistinguishable love of Nature will crop up even in the stoniest streets, and under the most untoward conditions. One young customer in our choir, in training for the honourable profession of a dog-fancier, brought an atrocious cur with him, which excited some consternation by killing a leveret, which he knowingly brought to his master's feet. The act of poaching was condoned, a well-directed kick at the howling animal being considered a sufficient penalty. The boating was very popular, and, considering that most of the oarsmen had never been in a boat before,

really courageous and successful. There was cricket for a time, and after that there was a bit of a dance, but both these games yielded in popularity to kiss-in-the-ring. It was commenced while Mr. Erskine was taking a stroll, and he had not the heart to put it down, although the kissing was at times more vigorous than he altogether approved. The West-enders were persuaded to join, and were not so very averse to the process of osculation.

I thought our party perfection. In our way we had solved so many social problems. Here were the young people flirting and amusing themselves under the eyes of parents and friends. Here were rich and poor meeting together without patronage or servility, on the basis of a common Christianity. Here was an amusement, free from any evil leaven, and in the highest degree productive of health. I grant you that there were several unusual features in our entertainment,—in the use of the park, in such a host as Erskine, and in our West-end friends. But we may hope that such happy elements may be imported more and more into such gatherings; and I trust you will lighten your purse and your heart when you find any good people petitioning for the means of giving the extreme poor a day's fresh air in the country.



SOCIETY IN BATH AND CHELTENHAM.

IT cannot be said that Bath and Cheltenham are all that they could wish to be or all that they once promised and hoped to be. They resemble two beautiful sisters who still bear traces of elegance and fashion, but having passed the hey-day of prosperity and youth, frankly accept their position and resolve to make the most of it. Pursuing this analogy, we may say, that of these two sisters the elder dedicates her life to useful and attainable objects, while the younger still, to a great degree, can laugh and flirt and carry on that exhausting business of pleasure. Bath is a great city, with all a great city's interests and activities. She attends greatly to politics and has her two members in the House, while Cheltenham has but one. She still attracts thousands of patients to her healing springs, which are as potent and popular as ever, while I really think that the day of the Cheltenham waters has quite gone by. Bath has a large settled population, which abides tolerably loyal to its precincts, except when it takes part in the annual national exodus to the seashore. Cheltenham, we regret to say, is somewhat giddy-pated and flighty, and its population, to a considerable degree, is a seasonal and fleeting race. In personal appearance the two watering places have both a likeness and an unlikeness. Each claims, very improperly, but in common with every watering place that ever existed, to be 'the queen of watering places,' but each may safely be allowed to be, at the least, a princess. Each is adorned with a circlet of hills around her environs which shelter the place greatly in the winter, but reduce it to furnace-like heat in the summer. But Bath is grand while Cheltenham is exceedingly pretty. When foreigners travel westward in England they are always struck with admiration at the noble position and stately buildings of Bath. Landor, who knew both places well, said that Bath always reminded him of

Florence. But it is impossible to traverse the abundant boulevards of Cheltenham and its breezy squares, its bright succession of lawns and groves, without thinking that, barring the excessive heats, it is one of the most delectable towns of our islands.

Yet Bath and Cheltenham are not now what they once were. They increase, as every other town increases in these days of extension, but not as the seaside places, like Brighton and Scarborough. It is the stationary population and not the visiting population that continues to grow. The inland watering places have not the celebrity which they once enjoyed. They have had their day. The rock and the sea-breeze have an imperishable charm, but medicinal waters are subject to the vagaries of fortune and opinion, and are liable to be superseded. It is impossible now to revive that peculiar condition, the crowded life, the intense gaiety, of English watering places during the period of the Georgian era. The foreign baths were then altogether unknown to us. In fact, the Continent, owing to wars and rumours of wars, was almost closed to English people. Bath and Buxton may indeed claim a highly curative effect for their waters in some classes of disorders, but, as a rule, the *Brunnen* of the Continent are much more powerful than English springs, and all the advantages of a thorough change, in climate, diet, associates, and associations, rest decidedly with them. The infinite diffusion of English society over the Continent renders impossible that concentration of it which once existed in Bath and Cheltenham. The people who go to Carlsbad and Kissengen, who drink the Vichy waters on the spot, who locate themselves in the Engadine, would once naturally betake themselves to Bath and Cheltenham to satisfy all their needs of recreation and medical treatment. The result was, that all the pleasures, whims, follies, necessities of society, were gathered into a narrow

focus, that the visitors overflowed all habitable places, and comparative villages expanded into great communities to meet their needs, that all ordinary business and social life was subordinated to a society that lived only for fashion and amusement. It is true enough in its way that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, but it is also true, that when Englishmen definitely lay aside their pursuits for a time they are very liable to go off, as our American cousins say, 'upon the burst.' And many a boisterous burst was witnessed in days of old at Bath and Cheltenham, if we trust to the scattered notices of the old describers of contemporary manners. As respects Bath, some of the reminiscences of Smollett are revived and perpetuated by some of the reminiscences of Dickens; but those queer phenomena of our insular life, either racy or rancid, have passed away, or at least are decorously veiled beneath the gilded hypocrisies of our modern life.

It may be said that Bath and Cheltenham have both of them two seasons. At both places the earliest flower show is an important *terminus à quo*. The Cheltenham visiting people, who have hunted and flirted and danced and supped and sung—and they do all these things with a peculiar innate vigour at Cheltenham—look upon the first flower show as the crowning event of the season which tells them that the fashionable season has passed. And a very pleasant thing is a flower show, unless the rain descends in torrents, penetrating the tents, dragging the dresses, and keeping away an immense proportion of would-be visitors. A fine day is an important matter of finance. The railway companies now pour in their hundreds to a flower show, and, with an eye to business, keenly look out for every likely opportunity for running a profitable excursion train. But the wet day spoils the flower show, and the managers indignantly declare that there shall be no more flower shows—until it is time for the autumn flower show to come off. At Bath and Cheltenham the flower show is

such an established institution that to leave it off would provoke a kind of *pronunciamento*. After the first Cheltenham show the visitors rapidly shade off; but in Bath they still linger on, and there is also an additional influx. For in a week or two the races come off, and the Bath races, owing to the nearness of the Derby, have always a considerable importance. Horses kept dark now run, and some means are afforded for forming a judgment on the probabilities at Epsom. It must be owned that Cheltenham is never so lovely as at the very time, in spring or early summer, that the visitors leave it. The Promenade may, at such a time, compete in loveliness with the Champs Élysées, and the parks, which in autumn are sere and lonely and desolated, put on a display of loveliness which far distances that of any provincial town with which we are acquainted.

The other great social event in Bath beyond the spring and autumn flower show is the great fancy ball. This is so pre-eminent that it quite eclipses all the other balls of the season. It is a great subject, on which the wondrous female mind, in many instances for months before and after, is absorbed in an ecstatic contemplation. And let me say that the young ladies of Bath and Cheltenham were often excessively pretty, not so robust indeed as at other places, but with a refined kind of loveliness. When you get prettiness of an intellectual type it is no longer mere prettiness, but becomes loveliness or beauty. They show well at archery and croquet, and one is glad to see that at Bath and Cheltenham the fine old practice of archery holds its own, even in the face of the attractions of croquet. But Bath is peculiarly the place where the grand institution of the 'kettledrum' exists in all its vigour. It is the delight of people to gather their friends around them by the hundred, and the company, after the metropolitan manner, will overflow the rooms. I believe there is no place where people enjoy themselves after a heartier and simpler manner. Mere display is

out of fashion, but pleasant intercourse is unlimited and unrestrained. They have the peculiar fashion of having their drawing-room floors frotted, and of leaving abundant space in the centre of their rooms. The carpet dance might be a great institution, but it is the misfortune of Bath society that at most parties there is a scarcity of gentlemen. So far as I have observed there is no place where gentlemen of really limited means can more fully enjoy the pleasures of social life. There is an excellent tone at Bath, and the inquiry is not often made respecting what a person has, but generally who he or she may be. The perfect ease with which people of limited means mingle in the society of those wealthier though not better than themselves, is one of the best features of Bath life and upholding its worthiest traditions. It is indeed at such society at Bath, if anywhere, that we should find a rampart against the insolence and levelling tendencies of vulgar wealth.

An extraordinary amount of literary and social gossip belongs to the history of Bath. If our limits allowed, we should like to begin at the very beginning, and proceed regularly through the whole range of the *souvenirs*. Many people besides Mr. Dickens have poked fun at the legends of Prince Bladud and his Pigs, which is nevertheless a more picturesque story than any archæological discussion about Roman remains. The Cheltonians have a much prettier legend respecting their waters. They say that they were discovered through tracking the doves who resorted hither. From the dawn of known history people bathed in Bath, and they certainly seem to have done so under difficulties. The pigs, as in the mythical times of Prince Bladud, wallowed in the mire. 'The baths are bear-gardens, where both sexes bathe promiscuously, while the passers-by pelt them with dead dogs, cats, and pigs.' Still the people bathed on; a strong proof of the efficacy of the waters. Bath is now rich in hospitals, the only recommendation required being that of

poverty; and it is pleasant to see that an infinite amount of good has been effected by this timely agency. But the real improver of Bath, indeed the founder of modern Bath, is Beau Nash. The Beau has been the butt for incessant sneers, but he did a great work, and was a greater man than is ordinarily believed. His celebrated encounter with John Wesley, in which the great John certainly had the best of it, has discredited him with a character for intense frivolity, which, in his instance at least, covered many remarkable qualities. He was a scholar, he was a soldier, he conducted the court revels at the Temple so well that King William offered him knighthood. He went down to Bath soon after Queen Anne had made Bath fashionable, and for more than fifty years he was more truly its king than any king or queen regnant. What Addison and the best school of English essayists were doing by their writings for the amelioration of society, Beau Nash practically effected by his kindly social disposition. There were many duels in consequence of disputes at the gaming-table. Duels were in those days as frequent as marriages at Bath; the pretty village of Claverton was famous for them. Nash, by abolishing oaths, topboots, and swords in the ball-room, did much to prevent them; he made private parties unfashionable, and established public assemblies where sobriety and economy were practised; even the Princess Amelia tried in vain to induce the Beau to grant a single dance after eleven. He had the sensible notion that, in a health resort like Bath, all amusements ought to be made subsidiary to health. During his beneficent reign, aboriginal Bath stretched itself over the adjacent hills in the most sumptuous mansions that England then knew. Our knowledge of him does not amount to much more than that he was naturally ungainly, dressed magnificently, always wore a white hat, lived by his winnings at the gaming-table, and was extremely charitable to the poor and deserving. He died at eighty-eight,

and was honoured with a public funeral; but it is remarkable that, when a modest subscription of eighteen guineas was wanted for his tomb in the Abbey, only thirteen could be raised. His better and more enduring monument is his great institution of the Bath hospital.

Nearly half a century ago a sketch of Bath appeared in 'Maga,' which I suppose at the time had the merit of hitting off Bath exactly as it stood; but, so entirely has the aspect of the place altered, it reads in its local allusions as so much gibberish. I cull some lines which may vividly recal the past, or in some slight degree still describe the present:—

- 'Polish'd women neat, and men
One or two perhaps in ten,
Staring with astonish'd eye
At some new absurdity;
Stationary families,
By whose philosophic eyes
Mark'd no more than cabbage stalks,
Folly common walks and talks,
Roll some booted youth, sore mist all
By their careful sires at Bristol.
Little dream the honest fograms,
Plodding in perplexity,
'Mid their sugar-casks and grograms,
How meanwhile their guineas fly.
- 'Next, in various groups combined,
Each according to his kind,
Like the stock of Noah's ark,
Gaping gudgeon, greedy shark;
Nabobs flabby, fat, and pale,
Like a turbot waxing stale;
Objects of maternal scheme,
Themes of many a golden dream.
These, and strange sorts many more,
Pace, in strings of three and four,
Up and down the same dull round,
Like blind asses in a pound.
- 'Next the vicar and his daughters,
Simply come to drink the waters,
And perhaps to meet anew
Former friends, just one or two.
He, sedate in modern ease,
Envyng no one whom he sees,
Looking round him like a friend,
Seeing little to commend,
Yet content with all that passes.
They, fine, country, laughing lasses,
Full of questions to their brothers,
Pleased, and therefore pleasing others.
Pleased with pump-room, music, shops,
And with everything but fops.
- 'Now, their toilet quite complete,
Figg'd and rigg'd from head to feet,
Forth, to join the bustling throng,
Saunters many a *vieux* garçon;

Graybeard Billies, tottering Jackies,
Furbled up by careful lackeys.
By the palsy-shaken noddle,
Hat on one side gaily stuck,
Cock-eye'd leer and swaggering toddle,
Of each patriarchal buck,
Momus marks them for his food
At the distance of a rood.
Morning saw them wan and wheezy,
Face unwashed, forlorn and queazy,
Unshorn beard, eyes dead and ropy,
Tout ensemble sad and mopy,
Moving as on rusty wires
'To where subterranean fires
Boil the pot of Bath's Hygeia,
Rivalling the bath Medea
In the power, by bards oft sung,
Of cooking up old gentry young.'

In the days when Bath was rapidly extending itself, and men wanted all the money they could get, not improbably for the gaming-table, the Duke of Chandos kept a lodging-house, and Lord Hawley married a woman who had made a large fortune by keeping an Assembly-room. A venerable arch-deacon did not think it beneath him to keep a wine-vault. The Squire Alworthy of Fielding's 'Tom Jones' was the famous Bath hero, Ralph Allen, who was a benefactor to the place, returned its members, entertained the wits, supported the charities, and stopped a rebellion which was about breaking out in the year '15. Sheridan wrote his 'Trip to Scarborough;' it was simply an adaptation of Vanbrugh's 'Man of Quality,' which has lately been performed at one of the London theatres. The characters would have suited Bath just as well. Lord Foppington and Tom Fashion and Miss Hoyden are essentially Bath characters. But Sheridan occupied the Bath ground in 'The Rivals,' and in his own history. Poor Sheridan! He evidently looked upon himself as a sort of 'Tom Surface,' and thought that the British nation ought to act the part of the nabob uncle from India. But it was to be far otherwise. One of the best touches of contemporary manners of Bath at the time of the Great Beau, is to be found in Smollett's 'Roderick Random':—

'As they foresaw they should have occasion for a male acquaintance to squire them at all public places, I was received with great

cordiality, and had the mother's permission to conduct them next day to the Long Room, which we no sooner entered than the eyes of everybody present were turned upon us; and when we had suffered the martyrdom of their looks for some time, a whisper circulated at our expense, which was accompanied with many contemptuous smiles and tittering observations, to my utter shame and confusion. The celebrated Mr. N—sh, who commonly attends in this place, as master of the ceremonies, perceiving the disposition of the assembly, took upon himself the task of gratifying their ill-nature still further by exposing my mistress to the edge of his wit. With this view he approached us, with many bows and grimaces, and after having welcomed Miss Snapper to the place, asked her, in the hearing of all present, if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog. I was so much incensed at his insolence that I should certainly have kicked him where he stood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my indignation by replying, with the utmost vivacity, "His name was N—sh; and an impudent dog he was." This repartee, so unexpected and just, raised such a universal laugh at the aggressor, that all his assurance was insufficient to support him under their derision.'

Bath and Cheltenham have both got their Lansdown. The Bath Lansdown is famous for Sir William Waller's Parliamentary battles, but it is now a pleasant walk, crowned by the tower which 'Vathek, England's wealthiest son,' once crowded with collections from literature and the arts. You may see Mrs. Piozzi's house. Johnson used to come here and stay at the Pelican, where the faithful Bozzy would visit. Horace Walpole, for him the fun of the thing, went to Lady Huntingdon's chapel and heard Lord Chancellor Camden acting as a local preacher—a kind of precedent for my Lords Radstock and Teignmouth. We might talk of combative Warburton, saintly Ken, and most Malthusian Malthus. We

might ask our readers to wander with us in the grand Victoria Park, and to climb Beechen Hill from the terrace, or ride through the pretty villages that cluster around, or go on to Clifton to watch the mural precipices of the tidal Avon, or cross the Suspension Bridge to wander into the Leigh woods. Bath and Cheltenham may each be said to possess a cathedral. Bath has its abbey. A run of a quarter of an hour takes you from Cheltenham to Gloucester, which in a sort of way is almost part of Cheltenham, where you have in some respects the most beautiful cathedral in England, now undergoing an elaborate restoration. When at Gloucester, be sure to go on to Heighnam to see Mr. Gambier Parry's park and Pinetum, and the magnificent church on which he has lavished so much wealth and decorative genius. Bath and Cheltenham both give fine examples of the intense stupidity of the bourgeois class. The munificent rector of Bath, at his own expense, has wished to work the fine organ by water-power, and so save the work of a lot of men, but the Corporation will not give the water. At Cheltenham the fine parish church is cumbered by its big pews, and so its most able rector and his people are broiled in an iron church. The corporation of Plymouth actually sold their parish church, that is to say, the advowson, and bought a theatre with the money. So true is the remark which I heard Lord Salisbury make in the House of Lords one night, from Lord Coke, that a corporation has neither a soul to be reasoned with nor a carcase to be kicked.

Amidst all its frivolity, Bath has maintained the flavour of an intellectual society. Walter Savage Landor spent one-and-twenty years here, off and on; Crabb Robinson liked to come here. Hither came the present Emperor Napoleon, in the days when he only wrote Charles Louis Buonaparte on his card. Like Mr. Disraeli, the Emperor never forgets a face or a name. He called on Landor at Bath, and Landor congratulated him that he had escaped two great evils—a prison

and a throne. He only smiled at this, but said nothing. Landor was one of the best-known figures in Bath, 'the very place,' says his biographer, Mr. Forster, 'where he had spent all the most pleasurable hours of his early life. He really liked Bath; the choice was the happiest he could have made.' He complained, however, of his Bath Novembers: 'We have only had four hours of sun in six weeks; never since the creation of the world has this happened before.' But this, of course, was Landor's characteristic way of exaggerating matters. He had a favourite Pomeranian dog, Pomero, and Landor, as he trudged up and down the steep Bath streets, was always accompanied by this well-known dog. 'Daily,' so once wrote Landor, 'I think of Bath and Pomero. I fancy him lying on the narrow window-sill and watching the good people go to church. He has not yet made up his mind between the Anglican and Roman-Catholic.' We need not discuss the sad scandals of Landor, and his libels on some Bath young ladies, which caused him to retire to Italy, where it would be 'pleasant to see the sun about one's death-bed.' Very characteristic is Landor's way of wandering about, watching the lights of a Bath sunset disappear, and thinking of the friends whom he had lost: 'Last evening I walked in the park, and saw the sun gradually illuminate the whole of Marlborough Buildings, window after window. Many of my old friends lived there, and went away in like manner, one after another.'

Cheltenham has no such roll of recollections as these to recal. Her origin is as recent as that of Bath is indubitably antique. There is a sluggish ditch-like stream, which it would be excess of courtesy to call a brook, which emerges out of Cheltenham in the parish of Charlton Kings, which is now absorbed in the growing town. Mr. Grantley Berkeley poetically talks of the time when once the kingfisher haunted the stream, 'the wild bird of March,' as we believe Mr. Tennyson calls him, though why of March rather than any other month

we believe no naturalist can venture to say. It was, not so very far back, a village with a single street, which the Berkeleys brought into fashion with their establishments of hounds and horses with which to hunt the Cotswold hills. Colonel Berkeley, better known as Earl Fitzharding, was *de facto* king of the place, as much as Nash had been king at Bath. At one time it seemed not unlikely that the Cheltenham waters would really rival in repute those of Bath. That amiable monarch, George the Third, who never transgressed beyond English limits, used to wander about the country in a miscellaneous manner, and now and then made the fortunes of a watering-place by a temporary sojourn there. The palmiest days of Cheltenham were those. Mr. Close led the saints and Colonel Berkeley the sinners. Mr. Grantley Berkeley talks a great deal of twaddle in his 'Reminiscences,' but on Cheltenham subjects he has had peculiar powers, *cum grano*, of being an authentic and well-informed witness. 'It was never straitlaced; on the contrary, there was plenty of liberty, much riding with fair equestrians to look at fine views from the Cotswolds over the town; a great deal of dancing with the same partner during our balls, or flirtings, as it was called; and if a man was seen to be smitten with one sweet face in particular, the leaders in society had the exceeding good taste always to ask him to meet the attraction at assemblies, dinners, concerts, or at balls. . . . Cheltenham began soon to stretch out its arms over the surrounding lanes, and to turn what used to be the bushy byways and paths into streets and roads. The market was no longer held in the High Street, shops spread themselves in all directions, magnificent promenades and convenient places for drinking the waters arose. I remember one night, after a very hard day, long after dark, coming to the summit of the hills, when we first commanded the view of the town after the substitution of gas for the dim lamps, we pulled up to look at the unwonted brilliancy.'

Mr. Berkeley says that Cheltenham was always fast, and, we suppose in attestation of the statement, he gives some of his own experiences on the promenade. We really believe that it is the fastest town in England, and that the girl there flourishes in all her periodic vigour. Some descriptions which we have heard of the Cheltenham balls are not at all creditable to this phase of modern society. Cheltenham has always been persistent in its character for fastness. Like Bath, it has always been a resort for old Indians. Cheltenham and Bath put together might well deserve the title of Asia Minor. You meet the Asiatics at every turn. And it ought to be said that they are singularly healthy and hearty men, showing that an Indian climate is not really a bad one to those who live with care and moderation. But though the hunting and balls draw many visitors in the winter, and the Pittville and Montpellier gardens, well-nigh useless in winter, draw crowds in summer by their music and promenades, yet not many years ago there was some danger that the town was approaching a state of comparative stagnation. It was at this point that the history of Cheltenham assumed a new and very fortunate phase. It became one of our great educational centres. I think mainly through the energy of Dean Close the Cheltenham College was established, and it increased mightily through the services of the two best head masters that any public school could have had,—Mr. Dobson, of classic fame, and Dr. Barry. Its numbers would be at one time about equal to

the Eton numbers; but Eton is now about two hundred ahead of Cheltenham, and of course Cheltenham has none of Eton's traditional greatness and endowments. Yet it seems to us that the Cheltenham School is more luxurious and dandified than Eton itself. We saw a lot of young fellows lazily stretched on the fine grass, dressed to an inch of their lives, eating ices, and with gaudy tassels which no university college would tolerate. The peculiarity of the Cheltenham College is, that it has exactly seized the modern view, and gives the education which meets every want and every examination of the present day. In other and less desirable respects it exemplifies the modern spirit. They have also a ladies' college at Cheltenham, which really seems one of the very best, if not the very best, in the country. They seem there satisfactorily to have solved the problem how to give a thorough education, that should elicit the girl's powers and confer full modern culture, and at the same time not allow them to degenerate into mere students. This question of the best education for young ladies is a most important subject, and we shall probably take another opportunity of explaining how they attempt to work it out at Cheltenham. It is singular that Bath should have foregone its great educational chances and have fallen so decidedly behind Cheltenham. One result of these great schools is, that they help to retain in Cheltenham a society which reflects and even exaggerates all the varying metropolitan tastes.

THREE OLD MAIDS.

SHE is a little old-fashioned perhaps in her ways, and she dresses as folks used to dress some twenty years ago. She speaks a trifle more precisely than the generality of us are wont, and has certain habits and customs which might be called eccentric. She has lived

in that same cottage with its trim garden and closely-cut sweetbriar hedge for the last fifteen years, and during all that time she has been as regular in her transactions with the world outside her garden-gate as she has been exact in the management of the internal affairs of her

household, not omitting the canary's daily bath or the periodical renewing of her cat's throat-ribbon. She is evidently comfortably off in this world's goods, pays ready money for all she buys, is careful to make the tradespeople rub their shoes upon the door-mat when they come to speak with her, and checks the totals of their invoices as they stand at attention in the hall. She wears an eye-glass and carries a great many keys about; she is tall and thin as Lady Jane Ingoldsby, and once must have been, like her, fair. Her age cannot be less than forty years; she is active and cheerful withal. Her name is Miss Frances Drew, and Miss Adeline Winton, the rector's pretty daughter, aged twenty, speaks of her to me as 'the old maid.'

It is all very well for Miss Adeline to speak so, and in spite of the unmistakeable meaning, compounded of pity and contempt, with which she speaks, there is a perfect *entente cordiale* between her and Miss Drew. It is all very well for Miss Adeline to speak so, for is not Captain Busby, distinguished artillery officer (see his portrait in the Victoria Cross Gallery, where he is represented with drawn sword, leaning on a cannon, and surrounded by slaughtered Sepoys), now on his way to marry her, and to lay sword, Victoria Cross, cannon, Sepoys, &c. &c., at her feet? But every young lady has not a Captain Busby coming to marry her; and it is to such sober-judging, unconceited, unprejudiced hearers that I address my defence of old maids, prompted thereto perhaps by that fellow-feeling which David Garrick assures us 'makes us wondrous kind.'

It is because there is much to be said on behalf of old maids, and because this, notwithstanding Miss Adeline's tone in speaking of them, is not an exceptional one, that I enter upon the defence at all. Let me begin by admitting that there is a *prima facie* reason for looking at old maids in the light in which they often place themselves—in the semi-ridiculous light which almost warrants the pitiful-contemptuous tone adopted by many in speaking

of them. They are often eccentric, even to grotesqueness, and by distinctive ways lay themselves open to the charge of affectation; they are often irritating to those whose ambit is larger, who have to deal with the affairs of the general world, or whose sympathies are increased by the education of unselfishness which comes of family duties.

But this is not sufficient reason why they should be tabooed as a sort of human absurdities, not important enough to be dignified with the title of *bêtes noires*, yet objective enough to be regarded as laughable outgrowths of society. To say the least of them, they are harmless creatures; and even where they may threaten to become noxious through meddling or talk, a little judicious conduct on the part of those concerned will effectually disarm them. Even Miss Creepmouse, who spends her time, as did the Athenians, 'in nothing else but to hear or tell some new thing,' may be kept at arm's length without much inconvenience.

Is it supposed that any woman is an old maid out of pure love of old maidism? that if she had had the power to shape her own destiny she would have chosen this state in preference to another? Not if she be a true woman. Does not every true woman count as her due 'love, honour, children,' and does she not grieve in her inmost heart if they be withheld? Why, then, should she be made to bear, as if it were her fault, that which is either a misfortune or an unavoidable necessity? Is she not keenly alive to the ridicule which unthinking people throw upon her? is she not daily aware of the inconveniences to herself, if not to the community, attendant upon her celibate condition? Surely yes. Let those, then, laugh who have won, laugh not at those who have not won, but in joyousness at the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Let them bear with the oddities and eccentricities which they are spared from exhibiting, and not add by the sharpness of their scorn to the pain of those whom circumstances have compelled to lead a different life. Charity requires this, and justice

demands a great deal more, as we shall see when we come to analyse the facts which go to make up the totals of many an old maid's history.

How came it that Miss Frances Drew is mateless, and without domestic happiness in the world? She is a true, good woman, as the common voice, as well as her acts, avouch; she lives manifestly in charity with all men, and is notorious for doing good to many besides those who are of the household of faith; she is beloved by the poor, respected by the rich, and in her case there is no occasion to beware because all men speak well of her. She is no disciple of Miss Creepmouse's school, retails no scandal, 'speaks no slander, no, nor listens to it,' and leads such a life as years ago would have entitled her to the honours of saintship. Her only fault is that with which Miss Adeline reproached her, that she is an old maid.

Were men quite dead to the sweet nature which existed in that sweet body, and did not seek to honour themselves by alliance with it? Were they afraid of bringing themselves within reach of the pure light which beamed from those (still lovely) hazel eyes, and refrained from wooing the dispenser of it? They were neither one nor the other; they were so far from dead to visible merit that they admired and sought to profit by it; and their admiration so far outweighed their humility that they did their utmost to bring themselves within reach of the light whereof I have spoken as being so pure. And Miss Frances Drew was not like the lady in Willis's poem, who

'Kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true.'

She did not boast herself in the richness of nature's gifts to her, though it was not possible she should ignore their existence, but she never intentionally hurt any one by the display of them, never entered upon the career of many less fair, whose delight is in adding a fresh scalp to the girdle of their beauty. It was simply men's own misfortune, in one sense, that she

was as she was; in another sense 'the time was blessedly lost' in which they strove to make themselves worthy of this good woman's love. Miss Frances Drew had the painful duty several times cast upon her of wounding by refusal hearts of which many women might have been proud. She discharged the duty with all the kindness and considerateness of her nature, and she left the suppliants without hope, but without having injured their self-respect or their esteem for her. There was no lack of wooers; it was not for want of being asked that Miss Drew, once known as 'sweet Fanny Drew,' remained single.

Do you know, you who make mirth of her antiqueness, that there is hanging over the fireplace in her sitting-room a well-executed portrait of a young naval officer, dressed in his uniform, and wearing a couple of orders on his breast; his age, to judge by the picture, some twenty-six years, and his features handsomely fair after the Saxon type? Do you know what attention, to guard it from scathe or harm, this same portrait receives from Miss Frances? how she hath contrived a sort of curtain which falleth over it when Betty, her maid, is dusting and making a dust? and how she seems to honour it not only above all other pictures in the house, but above everything else that she possesses, unless perhaps it be a pair of tarnished epaulettes which repose under a glass shade bound, as to the edges, with black ribbon, and which stands on a little table by itself between the two windows of the room? Do you know the history of that portrait, or rather of him who is represented by it?—the history of those epaulettes—how Miss Frances came by them? I will make bold to tell you, for you will never get any information out of the present owner. The story is short and simple. That young naval officer portrayed in the picture was Lieutenant Edward Wilson, of his Majesty's navy, who at the age of twenty-two told 'sweet Fanny' he loved her, and enjoyed the exquisite pleasure, which no other ever enjoyed, of hearing that he was

loved in return. When Lieutenant Edward Wilson told 'sweet Fanny's' father what he had told 'sweet Fanny,' that gentleman's reply caused no such exquisite pleasure as his daughter had caused to thrill the lieutenant's heart. Mr. Drew declined to listen to any statement matrimonyward, and bade Lieutenant Wilson give up at once and for ever all thought of being his son-in-law. Wilson, whose ambition had not led him to contemplate the honour of being Mr. Drew's son-in-law so much as the felicity of being Fanny's husband, did not intend to renounce even the lesser honour, and told Mr. Drew so. Whereupon Mr. Drew got seriously huffed, and forbade Wilson to come to his house.

So affection was tried and strengthened by adversity. Fanny and Wilson met from time to time as opportunity offered, and further comforted each other by that balm to absent lovers, correspondence. Wilson went to sea, whence he wrote ever and anon to his lady-love at home. This went on for a year, and then came a break. What *could* be the reason? Fanny's letters went as sure as the mail went—the break was not of her making. Was the lieutenant faithless? Impossible. The poor girl scouted the idea before it was well defined to her. Was he ill? That was possible, for the station he sailed on was the home of 'yellow fever.' But then he would have got the surgeon, or some other brother officer, to write for him. There were a hundred surmises to account for the falling off, and none satisfactory. Four months passed, and there was no sign of the absentee, till one morning the postman brought a letter in poor Fanny's own handwriting, addressed to

'Lieutenant Edward Wilson,
H.M.S. Wanderer,
West Indies.'

The poor maiden's pulse beat at fever pace. She seized the letter, while a thousand fears possessed her heart, and read, stamped with the official brand of the Post Office, the single word 'Dead.' This, and

an announcement in the 'Gazette' to the effect that another officer had been appointed to the 'Wanderer,' *vice* Wilson deceased, were all the intimation poor Fanny had of the calamity which had befallen her, till the 'Wanderer,' returning, brought the epaulettes and a lock of light-brown hair which had lately adorned the person of Edward Wilson. The surgeon told her the circumstances of the death; how the poor fellow had been taken ill one day and buried the next, finding time, however, to speak of her 'whom to leave was only bitterness, only dying,' to commend himself to her through the medium of the doctor, and to send her a few articles belonging to himself which he thought she might value. The doctor cut off the lock of hair and brought it to her; and Edward Wilson was buried in the sea. Such is the history of the portrait and the epaulettes.

'Sweet Fanny' mourned in the bitterness of her sorrow 'till time, that cures severest woe,' and the hand of God lifting, modified the intensity of her grief. She ceased to mourn 'as they which have no hope;' she possessed her soul in calmness, and found in good works, and in the faith which prompted them, a solace for her trouble. But 'for her, perpetual maidenhood' was the lot. The marital love she had accorded to Edward Wilson was buried with him in the depths of the ocean, there to abide with him till the resurrection day. She *could* not love again as she had done. The power to love utterly had gone from her, so that the suitors who came to her could have no other answer than that they received. 'Her night of loss was ever there,' and she did not desire it should be dispelled. After her father's death—she was motherless and an only child—she came to live in Melham village, where she reigned supreme in the hearts of the people, living outside of herself, as it were, busying herself for the good of many, and waiting patiently, with cheerful resignation, for the time when she might again see him who had been taken from her.

This was the lady of whom Adeline Busby, *née* Winton, spoke to me, saying, 'Miss Drew is very nice, but you know she's an old maid.'

Certainly all old maids have not such romantic or such tender histories as that above given. It is equally certain they have not all the same amiable characteristics Miss Drew had. There are some whose lives are little else than a passionless monotony, and to whom no occasion has presented itself for the display of those qualities of womanliness and kindness which may be in them for all they have not been called out. These, forced to abide within the narrow circle of their own interests, with nothing to lift them above themselves, are in great danger of becoming 'old maids' proper, as that term is generally understood. It is bootless to inquire how they came to be unwedded. Sufficient that they are so. The qualities of social energy and domestic love, which all true women have, forced by circumstances into an abnormal channel, often discover objects for exercise which are simply grotesque. It is not from choice that a woman lavishes upon a cat or a bird the affection which, under other conditions, would have been appropriated to human beings; but those highest objects to which her natural wishes tend being denied her, she cannot do away with the feelings which God implanted in her, but exercises them according to her ability upon some thing or some creature short of the highest.

I have said that this condition is dangerous, and so it is. The natural scope being withheld, there is a great temptation to launch out into the unnatural and absurd, into that which causes so much of the ludicrous to attach to 'old maidism.' Ladies thus placed are apt to give undue importance to trifles, are prone to think themselves ill without the slightest reason, to grow precise about expressions, to throw all their energy into questions which, if never solved, would leave the world no worse off, and fondly to attack some common error, either of speech or conduct, which though

erroneous in itself, is so in a degree altogether insignificant. I once knew an unmarried lady who besides being forty was 'fat and fair,' and in excellent health, who was wont to complain from time to time of aches and pains purely imaginary. She would, at certain seasons of the year, quit her abode for some watering-place, in hope of improving her health, which she knew to be seriously impaired by reason of the extreme 'blackness of her veins.' At other times she would lie restlessly on a sofa for whole days together, till I have wondered she did not get really unwell through lack of exercise and fresh air, because she felt 'tingling pains in her finger ends.' She was perfectly well; it was want of something on which to exercise her mind that made her take to these sham sick ways. Humouring herself as she did, she hurt no one but herself; on the contrary, she gave employment which she was well able to pay for. The man who drew her about in a Bath chair might have had his private opinion as to the malady of his burden; still he could not but rejoice at the difference of opinion between her and himself upon that subject.

Miss Lydia Walter—that was her name—used in her few moments of convalescence to inveigh bitterly against the vulgar error of people who spoke of having been *to* London or elsewhere. 'To be' was not a verb of motion. How *could* any one be *to* a place? People should say 'at' or 'in.' This was her ordinary instance when errors in speech became the topic of conversation; but when she chose to shine pre-eminent in grammar, which she ever defined as 'the art of speaking and writing a language correctly,' she used to electrify her audience by the exposure of a yet more vulgar mistake which people made who desired others 'not to shake the table more than they can help,' whereas they should ask, as she proved to demonstration, that people 'would not shake the table more than they *cannot* help.' Upon such points I have known her spend as much time and energy as would have sufficed to organise a nursery

with six inmates; and devote to lamentation over petty troubles strength enough to quell the rebellion of a whole servants' hall.

It is by such acts that Miss Lydia and her peers bring ridicule upon themselves, the fault being not so much theirs as the result of circumstances by which they are surrounded. No reasonable being can object to their accurate remembrance of all the birthdays in the family, to their dressing themselves in old-fashioned garments, to their neatness, their love for dumb creatures, nor even to their 'fussiness,' which, after all, only springs from the fact of the desire to be useful being larger than the opportunity for exercising it. One finds no difficulty in forgiving their generic hatred for lawyers, their almost universal dislike for 'Tractarians' and those whom they call sceptics. Their refusal to invest their money in aught but the old-approved securities arises out of the isolatedness of their condition, and the necessity they are under of guarding themselves from the possibility of loss. 'They cannot steal land,' was the answer I once met to an earnest solicitation to be allowed to change some of Miss Lydia's landed property, which brought her barely three per cent., for some Government guaranteed railway stock that would have yielded double. My desire was single and disinterested for the increase of my friend's scanty income; but she was iron in her determination to resist me, and she prevailed.

Miss Lydia was not liked by cabmen, to whom she was strictly just, seeing no reason why she should be generous in her dealings with 'that class of persons' in preference to others. I am disposed to think this soundly wise conduct, in which she showed a courage not possessed by many men, was suggested by ideas founded upon the justice of cases, and by the needful prudence which guards against imposition.

My friend lived all her girlhood in an out-of-the-way country village, and for some reason or other was never asked to leave it for the purpose of founding a new home. Her real trials were few, her sorrows

confined to those which all must suffer through the loss of relations and friends; 'she led the even tenor of her way, along the cool sequestered vale of life,' and unruffled by the rubs of time, lived a blameless life, doing good in small ways, and deserving kindness and sympathy for her conduct rather than ridicule and contempt for her spinsterhood.

There are old maids who may be distinguished as the 'matronly,' who have been sister-mothers to their younger sisters. I knew one such. Her mother, when dying, commended the tender buds of humanity to her care, and she comforted that mother in her last hours by the assurance of that she has so nobly done. Denying herself, for the children's sake, she refused two worthy offers of marriage, lest she should fail in the discharge of the, to her, sacred duty. She waited till time had relieved her of her charges by providing new homes for them, and then, her own marrying days being gone, she settled down with a quiet conscience and self-denying disposition in the grateful hamlet of Waldon, where, adopting the poor and needy for her relations, and setting an example for angels and men to admire, she lived and died 'in single blessedness.' It must have been a hard heart or a thoughtless tongue that could have allowed an unkind word to be spoken of her.

It is just possible there may be some women like that one described by Southey in 'The Curse of Kehama,' who

'Hated men because they loved not her;
And hated women because they were loved;'

but I am inclined to disbelieve in them. It has never been my misfortune to know

'A woman whose unlovely youth,
Even as a canker'd rose which none will cull,
Had withered on the stalk;'

though I have met ladies whose opinion of men, as such, was by no means flattering; and it might very well be that this ill opinion—for in no case does it amount to misanthropy—had its origin in some evil turn which certain men played them. They have been cheated of their

heart or their property at some earlier stage of their existence, and the broken faith, besides ruining them, has ruined the opinion they once had of men—an opinion so good that, had appearances not proved deceitful, they would have been content to merge themselves and their fortunes with those of a rougher nature. These, perhaps, find a pleasure in ‘hearing and telling some new thing’ adverse to the race by which they have been ill-used, so that gossip often becomes their failing; and in their anxiety to be revenged they become busybodies and meddlesome. But these are special qualities attaching only to some out of many, and I do not know that they can be said to be possessed exclusively by old maids. The prudishness for which they are often reproached grows out of the very nature of their condition. Ever obliged to observe closely the bounds of modesty and decorum, they acquire the habit of speaking over-modestly—a fault their married sisters are not noted for committing. There are old maids whose youth illness laid hold upon and kept them single; there are old maids who in youth manifested signs of the shrew, and scared the would-be wooers away—these surely must be terrible old maids; there are old maids whom pure misfortune has kept so; but there are not, as I believe, any old maids who are so from choice, or, as I ventured to put it at the beginning of this article, from love of the state. It is not a natural state, and though after the lapse of time a woman may grow so much attached to it that she will not, even in the presence of an offer, change it, originally it was not so. *Now* she loves her freedom and unshackledness; *then* there was ‘nothing she would more willingly have parted withal.’

One more class of ‘old maids,’ and

I have done. There is a class the members of which are for the most part good-looking, well-dressed, and have a good deal to say for themselves; they are up in the general subjects of conversation, and can, if they choose, make themselves vastly agreeable. They know, or knew, a great many people, and were in the habit of mixing in much society. Why are they yet unmarried? I will tell you. They were flirts or jilts—probably the former, for I believe they were rather foolish than wicked. They received the homage of many but the love of none; or, if they did, they trifled with it, lost it, and lived to see it accepted by another who thrived and flourished on it while they were left high and dry on the shoal from which the marriage tide will never sweep them.

But these, perhaps, more even than the others, are very deserving of consideration and sympathy. Their condition is punishment more than enough for their error or vanity; it is unkind, to say the least of it, to taunt them as well.

I do not propose to go into an examination of the employments in which unwedded women can engage. It is foreign to my object on the present occasion. I have shown the cases of several classes against whom to breathe a word of unkindness—and ridicule *is* unkindness—is positive sin; I have endeavoured to show the sources—often uncontrollable—whence many of the peculiarities of old maids spring; I have made out a clear title in some to all the sympathy which the world has to give them; and now end with a bid for universal forbearance and kindness towards those who, being true women, with affections and aspirations no whit less defined than those of any other women, are debarred by their fate from domestic joys and sweet family pleasures.

F. W. R.



FLOWERS IN PARIS.

THIS heading may possibly call forth the remark that flowers in Paris must be pretty much the same as flowers in any other part of the world; but the fact is that they occupy there a more conspicuous place than in any other capital with which I am acquainted. On arriving in Paris, even before reaching your hotel, you behold from your cab-window some horticultural achievement, some highly-finished square or public garden, containing something—a bed of coleus like a pool of blood, a parti-coloured ribbon of floral embroidery, or a grot-like cascade hung with the freshest of verdure—which makes you mentally resolve, ‘I must go and take a look at that to-morrow.’ But before to-morrow comes, on strolling out after your late and welcome dinner, you will encounter sundry flower-sellers who live by retailing in the evening the flowers that have remained unsold all day—exactly as in London there are second-rate fish-shops and supper-rooms, which treat you at night to lobsters, crabs, and prawns which first-rate establishments have not disposed of during the preceding twelve hours. And when the twilight of a summer’s eve is completely extinguished by the glare of gas, you will find no lack of second-hand bouquets—showy, tasty, and fragrant, but unmistakably and undeniably second-hand—to prove the wide-spread demand for the article flowers.

What, in fact, is a favourite actress or dancer—a *femme à la mode*, whom all male Paris is running after—to do with her bouquets? Say she receives only a dozen per day. A superabundance of such things becomes wearisome. Their similarity of form render them monotonous as a decoration for apartments, and she does not want her boudoir to look like a bouquet-shop. None of them will keep, because the flowers are ‘mounted;’ that is, the short stalks with which they are cut are lengthened by attachment to false stems of rush.

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Putting them, therefore, into a jar of water, to preserve their freshness, would be like putting your wooden leg into a hot footbath to cure your cold. Madame, consequently—all such ladies are ‘Madame,’ whether married (which rarely happens) or not—Madame selects one or two which (or their donors) she prefers to the rest, and the others become the perquisite of her *femme de chambre*, who may possibly hand one to her *bon ami*, who may perhaps present it to the counter of the *crêmerie* or wine-shop which he honours with his patronage. The residue find their way, for a small consideration, to vendors stationed at the corners of streets and under gateways along the Boulevards. Such is the life-history of many a bouquet, the last purchaser probably setting on it a greater value than the first recipient.

While discoursing bouquets, I may add that not a few stylish equipages receive their finishing touch from small bouquets, of the same hues and flowers, worn by the horses on the sides of their heads, and by the master and men-servants in front of their buttoned coats or waistcoats; but I have noticed, when opportunities for close inspection occurred, that while the horses’ and the masters’ flowers were real, those of the servants were often artificial—which would take us away from flowers, our province at present, into the domains of livery-tailoring and millinery.

Next morning, on issuing, you are met by the cry, ‘Fleurissez vous! Fleurissez vous!’ for which we know no adequate English, but approximately translate it by ‘Flower yourselves! Flower yourselves!’ which sounds as if the crier took you for journeymen bakers out on strike. You forgive the mistake, however, at the sight and scent of handbarrows laden with what were once called ‘posies’ intrepidly wheeled through the crowded streets. The contents of those hand-carts serve you at once

as a calendar, a thermometer, and a clock. There are directions how to read the barometer; a very little practice will help you to read the flower-barrow. As a calendar, wall-flowers mark April; roses and early pinks, June; chrysanthemums, October and November. As a clock, from seven to eight in the morning is denoted by a heavy load of the freshest flowers, when working men, clad all in blue, buy penny bunches to perfume their breakfasts. Diminished quantity, with flagging leaves, indicate the interval between twelve and one, when juvenile economists obtain for one sou the nosegay which, earlier, would have cost them two. When you begin to witness the grand selling off of remnant stock, in a condition between new-made hay and pot-pourri, under prime cost, you may feel sure of being far advanced in the afternoon, somewhere between four and five, and may reflect how, when, and where you will dine. The thermometrical evidence of the flower-cart is perceptible by the dullest eye. Pansies shrivelled at ten in the morning stand for 80 deg. of Fahrenheit, while roses tolerably fresh at two in the afternoon show the mercury not to have risen above 50 deg. or 60 deg.

Wherever you take your walks in Paris, you can hardly avoid passing flower shops; still less will you be able to refrain from stopping and looking in at the window. They are not so frequent as to weaken the interest they inspire, nor yet so few and far between as to threaten you with absolute floral starvation. They are judiciously scattered here and there; there is at least one in every considerable beat of frequented walks where leisurely folk lounge to and fro; one in the Palais Royal; one on the Boulevard des Italiens, I think; one in the Rue Royale, and so on. Without giving you a surfeit, they contrive to keep up your longing, and do not allow you to forget there are such things as flowers. They tempt you with beauties old and new, but the old, I fancy, are in the majority; for our forefathers cultivated floral gems which still hold their places against

intruders. They offer pot-plants enveloped, like brides, in spotless white, bouquets, and even single flowers or single spikes of flowers. For what purpose can anybody want one *single* flower? Yet you see them sold. Is it to complete an insufficient nosegay? or to send or wear as a token or a symbol, to be read by the learned in the language of flowers? There is certainly mystery in some of these purchases. Look how that waiting-maid hides that bouquet! Wherever it is going, it will be smuggled in. That Madagascar periwinkle is being papered up as tightly as if Cupid were perched amongst its branches and the purchaser were afraid he should fly away.

It is hard to know where to begin with flowers in Paris; as to ending with them, they have no end. With them there is no gap or break between the thirty-first of December and the first of January, any more than there is between eleven fifty-nine minutes at night and fifty-nine minutes to one in the morning. Flowers, without and with assistance, bloom in an unbroken circle all the year round. Paris must have them, and have them she does. Weather puts no stop to the supply. It is almost pitiable to behold greenhouse plants exposed for sale in the open air, in the Paris flower markets, during frost and snow. You feel for them as you would for sentient beings made to undergo needless suffering. There they are, poor things, torn from their happy home by their cruel master, a sort of slave dealer, who takes no thought of inclement seasons, provided he does but pocket their price. There they are, thinly clad or not clad at all, shivering and shaking in the biting breeze. Unless some purchaser takes pity on them and carries them off to a friendly shelter, they must perish, stricken with paralysis, frostbite, and death. The individuals carried back home by their owner can only reach it as dead bodies, fit for interment in the compost-heap. The value of the sufferers, we may suppose, is covered by the sale of those for which he manages to find customers. But

it is a ruthless practice, nevertheless. Such is human cruelty to poor defenceless plants!

Like the flower shops, the flower markets of Paris suffice for the supply, and alternate conveniently with each other, without raising any unnecessary competition. They all begin early, and most of them last all day; needless, therefore, is it to observe that it is the early bird which picks up the best bargains. Apropos to which, be it said, once for all, that no one need be afraid to bargain. Haggling, you may be told, is un-English; but doing at Paris as Paris does will sometimes save you eighty or ninety per cent., especially if the seller perceives that you know the wholesale market value of plants.

The flower market of the Château d'Eau is held on Mondays and Thursdays; that on the Quai aux Fleurs, on Wednesdays and Saturdays; that at the Madeleine, on Tuesdays and Fridays; so that a flower market is held every day in the week except Sunday. Besides these, flowers are sold every day in the Marché St. Honoré; every day also, and early in the morning only, say from four or earlier till six, there is a sale, on a large scale, of bouquets and cut flowers only, at the Halles Centrales. All these are well worth a stranger's visiting, whether he wants flowers or no, for the sight. The trade in flowers at the Halles Centrales is particularly curious to observe. In summer it enters into the general picture of the early wholesale dealings in vegetables and fruits, and forming only a feature of one great whole, strikes you less. But in winter, when it proceeds with equal briskness, darkness frames it in, and you take the isolated groups as you would the Rembrandts and the Teniers in a gallery. It is an illumination of busy glow-worms. Each muffled-up female purchaser carries a stick armed with a lighted taper, known as a *rat de cave*, wherewith to inspect the merchandise. She here purchases, at first hand, bouquets and flowers, to be afterwards sold, at second, third, or fourth hand, at the flower market of the day and at

the flower shops. It is a scene which might be put on the stage, if scenic effects were capable of rivalling its richness.

The Halles Centrales is the Billingsgate of bouquets. Retail dealers obtain thence their supplies for the day, often making new combinations and permutations out of the materials so procured. Flowers are sold there in bunches consisting of one single kind—all red roses, all white roses, all orange blossoms, all crimson stocks, and so on—which even in that state make very effective and remarkable bouquets, which everybody cannot show; because a small private garden could not furnish a sufficient supply of one single flower. They charm by their very simplicity and by their apparent unpretentiousness. Professional bouquet-makers buy up these for the sake of pulling them to pieces, and out of them composing (often with the addition of less expensive but nevertheless fresh and pretty flowers) those circular pieces of elaborate floral mosaic which are supposed to be indispensable to ladies of various categories, to hold in their left hand (or deposit beside them) on various occasions. Such bouquets are often ordered days beforehand, and have to travel long distances, which they bear better than might be expected, carefully packed in air-tight boxes, and with a slight sprinkling of water over their surface. If the sum spent annually in France for cut flowers only could be counted, the total amount would be something enormous.

Visitors to the Halles Centrales by day should not neglect going underground—a region known to comparatively few, but not less wonderful and extensive than the edifices standing above ground. I do not know whether admission is obtainable at early morn, but later on, nothing is easier. You have only to inquire for the *surveillant*, if he does not present himself and offer to take you downstairs, which he very likely will if you go poking about with the air of inquisitive and intelligent strangers. He is a portly individual, in a sort of undress uni-

form, of the highest respectability, unmistakably authoritative and official, who takes a pleasure in doing the honours of his 'Inferno,' apparently careless whether you tip him or no, which, however, we make a point of with him and all his brother employés, wherever we fall in with them, and have no occasion to regret the practice. Writing from memory, something like the following discourse occurred :

'Permettez. This way. The stairs are easy. Of course we keep this barrier locked. The public are not admitted yet, and we do not want idle and unclean people to come and deposit dirt here—saving your respect—instead of taking it to the proper place. Look round now, and look up. You are beneath the Halles. I will unlock this other barrier, and, as it is dark, will light this bit of bougie. You now behold this wonderful entrepôt, three hundred mètres square without any support or prop. The roof is held up by those hollow beams. They say they are stronger because they are hollow. To complete it, it took so many hundred workmen, so many hundred days, so many thousand kilos. of iron——'

'And that dark passage there?'

'Permettez—so many million bricks and so many cubic mètres of hewn stone. *This* dark passage is the underground railway to the St. Lazare Station, communicating with Le Havre, and thence with America. *That*, about which you inquired just now, is the underground railway to the station of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est, communicating with Strasbourg, the Rhine, Germany, and Eastern Europe. *That other——*'

'When will they be opened?'

'Permettez. *That other* will bring to the Halles Centrales the products of Central and Southern France. When they are finished, the meat will arrive ready slaughtered. On cleaning the fish, there are conduits for carrying off the dirty water (saving your respect) to the grand sewer which conducts all the off-scourings and *immondices* of Paris (always saving your respect) into the Seine at Asnières. When these railways are opened to commerce

the streets leading to the Halles will be disencumbered of eighty thousand carts and——'

'Which is the way out?'

'Permettez. And eighty thousand hand-barrows. *This way*. Don't be afraid. You can walk about here as safely as in your chamber. Permettez. You must not omit to see the reservoirs, where the fishmongers overhead keep their fresh-water fish alive. Each one, you see, has his division, covered with glass and wire net, and fastened with a padlock. For one division, with water constantly running through it, the charge is only two sous per day. Look at those beautiful Alsatian carp. Look at those tench; look at those eels. *This is the way up*. Mind how you walk, for this part of the Halles is sometimes dirty—saving your respect.'

'Thank you very much. Good-day.'

'Permettez. Strangers who visit the underground Halles inscribe their names in my pocket-book. Would you have the goodness to add yours? You see that there are names of all sorts of nations, some even that I cannot read.'

'There's my name. Good-day once more.'

'Permettez. If any of your friends, when they visit Paris, would like to see the underground Halles, they have only to ask for me. Here's my card.'

Of the day and retail flower markets, the most considerable and choice is that held on each side of the Madeleine, as might naturally be suspected from the tastes of the quarter in which it is situated, and which makes the greatest consumption of flowers. Even the likings of domestic animals are consulted. What are those flower-pots containing tufts of green? They are *chien-dent*, or dog's grass, for Puss and Spot to nibble at whenever they feel inclined to take a little medicine. Grand is the trade in bouquets and bouquet materials—mignonette purposely gathered in an unadvanced state, pansies, corn-bottles, single stocks, pinks, orange-flowers, forget-me-nots, jessamines, sweetwilliams, honeysuckles, gardenias or Cape

jessamines, and small dwarf peonies. Here also roses of one kind and hue are sold in carefully-assorted bunches, to be worked up into composite bouquets, mixed and contrasted with other flowers. In fact there are bouquets for all sorts and conditions of women—all pure white for innocent brides, and all blushing red for second marriages, although I did not see any all black for widows. There are winter bouquets of grasses, dyed and in their natural colours, and summer bouquets of wild-flowers—poppies, ox-eyes, corn-cockles, grasses, sedges, ferns, and reeds—as if (whether for self-deception or the deception of others) some sweet and sentimental young lady, just returned from the country, had gathered them herself as she strolled through the fields. Certain other bouquets derive a lightness and a charm from the liberal introduction into them of gypsophillas, small white, star-shaped flowers trembling on a hair-like stem.

Even during the day fresh plants arrive. Here comes a cart-load of pelargoniums in full bloom, intended to garnish some balcony or staircase. But, in fact, there are plants to suit all purposes: suspension plants, to hang in doorways and windows, ivy-leaved geraniums and tradescantias; butchers' plants, sweet basil to wit; lovers' plants, as myosotis; cobblers' plants, as the cherry-fruited shrub called *Solanum pseudo-capsicum*; ephemeral plants, as cactuses and *hemerocallis*; and long-flowering plants, as annual everlastings and the very pretty white-and-pink *rhodanthes*.

Another appeal to popular sympathy is made by plants suitable for mignonette boxes, brought in open baskets, each plant rooted in a ball of earth, and ready to be transferred either to a pot, a box, or the open ground. There are heliotropes, China asters, verbenas, phloxes, geraniums, and a great variety of other tempters. They are one form of hope personified: they will be so pretty before summer is over! I cannot resist that brace of Harry Hieover geraniums, ceded to me, without bargaining, for twopence halfpenny each. Note another way

in which this supply may be utilised. *Terrean*, or vegetable earth, is sold here, as well as plants. That lady, you see, has brought large vases, to plant them with pot-flowers in the market itself.

Great is the demand for seedling climbers, to run up strings round windows and doors—for major convolvulus, nasturtiums or *tropæolums*, scarlet runner and painted lady beans, cobæas, sweet peas, gherkins, cucumbers, and gourds; also for perennial climbers brought to market in pots, such as ivy, hops, virginian creepers, and aristolochias or birthworts.

At the Marché St. Honoré (follow the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs from the Palais Royal westward until you reach it) there is a Pavillon des Fleurs, to which you are invited by 'Entrée Libre,' 'Free Admission'—an inscription which, stuck over a shop, inevitably excites my suspicions, by calling to mind certain fourth-rate bazaars where cheap and worthless trumpery is sold, and which is quite uncalled-for in a public market, one of whose essential characters is to be open to all the world to come and go. It is not the going into such places which is supposed to cost anything, but the coming out; although it was said of the Café de Paris, now defunct, that you could not enjoy the honour of opening its door under fifteen francs.

The Pavilion of Flowers, though comparatively small, exhibits a greater variety of articles than the other flower markets from the double circumstance of being covered, and of being capable of being shut up and locked, both as a whole and in separate portions, by night. Thus, besides the usual pot plants, suspended creepers, ornamental grasses, and charming bouquets, fringed outside with ferns, there is a seed-shop, which is a most convenient and almost necessary appendage to a flower market; and there are glass-inclosed shops which, in winter, would serve as green-houses, thereby preventing needless barbarity to tender plants, not to mention the prevention of loss to the sellers. You find here also all

sorts of garden utilities and ornaments—gilt-glass globes to stick on lawns, in which to behold your distorted self; iron garden seats; horse-hair bags to preserve outdoor grapes from wasps and flies (very useful); bronze (*i.e.* cast-iron) vases for terraces; gate-posts, *idem*; delf and porcelain vases for pot-flowers indoors; and even statues of considerable merit for temples, halls, corridors, verandahs, and the finishing points of long perspectives.

It is a provoking circumstance that, in the flower markets of Paris, few, if any, plants are ticketed with their names; nor are their vendors in general able to tell you them. Nobody, they say, cares about the names; all that Paris wants, is the flowers themselves, without troubling itself about what they are or where they came from. This necessarily leads to practical errors. Gardenias, with their double, ivory-white, apricot-scented flowers, and caladiums with their heart-shaped leaves, curiously spotted with pink and white, or richly veined with deep rose and crimson—*plantes de pleine serre chaude*, as the expression is; denizens of the hothouse, and no mistake—are selected to decorate cool shady living rooms, with the necessary consequence. They soon droop and die, to their purchaser's great astonishment. The disappointment is not suffered to continue long. They are replaced by others, of which luck perhaps will determine a more prudent choice.

If you insist on knowing names, origin, and culture, you are furnished with a card or catalogue, and invited to visit 'the establishment,' where they will tell you all about them, and where you find a greater choice. But the establishment is often inconveniently out of the way and distant, in some by-lane or street in the suburbs of Paris, which you can only discover by taking a cab; and, moreover, you hesitate to go and occupy people's time without making purchases which you may not want; so you content yourself with the scanty information to be picked up in the market itself.

Not a few purchasers are satisfied with anything green growing in a pot, especially if that anything promises to keep green a considerable time. Shrub, succulent, or herbaceous plant; cryptogamous or phanerogamous; annual, biennial, or perennial, to them is all one. They also occasionally have their perplexities.

'What can I do to make this plant flower?' a lady one day anxiously asked me. 'I am beginning to lose all patience with it. I have kept it hot, and I have kept it cool; I have watered it liberally, and I have scarcely watered it at all; and yet I cannot get it to flower.'

'That does not much surprise me,' I answered.

'What treatment, then, do you advise?'

'I haven't the slightest idea.'

'Indeed!' with a sarcastic smile, as much as to say, 'You're a pretty sort of gardener!'

'I don't think you will ever see it flower.'

'You mean I shall not live long enough. Is it like the American aloe, which flowers once in a hundred years?'

'The American aloe will flower in twenty years, or less, under favourable circumstances. This plant will not flower in five hundred years, nor yet in a thousand.'

'But why not?'

'Because it is a fern. It will never flower.'

'Ah, indeed! But I have heard speak of the flowering fern, *Osmunda*.'

'No doubt. The *Osmunda regalis*. I have it in my garden. You are quite right, except that the flower of the flowering fern is not a flower.'

Moral: People who go to flower-markets may as well know what to wish for and what to buy.

A charming set of plants to raise to the dignity of intimate friends are those in which we notice motions, whether of irritability or of growth. The most familiar example of the first is the well-known sensitive-plant, which would be worth growing for the beauty of its foliage, even if not endowed with its sin-

gular powers of motion. Although the hothouse is its proper place, during two or three months of our summers, when fine, it will thrive in a sunny living room free from draughts. Its loss, inevitable in autumn, is easily replaced in spring. A few pence will procure a packet of the seed, and a packet will supply more plants than are wanted during the period that the seed retains its vitality. No costly hothouse is needed to raise it. The plants may be grown to a presentable size (sowing a single seed in each pot, to avoid transplanting) in an ordinary cucumber or melon frame, to which they may be returned for a while, for the benefit of their health, when weakened by too long a stay in an apartment. Of the sensitive and courtly trees in tropical forests, which bow their branches to salute the traveller who passes beneath them, we have heard, but have no personal experience.

Another strange plant, also requiring heat, which gives itself the fidgets without rhyme or reason, is the moving plant, *Hedysarum*, or *Desmodium gyrans*. It is covered with leaves composed of three leaflets, the middle or odd one being larger than the other two, which latter keep jerking and twitching from time to time (the hotter it is, the more they jerk and twist), by night and by day, without cessation, until death puts a stop to their unaccountable antics. The plant is biennial, and is raised from seed. Being of moderate size, it may be kept in a frame, a pine-apple pit, or a quite small hothouse, except when brought into the drawing-room or study for an hour or two, to exhibit its freaks.

Easier than either of the above to grow in a window, and not much less curious, while it is considerably prettier than the preceding, is the *Pilea callitrichoides*, for which we know no better English name than Pistol plant, in consequence of its explosive temperament. Its growth is erect, its stem and branches succulent and semi-transparent like those of balsams, and its whole aspect tender and juicy, as if it would be good to eat in a salad. In

summer, it bears almost as many flower-buds as leaves. When those are ready to open, if the plant be either dipped for a few moments in water, or abundantly watered overhead, the buds will explode one after the other, keeping up a most amusing salute of artillery, and sending forth puffs of gunpowder smoke (in reality, little clouds of dusty pollen) as the stamens suddenly expand into the form of a cross. The flowers have no petals, and are not otherwise ornamental, but are interesting as vegetable toys capable of serving as popguns.

When plants of this description are not exposed for sale—and the *Desmodium* does not often appear in the markets—they may be obtained by inquiring for and ordering them, or by visiting horticultural establishments, whose addresses will be gladly given in the flower-markets.

Instances of vegetable irritability may be seen in such a common thing as the barberry. By tickling with a pin (representing the legs of an insect) the base of the stamens of the expanded flowers whose anthers are ripe, they will rise with a jerk and strike the stigma. The barberry hardly deserves a pot for the exhibition of this performance, but it is a cheap, pretty, and hardy shrub, ornamental both in flower and fruit, not to mention the effect of the purple-leaved variety in a group of foliage. A charming native bog and alpine plant, the *Parnassia*, does the same thing of itself, without any stimulant. As the pollen ripens, each stamen successively rises, one after the other, and applies the anther to the stigma. The phenomenon may be witnessed in the gathered flowers stuck in a glass of water. The plant is not more difficult to grow in a pot than other bog-plants; namely, by keeping it standing in a saucer full of water, and occasionally covered with a bell-glass when the atmosphere is dry. Amongst interesting bog-plants which display irritability, are those furnished with traps for catching flies. Some of them, however, require a temperature higher than that of ordinary living rooms;

others are anything but vulgar objects to place on a writing-table, a *jardinière*, or a window-sill.

A very curious fly-catching plant (in which I am not aware of any irritability) flowered in my garden this summer, and a most curious inflorescence it is. The Corsican arum, *Arum crinitum* or *muscivorum*, called by French gardeners *Gouet chevelu* and *Attrape-mouche* (please not to confound this either with the Dragon or the Italian arums, *A. Dracunculus* and *Italicum*), produces a flower like the common arum of the hedges, only much larger, and with the upper part bent downwards, as if it were an accidental distortion. Both the central spadix and the spathe are thickly covered with dull purple bristles (whence its names *crinitum* and *chevelu*). The spathe contracts towards the base, like an hourglass, and there issues from it a faint cadaverous smell. This attracts blow-flies, blue and green. They come accordingly, not in swarms but one by one, leisurely and taking it easy; and there are no outward and visible signs of their being caught. You sceptically ask yourself *why* the plant is named *muscivorum* or *attrape-mouche*. By-and-by, perhaps, when the spathe is shrivelled, you tear it open to see whether you have any chance of obtaining seed, and the secret is revealed. At the bottom you find dead flies by scores, beguiled into a sort of vegetable Black Hole of Calcutta. Like the animals that entered the lion's den, all their footsteps pointed inwards; none came out; the bristles prevented them. Another year, I should like to try whether those bristles have any motion of irritability, or power of entangling and shutting in their victims.

Tubers of the Corsican arum may be obtained in winter of respectable seedsmen at a moderate price. Planted deep in a warm and well-drained border, and protected by a covering of litter or leaves, they stand our climate. In pots they produce their flowers much less readily; and, in fact, their peculiar corpse-like smell renders them far

from agreeable inmates, either of the greenhouse or the drawing-room, though compensated for, in the open garden, by their weird appearance and properties.

It will be seen that plant-purchasers may find in them something beyond mere prettiness. Besides the motions of irritability, the motions of growth display veritable marvels. Amongst climbing plants, some, like the major convolvulus, *will* twist from left to right, as they climb up their supporting string or stick; others twist from right to left, and, try all you can, you cannot make them twist otherwise. Pretty spectacles of growth are often offered by flowers that open suddenly; as by the night-blowing cereus—which people have sat up to witness—the tiger hyacinth, tigridia pavonia, and the Watsonia, an elegant although not showy greenhouse Cape plant, which you may place on your study table when you see that it promises to expand. The opening of the Marvel of Peru (in French, *Belle de Nuit*, or *Beauty of the Night*) is also striking, especially when grown in large masses or beds. Late in the afternoon, every flower has withered; before nightfall a fresh crop of parti-coloured flowers has started forth—so parti-coloured that the same plant will often bear flowers of different hues, yellow and crimson for instance, besides others mottled, patched, and striped.

'Look there!' once exclaimed an enthusiastic plant-admirer. 'Mark that green elongated bud. At word of command (not from you or me, though we might hocus-pocus and pretend to give it) it bursts. An evening primrose comes forth, bearing inscribed on its banner the number four. The stem quivers. One yellow petal boldly protrudes; then another; and then two, starting at once, elbow their way out of doors and split their calix the whole way down. The flower expands and takes its shape, as a butterfly spreads its wings to the sunshine. Its motions are like those of a living thing of quiet habits. *Like a living thing! Is it not alive?*'

Flowers of abrupt and quick ex-

pension are mostly also of short duration. And flowers of short duration, it has been observed, are adorned with the richest and most brilliant hues—as our intensest pleasures and most heartfelt joys are in too many cases the most fleeting and transient. The remark is not universally true; but it is so in respect to the aforesaid tigridia and the major convolvulus, whose gaudy tints we more and more appreciate, as they show themselves on ever-shortening autumnal mornings—

'Like sunset gleams, that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are flowers like those we snatch from fate,
The brightest—and the last.'

Finally, flowers are punctual to their appointments. The umbellate star of Bethlehem is called the eleven o'clock lady, because at that hour she opens—provided the sun shine. Punctuality is especially observed by the flowers known as night-scented. Sundown is mostly the hour fixed for giving out their perfume; and they keep to their time quite as exactly on cloudy as

on sunshiny days. But *how* do they know so accurately that the sun has sunk below the horizon? And there is no deceiving them. You can no more make a night-scented stock smell, than you can persuade a glow-worm to shine, by taking it into the dark during the day. The long-flowered Marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis longiflora*) is endowed with the same singular property. Plants may be forced, or pushed forward into flower, by heat; but it is extremely difficult to keep them back or retard them. I was surprised to see, in a flower-shop on the Boulevard, in the second week of June last, fresh-cut bunches of white lilac, long after all the lilacs in the open ground were faded and gone. The plants most likely must have been kept in an icehouse, or dark cold cellar until considerably after their usual time of starting.

Failing the names of plants in the Paris flower-markets, you may often find them in the Jardin des Plantes, to which we have not space to conduct you now.

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DAY AND NIGHT AT MALTA.

THE steamer from Southampton—which was originally intended for the service on the other side of Suez, and bore the dignified name of the 'Zuburdust,'—had arrived in the harbour of Valetta only an hour before the 'Swift Camilla,' and as the rest of the day would be occupied in coaling, there was plenty of time for the passengers of either ship to go on shore. That they availed themselves of the opportunity you may be certain. Going on shore in the abstract is a grand source of excitement, even to those who are most fond of being afloat; but who shall measure the amount of luxury—the degree of deliciousness—contained in the escape from a rough cold sea, to a land where the sun reigns in November—even though the land be but a rock tempered by gardens, and the sun be subject to aggravation in the form of a sirocco, both of which characteristics are combined at Malta.

The sense of relief was keenly experienced by two gentlemen among the Southampton passengers, with whom you are already acquainted. These were Cecil Halidame and his friend Charles Windermere, who were both on their way to India—one to take refuge with his regiment from duns and attendant disasters; the other to resume his duties as magistrate and collector of Chillumabad, in the Bengal Presidency. Windermere was, as I think I have already intimated, quite independent of the service; still, as an ambitious man, he would not willingly sacrifice a career, and his connexions were such as to enable him to command the best possible preferment, so that he had a right to look forward to honours of no ordinary kind. Otherwise, engrossed as he was with a certain object in London, I doubt if duty would have drawn him back to Chillumabad, whatever the official consequences of his ab-

sence. But the lady for whom he sighed had disappeared so suddenly that he had been unable to learn anything of her whereabouts, even from the members of the Parallelogram Club, who were supposed to have the minutest information concerning the private life of all public favourites or candidates for favour. So a dash of despair may have had some influence with Windermere in suggesting a change of scene; and if a change of scene were desirable, why should he not return to his duties in India?

The present business of the two gentlemen was to make the most of their time, and get as much amusement out of the coaling as possible. They had already seen most that was to be seen on the island; and they agreed that their first course should be to look up some common friends who belonged to one of the several regiments stationed at Valetta—no less a distinguished corps, in fact, than Her Majesty's 110th (Grasshoppers). They accordingly wended their way down one of those streets of stairs which Byron says make people blaspheme—but Byron allowed himself to be unnecessarily bored with most things—and there they engaged a boat, and proceeded to Fort Ricasoli, where the regiment in question was quartered. At Fort Ricasoli they found one of the men they wanted, to begin with. This was Mr. Revel, who was only a subaltern in the regiment, but possessed a social influence beyond his rank, and was deservedly honoured by the more adventurous members of the mess as a man equal to any contingency which might arise in the way of entertainment. He was breakfasting in his own quarters—having escaped parade upon some ground which I am not able to particularize—and was entertaining at that meal a congenial spirit, in the person of a young Dragoon officer,

who was spending a month's leave in going miscellaneous about the Mediterranean.

Revel was delighted to see Halidame, and the whole party were soon on particularly good terms. 'You will both dine with me at the mess to-night,' he said to the new comer; 'Highover will be there,'—Highover was the young Dragoon—'and it is a great night with us—the anniversary of the battle of Chillumchee—Chillumchee in India, you know, which we bear on our colours and always keep at mess. There will be plenty of time, as the "Zuburdust" cannot possibly leave until the morning, and if you go on board at any hour available to turn in you will be quite safe.'

There was no resisting so practical a mode of putting the case; so Halidame and Windermere agreed to dine at Fort Ricasoli in the evening. The next question was, what should be done in the meantime? There are not many things to do at Malta. You may make an excursion to St. Paul's Bay; but this takes time; and the point is disputed, after all, whether the spot has the real interest commonly assigned to it. You may go to the Catacombs, as most visitors do, but this is perhaps not a very cheerful mode of passing a morning. Cita Vecchia offers a more lively expedition, and some satisfaction is to be obtained from the view which it commands, though some people prefer the blood oranges which seem to be a part of the arrangement. The church of St. John, where the Knights Templars lie buried, is another resort; but this is so central a spot as not to employ much time; and it is as well not to visit the church on Overland days, as there are sure to be some facetious persons among the English visitors with whom you would not think it appropriate to have a rencontre. Beyond these, and some of the gardens, I am not sure that there are many special attractions in Malta, where the greater number of the Overland people content themselves with running about the streets and buying jewellery and lace.

The gentlemen assembled at Mr. Revel's quarters were not on sight-seeing thoughts intent. Indeed they knew all the sights long ago, and held them in the scorn which is appropriate to most sights when you have once seen them. So after dallying for awhile at Mr. Revel's, the party played billiards at the mess; and after billiards they played at lunch, and after playing at lunch they got a boat again, and then found themselves once more in the town. Here I will leave them for the present, to see how Sir Norman and Mr. Milward turned the coaling to account.

There was a certain coolness, as I have intimated, between these two gentlemen; but a rupture was avoided by common consent, as inconvenient at the time; and they both kept in attendance upon the ladies in a most tractable manner. Fellow-passengers have considerable privileges, especially on board Peninsular and Oriental steamers; so there was nothing pushing in Sir Norman's proposal, made at breakfast, that he and Milward should escort Mrs. and Miss Beltravers on shore, with an understanding, of course, that they should bring them back, and an implied necessity that they should take care of them during the interval. Miss Beltravers did not venture a reply to the offer, but looked at her mamma; and Mrs. Beltravers, seeing no objection to the proceeding, thanked Sir Norman and accepted his service. It was impossible—as she remarked when in the cabin with her daughter, making preparations for their departure,—to go on board the 'Zuburdust' while the coaling was going on; and it was equally impossible to be all day on shore by themselves.

'But I very much wish, Constance,' she added, 'that you would pay more attention to Sir Norman. It is surprising to me how you can neglect a man like that—young, handsome, and titled, and it may be rich, though that is a matter not important to you,—for a wretched conceited person like Mr. Milward, with scarcely conventional good looks, who may not have sixpence for

all you know, and who is nothing more than a subaltern in a marching regiment.'

Miss Beltravers laughed.

'You have hinted the same to me before, mamma,' replied that young lady, tossing her pretty little head; 'but what does it matter, on board ship? You do not surely suppose that I can possibly care about Mr. Milward?'

'But supposing you lead him to think that you do?'

'Well, that is his affair: if he is fool enough, he may.'

'But that is a dangerous way of looking at the case.'

'Not on board ship. I have always heard that flirtations afloat went for nothing; and I was certainly justified in thinking so, from what I saw coming home three years ago.'

'When you were a mere child, and were not—or should not—have been able to judge. But how can you account for not caring about Sir Norman?—so handsome, so gentle, so evidently honourable, and generous as he is; to say nothing of the advantage of becoming Lady Halidame one of these days.'

Miss Beltravers blushed with a fervour which you would never have expected from her usually composed demeanour.

'And who told you that I did not care about Sir Norman?' she said, rather petulantly. She took a somewhat independent tone, you may see, towards her mother, whose temperament was like her style of beauty, all softness, and was influenced far more often than it was influencing. I am afraid she was rather too amiable a person to have charge of such a decided daughter.

'Who told you that I did not care about Sir Norman?' repeated the young lady.

'Who could possibly tell me?' was the rejoinder, 'even if your own conduct were not sufficient to warrant the supposition. But is it possible—I shall be glad to hear you say yes—that you really think seriously of Sir Norman's evident devotion?'

'You must not ask me, mamma; but this I may say, that I do not care about Mr. Milward, and that I

do not dislike Sir Norman. I may even say—but really I won't be catechized. And as to my conduct, I don't know what I mean by it, and therefore can't explain—and—and—it must take its chance. We have a great many more days to pass on board ship, and when we are at our journey's end I will think seriously of what you say.'

Mrs. Beltravers's happy, beaming face grew clouded at this announcement. She was one of those women who love by instinct, and when they leave off loving are impelled by instinct also. She had never known what it was to calculate or coquette. It was curious, however, that she did not try to exercise a little authority over her daughter.

The ladies found the gentlemen waiting for them on deck, in happy unconsciousness that they had been made the subject of debate. It was wonderful how blooming everybody looked now that they were in harbour. One of the greatest bores of bad weather, as Mr. Milward had observed, when regarding himself in the glass at the end of the saloon, is that it makes people look ugly.

It was bright weather when the 'Swift Camilla' left Marseilles, but bitingly cold; at Malta it was brilliant, and intensely hot in the sun, but genial everywhere. The sirocco, happily, does not blow every day. So going on shore had special attractions, and the whole party were in high spirits as they stepped into the boat.

'We have by no means settled what we are to do when we arrive,' remarked Sir Norman, as the gaily-painted craft, bounding over the waters of the harbour, showed signs of reaching the nearest stairs.

'I should suggest,' said Mr. Milward, who had a keen instinct for conventional proprieties, 'leaving cards at Government House, in the first place, and then, if we can get hold of one of the aides-de-camp, asking him to introduce us at the club.'

This was not Halidame's idea of perfect happiness for the limited period of their stay, especially when they had ladies to entertain; so he laughed away the idea. He did not

allude to the ladies as an objection, but he said—

‘Considering that we have only one day to run loose on the island, I think we might leave Government House to take care of itself; and I confess that, for so brief a space, I can do without the advantages of the club.’

‘Well, as you please. But I thought it would be doing the civil thing to go to Government House.’

Milward, I believe, thought he was doing the civil thing when he went to church.

‘I think,’ suggested Sir Norman, ‘that we had better take a carriage, go and see the regular lions of the place round about, return and “do” the town, and eventually dine at the Imperial. There will be dinner on board the “Zuburdust;” but I should think that an undue accession of coal-dust would give a monotony to the *menu* to-day.’

The programme met with general approval, as Malta was new to the ladies, who had been on shore there, when on their way to England, only for an hour or so, in the dark. So, after proceeding to the Imperial, and ordering the dinner and the carriage, Sir Norman directed that the latter should take them up at Muir’s Library in the Strada Reale, where he wanted to buy some books, and hear what was going on in the island. Muir’s used to be a capital place for both purposes, and is so still, it is to be hoped.

But there was nothing more in the way of news—to judge by the report of the goodnatured librarian—than the usual amount of Malta gossip, seasoned with scandal, which is so much more pleasant to read in Mr. Hannay’s books than to hear in the reality. It appeared that some of Mr. Hannay’s favourite ‘Heavy Baboons’ and ‘Stifles’ had been paying too much attention in private families among the ‘smitches,’ and Mr. Jigger, of H.M.S. ‘Bustard’ had been getting into a scrape for having an order upon the celebrated firm of Aldgate Pump and Company, London, cashed by a local merchant. Facetious persons, when challenged by the Maltese sentries, still an-

swered, ‘Naval officer drunk in a wheelbarrow.’ Malta, in fact, was no better nor worse, intellectually or morally, than it had been at any time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. While waiting at Muir’s, however, Sir Norman made an opportune discovery. The Opera was open, and the night in question was an opera night; so he took tickets for the party, who were highly gratified at the prospect thus afforded of finishing the evening.

While Sir Norman and his friends were engaged in seeing the sights of Malta, Cecil Halidame and *his* friends were equally engaged in *not* seeing them. The latter, I daresay, passed an equally pleasant day, and it is certain that they turned up with some punctuality at the mess in the evening, their change of dress having been sent for, with wise foresight, from the steamer.

The mess of her Majesty’s 110th (Grasshoppers), quartered at Fort Ricasoli, was no mean institution. It was held in a great bare apartment, with adornments only of a strictly service character, and whose amplitude of table showed that ‘guest night’ was no mockery, but meant that a great number of persons were to be entertained beyond the limit of the hosts. Dinner at a mess is always understood to be in military time, so that the majority of the guests arrive with more than civil punctuality. But the *mauvais quart d’heure* is mitigated by sherry in an anteroom, and relieved by consequence of much *pre-prandial* constraint. It was owing to this happy state of things, I daresay, that Mr. Revel and his three guests were much more communicative as to their proceedings during the day than they would have been under more methodistical conditions. They had been early to the club, it appeared, where they had met a youthful member of a noble house, who commanded a sloop of war, principally employed for carrying despatches, then in the harbour. His lordship asked them all on board to lunch, where they went with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, and soon arrived at a

colonial state of conviviality. The host, being more colonially convivial than the rest, and being in command, had the advantage of them in opportunity for distinction, and he was not the man to let such an occasion pass. He held strong views—and did not care who knew them—upon the subject of Great Britain's relations with France, not then quite so amicable as they have been before and since. His belief was, as he expressed it at the head of his table, that 'Our Government was taking a pusillanimous course, and that if it went on in that way it would soon be the scorn of Europe. England would be a second-rate power, sir, and nothing could save it.' His lordship, however, was determined to do his best, so he mounted, after lunch, to the quarter-deck, and announced his intention to go and fight the French, whether the pusillanimous Government liked it or not. In pursuance of this determination he gave orders to double-shot the guns, weigh anchor, and steam out of the harbour. His commands were at once carried out as far as the guns were concerned; but by the time the other proceedings were becoming inevitable, the first lieutenant had prevailed upon his lordship to change his mind.

'So France is safe, for the present,' added Mr. Revel, who had been communicating the anecdote, in the strictest confidence, to a choice knot of friends; 'but how his lordship will manage with the guns I don't know. He must account for the ammunition, and the charges can't be drawn. I suppose he will fire them the next time he is out at sea, and put the expenditure down to "scaling," though even then the shot will be in the way. However, thanks to soda-water and friendly advice, he was all right when we left him, and is not likely to do any more damage to-night.'

This little historical anecdote afforded intense amusement to the subaltern mind, to which it was principally addressed; and several capping stories were volunteered, relating to commanding officers of regiments who had compromised

themselves in analogous ways, the latter recitals, however, being very quietly given, as became the time and place. The commanding officer of the Grasshoppers had not yet made his appearance; so, during his absence, his little weaknesses were also mentioned *sotto voce*. These, it appeared, also erred on the side of conviviality, and he was held on all hands to be a capital fellow.

'I'll make any moderate bet,' said Mr. Revel, 'that when Ricochet has to speak to-night about the anniversary of the battle, he will propose the "health," instead of the "memory" of "those who fell at Chillumchee." He always does—at least, he has always done so during the five years that I have been with the regiment.'

None of the officers within hearing entertained any doubt on the subject, so the bet was not taken; and the service was saved from further scandal by the bugle sounding for dinner.

The dinner went off as brilliantly as a dinner must do at the mess of a British regiment at a Mediterranean station, on a great night, when even the inspiring music of the band is insufficient to deaden or to drown—which is the right metaphor?—the inspired rush of voices. And contributing to the latter Mr. Revel's guests were pleasantly conspicuous, Mr. Highover especially, to whose convivial talents, by the way, the mistake of the morning, on the part of the commander of her Majesty's——sloop of war, was attributed by those enabled to form an opinion. Nothing, indeed, could have been more satisfactory than the entire proceedings. Even the cherished expectations of the colonel's mistake were not disappointed. That gallant officer always liked his dinner, and he never liked it more than on the anniversary of the battle of Chillumchee. He was no less distinguished, indeed, at the table than in the field; and were decorations awarded for the one service as for the other, his breast would have been in a double blaze. When he rose to propose the great toast, Revel said to his friends,

'Will anybody take my bet?'

Had there been any takers Revel would have won, for Colonel Ricochet proposed, with a solemnity which was marred only by the words of the toast, 'The health of those who fell at Ohillumchee.'

Most of the company accepted the invitation in the spirit and failed to observe the mistake as to the letter; but a suppressed laugh was heard in some quarters, and the commanding officer's attention seemed to be called to the lapse by some one near him.

'I beg pardon,' said the gallant colonel, somewhat less seriously than before. 'I should have said, the memory of those who fell. Solemn silence, gentlemen, if you please.'

The silence was not quite so solemn as it ought to have been on the part of those who knew the Colonel's failing.

After this there was a short interval devoted to private enjoyment, and then, when the band had played 'God Save the Queen,' there was a general move from the table. Some went to cards, some to billiards, and a strong party avowed their intention of going to the Opera. Among the latter were Mr. Revel and his guests. The Grasshoppers had a box of their own, and it was celebrated for holding as many as could be put into it, as was wittily remarked by the Irish doctor of that distinguished regiment.

The doctor, by the way, who bore the patriotic name of O'Flannagan, would not let Highover go with the rest. It was a shame, he said, to divert so good a fellow from his legitimate channel of enjoyment—the said legitimate channel being, in the opinion of the doctor, a medium for a constant stream of 'pegs.' So Revel, with Halidame and Windermere, and a couple of other men, composed the whole party, which was a very quiet one, as it certainly would not have been had not Highover been left behind.

It was a great night at the Opera, as well as a great night at the mess. The Governor was there in his big box facing the stage, in all the splendour of full uniform, and in a high state of staff. All over the house were the red coats belonging to the several regiments at the station—

the officers in the boxes, the non-commissioned in the pit, and the rank and file in the gallery. Wherever there are red coats you may be sure that the sex which does not wear coats, but *does* arrogate the right sometimes to certain other manly garments indicative of authority, is well represented. It was upon this occasion, and by an agreeable variety of English, Italian, and Maltese, some of the latter adhering to the mantilla, which is so fast giving place to French bonnets.

The Grasshoppers' box was the stage box on the first tier, on what we call, in English theatres, the O. P. side; and next but one to that was the box engaged by Sir Norman Halidame for himself and his friends. Placed as they were, neither of the Halidames was aware of the presence of his brother.

The entertainment on the stage was not such as would be sought by an amateur of music in any capital of Europe. The prima donna had been pretty, but of her personal charms there was little left, except in her manner; and the same might be said of her voice—its quality was gone, but she used it with grace and dexterity, and in most respects she made an admirable *Figlia del Reggimento*—for a garrison town. Poor girl! she was still quite young, but had drawn upon her gifts sadly in advance by hacking them about the ports in the Mediterranean. She was not paid, you may be sure, upon the same scale as Patti, and she had more than herself to support; but opinions were divided as to the addition being a widowed mother, or an idle vagabond of the sex to which widowed mothers do not usually belong.

The Grasshoppers' box and that of Sir Norman Halidame were in too close proximity for their occupants to have any knowledge of each other's existence; but the baronet and his brethren were destined to meet.

Shortly before the conclusion of the opera Sir Norman left his box to look after the carriage which was waiting to convey the party to the stairs whence they were to go on board the 'Zuburdust.' There was

a crowd in the lobby, and the baronet had some difficulty in passing. A tall man of about his own height, in particular, impeded him. Sir Norman courteously asked him to make way. The request had a startling effect upon the stranger.

'You here, Norman?' said he, turning suddenly round.

'Cecil!' was all the baronet could say.

Cecil Halidame was the first to recover his self-possession.

'We have met again, at last,' he said, between his teeth; 'and I suppose we have something to say to one another. This is no place. Let us come out.'

Sir Norman mechanically followed his brother into the street.

'Our meetings are never very pleasant,' said Cecil, when they were out of the crowd, 'and this may be as brief as you like.'

'As *you* like, rather,' replied the baronet. 'Remember, you have always been the aggressor. Had I alone been concerned, we should never have been otherwise than friends.'

'Oh, I do remember, I remember everything—a great deal too much—and I want to forget. Do not rake up bygones; let us be better strangers, as the man says in the play. There is one point that we ought to settle. What brings you here?'

'I am on my way to Calcutta—leaving by the mail-steamer in the morning.'

'Like my luck,' said Cecil, with an oath. 'I came by the same steamer from Southampton, and am going on in her also. We cannot be both on board at the same time; one must wait for the next mail.'

'I cannot possibly,' said Norman; 'my engagements in Calcutta will not allow me. I would make any sacrifice in my power, but I cannot make this.'

I suspect that there was another influence besides that of his engagements in Calcutta which made him determine upon not missing the mail.

'Then I suppose I must be left behind,' said Cecil, sullenly. 'It does not matter where an unhappy

devil like me happens to be for the next three months at least. I am joining my regiment before my leave is up because I cannot stay any longer in England.'

'If you are still troubled about money let me know. I may be able to help you again after I get to Calcutta.'

'Again, you say. Why sneer?'

'It was an inadvertence; I meant no reproach. I never intended you anything but good, Cecil. I have even offered again and again—I must use the word now—to forget the injuries you have done me. I renew the offer, if you will, but look upon me as a friend, and cease your cruel persecution.'

'No, no, Norman. I hate you enough as it is, for being more generous than myself; I would not incur unnecessary abasement.'

'As you will, sir,' said Norman, a little sternly this time. 'Then we need talk no more on the subject. You give me your word—of—honour—not to proceed by this ship?'

'Yes, I give you my word—of—honour,' said Cecil, with a mocking repetition of his brother's hesitating delivery of the words.

'All's well, then,' said the baronet. 'We may never meet again, perhaps, and there is no reason on my part for not wishing you good-bye—so good-bye be it.'

And he abruptly left the side of Cecil, who returned the parting with very ill grace.

Cecil was moving mechanically back to the theatre, when he encountered a Maltese commissioner, whom he had employed upon some business in the morning.

'Come with me, fellow,' said he, fiercely, as if the man were some wild beast, instead of a cringing *smitch*, with a smile and a 'Yassir' always at command.

Cecil entered a café, where the waiter brought him brandy, soda-water, and writing materials.

A brief note was soon written, and handing it to the commissioner with some money, he said—

'Go on board the "*Zuburdust*" immediately; give this note to the purser, bring back my baggage, and

take it to the Imperial Hotel. The money will pay your charges and any little bill I may owe to the steward. You can give me an account in the morning.

The man was off like the wind, and Cecil turned again towards the theatre to rejoin his friends. Everybody was coming out by this time; and as Cecil approached the entrance he heard a voice which sounded upon his ear at once strange and familiar.

It was a lady's voice, and the words were very simple.

'The opera,' said the voice, 'was rather fatiguing towards the end; and I fear we are late to go on board.'

With an agitation far greater than that which had been brought upon him by his brother's presence, he saw his brother and another gentleman conducting two ladies to a carriage. He broke out of the crowd with a sudden effort, as if he durst not remain.

'It has come to this, then,' he muttered, grinding his teeth. 'She is going on board also.' Then a sudden thought struck him. 'And what is to prevent me from breaking my promise? I would, but—no, no, I dare not.'

At this moment he met Revel and Windermere, and was relieved from his own society.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CALCUTTA—CHOTA HAZREE AT THE PRESIDENCY CLUB.

If you have ever been to Calcutta you probably know the Presidency Club. It is—or, rather, its habitation is—one of the largest houses in the Chowringhee Road, that great road overlooking the Maidan, which is bounded on the opposite side by the broad Hoogley, whose strand is the fashionable drive. The Maidan is the Hyde Park of the City of Palaces, and the mansions along the Chowringhee Road form a Park Lane on a large scale—a Park Lane with great white houses having great green verandahs, not only below but on the upper floors, and inclosable at pleasure for the sake of shade. The houses are Eastern in their

construction, if not in their architecture, and in some of the compounds in front are tropical trees; but they are Western in their order and their neatness, and are marked by nothing of the neglect, and even squalor, which give a character to native dwellings, even though they be those of princes. The Chowringhee Road is what any person experienced in the different habits of life of the two classes would suppose it to be—the residence of opulent Europeans, who adopt, from native examples, all that convenience and climate suggest in the fashion of their houses, and fill up the details from their own ideas of domestic comfort and propriety.

Let me take you to the large verandah on the first floor of the Presidency Club, overlooking the Maidan, or the park, if you prefer that I should call it by its English name. There, seated about in chairs, or lounging about without chairs, is a scattered assembly of members, enjoying the early morning air, before the sun has arrived at such strength as to be offensive, and enjoying also cheroots, and the Chota Hazree, or 'little breakfast,' mainly consisting of tea or coffee, which precedes the big breakfast that they will probably take at their homes. The Overland Mail has arrived on the preceding evening, and there is a rush for English papers and letters, which resemble the pale ale of Indian life in one respect—that you must go to India in order to appreciate them. In England we take our morning papers as matters of course, read them ungratefully, and, at least five mornings in the week, declare that there is 'nothing in them.' They give us a contemporary history of the world, up to the latest dates received the evening before. They tell us what kings and ministers and parliaments and peoples are doing, far and near. They tell us of statecraft, of priestcraft, and of popular manifestations; of court intrigues and the scandals of private society abroad. They tell us of the struggles of parties at home, and give us illustrations of our social state, ranging from the records of hideous crimes

to those of comic actions for breaches of promise of marriage and the escapades of hilarious gentlemen who have got into disturbances with the police. They relate the exploits of swindlers, the outrages of daring 'roughs,' and saddening tales of destitution and desperation. They inform us faithfully about all matters connected with public amusements, and as much of social gossip as may be printed on the spot. They publish pages of advertisements connected with a world of 'wants,' and enterprises of every description. And, among a multitude of other things, they tell us all that is known of the current condition of money and speculation. But we still say that there is nothing in the papers; and people who make that remark mostly mean that there is nothing that concerns themselves. A speech in Parliament which has reference to affairs of their own—a paragraph in the City article with a similar application—even an entry in the births, marriages, and deaths, make all the difference: the paper at once becomes interesting. It is pronounced a capital paper, full of news, a paper to be regularly taken in. And in this way any issue of any journal must, from its varied contents, have a deep interest for—who shall say how many thousands of readers?

In India we treat the news of the day—now received by weekly instalments—far more respectfully. For I suppose it may be considered respectful, not to say flattering, treatment of any kind of food, mental or physical, to devour it with avidity as soon as received, and then be hungry for more. Certainly no local news in India is half so welcome as the Overland; and Indian exiles—as they call themselves in their sentimental moods—take an interest in all kinds of matters in which they can have no concern, for the sake of the associations they suggest with home. Among these, however, must not, of course, be included the determined old Indians who have not been home for thirty or forty years, like the gentleman whom we met at Marseilles. People of that kind

take a very hazy interest in English news, which they prefer to imbibe in the form of a condensed summary. But representatives of this class are principally in the past. They are rare in India in these days.

Upon the morning in question, at the Presidency Club, two or three men who had not been able to secure Overland papers, are gathered round one man who has been more fortunate; and Mr. Preciserley, of the Civil Service, is communicating to them such scraps of information as are likely to afford them personal satisfaction, or the contrary, as the case may be.

'Is the brevet out?' asks a military man.

'Yes, with a host of names—and you—no, no, no—yes, you are in it.'

'Let me see. By Jove, that's all right! And quite time, too.'

'How about the new furlough rules?' says a civilian.

'Publication expected every day—probably be in next mail.'

'Another fortnight! Just to keep me in Calcutta, of course.'

'Just look at the arrivals reported in England,' asks another militaire. 'Any of our fellows down?'

'All those who left the other day; but I want to see the names of the Overland passengers, so don't bore just now.'

'Just see if Leisurely, of Tompkins's Horse, is amongst them. It's a matter of money to me. I betted him five-and-twenty gold mohurs, when he went away, that he would be back again at the end of his time—and that should bring him by this mail.'

'Then you have lost; for I see his name under "Granted extensions of leave."'

'By Jove! you don't say so? It's just like my luck. Who could have fancied that the fellow, who has had nothing but leave ever since he entered the service, would have managed it again? I certainly thought he had got to the end of his tether this time.'

'The "Ajadabah" brings a great number of passengers this time,' continued Preciserley, with stoic

indifference to his friend's discomfiture; 'but very few I know, and still fewer that I care about.'

And he read the list aloud in an indifferent manner.

'Who's the baronet?' asked an A.D.C., who had just lounged up; 'did not catch his name.'

A.D.C.'s are apt to be more interested in baronets than common people.

'Halidame—Sir Norman Halidame. Very good baronetcy, I believe—dates from James. Know nothing of him, though. Do you?'

'A little,' replied the A.D.C., quietly.

'Oh, hang your Government House reserve!' said a bluff old major, who had heard beforehand that he was not in the brevet, and whose temper was not the better for the information. 'I know what you mean—he got into a row here about running away with somebody's wife—years ago.'

'I suppose he has spent all his money, and is to be pitchforked into some post that will be made uncovenanted for the occasion,' growled a civilian, who, although covenanted himself, did not get promotion quite in accordance with his ideas of his own deserts.

'Yes, he'll be just in time for the opium agency,' remarked another civilian, silyly, alluding to an appointment just vacant, to which the growler was understood to have some pretensions.

'Mrs. and Miss Beltravers,' said another man, in the course of some critical remarks upon the list of names.

'They must be the widow and daughter of Beltravers, the indigo-planter,' suggested the old major; 'beautiful woman she was—I mean Mrs. Beltravers—when she left Calcutta, some three or four years ago. I suppose she has come out to marry the girl; for she must be old enough by this time, as girls marry now.'

'I see Windermere's in the list,' said Mr. Preciserley: 'he has rather exaggerated his leave. But it is very condescending of him to come out at all. I wouldn't, with all his money.'

Preciserley was a capital fellow, clever and well-bred; but he was always saying that he would like to have somebody else's money—a peculiarity which rendered his society less agreeable than it would otherwise have been.

'Oh, here comes Flittington with the "Era,"' groaned the major who was not in the brevet. 'I'm off.'

Mr. Flittington, who now approached with the journal in question, was a lieutenant in the Native Infantry, with a mania for theatricals, and himself a well-known actor on the amateur boards. He was as great an authority upon events for years past in the dramatic world as some men are in the sporting world; and he took the intensest interest in all public performers, even though he had never beheld them.

'It's quite true,' said Mr. Flittington, 'about the new actress at the Imperial. She has left the stage, it is supposed for good—an awful shame, is it not? "Love and Liberty; or, the Daughter of the Doge," is withdrawn, and "The Monkey of Æthiopia; or, the Devoted Wife," is put in its place. The "Era" gives an account of the plot, which, it says, may have escaped the recollection of many of its readers. Here it is.'

And Mr. Flittington, despite the good-humoured opposition of some of his audience, read the interesting record in the following terms:—

'The piece turns upon the adventures of a distinguished fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, while on a mission intended to gather conclusive evidence of the negro and the monkey tribe belonging to the same ethnological family. While going in quest of specimens of a species of monkey which he believes to be hitherto unknown, and which he understands to resemble the negro, in many peculiarities, more than any other class of beings, he meets with the daughter of an Æthiopian chief, who falls in love with him and endeavours to engage his attention. But, prejudiced as he is against the negro race, he will have nothing to say to her, and proceeds on his way.'

The princess, as a means of at least engaging his interest, disguises herself as a monkey, leaves her father's home, and runs wild in the woods. In the course of his explorations in the woods the F.A.S.L. sees what he believes to be the realisation of his scientific dream. His rifle is raised, and he is about to shoot the princess—for it is she—when she looks at him so imploringly, and makes such plaintive gestures for mercy, that he relents; and, finding her so gentle, determines to secure the creature alive. In this he finds no difficulty; and the engaging manners of his captive inspire him with a tender feeling towards her. After a little flirtation in the woods, he brings her away, and eventually conveys her to England, where the report of his discovery makes a great noise in the scientific world. But when the time comes for the Princess to go to her destination at the Zoological Gardens, where Mr. Frank Buckland is waiting to see her, her woman's nature prevails, and not even the wish to gain for her beloved all the honours of his supposed discovery can delay the discovery of her true character. There is a little struggle, upon hearing the true state of the case, between the man and the F.A.S.L., but the man gains the victory—the feelings of his heart can be no longer disguised, and he rushes into her arms. He and his bride become the lions of the London season; and he for ever after forswears his scientific theories: proving, to the confusion of the Anthropologicals, that the negro race is capable of the highest development, and has nothing more to do with monkeys than the white men themselves."

'Capital business, is it not?' said Flittington, enthusiastically. 'I shall write to Lacy's for the book by next mail—I think the piece would do capitally to produce here, though I don't know who we could put into the monkey. But there's something else about Miss Mirabel. Hear this:

"It is whispered in theatrical circles that the new actress who made such a success in Bianca, and retired from the stage so suddenly,

is the daughter of a gentleman holding a high position in India, and that she will very shortly accompany her father to that country."

'That's a capital idea; but of course they don't say what part she's coming to. Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay are all the same to people at home. But if she comes here we can press her into the amateur dramatic service, can't we?'

Flittington was a popular fellow, so his friends humoured his enthusiasm, and agreed with him that Miss Mirabel would be a decided acquisition to the society of Calcutta under the circumstances.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OVERLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

From Charles Windermere, Esq.,
Bengal Civil Service, Calcutta, to
Captain Cecil Halidame, —th
Hussars, Malta.

'DEAR HALIDAME,

'I never will promise to write to a man again—at any rate from a place like Calcutta. But having promised, this time, I will tell you how we sped on our journey. It is unfortunate, by the way, that you should have stayed behind at the last moment, for your brother, Sir Norman, was among the passengers, and I dare say you and he would have liked to travel in company. It was my first acquaintance with him, but I have seldom liked a man better on short notice. Not, however, that we grew very intimate, for he was given up to ladies' society all the way, and in a very special manner. There were a Mrs. and Miss Beltravers among the passengers who especially engaged his attention. Indeed he became one of their party, and scarcely left them after a time—he and that fellow Milward, who made himself rather more disagreeable than usual, fairly took possession of them. I confess I admire their taste, for two more beautiful women you will seldom find in the same family, and these are not much like mother and daughter. There is a happy frankness about the elder that is even more attracting than her positive beauty. Tho

daughter wants the same charm of manner; but she is a magnificent creature. The difference between the two is the difference between a rose and a star. You will say that I am impressed, but I can assure you that I am not. Were I so I should not be able to draw distinctions of the kind. My goddess is elsewhere, and heaven knows if I shall ever see her again. She was a stranger to me, and I lost all trace of her in England, and nothing but a report I heard that she was coming out to India brought me here: otherwise I should have got fresh leave or thrown up the service. But I will not trouble you about myself. I thought you would like to know the state of your brother's susceptibilities; and the droll part of the affair is that he and Milward were devoting themselves to the same lady—the younger one. Madame, however, seemed quite content. She had many admirers, but would have nothing to do with any of them, and made no acquaintances with men except married men, and who were not only married but had their wives on board. So the running was all between Sir Norman and Milward for the girl, and a very amusing race it was. How the girl could have hesitated between the two I cannot imagine; for apart from the difference of rank, which usually goes a long way with women, Sir Norman, one would think, would outweigh a dozen Milwards, though he is not of course quite so young a man. The fact is, the girl is a desperate coquette, and evidently liked the fun of having two men on hand at the same time; and she would have had half a dozen unless I much mistake, but that the two were sufficient to keep everybody else off. It was amusing to see how the fortunes of the two varied. Between Malta and Alexandria, when we had lovely weather, and there was dancing on deck and all sorts of diversions, Milward seemed to have it all his own way, and the two men grew so cool that I thought every day they would warm into a quarrel. They all stayed at the same hotel in Alexandria, and there—or between Alexandria and Cairo—

a change seems to have come over the spirit of their dream. For at Cairo Milward seemed cast off, and had only Mrs. Beltravers to keep him in countenance; and he did not even form one of a party to the Pyramids, where Sir Norman had the two ladies all to himself. I saw nothing more of them until we arrived at Suez, where the steamer was awaiting us, and by that time your brother's star seemed descending. It was Milward who paid her all the *petits soins*, while Sir Norman was condemned to the great *soins*, such as looking after her baggage. One could scarcely picture a more unhappy man than Sir Norman seemed all through the Red Sea. At Point de Galle I think there was some kind of explanation, and a remonstrance on the part of Mamma; for that lady was very cold to her daughter on the way to Madras, and Miss Beltravers walked a great deal upon deck with Sir Norman, though I thought the terms they were on seemed rather subdued. What they did at Madras I don't know; but they all went on shore together, and waited there until the steamer proceeded on its way. The whole party seemed subdued during the rest of the voyage, and it would be difficult to say how matters stood.

'Here in Calcutta they are separated. Sir Norman is at Spence's, and Milward is at Wilson's, where I also am staying; but I have seen very little of him, and am not very anxious to see more. The ladies are in a great house in the Chowunghee Road, which was furnished ready for their reception; for they have more money, it seems, than they know what to do with, and are not the kind of people to play the part of unprotected females at an hotel. This is all I know about their movements and proceedings, and I mention them because I can easily suppose that you are interested in your brother's objects. Otherwise, indeed, I should never have written you this lady-like letter, which I feel to be a reproach to my more manly nature.

'Central Asian affairs begin once more to occupy attention in India. The death of Dost Mahomed has

placed Afghanistan in a hopeless state of anarchy; and unless the British government interferes there is no hope of order. Whichever side we take will be successful; but the G. G. dares not take one side or the other, he is afraid of Parliament and that awful monster public opinion, at home. The ministry is too weak to insist upon a policy, so matters drift; and in the meantime Russia is not idle.' * * * [We suppress Mr. Windermere's views upon the policy of England in Central Asia, as likely to bore the reader.]

'I hope you will come on by next mail. We shall have a splendid cold season apparently; and "the Court" is expected here from Simla very soon.

'Always yours sincerely,

'CHARLES WINDERMERE.'

From Captain Cecil Halidame —th
Hussars, Malta, to Charles Win-
dermere, Esq., Bengal Civil Service,
Calcutta.

'MY DEAR WINDERMERE,

'I expect a letter from you according to promise. Meanwhile I am infernally bored at having to remain here until next mail. But as I told you, I was obliged to stay on account of what they call in the service "urgent private affairs." I am very anxious about several matters—including money matters of course; but I am sure, like a good fellow you will not let my obligation to you add to my bores just now.' * * * [Here follows a little business communication which we suppress.] 'Our friends of the 110th are as pleasant as ever in their way; but I have not much patience with their juvenile jokes, and Revel and his friend Highover are a little too obstreperous. They had a great night of it yesterday at the mess—where, by the way, I won some money—and Highover, accompanied most unnecessarily by Revel, did not return until the morning, when they took their passage across the harbour in the boat which came for the rations. When they arrived there was a lively business with the commissariat people, and the beef

got thrown about the streets to the confusion of the early Maltese. On the way I thought the boat would have been overturned again and again, and the Irish doctor was always calling out that there would be a casualty. So you see I was with them—though it was not my fault. Revel's last exploit is getting a number of blank invitation cards, which he found on the counter at Muir's, just ordered by the Bishop of Gibraltar, who is here at present, and filling them up with the names of about twenty of the most disreputable people in the island, who all, I suppose, fancy themselves asked to dinner at the Bishop's next week. How the business will end I can't say; but Revel ought to know better. Fortunately I shall be off by the mail just beforehand—otherwise, in the event of the hoax being traced, I might get implicated; and I have too many bores of my own to bear with patience any annoyances for other people.

'If you meet in Calcutta a Native Baboo—Ramchunder Nellore—I should be much obliged if you would be civil to him. He is a decent fellow, and has been of use to me. I know you like to cultivate the natives, or I would not ask you to interest yourself about him.

'The siroc is blowing here awfully, and I have scarcely strength to say that I am

'Yours very sincerely,

'CHARLES WINDERMERE.'

From Captain Cecil Halidame,
Malta, to Baboo Ramchunder
Nellore, Calcutta.

'DEAR BABOO,

'He—I need not mention names—will have arrived in Calcutta before you receive this. I have done with him, and you have my full permission to do him as much injury as you can. He is with a certain lady—I will not mention names—who must never be his. She cannot marry him legally; but if there seems any attachment between them, tell the old story.

'Faithfully yours,

'CECIL HALIDAME.'

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

A MORNING AT THE LAW COURTS.

THERE will soon arise on the northern side of Fleet Street, adjacent to well-loved Temple Bar, a sumptuous palace of justice which will render the Westminster Courts a thing of the past. It is not indeed quite the kind of structure which we should like to see—for our part we should desire to see realized such magnificent plans as Mr. Street exhibits at the Academy this year for a Palace of Justice fronting the Thames—but still typifying our English law in costliness, dignity, and use. A vast plan of changes in our judicature is shadowed forth in a Bill now before Parliament, which will probably become law in this or an early session, so that there will be a great reconstruction of the machinery of law as well as of the material fabric where the British Themis will be enshrined. It is hard to imagine the time when the Westminster Courts will be swept away, and a new terminology, at least in part, be applied to judges of courts where equity and common law will be fused at last. The present courts have no high claim to antiquity. Formerly they were held in Westminster Hall itself, screened off from each other by partitions. You see this, by the way, in this year's Exhibition, in Mr. E. W. Ward's fine picture of Judge Jeffreys and Richard Baxter. Through the open door of Westminster Hall the rascally judge is pointing out to the saintly criminal Titus Oates, in the pillory in Palace Yard, and threatens him with the same fate, whilst the pious Puritans clasp hands and almost wonder why the heavens do not fall. The courts were very conveniently removed to the further side of the 'Great Hall of William Rufus,' but soon they will be improved off the face of the earth, and the omnivorous Parliamentary legislature will be left in total possession of all the legal purlieus. 'Perhaps it will hereafter delight me to have remembered these

things,' I classically murmur to myself, as I idly determine to spend 'a morning at the Law Courts.'

It is not a thing I often do. Outsiders can hardly afford time to haunt Westminster Hall more than once or twice a year. Yet as one of the most remarkable sights that London can show, as scenes abounding in dramatic interest, as a very decided means of intellectual culture, the proceedings of the Westminster Courts merit frequent and careful attention even from outsiders. I had been in the Temple one Sunday. The learned and honourable Society of the Temple are now always in great force on the sacred day. Not only have they a round church—perhaps the most interesting and precious example of the few round churches of Christendom—and magnificent music, but in Dr. Vaughan they have lately obtained one of the most deservedly popular of English preachers. On a Sunday the Temple is quite billowy with silks and muslins, and through the open windows of chambers you hear the soft silvery voices of ladies who have come to hear the music and the preacher, and are now restaurating in the rooms of cousinly and hospitable Templars. Pleasant it is to revive Mr. Thackeray's reminiscences of Pump Court, pleasant to revive one's Dickens' reminiscences by that musical, shadowed fountain; pleasant to stroll in the Temple gardens, and see how the prospering Embankment scheme will be converting a long range of mud and slime into beds of freshness and brightness; pleasant to stroll in the great hall, and observe the trial, the portraits, the reliques of the great Armada, the armorial bearings of the great men of the past, and obtain a glimpse of some of the great men of the present. And talking to some friendly barristers, I make an arrangement that I am to go with them to the Westminster

Courts, inasmuch as something more interesting than usual will be stirring on Monday morning.

On that day all the courts open at half-past ten, instead of at the usual hour of ten. Lord Penzance shows his good sense by taking a whole holiday on Monday, and declines to resume business till the Tuesday. Although some particular varieties of English life may be studied with great minuteness under his auspices, yet on the whole it is not unadvisable to escape crowded scenes, fraught perchance with some peril both to public and private morals. My learned friend has asked me to meet him at the upper robing room of the Queen's Bench. I accordingly proceed to the upper robing-room, where I behold great men taking off their coats and waistcoats, making themselves comfortable for the day, and adjusting their professional paraphernalia. A Q.C. looks much more dignified in wig and gown than he does in his shirt-sleeves and braces. I mingle freely in the legal scene, deposit my carriage, *i.e.*, 'what I am carrying,' with the keeper of such parcels—which is the meaning of some texts puzzling to uninformed minds—hang up my overcoat, and view the scene through my natural wig of much wisdom. A considerate official, who up to this time evidently did not like to disturb me, now inquires whether I am a member of the bar, and being answered in the negative, politely ejects me to the landing, where I consort with some partially washed youths, apparently of the Hebrew persuasion. In due time I make my way into the Court of Queen's Bench. There is a mighty gathering of the long robes, perhaps a hundred of them. The flower of the English bar is here this morning. On the front row are the leaders of the common law bar, and you ascend from silk gowns to stuff; and you ascend through the varying rows of men with great business, little business, and no business at all, until you come to men who have no wish to be anything but briefless, but don the toga on a field-day, when there is anything likely to amuse them,

and sit in the backmost seats of all. There is abundant chat and chaff going on, a general hubbub and loud laughing, until suddenly the great chief with the *puisne* judges enter. Then there is a sudden stillness, and the respectful salutation, and in return the chief performs two mighty reverences. So in youthful days at school we youngsters have grinned and jabbered, until suddenly the head master appeared, with cap and gown and awful ferule, to whom we bowed in awe, and waited to see who would get the first flogging.

There are people to be flogged this morning, of course rather in a metaphysical than in a physical sense. The bribers are to come up and receive their sentences. These unfortunate people have transgressed against that *lex non scripta* for which the lawyers and most other people have the deepest respect—'Thou shalt not be found out.' They have been waiting through a long past of term for their sentences. But Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis, and solacing himself with the writing of a pamphlet, 'pitching in,' after the finest forensic fashion, into Lord Chancellor Hatherley for his Judicature Bill. The other judges refused to pass sentence in his absence. Probably, also, the chief will like to take leading part on an occasion which will have some political, and even some historical importance. No doubt the proceedings of this day will have a great effect in determining whether bribery shall be fashionable or shall be vulgarised in England. A man hardly liked to be pointed at in the House of Commons as a man who sat there simply by reason of bribery; but, beyond that, public opinion took a very lenient view, and thought men lucky who were rich enough to bribe. The Court of Queen's Bench has hitherto hardly had any opportunities of expressing its sentiments on the subject in a practical sort of way. I expect that bribery will now go out of fashion, just as duelling and drunkenness have gone out of fashion. The sen-

tences were heavy, and the threats for the future were tremendous. But I am sure that hardly any one seemed to realize that these men had done anything very atrocious; so very slow is the growth of public opinion in stamping any moral brand on fashionable vice. These defendants were scapegoats for worse men who escaped; even Fennelly himself, on whom the judges passed a 'swinging' sentence of a year's imprisonment and a thousand pounds fine. But it was high time that British society, in its periodical fits of virtuous indignation, should select a victim in order to settle an abuse. Some judges appear to find a great deal of tranquil enjoyment in passing exemplary sentences upon their fellow-creatures. But no judge, with the exception of one or two who may crop up in a half century, ever 'gloats' in passing sentence. A Quarter Sessions judge, indeed, once told me that he felt the greatest enjoyment in passing a heavy sentence of penal servitude. But he added that he was only glad that incorrigible rogues should be shut up for a long time from doing honest men mischief. The late well-known Judge Payne was considered unduly severe in his sentences. But this severity was simply the result of his theory of punishments; a difficult subject on which it is difficult to prove the soundness or unsoundness of any particular theory. Judge Payne, according to his lights, might be severe on the bench, but he was the very kindest, justest, most self-denying, most warm-hearted of men; in his own particular range, one of the best-known figures in London, and of whom nearly every friend could tell some special story to his infinite honour. Let me be permitted to pay this passing tribute to one of my best and oldest personal friends. So far from relishing sentences, there is a kindhearted judge who suffers severely for weeks afterwards when he has had to pass a sentence of capital punishment. So strong has been the aversion of some judges to passing sentence of death, that now and then a serious miscarriage of justice has taken

place. I know the case of a bad murder, in which the villain's only hope was that he might have a good space between the sentence and its execution; but the anxious judge laid such great stress on every point which might arise in his favour, that the jury acquitted him, to the pleasing bewilderment of the culprit and his lawyers. The real points of criticism presented by judicial sentences are the great inequalities they present, in spite of the well-considered efforts of the judges to promote uniformity, and the fact that, as an ordinary rule, with the single exception of death for murder, offences against the person seem to be visited too lightly, and offences against property too heavily.

But I am anticipating. A memorable trial case like the present gives you a good opportunity for observing bench and bar. Mr. Justice Hannen commences proceedings by giving the full court a narrative of the trials at Bridgewater, and by reading the depositions. There is a touch of legal fiction here. I have no doubt but the court is fully acquainted with the facts, and has made up its mind as to the penalties. While he is reading an attendant brings him a glass of water to refresh himself, after the manner of Mr. Liddon at St. Paul's Cathedral. In the meantime Mr. Justice Blackburn is looking over his notes in a large note-book interleaved with blotting-paper, a sort of note-book that abounds in the courts. A pleasant, well-mannered, able, kindly man is Justice Hannen. He used to be Attorney-General's devil, help him to get up his cases, that is, which requires a good deal of law, and law of the best quality. He sits on the extreme left; Blackburn is the last judge on the right. A great magistrate is Mr. Justice Blackburn. He was almost an unknown man till he exchanged, somewhat suddenly, his stuff gown for ermine. It has been truly observed that if you put a man into a great office he must necessarily begin to swell. Sir Colin Blackburn palpably expanded. He is one of our soundest and most enlightened lawyers. From his first

appearance on the bench I should little have anticipated that he would have become the decided, somewhat peremptory, and awful judge that he now is. If he had been a political lawyer he might have become Lord Chancellor; but he never took the political road to the highest judicial offices. That great mixed career belonged to Sir Alexander Cockburn. I may here observe that the intellectual-looking judge, immediately to the left, is Mr. Justice Mellor, a meritorious example of what energetic and cultivated dissent can accomplish. Sir Alexander—he is baronet in his own right as well as knight by the Queen's—might once or twice have been Lord Chancellor, and might, as they say, be any day a peer. He may almost be defined as belonging to that remarkable species of politicians the 'single-speech' orators, whose solitary speeches in the House of Commons have made themselves material for legend and tradition. 'Single-speech Hamilton' was the greatest example of the class; but though Sir Alexander was always a good debater, it was one especial speech which made his fame. It was that great occasion in which a vote censuring Lord Palmerston was moved in the House of Commons, and in which the Peelites combining with the Protectionists, it seemed possible that there might be a reconstruction of the Conservative party, and that the Liberals might be driven out of office. I have never seen anywhere in the 'Times,' not even after the best speeches of the best men, stronger language indicative of enthusiastic applause and the immense impression created, than the short paragraph at the conclusion of the speech describing the effects produced. That speech made Mr. Cockburn Solicitor-General, and in due course Mr. Attorney and Lord Chief Justice of England. It has a certain historical importance inasmuch as it elicited a powerful reply from Sir Robert Peel, whom the daring lawyer had charged with conspiracy, a speech which was Sir Robert's last, for not many hours afterwards he received the accident

which caused his death. As Attorney-General and member for Southampton Sir Alexander confessed that he was in the position which he liked best, and had nothing further to desire. But great men must 'go up' when the great vacancies fall in, if only that the men who press hard upon their heels may plant themselves on another ascending rung of the ladder of fortune. He makes a great common-law judge, and he and his bar are always on the happiest terms. It is perhaps to be regretted that our greatest judicial offices are, after all, political prizes, which sometimes fall to men who are simply the luckiest; but, as a rule, the public has exceedingly little to complain of. The Queen's Bench Court is an exceedingly strong one. It is the best men, and the best men alone, who, as a rule, get our judgeships, which are not too highly paid, especially when weighted with the expense of going circuit. I hear, by the way, heavy complaints about the judges' port at the circuit dinners, which their servants take round with them, and which gets considerably muddled by the time they come to the last assize town. This is the more to be regretted, as the judges generally preserve a stately silence which occasions such defects being keenly noticed. Sometimes in our legal history it happens that there is a strong run upon some particular court—this was once notably the case with the Exchequer Chamber—but now all the courts are admirably manned, and justice, as the American said, is an article which the Britishers sell dear, but they sell it prime.

Mr. Attorney-General Collier prays judgment on the particular defendants whom he had the honour of convicting. He has, more than once, refused a puisne judgeship, and the next chiefship which falls vacant will be his by the rights of political etiquette. He hardly ranks as a great lawyer, but he can conduct a case very fairly. His prosecution, when Solicitor-General, of Muller the murderer was remarkably well done, and he has gained the ear of the House of Commons,

and he certainly possesses good debating powers, and he is moreover a very accomplished man. He exhibits a picture this year at the Royal Academy, and not for the first time. Then the Solicitor-General 'prays judgment' against the defendants whom he has convicted. This 'praying judgment' has an almost bloodthirsty sound, especially when we recollect all the horrible things which 'praying judgment' once indicated in the old state trials. I have heard the Solicitor-General likened to a game cock with his spurs up, and the more hopeless and undeserving the case the more conspicuous is his gallantry and the better he fights. He perhaps proceeds rather gingerly in cases of very plain sailing. Sir John Duke Coleridge is a political lawyer. His first speech quite took the House by surprise, and with considerable variations he has maintained a good position there. He has attempted something in legislation; in his time he has lectured, written in magazines, attempted something in theology, and so altogether he is something much more than a lawyer pure and simple. The counsel one place removed from him is Sir John Karslake, to whom he was constantly opposed on the Western circuit, and whom he defeated at the last election for the 'ever faithful' city of Exeter. 'With him,' as the lawyers say, is Mr. Lopes. All these lawyers are western-circuitmen, and the Western circuit has always shown extremely well in point of barristerial ability. When the 'judgment prayed for' is to come off a curious point arises. One of the defendants, Dr. Kinglake, exhibits affidavits which satisfy Sir Robert Collier that he is too dangerously ill of heart disease to be able to appear. Everybody is sorry for Dr. Kinglake. He is a man of high character, besides possessing the reflected glory of his brother's literary achievements. He possessed a much keener sense of the evil of bribery than is recognised by the ordinary Bridgewater conscience, for almost as soon as he had drawn the money he repents and tears up the cheque. I remem-

ber a great deal of contempt being poured upon Lord Lytton because the critics erroneously supposed that he had erroneously supposed that a criminal could be sentenced in his absence. The Attorney-General argued that the judges could do so in the case of Dr. Kinglake, and cited some cases that seemed to have a bearing in that direction. The Chief Justice, however, significantly inquired whether, supposing the court passed a sentence of imprisonment, that sentence would run from the time of its passing or from the time of the culprit surrendering to undergo the penalty. In the result the Chief Justice gave some sort of sanction to the principle indicated by the Attorney-General, and in the absence of Dr. Kinglake inflicted a comparatively gentle fine, which satisfied the demands of justice, and also rehabilitated his character. We will hope that his severer medical symptoms will be mitigated by the favourable termination of the case.

We now look into the other courts. Instead of one court only holding a *nisi prius* sitting, by recent legislation you may have as many courts as may be conveniently carried on at the same time. Nothing is more extraordinary than the intense state of vivacity into which counsel may lash themselves on subjects which would seem to be almost incapable of the most moderate degree of enthusiasm. Take the case of a bill transaction or of a disputed wine account, and the amount of speechifying and the amount of energy expended seem ludicrously incongruous with the minor interests involved. The learned counsel argue as if for dear life.

When we enter the Common Pleas the court has adjourned for lunch. The judges are partaking of chops and sherry, it may be presumed, and in the democratised court there is a prevailing sensation of sandwiches. Then we adjourn to the Exchequer Chamber. Brave old Sir Fitzroy Kelly here nobly holds his own. The long exclusion of his party from political power for many years kept him from the legal promotion which was his due, and he

had almost ceased to practise in the courts when the retirement of Sir Frederick Pollock made him Chief Baron. And a most excellent Chief Baron he makes, a most deserved favourite with the profession and with the public. His great forensic triumphs are almost forgotten by the present generation; but no forensic triumphs were greater than those gained in their day by the three great Tory barristers of the Westminster courts, Pollock, Thesiger, and Kelly. We must just take a glance at the other barons. There is Baron Martin, son-in-law of Pollock, late L. C. B., a great authority on turf matters, who is often willing to do his circuit as a pedestrian in a pretty country. There is the redoubted Baron Bramwell, who, if we may use the expression, has a very strongly-marked individuality as a judge. By sheer stress of talent he forced his way from a stool in a bank to the ermine. The baron inspires a considerable amount of awe. He used to walk down to the Old Bailey during the trial of the garotters with a little dog behind him, and very exemplary sentences he passed upon the garotters. He, too, has a fine eye for scenery, and I believe at one assizes scandalised some good people by climbing a mountain instead of going to church. A very awkward man to deal with sometimes is the great Baron Bramwell. A case, something of this kind, once took place before him. A so-called gentleman was brought up on a charge of assaulting his wife. The counsel for the defendant endeavoured to put things in an amicable point of view. Since the unfortunate transaction in question the defendant and his wife had come to terms, and there was to be a separation, with a handsome allowance for the lady, provided, however, out of the lady's own fortune. The counsel for the prosecution was willing enough to adjust matters on this footing. But Baron Bramwell troubled the defendant to go into the dock, and when he had gone into the dock he troubled him to plead, and when he had pleaded guilty the Baron troubled him with a sentence of twelve months' impri-

sonment with hard labour as a preliminary step to the adjustment of his family affairs. Next we see Baron Pigott. He is easily recognised, as his portrait is in the Academy this year. He takes a large interest in leading philanthropic questions, and I have noticed how well he exemplifies the theory that the judge is counsel for an undefended prisoner, when he takes all imaginable pains, apart from an advocate's rhetoric and artifice, in bringing out clearly all that can be said in answer to a criminal charge. Mr. Baron Channell is deservedly popular in the courts and in society. A more humane, tender-hearted, painstaking judge never existed. He is only too fair-minded, if such a thing be possible. The ordinary British jury, at least down in the provinces, stand in need of all the assistance which a judge can lend them. I once had an opportunity of hearing a juryman's opinion of Mr. Baron Channell. 'He is a deal too fair,' said the enlightened juryman. 'We were just like pigs in a poke, and did not know which way to turn.' Many judges almost make themselves advocates in their summing up; and looking at the ordinary ridiculous appearance presented by a British jury, it is just as well that this should be the case. This is not the plan, I think, which is pursued by Baron Channell. He follows the old approved plan of reading through his notes, and if there is no answer to the prosecution you must convict the prisoner, or if the plaintiff has not made out his case you must find a verdict for the defendant. Properly speaking, it is no part of a judge's duty to form a distinct opinion upon a case. Their office is to place both sides of a question impartially before the umpires, and perhaps this is best done by a colourless mind. Most judges, however, form very decided opinions in the course of a case, and some of them express their opinions very strongly. Lastly, we must mention Mr. Baron Cleasby, who in his university career maintained the best traditions of the academic honours taken by our eminent members of the bar. He unsuccessfully

contested the representation of the university of Cambridge against Mr. Beresford Hope, and when the Tories made him one of their three additional judges, his appointment, which has been abundantly vindicated, received the hearty applause of men of all shades of political opinion.

Charles Dickens somewhere speaks of that large variety of hair and whisker for which the British bar is so justly famous. The remark is curiously verified as you look around a crowded court. He might have added that there is also a distinct barristerial expression of countenance. The most intellectual conversation of the present day is probably to be found among members of the bar. I do not know if the Westminster Courts would present the highest type of this intellectual excellence; we should rather find it, I think, among members of the Equity Bar, or counsel who confine their practice to chambers. They are comparatively free from that forensic and adversative way of looking at matters which so often mars the advocate and the leader-writer. You may, if you like, obtain a full and curious contrast, while Convocation is sitting in term-time, between parsons and lawyers. Go out of Palace Yard and get into Dean's Yard. Make your way to that famous room known as the Jerusalem Chamber. You will have little difficulty in obtaining admission by calling out a friend or by leaving a card. There you will find a number of black-coated gentry arguing away, often with extreme force and eloquence, on matters where they have not the slightest practical power of giving effect to their deliberations. Their functions are purely deliberative, and they must rest content with the indirect good obtained by free discussion. The clerical expression is, on the whole, benevolent, while the barristerial expression, generally speaking, is highly pugnacious. The cleric is appreciative, the barrister critical; the cleric looks wise even if he is not, the barrister is cynical; the cleric is credulous, the barrister is in a chronic state of dubiety. The best faces of the

gownsmen who flitted by me in the cloisters were not, perhaps, such clever faces as those of the gownsmen in the hall, but gave a greater idea of calmness, culture, and breadth. It is not inappropriate that I should step across from Westminster Hall to Westminster Abbey—as Macaulay touchingly says, 'the great temple of Silence and Reconciliation, which for so many generations has given a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great hall.' I wanted also to observe the effect of the new regulations of Dean Stanley and the Chapter in flinging open the Abbey and the chapels to all comers every Monday. The edifice was very full. Crowds were looking on the chair of coronation and walking about beneath the worn banners in the chapel of Henry the Seventh. I found a little crowd of poor people gazing upon the quaint monument erected by Charles the Second in memory of the Princes murdered in the Tower. I volunteered to translate the inscription; and the silence first, and the thanks afterwards testified how strongly one of the most touching incidents of our history has taken hold of the popular imagination. And so, as old Pepys would say, gaily home to my rooms.

MR. DICKENS AND CHAUNCEY HARE
TOWNSHEND.

Amid the national outburst of sorrow for the great common loss to humanity in the death of Charles Dickens, everything in the way of anecdote, memoir, and literature has been ransacked that could contribute a fact or an idea to the illustration of the character of England's greatest novelist. Mr. George A. Sala has even already, so early, published 'a life' of some sort or other, in which he announces that he (we mean the great Sala) has written some three thousand articles for the 'Daily Telegraph'—a portentous fact. The human mind is well-nigh baffled in the contemplation of that ocean of rhetorical twaddle. It is a sad thought that, humanly speaking, had Mr. Dickens worked less hard, and accumulated less money,

he might have been spared many years, and have to give us some of his best thoughts. They might have wanted something of the vivacity and genius of his early days; but so great a mind would have given us something worthy of the vast experience of its ripe maturity. There seems to have been no decline in his intellectual powers. His latest complete work, 'Our Mutual Friend,' would favourably compare with most of the works in that long and most familiar series. In intellectual matters 'his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.' In the domain of fiction he was the master-spirit of the age. Other poets might trench on the pre-eminence of Mr. Tennyson; but no living novelist could trench upon the pre-eminence of Mr. Dickens. In all questions of philanthropy, of social science, of broad, general politics, of mixed human interests, we would willingly concede any place which his admirers might claim for him; and we believe that much ungenerous injustice has been done to him by those who have cynically regarded his claims in this respect. At the same time we think that some of the language used by Bishop Frazer, Dean Stanley, and Mr. Jowett, had better have been left unsaid. Literature could hardly say too much for Mr. Dickens, but he could not be appropriately discussed in the pulpit, for there could hardly be a man who had less affinity for it. Not that all his instincts were not of a most generous kind, and he probably possessed deep religious feelings; but we could cull from his works, save that we decline the ungracious task, passages of sheer astonishing ignorance on religious matters. We believe that he himself would, on this ground, have chosen the silence which is golden.

Nevertheless, there is a religious work associated with the name of Mr. Dickens that has been quite overlooked, so far as we are aware, by those who have been endeavouring, in their different ways, to do justice to his memory. Last year a book made its appearance entitled 'Religious Opinions of the late Reverend Chauncy Haro Townshend.

Published, as directed in his Will, by his Literary Executor.' The work is, strictly speaking, a philosophical and theological work, the philosophical element being inferior to the theological. It has received some amount of circulation; but it is probably the last book with which we should expect his name to be associated. But in the preface we find the following extract from the will: 'I appoint my friend Charles Dickens, of Gadshill Place, in the county of Kent, Esquire, my literary executor, and beg of him to publish, without alteration, as much of my notes and reflections as may make known my opinions on religious matters, they being such as I verily believe would be conducive to the happiness of mankind.' Mr. Dickens proceeds: 'In pursuance of the foregoing injunction the Literary Executor so appointed (not previously aware that the publication of any religious opinions would be enjoined upon him) applied himself to the examination of the numerous papers left by his deceased friend. . . . Finding everywhere internal evidence that Mr. Townshend's religious opinions had been constantly meditated and reconsidered, with great pains and sincerity, throughout his life, the Literary Executor carefully compiled them (always in the writer's exact words), and endeavoured, in piecing them together, to avoid needless repetition.'

Some time ago I spent a little time in examining the MSS., so jealously guarded, of Pascal's 'Thoughts,' preserved in the Bibliothèque Impériale. They consisted of innumerable jottings on scattered bits of paper, some carefully written, and others dashed off on the moment. In some such state Mr. Dickens found the 'Religious Opinions,' 'scattered up and down through a variety of memoranda or note books, the gradual accumulations of year upon year.' Mr. Townshend was an eminently amiable and generous man. With much error, there is much worth and originality in his 'Opinions.' Still he was no Pascal; and 'the happiness of mankind' will hardly be affected by the publication. His

best chance for giving currency to his opinions was that the Literary Executor should put his name on the title-page as the editor; but as Mr. Dickens never did this, and never contemplated doing this, possibly from a sense of incongruity, the work will probably not emerge from its comparative obscurity. The fact remains, which is full of interest, that Mr. Dickens revised all this large mass of papers, and that they took their present shape and form under his presiding care. The arrangement is interesting and good. Now and then there is even a gleam of humour which, we are quite sure, has suffered nothing at the editorial hands. Any one who compares Mr. Townshend's views with the more serious passages in Mr. Dickens's story will perceive that there was considerable affinity between the two. We are sure that there was a still greater affinity in that path of practical goodness in which they both strenuously worked. Mr. Dickens says that Mr. Townshend was always his warmly attached and sympathetic friend, and enumerates the noble benefactions of his will. All those who knew the late Mr. Dickens speak of that large-hearted nature with the same generous appreciation which he accorded to his friend Mr. Townshend.

'BLACKWOOD' AND MR. DISRAELI.

Many years ago there appeared a book, now happily forgotten in a deserved and ignoble obscurity, entitled '*Disraeli: a Biography*.' The author's name is known, but it need not be recalled, as no doubt he is now ashamed of a detestable performance. It was a bad book, written in the worst possible tone and spirit. The author had a spite at Mr. Disraeli; he greatly disliked his course of political action; he had a great deal of personal venom against him; he traduced his literary character by garbling and dovetailing passages after a method both ingenious and disingenuous. In fact, the biography was, as a book, precisely what

the recent review of '*Lothair*' in '*Blackwood*' is as an article.

In those days, comparatively high and palmy, of '*Blackwood*,' Maga had nailed her colours to the Tory mast, and did not care to encourage mutiny in the crew. She formed her own opinion about the individual who wrote the '*Literary and Political Biography*' of Mr. Disraeli. This she professed in language sufficiently pointed and emphatic. Indeed, her friends always much regretted that, with all her good qualities, she was apt to prove violent and coarse in language. We have been reading, as a literary curiosity, the '*Blackwood*' review of Mr. Disraeli's assailant (March 1854), and we will make a selection of some of the choicer epithets of abuse bestowed upon that unhappy writer. They are as follows: 'Unhappy human reptile,' 'cold, selfish, and malignant,' 'skulking creature,' 'cockatrice,' 'venal, selfish and unprincipled, Randall Leslie,' 'masked assassin,' 'cold toad,' 'contemptible little snake,' 'blockhead,' 'scavenger,' 'whipper-snapper,' 'jackdaw,' 'billy-goat,' with such other flowers of literature. The critic also makes the valuable general remark: 'No honourable or chivalrous opponent of Mr. Disraeli could read this tissue of malignity without experiencing a sensation of loathing.' Many of the honourable opponents of Mr. Disraeli have freely expressed this 'experience of loathing' with which the *Blackwood* review has affected them. For ourselves, we are not in the least desirous to pick out an epithet to fit the cap on the new assailant of Mr. Disraeli who has sprung up in the pages of '*Blackwood*' itself. We are equally disgusted with scurrility whether employed in writing Mr. Disraeli up in 1854, or in writing him down in 1870. But it is instructive to see the kind of opinion which '*Blackwood*,' in its best days, deliberately formed of any writer who deliberately laid himself out to injure Mr. Disraeli's literary and political fame.

ON THE COAST.

(A Young Lady's Letter.)

TOWARDS London and all that was in it
 We turned thorough traitors, I fear;
 But how *could* we resist for one minute !
 The weather that beckoned us here ?
 With quadrilling and flirting and gushing
 The season was just at its prime ;—
 All its pushing and crowding and crushing
 Forgotten down here for a time.

Yes, forgotten that sweet *rus in urbe*
 The Drive, with its likes and its loves :
 And forgotten the Oaks and the Derby—
 (I won quite a fortune in gloves !)
 I can recollect little of Schneider,
 Of Hervé or Mr. Bellew ;
 I can look as an utter outsider
 On matters that interest *you*.

I could send you a sketch (*so romantic !*)
 Of all that I say, do, and hear—
 Of my perils upon the Atlantic,
 And sweet little strolls on the pier.
 Shall I put you to sleep by detailing
 The glories of sun and of sea ;—
 Shall I own (*entre nous*, dear) that sailing
 Seems better than waltzing to *me* ?

There are beautiful places I walk to—
 For walks, out of town, I adore :
 There are very nice people to talk to,
 And people to 'cut' by the score.
 As the mornings are sultry and shiny
 I rise—only fancy !—by nine,
 To set out for 'a dip in the briny'—
 (That slang, love, is Freddy's, not mine).

We have music in plenty to charm us,
 From real street-organs to bands ;
 And the bones and the banjo alarm us
 Whenever we stray on the sands.
 But here's Fred—he was always a worry—
 We're bound for a sail, Fred and I ;
 So I'll finish my note in a hurry.
 Adieu for the present. Good-bye.

HENRY S. LEIGH.



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IN DREAMLAND.

Drawn by Florence Claxton.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

WHEN an action for breach of promise of marriage happens to enliven the tedium of an assize, bench, bar, and public alike listen with attentive ear. If a lady wishes to visit our courts of justice she is almost certain to ask when there will be a breach-of-promise case. What is the cause of this extraordinary interest? It is hardly necessary to apply any very searching analytical process to discover its main ingredients. First and foremost there is the sense of the ridiculous which seems inseparable from love affairs. Love is a disease, a species of insanity: under its influence the most sagacious in other matters are guilty of acts of imbecility which they would have been incapable of, if in complete possession of all their faculties. 'All the passions,' says La Rochefoucauld, 'make us commit faults, but love makes us guilty of the most ridiculous ones.' Victor Hugo, in his last great work, puts it in still stronger terms: 'Pourquoi dit-on un amoureux? On devrait dire un possédé.' Generally speaking, every one, at some time or other, has had an *affaire de cœur*, and a consciousness of what then happened, of letters written, of follies committed, is present in the minds of all. Hence they love to learn what others have done under a similar influence—to criticise their method of procedure. There is a grim feeling of satisfaction in finding that others have revelled in greater absurdities than ourselves; moreover, for votaries of love there is a species of fascination similar to that which sometimes leads a murderer to return to the scene of his crimes, or the peasant of Herculaneum, whose walls have been rent again and again by the throes of Vesuvius, to the roof which threatens to fall upon him.

Curiosity, however, most prominently fixes upon the correspondence. If there are no love-letters the interest abates considerably. The character of the contents of the letters fully supports our foregoing propositions. Anything more ludi-

crous than some of the epistles which find their way into our newspapers cannot be conceived. In particular the ingenuity of man is employed in coining fresh terms of endearment. A man is thrown off his balance by such a commencement as 'My own dear little pet,' or 'My own ducky darling Sue;' and he flounders on from bad to worse until his imagination is again called in special requisition for a conclusion. There ought to be a common form of heading and conclusion of love-letters, just as there is of affidavits. Only then one half of the interest of the letters would be lost. But some might seek shelter under them. It is the ladies who lead men to make such fools of themselves. Some need no invitation; but others, not the whit less affectionate, are undemonstrative, and indisposed to indulge in fanciful and sentimental allusions to all manner of ethereal and angelic subjects. Few girls, however, will submit to be the object of a reasonable passion which does not continually explode into expressions of ardent love and affection, or run to poetry. They exact unremitting attention, and their ideal nature must be fed too. Idle protestations avail more than years of reasonable devotion. They reverse the novelist's title, and say 'Words, not deeds.' They are like the ghoul in 'Vathek,' whose insatiable appetite for young children was unappeased when the Caliph had inveigled hundreds into his maw. The ghoul kept up a constant cry of 'More, more!' So it is with women and their lovers. They are everlastingly crying out 'More, more!' Only they mean more extravagant expressions of affection, more protestations of devotion, more adulation. And there is a difficulty even about them. They must be ever new and changing. 'A glutted market makes provisions cheap,' and a constant repetition of the warmest of ideal phrases will not satisfy. The absurdity of most love-letters is in the main to be traced to these causes, the disease of love, not

inaptly styled by Mr. Robertson 'the whooping-cough of the heart,' supplies whatever reason may be wanting for the residue.

We rarely get a glimpse of the letters of the ladies, because actions for breach of promise are seldom brought by men, and their letters are generally unnecessary to prove the contract to marry. But ladies exact much and give little in return. Men propose, women dispose. We have heard a fondly-remembered matron say that no lady ought ever to allow a man to know that she loves him until she is his wife. The behaviour of Lilly Dale—so gushing and demonstrative—excited her warmest indignation. Probably few maintain the extreme severity of a rule like this; but still most ladies are more reticent in their expressions of affection than men deem it judicious or are impelled to be. Hence we derive but little amusement from their letters.

A new feature has of late been introduced into these cases which may often supply a new element of interest of no small magnitude. According to an old principle of law, no party to a contract was permitted to give evidence in an action arising out of it. This ridiculous principle was justly discarded by the legislature, but an exception was made with regard to actions for breach of promise of marriage; and until last year, neither of the contracting parties was permitted to appear as a witness. No doubt our legislators gave many weighty reasons for this exception. Their speeches may be found in Hansard; but they were evidently conscious of the danger of putting a new power into the hands of women. They knew that if a pretty girl went into the witness-box, and swore that such a one had promised to marry her (but refused to do it), few juries of men could disbelieve her.

The era of the subjection of women is fast disappearing; and last session the reformed parliament gave to plaintiffs and defendants the privilege many female plaintiffs have long wished for, of appearing in the witness-box and proving

their own cases. They are not compellable witnesses, however: they need not appear if it does not suit them to do so. Several reasons occur to us why they should not be compellable. One at least is sufficient for all reasonable beings. Fancy a man put in the box, and asked, 'Is that your handwriting?' and on his assenting, hearing read out, as he occupies his conspicuous position, an extract from one of his letters: 'I begin to think that love is holy; for I said my prayers last night for the first time—I don't know how long.' How long would a man of an ordinarily sensitive disposition be before he was satisfied that every one in the street was not pointing at him as the man who wrote that letter? It would be bad enough to acknowledge the authorship of the following:

'Not forgetting to send my best love from my heart, and a large parcel of kisses, which I hope you will take care of.'

Or:—

'Of course you have been to the Assembly Rooms and the Hall by the Sea. I hope you do not carry on any flirtation there. I hope you do not allow any gentleman with whom you dance to see you home. If you do, I trust there is no "good-bye," &c., including kisses, at the gate, which you must, by-the-way, want rather badly, having been without sugar for nearly a week.'

A further reason for their being optional witnesses only, dictated perhaps by a chivalrous feeling, exists in the fact that in many cases the exhibition of a female plaintiff may materially increase the amount of damages awarded by the jury, whilst in others she may be better seen in imagination only. All ladies are beautiful, of course, but they are beautiful and beautiful. No jury could resist the charms of a lovely girl who had been cruelly discarded by her lover, and her presence would of necessity produce a good verdict. Even under the old system a judicious attorney, emulating the example of the advocate of Phryne, used to place his client, if good-looking, in such a position that she might be seen by the jury,

and that a sympathetic feeling might be excited. The new system facilitates proof. It will hardly be necessary to resort to the means once adopted of proving an offer of marriage by the production of a leaf of rose geranium sent by the defendant to the plaintiff. The leaf was supposed to signify 'Thou art my choice.' On the other hand, a dangerous power is given to designing women. There is no telling how many Pickwicks will be made martyrs of. At the Stafford Lent Assizes during the present year a case of conspiracy was satisfactorily exposed. The plaintiff swore positively that the defendant had made her an offer of marriage, and her sister deposed to having seen the defendant frequently kiss the plaintiff. Luckily for the defendant the plaintiff was a middle-aged widow, and the jury found against her; had she been young and handsome perhaps the defendant would not have escaped so easily.

We have spoken of a promise to marry as a contract. Although sentimental young ladies and gentlemen would no doubt object to the comparison, an 'engagement' is just as much, in the eye of the law, a contract, as an agreement to sell a pound of butter. Our law possesses many beautiful principles, and one of them in regard to all contracts is that there must be *mutuality*; that is, that there shall be a common obligation on both sides to do or perform something, the obligation entailing a corresponding one to make compensation in case of breach. In theory there is mutuality in a marriage contract: in practice there is none. A man is made to pay damages if he runs off his bargain. How many men, however, have the courage to bring an action when they are jilted? Many suffer no small damage. If Mr. A. is going to marry Miss B., with thirty thousand pounds, he suffers substantial loss if he is discarded. If there is any mutuality he should recover substantial damages. Instead of that everybody laughs him out of court. In one or two rare instances men have recovered damages, but as a rule they are re-

warded at most with a farthing. They are to be comforted with the assurance that they are well out of it. A very comfortable assurance, too, and very just; but why it should not be mutual, and extend to the lady as well as to the gentleman, we have never been able to discover. When the emancipation of women has been accomplished ladies will doubtless be glad to take their share of the jury work. Then the men's time will come. Women are proverbially harsh in their judgment, and severe in their treatment of one another. Before a jury of women the tables will be turned, and a man may obtain the justice which has hitherto been denied him. Whether actions for breach of promise should be permitted at all is a question which we have not space to discuss. It is much better that there should be no marriage than that an unwilling person should be dragged into one. If the usefulness of a man to the state may be considered as a matter of public policy, his usefulness will surely be much impaired by union with a person whom he does not desire to marry; for unhappiness must inevitably be the result. He will carry a weight round his neck, which will prevent him from satisfactorily performing his duties in life. But if actions are to be allowed, why should oral testimony alone be sufficient to prove the contract? Numerous contracts are required by law to be in writing, or they cannot be enforced. A contract for the sale of goods of the value of ten pounds is not 'good' if not in writing, unless the buyer accepts part of the goods, or gives something in earnest to bind the bargain, or in part payment. Surely a lady is as valuable a commodity as ten pounds' worth of goods! Moreover, marriages at the present day partake largely of the character of bargain and sale. Why not extend the above provisions of the Statute of Frauds to marriage contracts? The gift of a ring might be declared to be 'something in earnest to bind the bargain,' kisses to be part performance; and where seduction had taken place under an enforceable

contract to marry, the court might be allowed to decree specific performance, with the alternative of exemplary damages or imprisonment. This last suggestion may cause a smile; but something very much the same was recently pro-

posed in the Canadian parliament; and by the penal code of New York seduction under promise of marriage is punishable by imprisonment for five years, unless the parties subsequently marry.

G. W. H.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRICKET MATCH.

I AM *not* a cricketer, but I admire that manly game in which the blackleg and the welsher take, I am glad to say, but the very faintest interest. The reason for my not being an active disciple of the *ludus Saligneus*—I don't know that that name has been given to it before—is that my courage is not of such a character as would, under any circumstances, make me a warrior. When I see a ball driven from—let me say Mr. Grace's bat—near the spot where I stand on the ground at the Oval, I feel like the soldier who said that it would require much more courage to run away than to advance to the encounter or stand his ground in the ranks. I purpose merely to give you, briefly, an account of what I consider to be the most remarkable cricket match ever played. I know that cricket has had its historians who have described in vivid diction all the mysteries, to the uninitiated, of 'overs,' 'square legs,' and 'maidens.' They have had for their subjects, for the most part, acts of brilliant skill and muscular endurance; and I can only recall one event amongst the cricket matches I have seen which was calculated to give pain to those who were witnesses of its progress. That was the match I once witnessed at Kennington Oval, when the pensioners of Greenwich Hospital contended against each other—when eleven men with one arm each played against eleven each of whom had but one leg. Surely there can be no sadder reflection than to think that amusement can be derived from the infirmities of our fellows! And when it is remembered that in the case I have speci-

fied those who took part in the game were relics of those who manned the navy of England when the peace of Europe was broken and the security of our empire threatened, I think I have said enough to convince those who speculate commercially on this distressing contest that its omission from the annual programme would be advisable. If these gallant old tars—for they still preserve all their honest attributes—want to have their recreation in the open air, surely they can do so in some private ground, where their movements can be seen by those who sympathise with their condition, not with those who speculate on their afflictions.

I have not read much of the literature of cricket beyond that which appears in the columns of what are called the morning journals, which, without any logical reason, are understood to be the daily papers. Perhaps some of the authors, whose names are as dear to muscular Young Eton and Harrow as John Stuart Mill is to Miss Becker, or 'Quain's Anatomy' to Dr. Mary Walker, have related the incidents of the match which I mean to describe succinctly; but at present I can only say that I have hunted it up in an old chronicle—very scarce, I may say, in the laconic language of the booksellers. Even if I have unwittingly repeated a story which has been already told, I can appeal to Mr. Godfrey Turner, whose thoughtfully-delicious verses (good phrase that!) have often charmed your readers, for an ingenious and conclusive defence. In the pages of a periodical conventionally known as 'Our facetious contemporary,' that gentleman has

already defended another friend who inadvertently repeated a moral idea previously conceived and expressed by the late Dr. Watts; and if I go over ground which has been already traversed, I shall, as I have said, confidently confide myself to his literary guardianship.

But I am forgetting this wonderful story, which is—at least in its most remarkable points—all about a dog. We have *not* been sufficiently grateful to this useful and sagacious animal. Whenever we wish to describe things as false or counterfeit, we recklessly prefix its appellation with what a gentleman of the press would designate as ‘a canine adjective.’ Thus—as the grammarians say—we have dog-Latin, dog-sleep, dog-wheat, dog-rose, dog-grass, and dog-geral. I should call my little story—dog-cricket, were it not that I am afraid my prefix would suggest some unfavourable consideration.

The reader is probably wishing that I should come to the point—and here I am *at it*. Some forty years ago a game of cricket was played for a considerable stake at Harefield Common, near Rickmansworth, between two gentlemen of Middlesex, on one side, and Mr. Francis Trumper, a farmer, residing at Harefield, and a thoroughbred sheep dog in his possession on the other. Before the game began the odds were five to one against Mr. Trumper and his faithful companion, but as the match proceeded, four to one was laid on the quadruped wicket-keeper. In the first innings, the two gentlemen got three runs with the greatest difficulty. The dog stood near his master when he was going to bowl, and the moment the ball was hit, off started Fido after it in full speed and carried it back in his mouth to his master with equal velocity. Though the two, who had the first

innings, made several long hits, the dog fielded so well that they never made more at a time than a single run. Mr. Trumper and his mate then went in, and the dog stood to his wicket ‘like a man’ until he saw that it was advisable to run. Then he cantered past his master at a judiciously-considered pace. The result of the first innings for ‘man and dog’ was a grand total of *five*. After luncheon, the two gentlemen again scored three in their second innings, one of them having been splendidly ‘caught out’ by Fido; when their competitors went to the wickets the betting being odds on ‘*the shepherd*.’ Two runs were scored for the long-tailed athlete, and the game was won with two wickets standing. Appended is the score:—

RICKMANSWORTH.

FIRST INNINGS.

Mr. A. b. Trumper . . .	1
Mr. B. b. Trumper . . .	2
	—
	3
	—
Mr. Trumper b. Mr. A. . .	5
Dog b. o.	0
	—
	5

SECOND INNINGS.

Mr. A. b. Trumper . . .	2
Mr. B. b. Trumper . . .	1
	—
	3
	—
Mr. Trumper, not out . .	2
Dog b. o.	0
	—
	2

It will be seen from the returns that the dog did *not* bat. Such is the story as I have read it in the old chronicle; such is my small contribution to the history of cricket.

T. F. O'D.



THE LOOP OF PEARLS.

A LADY resting in her garden bower
 Had dozed away the idle hour between
 The toilet's labours and the evening's rout.
 She was not beautiful; she was not young.
 What most she lacked was that rare grace of mind
 To see 'twas time to rest beneath the shade
 Of her declining summers, matron-wise.
 The ravages of Time were palpable.
 Her eyes were rayless; save that round their rims,
 As shot from suns down-sunk in clouds of eve,
 O'er her once heavenly cheek the wrinkles rayed.
 No cap confined her tresses in their flow:
 But, darkly streaked, like barks of weeping birch,
 And silvered like their silver, with the touch
 Of years no soul about her dared to count,
 Her locks were bondaged in a loop of pearls.

The pearls were pearls of price, such once as shone
 Beneath the waves of old Caer Arvon's shore,
 'The British 'perlyns' of our ancestors;
 Or such as pay the diver's toil who braves
 Dread monsters of the sea on far-off coasts
 Of Coromandel.—Better in the deep
 Their beauty had lain hid; a mockery here,
 They looked like lights of life pale burning out;
 Cold as snow-berries shrunk within themselves,
 With shuddering terror of the wintering year,
 Or gracious dews of morning, fixed and dead.

Now, very drowsy was my lady, loth
 To quit her snug siesta 'neath the ash.
 Yet pleasure, she termed 'duty,' called her forth
 By a sweet voice: 'twas that of a young girl
 Of her adoption, 'a poor, low-born thing,'
 She had been heard to say, 'but useful—very.'
 So Miriam, having duly called her, turned
 To follow on the lady's steps. But she,
 Waving her regal hand, bade her remain
 And pluck away the slugs from the slimed twigs.

But scarcely had she moved her homeward steps
 Ere something told her that her loop of pearls
 Had dropped the while she slept; for all her hair
 Lay loose.—Quick turned she back, and sharply cried:
 'Miriam, give me my pearls; on yonder bench
 They needs must lie.' But Miriam searched in vain.
 The lady watched. Then, seeing her distressed,
 Her young hands trembling—like the poplar-leaves
 That wore their whiteness inward like herself—
 Gave sudden entrance to an evil thought.
 'The pearls lie there—or did, until you came.'

With sad vague eyes that looked beyond the bower
 In dread of something sweet beyond the bower
 And ready steps that would have fled the bower,
 The child—she scarce was more—turned soft and spoke,

‘ Madam, I see not—nay, nor have I seen—’

‘ Why tremble then ?’

‘ Dear madam, on my knees !’

‘ You do confess it, then ?’

‘ I do—I do !’

Oh, blame no other—blame none else but me !’

In more disorder now, the lady’s locks,
Shook by her passion, rolled disordered down.
Her hand was on the bell that from the bower
On winding wires conducted to the Hall :
When, facing her—with a slight start, as one
Caught unaware—there stood my lady’s son !

‘ Here is a pretty end,’ she cried, ‘ of all
Your constant spoiling of this evil child !
This comes of all your luting and your fluting,
Your poets, and your pastimes out of doors !
She must have pearls, forsooth ; wherewith to crown
A beggar !—For a beggar to my door
She came ; a beggar shall she quit it, quick !’
But, ‘ soft,’ cried Ernest, ‘ soft, good mother, soft !’
As, gently seizing on her arm to stay
Her quick impetuous movement of retreat,
He pointed to a skirting sweep of lawn.
‘ There—out upon the greensward, full in view,
Grave as a judge, and wanting but the wig,
Black as a negro, sober, quaint, and grim,
Save for a loop of pearls about his neck
(He there had flung just as he flung the worms
Impatient from his beak when they refused
Without a strife to leave their earthy bed
To fill his cormorant maw)—a jackdaw hopped !

Ernest, the pearls of price plucked from the bird
And placed all silent in his mother’s hand !
Then last he spoke.

‘ Mother, the days are gone
For silence ’twixt us two.—Yon bowed-down head,
Can you look on it and not own a tear ?
(As for your momentary baseless thoughts,—
See ! all her own are wide—she knew them not,
And never shall she know the truth from me.)
Miriam, look up !—Mother, last night my love
Was all confessed ; and Miriam I implored
To meet me here to take anew my vows—
Here where I find her, seeking you, not me.
She said she loved me not ; refused to meet
My mother’s son in secret and alone.
I do believe she loves me ne’ertheless :
But tender duty, fear to break the bond
Of older love—more sacred scarce than mine
For her—subdues her sweet soul to revolt
Against itself.—Mother, your eyes grow fierce.
My fixed resolve, I’ve told : to win her mine,
If love of mine can win her.—Take her hand,
I do implore you : daughter will she prove,

The Loop of Pearls.

Never a sweeter daughter to a mother.—
 You look as you could slay me. Yet a while
 Hear me with patience. I would fain have won
 Your full approval; won it on the ground
 Of her dear worth alone.—Nay, I will wait
 Till kinder thoughts shall move you—'

' Move me not

To utter words shall part us! Never more,
 If you be son of mine, dare to repeat—'

' Why, then it must be now.—Miriam, your hand.
 You will not give it? Well, then, I must yield.
 But yet, before we three must part for aye,
 A story have I which shall make the world
 Fairer for one whose sweet face is most fair
 To me behind its veil of sorrow worn
 And poverty unmerited.

' One day,

While climbing, boy-like, to yon jackdaw's nest,
 I stumbled—loosed my holding—and so fell
 Some half-way down along this ash-tree's boll
 Into a hollow slipping with one foot,
 My heel came sudden with metallic ring
 Upon an iron casket hid within
 The ash-tree's hollow. Open flew the lid—
 For I had struck it sharply on the worn
 And rusted asp—and out there rolled a scroll
 All duly signed and sealed: its substance this,
 Fair-written in my uncle's well-known hand.

' Discarded early from his father's house,
 An alien to his only brother's heart,
 A homeless fugitive he took his way
 To distant lands: there wooed to love and won
 A lovely Jewess, Miriam her name.
 There died he; and beneath a shadeless palm
 Lies buried. (This another hand had writ
 Upon the margin.) Then the Jewish wife
 Like to another Hagar wandered wild,
 A little woman-Ishmael at her knee.

' Mother, your heart was full of pity once.—
 The dying mother 'neath this ash-tree laid,
 While breathing her last breath 'twixt death and life,
 In speechful silence gave into your arms
 This child of love—my dusk-browed Miriam.
 Look on her; scorn her, hate her if you can.
 She is my cousin, and my uncle's daughter.
 She is my chosen wife; my one sole love:
 All I have ever known of sweet and fair
 Since in your better youth your soul was fair,
 And I your one young son brought tears to you
 And love, and tender confidence, and hope—
 Hope in all goodness where your presence moved.—

' You answer nothing. What am I to think?
 If e'er you dreamed that I have taught this child
 To wear my colours and to cast down yours,
 And war against you, making peace with me,
 You find your error now. She chooses you;

Me she discards. Take with her, then, the rest,
My father's lands and wealth. I stand alone.
For never more shall hateful sight of me
Cross path of hers or yours while life shall last.'

Now, while the youth was speaking, flushed and sore,
Vexed thoughts were seething in the lady's mind.
Her one supremest trouble seemed to be
How to retreat with honour and with grace.
The field was lost she could not well deny.
Her son she loved, as only mothers love.
Miriam, she well believed, was true as fair,
And her old heart reproached her for the girl.—
But then—she ne'er was in such strait before:
'Twas trying—cruel—bitter—and a shame!
She could have dashed her head against the ash,
And closed all with a flourish.—Did she so?
She did—Oh, dear no, nothing of the kind!

Her hands which had been busy with the pearls,
Slow through the young girl's ringlets drew the pearls
Till all the dusky locks were ringed with pearls.
You would have thought a peri* host had played
At stringing snow-balls in a cedar's shade
Within the purlieus of some Eastern glade;
Or dusky night had dimpled into stars
Out in the Milky Way.—'Twas passing fair.
So passing fair the lady thought the sight,
That, turning quickly lest black envy's shade
Should rush between her and her better self,
She would have moved away. But, ere she moved,
A deeper thought of tenderness stole in
Of one who, dead and gone, had twined that string
Of sea-stars through the cloud of her young hair
When it rolled dark as Miriam's.—So, all pale,
Yet with a grace of heart which made her young
Even in the shadow of her ample years,
She took the glad-browed Miriam in her arms,
And laid her on the bosom of her son;
Then laid her hand in her son's hand—and wept.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

* The words peri and fairy are one.



BLACK MONDAY.

A New View of the Sad Sea Waves.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

WHY gazes Laura o'er the bounding brine?
 And why does Clara sit so pale and pensive?
 The business, I know, is none of mine,
 But still, I trust the question's not offensive.
 Observe how Laura scans the ocean-line
 With shaded eyes, and glances comprehensive;
 While Clara rests sad elbow upon sad knee,
 And sad cheek on sad hand, like Ariadne!

Ay, there's the grievance! 'Tis as old as pity!
 The Fates inexorable, hard, and strange,
 Have driven back young Theseus to the City,
 Where he's engaged upon the Stock Exchange.
 The Husbands' Boat—so christened by the witty—
 Is bearing him beyond her vision's range,
 And well our mournful Ariadne Latter-day
 Knows that he won't come back again till Saturday.

And Laura's grief is not all sympathetic—
 The Husbands' Boat can carry lovers too!
 And there's a certain rifleman athletic,
 Who draws from Government his yearly screw
 For Civil Service—whom that energetic
 And snorting boat is bearing from her view;
 Wishing the office in realms diabolic
 He seeks Pall Mall—and feels pall-melancholic!

Meanwhile the Foreland snatches him from sight;
 And he, and Clara's loving spouse, to still a
 Depressing feeling of desertion, light—
 This his brown meerschaum—that his mild manilla.
 The ladies, most disconsolate in plight,
 Vainly seek comfort in their sea-side villa,
 (I'll bet my life on't that you've never seen abodes
 Less homelike and more cheerless than marine abodes).

So all the week they sigh beside the sea
 Through Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday:--
 Hail the approach of Saturday with glee
 And make of it a holiday and high day;
 And through the week surmising if 'twill be
 A wet and windy or a fine and dry day.
 On other days they'd sea, and sand, and rock exchange
 One for Pall Mall—the other for the Stock Exchange

Let's hope the gentlemen are wretched too,
And don't find consolation at the Club,
And keep late hours with billiards, whist, or loo !
Our fair friends' fond belief I would not snub,
But it's in London chiefly some men *do*
Enjoy their sea-side season—there's the rub !
'One foot on sea'—sang Dorset—'one on shore set.
Men are deceivers.' I endorse it, Dorset !

But let that pass. Let, too, the long week pass.
And lo ! our pretty couple on the look-out,*
Search the horizon closely with a glass,
As if intent on cutting T. P. Cooke out
In naval dramas of transpontine class.
Neglected lies the fancy work they took out—
When—well ! the boat brings back their loved ones two to them
So with that pleasant picture—here's adieu to them !

* But this companion picture's lost, alas !
Because the artist hadn't brought his book out.

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

A Long Vacation Romance.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER week passed, quickly enough, far too quickly indeed to please me, for—I need scarcely say it—my one thought by day, my dream by night, was Mabel, nothing but Mabel. And yet, I said to myself, a hundred times a day, it is worse than folly. How can I ever hope that she should think of me for an instant with more than passing interest? I, the comparatively poor nobody, she, the matchless beauty and wealthy heiress. I met her and her cousin with the Everards nearly every day, but I had no chance for anything more than ordinary conversation with my queen. And still, when I remembered the unsolved mystery in —shire, and her more than curious recognition of myself, I could not but feel that there was more than a mere chance for my ultimate success. She was always pleased to see me, I had no doubt of that. She liked me to talk to her, which I did often, to bring her flowers, which I ventured

to do once or twice. So long as I had reason to think she was not utterly indifferent to me, I felt pretty well contented. Oh, if she had only five pounds a year instead of five thousand, how happy I should have been !

Between Colonel Irvine and myself there existed—I felt in some undefinable way—a mutual mistrust. He certainly contrived that I never should have an opportunity of long conversation with his cousin. Nothing could have been more courteous or pleasant than his manner to me, and we seemed to get on very well together. Still, I could see that of a set purpose he never would allow me to be alone with Mabel, and my one object was to defeat him. No matter how cautious and guarded my behaviour, I saw that he suspected me. What wonder if I took the most intense dislike to him? My impression was, by the time one short week was out, that my dislike and distrust of him were

only equalled by his dislike and distrust of me. But why should this be the case? I often asked myself.

One evening, however, I found myself alone with Miss Irvine, even as on the first day I was introduced to her. But, alas! as is often the case when one wants to be particularly pleasant, I could scarcely say a word. She, too, seemed thoughtful.

'Do you stay in Wiesbaden much longer, Mr. Seaforth?'

'I really hardly know; my time is all my own. I should have left it long ago, but——'

'But Mr. Everard persuaded you to stop,' she broke in. She paused for a moment afterwards, and then continued, somewhat constrainedly.

'We are going to leave to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' I exclaimed. 'So suddenly! Oh, Miss Irvine, what a disappointment! I thought you were going to remain here for at least a fortnight longer.'

'So did I. I only heard this afternoon that we are to go to Strasbourg to-morrow, and then, I believe, to Basle and Berne.'

'Have you no voice in the matter?' I could not help asking. She coloured slightly and replied—

'My cousin manages everything, thinking to save me trouble. He usually consults me, but on this occasion he has not.'

'Do persuade him to stop a few days, Miss Irvine. I am sure you have only to say that you wish it, and the thing is settled.'

'You do not know the colonel,' she answered, in a low, hurried voice. 'If he has once made up his mind, no power on earth can make him change it; and I know that he has made up his mind to leave to-morrow.'

'But he is all kindness to you?'

'Oh, yes, indeed he is. Mr. Seaforth, I must ask you one question. Have you offended him?'

'I, Miss Irvine? It has been my constant endeavour to be on the best possible terms with him. I hope I am in no way the cause of your sudden departure.'

'Oh, I do not know what to think. I am certain you have made the

colonel your enemy, somehow or other. Mr. Seaforth, what have you done?'

'On my honour, nothing to offend him. Miss Irvine, I may have taken too great an interest in you. That, however, is not a fault, or, if it is a fault, it is one which I do not repent of.'

'Oh, hush, Mr. Seaforth, pray hush!'

'I will be silent as to that. You leave Wiesbaden suddenly; you seem to imagine that I have offended your guardian; you are under some vague impression that this fancied offence has something to do with your sudden departure. I only wish to remind you, Miss Irvine, that I am at liberty to come and go as I please, and am accountable to nobody for my actions. It is, then, possible that we shall meet in Switzerland. Still, if I thought such meeting would annoy you, I would return to England to-morrow.'

'Oh, Mr. Seaforth, is this fair?'

'I know not,' I answered in a low, passionate voice. 'I only know that you have drawn me irresistibly to you, and I obey.'

'Hush! hush! you must not speak like this.'

'One word more. I told you on the first day I spoke to you that I recognised your face. I have seen you before, no matter that we cannot explain the when and where; and I feel—heaven knows why—a sort of right to be near you, and to take an interest in all that concerns you. I do not rank myself among the host of your admirers. All I ask is that we part this night firm friends—I ask no more.'

She looked up in my face and gave me for an instant her warm, white hand. There was a sweet, contented expression in her eyes. But oh! how strongly that one look brought back to my memory the face of the white lady upon the lawn at Daylesford.

I had no further chance of talking to her. The colonel joined us, and said, in his pleasantest voice—

'My cousin Mabel has, I dare say, told you that we are off to-morrow morning for Switzerland. She is getting pale, as I have no doubt you

have observed, in this suffocating atmosphere; and for my own part I own I long for a little fresh mountain air. You stay here for some time, probably, Mr. Seaforth?

He knew as well as I did that I was in love with Mabel. He disliked me thoroughly—I felt that. I felt, too, that he was complacently speculating as to what I should do next; so I simply replied, in the frankest possible manner—

‘Upon my word, colonel, we shall miss Miss Irvine and yourself terribly. The place will seem quite different when you are gone. I have half a mind to pack up to-night, and be off to Switzerland to-morrow myself.’

He evidently had not expected so candid a reply, but he returned, promptly—

‘Why don’t you, Mr. Seaforth? A young, strong fellow like you ought to be climbing Monte Rosa instead of lounging about a German watering-place.’

I knew better than to rise to this artificial bait, so I merely replied—

‘I think I fancy the Tyrol more than Switzerland, from all I hear. Tom Everard has been talking about the Oatler Spitz and the Stelvio. However, that is the sort of thing I never make a plan about, but generally leave to impulse.’

I noticed that Mabel looked inquiringly from one to the other of us, but evidently could make nothing of it. She said—

‘Then, perhaps, we may meet in Switzerland, Mr. Seaforth?’

Oh, you pretty little goose, I thought, and said aloud—

‘Quite possibly, Miss Irvine. Which route do you take, colonel?’

‘Well, we shall be pretty well here, there, and everywhere,’ he answered, with his sweetest smile.

‘Precisely my case,’ I rejoined, laughing. ‘Then we are sure to meet.’

We parted at the door of their hotel, pleasantly enough.

But, ah! how desolate I felt when I sat myself down in my own solitary apartment. It was indeed a blow to me, this sudden parting; and, for the first time in my life, I believe, I felt thoroughly wretched.

I passed a sleepless night, and at dawn I was sitting by the open window. The sweet fresh air invigorated me, and as I looked forth upon the glowing sunrise I wondered how I could have allowed myself to feel so miserable on the previous evening. Mabel was going to Switzerland—what of that? Switzerland was not a large place; I should easily find her, and then—ah, then!

But my spirits drooped again as I strolled through the gardens and salons of the Kursaal after breakfast. Everything reminded me of her, and every moment I seemed to fancy I saw her figure in the distance, or heard her sweet voice near me. I visited all the places near at hand where we had been together, and suffered sad remembrance to feed upon itself.

‘This will never do,’ I exclaimed, after a long reverie—

‘I myself must win with action, lest I wither by despair.’

‘There is no reason on earth why I should stay another moment in Wiesbaden. I’ll go back to the hotel, and be off by the evening train to somewhere or other.’

Acting on this resolution I walked hastily back, and without further loss of time commenced packing.

In the midst of this operation letters from England were brought to me. There was only one that externally promised to be at all interesting, and that was from Major Wray. The letter contained a mixture of gossip, good advice, and cynical remarks, and was, as usual, very entertaining; but it was only the last part of the letter that I read over more than once. It ran as follows:—

‘You ask me, my dear boy, if I know anything about a Colonel Irvine. I presume you must mean James Irvine, of the —th. Yes, I knew him intimately now a good many years ago, but latterly I have entirely lost sight of him. I am glad you referred to me in this matter, for, between ourselves, I should not recommend you or any one else to select James Irvine for a bosom friend. Mind, I am speaking only from what I used to know of him, and he may be a very dif-

ferent man now. In his day he was one of the best-known men about town, and succeeded in running through a very tolerable fortune. After that I imagine he lived on his wits and his relations. I know that for a long time his affairs were so involved that he was obliged to keep out of England. I own that I am rather surprised to hear that he is guardian to Mabel Irvine. I knew her father and mother well, and I cannot understand it altogether. I am told that the Court of Chancery appointed him. If he is anything like what he used to be he is bold and unscrupulous, and I should not like to trust him quite so near so much money, for you have been rightly informed as to Mabel's fortune. She will be mistress, on coming of age, of some five or six thousand a year: that's worth thinking about, my boy, and ought not to stand in the way of your falling in love with her. When you are writing again I should like to know how Irvine behaves to her. I have an impression that if she dies unmarried the bulk of her fortune goes to him.' With these pregnant words the major bade me adieu.

My mind was made up at once. I would rejoin them ere long and win Mabel if I could. It was terribly clear that Colonel Irvine's interest lay in keeping Mabel unmarried; or, jealous thought! in marrying her himself, or in her death! The first alternative he could not hope for; the second—well, why not? How kind and tender was his manner to her. How he seemed to anticipate her every wish. It might be something more than possible that he had destined his beautiful cousin for his bride. Failing his achieving that! Oh, no; the thought was too horrible. And yet men have perpetrated great crimes for much less than six thousand a year. But I felt that I was not in a fit state to reason calmly; I was exaggerating every aspect of the case. However, I would join them before long, not too soon, not in too obvious a hurry. Oh, if I could but win herself, the colonel might keep all the thousands a year as far as I was concerned.

That evening I went to Frankfurt, and the next day to Heidelberg, where I stayed a short time. Thence to Basle, and so to Lucerne. I fell in at every stage with an overpowering amount of British tourists, most of whom bored me excessively; but at Lucerne I became acquainted with an English family who had met the Irvines at Chamounix. From them I casually learned that the colonel was going on to the Lake of Geneva, and intended to make a halt at an hotel close to the Château de Chillon. That was enough for me. The close of another week found me at Vevay, and the next evening I was under the same roof as Mabel.

Purposely I did not arrive till late, but I was aware of Mabel's habits, and determined to profit by my knowledge and steal a march upon the colonel. So I was up early the next morning, and sat for a long time gazing upon the blue expanse of water stretched before me.

My window commanded the entrance to the hotel from the terrace, and at about half-past seven I saw, as I fully expected I should see, going out upon the terrace the queenly figure of Mabel Irvine.

I waited to see which direction she would take. She stood upon the terrace for some time, evidently delighting in the beautiful scene before her. Then I watched her go towards a little arbour at a distant corner of a lower terrace. I hurried out of the hotel, and approaching the arbour from another direction, obtained a full view of her of whom I was in search without her being aware of my proximity.

I thought that she did not look happy—not so bright and free from care as she had seemed at Wiesbaden. Her eyes were turned dreamily towards the sparkling lake, and for some time I forbore to break in upon her reverie. But there was no time to lose, so I ventured nearer.

'Good-morning, Miss Irvine.'

She started from her seat, and a warm flush suffused her countenance, and there was a happy expression in her eyes.

'Is it really you, Mr. Seaforth? You have contrived to hunt us out, then?'

'Yes, and without much difficulty.'

'Were you so determined to find us?'

'I think, when we parted, I had quite made up my mind that we should meet again.'

'Is not this a lovely spot, Mr. Seaforth? A thousand times pleasanter than that horrid Wiesbaden.'

'Don't call Wiesbaden horrid, please, Miss Irvine. I am sure I was very well contented there: indeed, I think I owe it an immeasurable debt of gratitude.'

'Oh, I am so glad it did you good! Of course you mean you are grateful to the baths.'

The bright look had faded from her face as she said these words, so wilfully misunderstanding me, in so hurried a manner, that I could not speak at first; but hearing a well-known measured step not far behind, I answered—

'To be sure—they were the pleasantest things imaginable——'

'What, Mr. Seaforth!' exclaimed a silvery voice behind me, 'this is a pleasure! Not having come across your track for more than a fortnight I thought we had lost you altogether.'

It was the colonel who spoke, and now shook me warmly by the hand.

'Yes, colonel, and I was just telling Miss Irvine that I found you out without much difficulty.'

'I wish you had come three days ago, at the same time that we did,' he continued, 'and we might have had some rambles together up the hills behind the hotel. As it is, I have had letters this morning summoning us to Paris at once to meet Mabel's lawyer on important business.'

A look of disappointment and surprise overshadowed Mabel's face.

'It is unavoidable, my dear girl,' said her cousin, as he observed the cloud. 'If you will have estates to be managed you must have a little trouble now and then. I heartily wish there was some duenna here under whose charge I could leave you, and I would run to Paris and

back myself and save you the annoyance. But that is out of the question.'

'When must we go, Cousin James?'

'Well, we must go to Geneva this morning and catch the evening express. Breakfast is quite ready.'

Mabel, pale and silent, rose from her seat and took the arm he courteously offered her, while he said to me, 'Doubtless we shall see you again before we go, Mr. Seaforth?'

I merely bowed, I could say nothing. My heart was too full for utterance. I firmly believed that that smooth man had lied to both of us.

The glory of the scene before me mocked my senses, and the unbroken calm of the blue lake below contrasted strongly with the storm that raged within me. There was but one ray of comfort. James Irvine evidently thought that Mabel entertained something more than a mere liking for me, and he was determined to separate us.

But whatever might have been his determination, how true or how false might have been his statement concerning urgent business in Paris, luck on this occasion was on my side. On coming out of the hotel after breakfast, Colonel Irvine slipped upon the granite steps and severely sprained his foot. To leave that day was clearly out of the question.

In the course of the afternoon I ventured to call at their salon and ask how the colonel was. He was lying on the sofa, evidently suffering great pain, but he did not allow the pain to make him outwardly irritable, though I saw he had to make great efforts to subdue his temper when he saw me.

'This is a very unfortunate accident, colonel; I hope it won't invalid you for long.' I am afraid it was my turn to say something that was not quite the truth.

'I was sure you would pity me, Mr. Seaforth. As you say, it is most unfortunate.'

'Can I be of any service to you?' I asked; and I could not forbear adding: 'Can I telegraph to Miss Irvine's lawyer for you, and explain how you are detained?'

'You are most thoughtful; but a letter will arrive there in ample time.'

He took care to keep up appearances, for he certainly sent a letter to Paris, directed, at all events, to some one of the same name as Mabel's lawyer.

The pain in his foot must have been unquestionably very great, and the native doctor who attended him, till an English practitioner arrived from Geneva, did not do him much good. He jealously kept Mabel with him as much as possible, but was of course unable to prevent her from taking out-door exercise occasionally. Here was my long-desired opportunity, and I made the most of it.

But it was not till I found that Colonel Irvine was rapidly recovering, that I ventured again upon such language as I had used that last evening at Wiesbaden. Mabel and I had climbed some little way up a hill behind the hotel, and sat beneath the shade of a huge chestnut. Before us lay Lake Lemman's loveliest scenery, and it was only natural that I should quote 'Childe Harold.' Then I felt that the time was come, and I began:

'Do you still think, Miss Irvine, that your cousin still dislikes me as much as you thought he did at Wiesbaden?'

'The impression has grown stronger with time,' she added, in a low voice. 'I have no doubt about it, Mr. Seaforth.'

'I am sorry for that, for I mean to have a little conversation with him to-morrow.'

'Oh, he will not be rude to you; he never could be to anybody.'

'I know well enough he will listen attentively to all I have to say; but in this matter I would rather count him my friend than my enemy.'

'What do you want to talk to him about?' she asked, somewhat confusedly.

'You.'

'Me! What can you mean?'

'You know as well as I do, Mabel. No—don't attempt to rise. You must hear calmly all that I have to say.'

I could see that she was greatly agitated.

'From the first moment I saw you, I loved you. Till I saw you, I never knew what love meant. I never breathed a passionate word to any woman—my whole heart has been reserved for you. I don't pretend to be ignorant that you are rich and that I am comparatively poor. I can only say that your fortune makes no difference to me. Nobody, of course, will believe me when I say so—that I cannot help. I only ask you to believe me. Oh, Mabel—dearest Mabel, give me one word of hope!'

She said nothing, but her silence was more eloquent than words. I took the small white hand, and held it unresisting, and I knew that it was to be mine.

Oh, golden moments of delicious outpourings of first and innocent young love! Sweet oasis of entranced calm amid the parched desert of a weary and hard-hearted world!

It was agreed that I should speak to the colonel the next morning. Mabel feared for the result. 'Her cousin had always told her that she should not dream of marrying till she was four or five-and-twenty, and he had made short work of many of Mabel's admirers. She had not encouraged any—oh no, she had never had even the least little bit of love for anybody—but foolish young men who had danced with her half a dozen times would fall madly in love with her, and rush off to the colonel and implore his permission to propose for Miss Irvine. It appeared that they generally left the colonel's presence crestfallen and low. How would it fare with me?'

'Mind you keep your temper with Cousin James,' was Mabel's last warning.

I certainly felt somewhat nervous the next morning, and I could scarcely touch my breakfast. It was not that I felt any fear of losing Mabel—all the cousins and guardians in the world should not keep her from me when she was of age, which would be in about six months' time. That I had quite made up

my mind about. But, being instinctively aware of Colonel Irvine's dislike of myself and his possible designs upon Mabel and her fortune, I could not help feeling that much depended upon my interview with him.

After breakfast I went up stairs and knocked at the door of their salon. The colonel's silvery voice bade me enter. Mabel, pale and silent, sat by the open window: the colonel was delicately paring an apple, and greeted me pleasantly. But I was sure that he divined the object of my early visit, and was prepared to snub and dismiss me with his usual politeness. Resolved to be neither snubbed or dismissed, my self-possession returned to me, and I felt ready for the strife.

After a few minutes' ordinary conversation, I said—

'If you are not busy just now, colonel, I should be glad of a little serious talk with you on an important matter.'

'Oh, certainly, my dear Mr. Seaforth: any advice I can give you, you shall have, cheerfully. You need not go away, Mabel. I have no doubt Mr. Seaforth's important matter can be discussed in your presence.'

She stood irresolute and frightened at the door which led to her room.

'Excuse me, colonel: I think it is not possible.'

I opened the door for Mabel, and she passed out of the salon.

'Now, Mr. Seaforth, what is this business which cannot be discussed in the presence of my ward?'

'Your ward herself, Colonel Irvine.'

'I guessed as much. You might have spared her the trouble of leaving the room, for I simply decline holding any discussion with you on that subject.'

'May I ask why?'

'I am not in the habit, sir, of giving my reasons for my actions.'

'But, surely, Colonel Irvine, in such a matter as this, where Mabel's happiness is concerned——'

'Mabel's happiness! Good heavens! Mr. Seaforth, I am astonished at your presumption. I must ask

you to speak of my cousin as Miss Irvine, and to leave her happiness to me.'

'I can do neither the one nor the other. Your cousin permits me to call her Mabel, and is prepared to intrust her happiness to me—and, therefore, colonel, I think you are bound to hear patiently all I have to urge upon this matter.'

'Mr. Seaforth, with the greatest respect for your opinion, I beg to differ from you. I assure you it is worse than useless to continue this discussion. Allow me to wish you good-morning.'

'Colonel Irvine, I think I have some sort of right to ask you why you treat me in this manner. If I was a beggar out of the streets your conduct could be hardly different.'

'You have hit it precisely,' returned the colonel, blandly. 'For all I know to the contrary you may be a beggar out of the streets. Of course, you will urge that you are not; but you really must excuse me, Mr. Seaforth, if, in discharge of my duty towards my ward, I decline, once and for all, entertaining for a moment a preposterous proposal from a young gentleman of whom I know positively nothing.'

'I am aware,' I retorted, 'that the name of George Seaforth is not so well known as that of James Irvine.' He looked sharply at me as if he suspected a hidden meaning in my words. I continued: 'Still, I think I can prove my identity and position in the world if you will allow me.'

'Mr. Seaforth, I wish to put an end to an interview which can only be unpleasant to both of us. Understand me clearly, if you please: I unreservedly and irrevocably decline to hear another word from you with regard to my ward. If you are the gentleman you profess to be, you will at once leave this room, and, I might add, this hotel.'

I looked at him steadily.

'You think, Colonel Irvine, that I am merely an adventurer—a fortune-hunter?'

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

'In fact, you suspect my motives?'

The faintest possible smile was the only reply.

'Does it not occur to you, Colonel Irvine, that I have, perhaps, better reasons for suspecting yours?'

I had let my temper get the better of me, and directly I had said these words, I would have given anything to recall them—but it was too late. I saw the contemptuous expression give way to one of anger, not un-mixed, it struck me, with alarm. I saw that to recede from my position would be fatal: there was nothing for it but to maintain it boldly.

'You think that I am a poor man, and desire to gain possession of your cousin's fortune. A censorious world, colonel, might be inclined to say the same of you.'

The shot was not without its effect. He turned livid with rage: but, with a wonderful effort, he mastered it, and said, coolly—

'That is an observation I must leave some one else to reply to.'

He limped to Mabel's door—knocked loudly, and called to her to come in. She obeyed, pale and trembling.

'This gentleman, Mabel,' he began in the most cutting tones, 'has, with a delicacy and refinement of manner I was not prepared for, done you the honour to propose for you. I have felt it my duty, standing as I do in the position of your parents, and armed with full authority, to firmly decline that proposal. Mr. Seaforth refuses to accept my decision on the grounds that I am anxious to secure your fortune for myself. I must now leave you to deal with him.'

It was a clever move, no doubt; only it was too clever; besides, it was cruel to her. But every suspicion of mine was confirmed: Mabel was not for me, because he had destined her, or her fortune, for himself.

'Have you nothing to say, Mabel, in answer to this vile calumny upon me? Do you, too, suspect me of such vile intentions?'

'Oh no, Cousin James—how can you ask me?'

'You have your answer, sir,' he said, with something of triumph in his voice. 'You will perhaps now

see the propriety of leaving the room, unless you would force me to summon the servants to compel you.'

'You have now the advantage of me, Colonel Irvine,' I replied, in a calm tone. 'It was your own insulting behaviour that made me say those words. In six months' time your cousin will be freed from your control. But I tell you, as I have told her, that I loved her the first moment that I saw her. I say, too, that though I may neither see nor speak to her for half a year, I shall love her then, even as I love her now; and I will further add that her fortune is nothing to me'—the colonel laughed outright—'for I am wealthier than she is.'

I took her hand and pressed it warmly; bowed to the colonel, who simply stared in amazement, and left the room.

That same morning I left the hotel and started for England.

CHAPTER V.

It was quite true, I was wealthier than Mabel Irvine. I had only been sure of it myself within a few days. I have said that at my aunt's decease there was a great deal for me to do. There were several legacies and bequests to be attended to, and I was left residuary legatee. I had anticipated that ten thousand pounds would be the very outside of what I might get beyond five hundred a year she had specifically left me; but, on a regular and thorough search being instituted by my solicitors, security after security, investment after investment came to light, and on realising I found myself possessed of something like one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Consequently I might say, without boasting, that I was richer than Mabel. Why had I not told her this? Simply, I suppose, because I was, for the time, romantic, and wished to see if she loved me as I was.

'What am I really going to do now?' I asked myself *en route* from Geneva to Paris. I had thought of a hundred courses of action, but had

settled upon none. I believe one notion was to file an affidavit in Chancery, setting forth my belief that Colonel Irvine was not a proper person to have the custody of the Court's ward. Another was to buy up the colonel's debts and any paper of his I might find floating about. Another was persistently to hover round Mabel till her next birthday, then to tuck her under my arm, and wish the colonel good morning. Why, indeed, was I going back to England at all?

I had acted upon impulse, and I imagine that on this occasion I did right. I had, in a way, pledged myself not to see or speak to Mabel for six months. In fact, I had recognised the authority of the guardian. 'It is possible,' I thought, 'that I may have wronged him. He may have acted from the purest motives. What a fool I was to give way to my jealous imaginings—and yet——'

No, try as I would, I could not get over my intuitive perception that James Irvine meant to have Mabel's six thousand a year. What would be his next move? I wondered. He could easily satisfy himself whether or not I had spoken the truth when I said I was rich. Knowing, as he must know, that Mabel loved me, to what further excuse could he resort?

I stayed a few days in Paris, and on my arrival in London I found the following letter awaiting me at my chambers in the Temple:

'SIR,—It is with considerable difficulty, as you will easily understand, that I voluntarily hold any further communication with you. I frankly admit that it is the last words you used at parting that induce me to do so. You said you were wealthier than my ward. Permit me to remind you that you had always—somewhat obtrusively, it may be—given us to understand that you were, if anything, a poor man. It is not my fault if I felt it my duty to act upon your own representations. All I have now to say is this: if you and my cousin are of the same mind six months hence, I pledge myself to use no influence I

may have to prevent your union. In the meantime, I hold you to the resolution you expressed of not seeing or speaking to, and, I must add, having any communication whatever with Miss Irvine.

'Your obedient servant,
'JAMES IRVINE.'

What was the meaning of this? I could not understand it altogether, and at the earliest opportunity I sought out Major Wray, confided the whole circumstances to him, and laid this letter before him.

'You don't exactly understand this letter, my dear boy, don't you? Well, I think I do. James Irvine knows very well that when his cousin is of age his control ceases over her and her fortune, and she will be free to marry whom she pleases. But you will observe that he has still six months before him. He binds you down to not seeing or communicating with Mabel for that time. Thenceforth he makes a virtue of necessity, and will kindly undertake to oppose none of the influence he may have to your union. Now?'

'You mean, major, that he hopes that the lapse of time may conquer Mabel's affection for me?'

'I don't know what he *hopes*,' returned the major, grimly; 'but I am pretty sure he means to make the most of those six months for his own advantage. At the end of those six months, you, doubtless, will be welcome—but it may be *too late*.'

'Good heavens! major, you don't seriously think——'

'I think nothing,' interrupted he; 'I merely offer a suggestion. Remember I once knew this Colonel Irvine well. Take my advice. Your time is all your own; you have ample means. Go abroad again, employ what measures you think fit, but keep a watch upon the colonel. You will soon discover what his game is, and you must act accordingly.'

I lost no time in following the major's counsel, and within four-and-twenty hours I was on my way to Paris.

I made no doubt that, once freed from my presence, Mabel's guardian

would endeavour to make himself more pleasing than ever to her, and would do everything in his power to make her happy and contented. He would most probably, I reasoned, continue travelling about in Switzerland, and possibly would recross the Alps, and spend the winter either in Rome again or in Naples. Indeed, I had heard him hint as much; and I persuaded myself that I should soon be on their track.

Vain hope! I found that they had quitted the hotel near Chillon the day after my departure, and had gone to Geneva. I found the hotel they had been staying at there, and on inquiry was told that Colonel and Miss Irvine had gone to the Pyrenees. This was all the indication of their route that the colonel's servant had left behind. No matter; to the Pyrenees went I; but I soon found that I was off the track, and could get no trace of them from any quarter. I caused the most diligent inquiries to be made, and scattered my napoleons freely in every direction. It was to no purpose. It was evident to me that the colonel had left behind a false impression of the route he intended taking. I visited Rome and Naples—no sign there. I left at both places secret instructions, and returned, weary and disappointed, to England.

It was Christmas-time, but not a merry one to me. I had long since had dark forebodings that the colonel intended to get hold of Mabel's fortune by fair means or by foul; and here was I utterly powerless to counteract him. This thought haunted me night and day, and I became ill and restless. One wretched, dark January day I determined that I could stay in London no longer; and the idea occurred to me to go down to Daylesford. Yes, and I would endeavour to penetrate the mystery of the old house by the river, and perhaps—a half shudder ran through me—I should again see Mabel there as I had seen her first. I went down to —shire that evening by the express.

Had I not been in a miserably restless state I do not suppose I should have done anything half as foolish as go down by that train.

The night was bitterly cold, and the morning still colder when I arrived at the station. I had to wait some time before I could get a conveyance, and in a wretched, drizzling dawn I arrived at Daylesford.

The old housekeeper, who had lived with my aunt for many years, took care of the house; and much surprised was she to see me arrive at this strange hour. But the dining-room was soon made ready for me, and a cheerful fire was soon blazing upon the hearth.

I had had a wearisome journey, and felt thoroughly tired; but I had been thinking so much of the last time I was at Daylesford, and of that strange evening's fishing, and all that had happened since, that I felt it would be impossible to think of rest till I had found my way up to the old house by the river—if, indeed, that old house really existed otherwise than in the fancies of my brain. So I had some breakfast, and immediately afterwards set out for the river. I carried no fishing-rod with me now. I walked along the bank till I came to the open place where I had sat down, upon the last occasion, to wait for sunset. There was the large oak under which I slept; there was the root over which I tripped, and the stone against which my head had struck. Now, then, to pierce the mystery. Was it a dream that I had had when I was in that place last, or was it all reality? I should soon know.

My heart beat quickly as I struck into the wood; but it was not so thick as I expected to find it. Instead of being dense and difficult to pass, there was a well-trodden path close to the bank of the river, and after a quarter of an hour's walking I found myself on open ground again, and some little way farther on the stream divided, and I came upon the springs. No deep and swift-running river, no quaint old house; yet somewhere up here I had once seen both, and Mabel Irvine looking from the window. A strange and undefinable dread came over me. Could it be that I had seen her in some ghostly manner for some terrible purpose?

I walked back hastily to Dayles-

ford. All night I sat in the recess of the dining-room window, gazing out upon the lawn towards the shrubbery, fearing, yet hoping, that I again might see the phantom—if phantom indeed it was. But the night passed away and the vision of Mabel Irvine came not. I stayed at Daylesford for a week, but nothing happened. Then I could bear the solitude no longer, and rushed back to town.

Winter passed away — March came: in April Mabel would be of age. I felt that the time had come to go and search for her again myself. I should say that all this time I had kept inquiry alive through certain agents both in England and on the Continent, but they had failed in obtaining any accurate information of James Irvine and his ward. The middle of April found me at Munich.

I can give no reason why I went there. I had chosen to go up the Rhine and see Wiesbaden once again, but I could not bear to stay there after being reminded so painfully yet so sweetly of my darling. I passed through Frankfort, and, as I have said, found myself at Munich. Thence, after a few days' restless sojourn, I went to Innsbruck. I had brought my fly-rod with me, and thought to while away the weary hours by trout fishing in the Tyrol, for I knew not which way to bend my steps, and I had to remain as patiently as I might, in hopes that before long I should have some definite intelligence of Colonel Irvine and Mabel, from the active agents I employed and stimulated with generous pay. From Innsbruck I passed the Brenner, and eventually took up my quarters at a little inn in the heart of the Tyrol.

Anything to pass away the time while waiting for intelligence of Mabel. It nearly drove me mad at times, thinking that if I could but find her, I had but to claim her as my own; and then there was the ever-haunting suspicion of some dark treachery on the part of James Irvine. For what could be the meaning of this mysterious disappearance?

May came, but no accurate intelligence from my agents. At last, from the London office, I received a somewhat hopeful letter stating that there was reason for supposing that the two sought-for persons had been traced at last, and I was markedly told that I could not do better than remain where I was, as there was good reason to believe that the two persons I was in search of answered to the description of two persons who had lately crossed the Austrian frontier in Italy and had been seen in Verona. Oh! was it possible that Mabel was even now in the Tyrol? I waited in terrible impatience and suspense for further news.

Odd as it may appear to any reader of this story who is not an angler, trout fishing was the one thing that kept me comparatively calm. I firmly believe that if it had not been for this employment, I should have worried myself into something bordering on idiocy. Day after day I wandered along the lovely mountain streams, and for the time I forgot the excitement under which I was labouring. One morning I started for a stream about a couple of miles distant, which I had visited only once before, hoping to have a good day's sport. It was a lovely day, and there was a gentle breeze, but I had not been on the bank an hour when clouds came up, the wind died away, and it began to rain as it only can rain in a mountainous country. Not a fish would rise, and soon after noon I plodded back to mine inn.

To my great surprise I found an Englishman sitting in the little *salle-à-manger*. He was enjoying a hearty dinner, and seemed inclined to be communicative. As it happened, I was not in a humour to disappoint him, and we fell into conversation. To my great astonishment he soon addressed me by my name.

He was a tall and tolerably well-dressed man, but I saw at once that he was not altogether what I should call a gentleman. At first I put him down as a species of commercial traveller, but that character did not altogether suit him, though I could

not help, thinking it was the character he assumed.

'Will you excuse me,' I said, after some further talk, 'if I ask you how you come to know my name? You call me, very properly, Mr. Seaforth, but there is no *livre des voyageurs* here, and it puzzles me how you know me, as I do not easily forget faces, and I do not remember ever to have seen you before.'

'I was waiting for you to come to that, sir,' he replied, with a smile. 'My name is Meadows—Inspector Meadows. I dare say, as a lawyer, you have heard of me?'

'Certainly—of the detective force. But I can hardly think you can be looking after me.'

'Well—yes, I am, sir; but don't alarm yourself—not on a criminal charge. You and me, sir,' he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper, 'are looking for the same person.'

'Do you mean——?'

'Yes, sir; Colonel James Irvine. On a charge of forgery; committed now six years ago upon a certain firm. The senior partner, for reasons of his own—family reasons, I believe (weak reasons, sir, in my opinion, if you will allow me to say so)—declined to prosecute. That senior partner is lately dead, and the survivors—who ain't acquainted with sentimental notions—have instructed me to find the colonel out. I have been on him for the last two months, and I have reason to suppose that I am not far off him now. In the course of my inquiries I found you was looking for the colonel, too, and had duly instructed certain other parties. We are both on the track, sir, and I thought as we might work together. It's not a felony as urges you, sir?' he added, inquiringly.

'No—it is not,' said I, not much liking the partnership. 'Mine is a very different motive.'

'Ah—to be sure. It's not my business to inquire into that. Allow me to offer you a glass of champagne, sir? No? Well, perhaps you are right. Manufactured on the Rhine, I dare say: but it fizzes well, and it ain't too sweet. Now, sir, to

business, if you please. Candidly, have you any certain information?'

'Mr. Meadows, I have no wish to mix my business with yours. Mine, as you observed, is no case of legal felony. And I am bound to say that I am shocked to hear that you are after the colonel on so serious a charge. Believe me, I cannot help you.'

'Sentiment again,' sighed the inspector. 'The morbid desire to shield crime is one of the worst symptoms of the age.' Not speaking personally, I assure you, sir; but I encounter that desire daily in the course of my professional duties. Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, are always ready with excuses for a delinquent relative. I had a cousin, sir, a first cousin by the mother's side, who, in a moment of weakness, embezzled certain moneys the property of his employers; in fact, he walked off with upwards of three thousand pounds. I was instructed in the case, and duty bade me be deaf to the voice of nature. I did my duty, sir, and tracked my connection on the mother's side to Moscow. Eventually he was convicted at the Old Bailey, and I was sorry for him. But sentiment, sir, must give way to duty.'

'Mr. Meadows, I cannot, of course, but respect the dictates of your conscience. But I tell you honestly you must expect no help in this particular from me. To tell you the truth, I am not looking so much for Colonel Irvine as for——'

'The ward in Chancery,' broke in the inspector, politely. 'I am aware of the fact. Excuse me, sir, but perhaps you are unnecessarily minute in your instructions, if such a thing can be——'

'And, therefore, as far as I am concerned, I have no wish to aid in bringing Colonel Irvine to the bar where your unfortunate relative was convicted.'

'It's disagreeable, sir, very—no doubt of it. But I am afraid it must be done. However, I won't press an unwilling witness. But it may or may not be useful to you to know that I am expecting special information—perhaps this very af-

ternoon. Excuse me again, sir, if I say that I think I am hotter on the scent than you are. I know that you have been employing chiefly continental agents. Lor' bless you, sir, they are never in the hunt, to use a sporting phrase. All they do is to keep a lot of big books, in which they write about everybody everything except the particular thing you want to know.'

I did not continue the conversation with Inspector Meadows much longer, and soon found an opportunity for leaving that acute individual to his own thoughts. It was indeed sweet to know that it was possible I was not far from Mabel; but I secretly determined that if I found them first I would be content, and give James Irvine a hint of the danger he was in. Possibly my conduct might savour of compounding a felony, but I was not in the humour for caring much for that.

Towards evening the rain ceased, and I took up my rod, and, thinking I was clear of my friend the inspector, I retraced my steps to the river I had visited in the morning.

Although I now felt sure that the scent was keen, and that Mabel soon might be restored to me, I could not resist an unaccountable depression of spirits as I walked along the river bank. Major Wray's words would recur to me: 'At the end of six months, you may doubtless be welcome, but it may be *too late*.' Should I discover the Irvines only to know that Mabel had been persuaded into marrying her cousin? I walked on hurriedly, scarcely noticing where I was going, so busy was I with my hopes and fears, and I did not look around me till I found that, almost unconsciously, I had entered a thick wood.

It was already some time since sunset, and the shades of evening were deepening in the wood, and I paused, half inclined to return to the hotel. But I felt so restless and impatient that anything seemed better than endeavouring to sit calmly in my room, feverishly waiting for news, so I pushed hurriedly on. I should soon be clear of the wood, I thought; but then I

was again compelled to stop, for I perceived that I had lost the path. I listened for the noise of the river. I soon discovered that it could not be many yards from me to the left, so I pressed on, keeping parallel to it.

Strange—in spite of the gloom and thick foliage of the trees, in spite of the tangled underwood through which I had to force my way—this wood seemed familiar to me. Every now and then I caught a glimpse of the stream, and again heard the splash of a large fish. The conviction burst upon me like a flash of lightning. This must be the very wood I had traversed in a dream at Daylesford! A thrill of horror passed through me—for I knew that, if my conviction were true, I should ere long be taking an active part in some terrible drama. But I pressed on more quickly still—I should see Mabel at the end.

Soon the underwood was easier to pass, and I could plainly see the evening sky before me: a few minutes more, and I emerged from the wood. I found myself standing on a lawn-like piece of grass, the river running fast and furiously upon the left; straight before me stood an old and strangely-fashioned house. There was no room for doubt. I recognised every detail of the scene before me. Especially did I fix my gaze upon a bay window overhanging the river.

I had not long to wait thus. A woman came from within the room, and looked down upon the stream below her. After a moment or two she looked up to the calm sky above her, and then slowly turned her face towards me!

Oh, Mabel! how terribly worn and pale you seemed!

She saw me, and a look of the intensest joy came over her face. Next she started and half turned round, and looked within the room, and then turned again towards me with a terrified but passionate and imploring expression on her countenance. Then I saw a man's hand seize her by the arm and drag her from the window.

Hark! I know that cry! I hear it now as I heard it months ago.

and miles away. I see it all now!—I see the purpose of the vision!

No pause—no hesitation now. I rushed across the lawn, passed the open door, and bounded up the broad oak staircase. I heard again that loud and piercing cry, as I crossed the landing, without stopping to try the chamber-door, for I knew it would be no use. I passed another door—who knew the way as well as I?—entered a wide, old-fashioned, pannelled bed-chamber. In a moment my hand, without faltering, was upon the lion's paw—the secret spring, and the next instant I was face to face with James Irvine.

He recoiled, and his face grew ashy pale, as though he saw a ghost. Mabel was crouching, half fainting, in a corner.

'Villain! what have you done?'

He recovered himself when he heard me speak, and the pallid look of dread upon his face gave way to one of intensest hatred.

'I knew it!' he hissed out between his teeth. 'Mabel is of age. George Seaforth, you are welcome now!'

'Take me away, George! Take me away: he has tried to murder me!'

'But you are come too late, you fool! My mind is made up. Neither Mabel nor her money are for you.'

'Your threats are useless, Colonel Irvine. I demand your cousin according to our agreement. Mabel and I must leave this place together.'

'So you shall, by G—d! If a knife can kill a man, and poison hush a woman—and the river give a home to both!' He said these words in a half whisper, and then slowly advanced upon me with a long, glittering Portuguese knife in his hand. I drew back, and looked quickly round for a weapon of some kind, but there was none. We closed, and I felt a sharp cut in my left arm, as I held it up to ward off a stab, and with the right I caught his wrist, and kept the knife away, and we both fell heavily upon the floor, I undermost. I never let go of his wrist; but he had got the knife into the other hand, and he struggled fiercely to get into a position to give a fatal thrust. The

blood was flowing copiously from my left arm, and I felt as if my strength were going.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and the colonel paused for a moment in his endeavours to free himself from my embrace. At the same moment Mabel, with a cry of joy, staggered towards us, and her two white hands clutched the hand in which James Irvine held his hideous weapon.

The knocking at the door continued.

'Open the door to an old friend, colonel,' said a voice I recognised; 'it ain't no sort of use holding out now. I've tracked you down at last. The game's up.'

The knife dropped from Colonel Irvine's hand, and with a last effort I flung him from me and got upon my feet.

'Down the passage to the right, Meadows!' I shouted; 'by the first bedroom to the left you will find your way in here. Here stands James Irvine, the forger and would-be assassin!'

He saw that he was baffled now, and at first seemed at a loss what to do.

'You infernal villain!' I exclaimed; 'I would have warned you to escape; but now I hand you over to the law!'

Not a word from him, as he drew back into the recess of the window, which was wide open.

Inspector Meadows, followed by two Austrian gendarmes, entered the room through the secret door.

'Come, colonel,' said the inspector cheerfully, 'I know I have only to ask you to behave like a gentleman. The warrants, English and foreign, are all right and regular, and I have a comfortable carriage all ready to take you to Vienna.'

Still not a word, but with one last look of bitterest hatred levelled at me, James Irvine leaped from the window into the dark, deep stream below.

'That's no use,' muttered the inspector; 'there's men on the look-out for that. I only hope their native customs mayn't induce them to shoot him.'

The men outside had no chance,

for the wretched man was never seen again. Most probably he struck his head against some rock beneath the water, and his body was sucked down into the hidden depths of the inexorable river, for it was never found.

I have but little more to say. As I had expected, her cousin had done his utmost to please Mabel in every way and make her forget me. But he wholly failed. She instinctively shrank from him, and clung to the hope that I should soon be with her again, or, at all events, near at hand to protect her from some impending evil, of which she had continual presentiments. As her twenty-first birthday approached, the colonel's behaviour to her slowly but unmistakably changed, and from the polished, courteous, and affectionate man he had always appeared to her, he became morose and almost brutal. He had kept the strictest watch upon her movements, and suffered her to write no letter to me, which she had once or twice lately attempted to do, in order to give me some clue to their whereabouts, as she saw plainly that her cousin was taking the cunningest measures to obliterate all traces as they journeyed on. He had brought her to this old house by the river (with which he evidently had been well acquainted in days gone by), saying that he had taken it for a summer residence: they had only arrived there that afternoon, having driven some sixteen miles and left all lug-

gage behind. The carriage had, without Mabel's knowledge, been dismissed to the nearest inn, some three or four miles away, with orders to return at nine o'clock. What the colonel's real intentions were it is impossible to say, but my wife tells me, shuddering, that it is her firm belief that he intended to render her insensible with chloroform, then place her near the window, where the slightest push would precipitate her into the fatal deeps below. Had I fruitlessly lingered at the door, which he had bolted and locked, and put the key in his pocket—had I, in fact, been ignorant of the secret spring, he would in all human probability have accomplished his awful purpose.

The wound I had received proved more severe than was at first supposed, and a low fever supervened, through which Mabel nursed me. In my delirium I talked incessantly of Daylesford, of my aunt, and of a white figure on the lawn. When I grew stronger I told her all my dream by the river in ———shire. But she was incredulous, I found, and maintains to this day that my clairvoyance was nothing but the result of feverish fancy. This is the only matter in which we cannot thoroughly agree.

I have only to add that I insisted upon Everard's allowing me to pay his Oxford debts, and that from my own experience I believe in the truth of the adage, 'Unlucky at cards, lucky in a wife.'



THE COMMEMORATION AND INSTALLATION AT OXFORD.

TO those *laudatores temporis acti* who complain that the spirit of academical turbulence is an essentially modern development, and purely the result of the anarchic tendencies of these latter evil times, it may be well to recommend a certain passage in the veracious chronicle of John Ayliffe, LL.D., entitled 'The Ancient and Present State of the University of Oxford,' which has reference to some events that occurred in that illustrious home of learning in the year of grace 1349:—

'But scarce were the Tumults of the Junior Scholars appeased, but new Dissensions arose among the Masters concerning the Election of a Chancellor, whereby the whole University was divided into Parties and private Cabals: but at length Edward the 3rd obtaining a Bull from Pope John the 2nd, against several factious Persons, who were wont to assemble in St. Mary's Church, and disturb the Congregation in the Celebration of Divine Office, &c., by an Excommunication put an end to these Tumults for a time; yet towards the end of March this year, being the usual Time for the Electing of a new Chancellor, John Wylliot, late of Merton College, Fellow, together with several riotous Persons, with Force and Arms, broke into the said Church, killing some and wounding others, and was declar'd Chancellor, and being vested in his office expell'd the Northern Proctor who oppos'd his Creation. In this Conflict, besides many other Villanies committed, the University Chest was plunder'd of Books, Money, and other Goods, and robbed of its Public Seal: Whereupon the King by Writ commanded the Authors of this violent Election, many of whom were of Merton College, to return the said Seal, Money, Books, &c., to the Proctors, under Pain of losing all their Goods forfeitable to the King; with a Writ of the same Date to Wylliot, to recall the Proctor, whom he had banish'd the

University, and to release the Prisoners committed by him; and, lastly, to forbid all Conventicles and unlawful assemblies held by him and his Followers in breach of the Statutes and Peace of the University, under pain incurring a Mulet of all their Goods and Possessions. Moreover, there were Commissioners appointed and sent to Oxford, for the Hearing and Determination of all Suits and Quarrels hereupon, who found Wylliot's Men guilty of so great Crimes, that they had stript him of his office, had not they dreaded the consequence of a new Sedition; for some of the Masters and Scholars had so far engaged themselves to him, that on the Removal of their Chancellor, they immediately resolved to leave the University, and one Moiety thereof, to transfer themselves to some other place.'

It may be well to add that, as retribution for these offences against discipline and decency, 'there succeeded an epidemical sickness which swept away a greater number of scholars than was ever heard of at Oxford, and preserved many of those who fled into the country for their health; few of those escaping death who remained at Oxford.'

The entire change which has taken place since the events recorded by the faithful academical annalist in the position, functions, and office of the Oxford Chancellor, has doubtless something to do with the tranquil and—judged by the standard of the past—the dismally decorous nature of the proceedings which now attend the installation of the visible head and national representative of the University of Oxford. If the post was originally wanting in more than half the prestige which now attaches to it, there was attached to it—we believe we are correct in saying—by way of compensation, certain emoluments of which it is now shorn. Nor does the difference between the past and present status of the post end here. 'Anciently this office was holden for

very short periods, seldom for more than five years, and for the most part by some resident member of the University, until the chancellorship of John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, who was elected in 1453, and retained it till his death in 1494.' Those who know the intensity of bitterness which academical intrigues excite, the severity of academical canvassing, and the acrimony of Oxford partisanship, will not be surprised that so long as the custom obtained of selecting the Chancellor from the body of residents, such cabals as Mr. Ayliffe has described should have been formed, and such outrages have been perpetrated.

But in withdrawing the candidature for the Chancellorship beyond the range of Oxford residents, other advantages have been secured than that of the removal of a grievous bone of academical contention. For many years subsequent to the election of John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, the principle seems to have been tacitly recognized, and generally acted upon, that the office should be in a certain sense ecclesiastical. Sir John Mason is the first instance of a layman having been chosen to the post. From that date the barrier of clerical limitation was broken down, and the members of Convocation have, with exceptions so few that they might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, invariably chosen as their academical figure-head some person distinguished in letters, politics, or law rather than in divinity. Thus, Oxford has, at every stage in her progress, displayed a desire to identify herself more closely with the national as distinguished from the ecclesiastical interest. She has extended the pale of her influence because she has enlarged the circle of her sympathies. We are far from denying that Oxford administrators and reformers have been, are, and will be guilty of repeated inconsistencies: but there is one thing which must strike every one as remarkable, in any comparison of the present with the past of the place—it is that of its historical continuity. The great movement which is now

going on at Oxford is that of an effort to bring the great academical foundations on the Isis into the closest possible union with the national life at large: to render their advantages catholic in the widest and most real sense, and to convince the world that the monastic existence of the University is merged in its heed for the public welfare. When Sir Christopher Hatton, in 1588, and, in 1591, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, were chosen Chancellors of the University which Alfred founded, it was first publicly proclaimed to the people of England that the old order of things had passed away, and that it was the ambition of those in whose hands the administration of Oxford was vested to make of the colleges and halls, training schools for the statesman, the lawyer, and the gentleman, as well as for the mere divine. No doubt this expanse of aspiration brought with it new problems to solve and new difficulties to encounter. Because Oxford was to be nationalized she was not, therefore, to be secularized: because the education which she was thenceforward to give was to be such as might befit the man of the world, it was not to cease to be such as might suit the tone of the church. Attachment to the national institutions, ecclesiastical and lay, a wide-minded and discriminating sympathy with the times have, therefore, naturally been what Oxford has desiderated in her Chancellors. These were the attributes which she found in the Duke of Wellington, in the late Earl of Derby, and which she has been fortunate enough to meet with, in even greater measure than she could hope, in Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury.

It might be thought that it would be interesting to know what was the behaviour of the undergraduates in the gallery when Oliver Cromwell was installed in the Chancellor's chair in 1651; how they comported themselves when they were in the presence of Lord Clarendon, who was initiated into the same post in 1660, or whether before this, in 1641, they had cheered or hissed William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Such speculations, however, happen to be

idle, and for two very good reasons: in the first place, the Sheldonian Theatre, commenced in 1664, was not completed till 1669, at which date it was opened with a solemn ceremony. In the second place, we believe we are correct in saying that no evidence can be adduced to show that at these remote periods there was any equivalent to the official pageant which was celebrated on the 21st of June last, when Lord Salisbury, amidst the plaudits of an enthusiastic and even brilliant assembly, was inducted into the honours of his high office. Theoretically, it must be borne in mind the public installation of the Chancellor in the theatre is an official superfluity. All that is necessary for the choice of a Chancellor to be valid is his selection by Convocation, and his interview with and reception of the most important members of the governing body of the University. When, in 1792, the Duke of Portland was decided on as a fitting personage to be selected Chancellor of Oxford, nothing more than their solemn visit upon his Grace occurred. For the first celebrated public installation of a Chancellor in the Sheldonian Theatre, we must go back only so far as to the 10th of June, 1834, when the Duke of Wellington received within those classic precincts an ovation which has now become historical.

The times were stirring. England was full of the glories of the Great Duke. The Sheldonian Theatre was a blaze of splendour and of enthusiasm. The eulogium on his Grace was delivered by Dr. Phillimore, the then professor of civil law. Never was speech more felicitous: never had speaker such a plenitude of inspiring topics. The cheers of the audience drowned at intervals the voice of the Professor. Inside those walls were crowded all that was conspicuous in English talent and rank. The beautiful Princess Lieven was the centre of a group of chivalrous admirers; nor was the homage that was rendered to the Marchioness of Salisbury and the Countesses of Clan-William and Brownlow inferior. Sir J. Vaughan,

Sir J. A. Park, and Sir J. Scarlett were presented for their honorary degrees, and received with a hurricane of applause. But the acme of enthusiasm was reached when the speaker came to the mention of the Great Duke himself. Merit, remarked Dr. Phillimore, was not of one class. There were different roads to the temple of fame, and different men must distinguish themselves in different ways. One man made his way to eminence by literature; another by arts, another by arms. Of this latter class none were more illustrious than the noble Duke now their Chancellor. Then came the climax: 'Be witness his triumphs in India, Portugal, and Spain—his victories at Salamanca, on the Pyrenees, and at Toulouse; and, above all, his liberation of Europe on the bloody field of Waterloo.' At these words the whole assemblage rose with one accord, and the building resounded with a sound of more than the hundred iron voices which poets pray for. Grave doctors, heads of houses, and professors vied with the most youthful of the students in the vehemence of their applause. The undergraduates in the gallery waved their caps and gowns; the ladies beneath fluttered perfumed handkerchiefs and elevated multi-coloured parasols.

The Commemoration was remarkable for more reasons than one. Christ Church was at this time ruled by the iron rod of Dean Gaisford—most absolute of academical autocrats—and the dean's right-hand man, in his disciplinarian enterprises, was Mr. Dyer, the then proctor. Young Oxford did not scruple to take advantage of the traditional licence which it enjoys on the occasion of the festival of the *Encaenia* to the very utmost extent, and Mr. Dyer and Dr. Gaisford were received amid a perfect storm of sibillation. It may be amusing to look back upon the names of some of the cries of the carnival: 'London University, the want of privileges,' met, as might have been expected at the mouths of Young Oxford, with a hailstorm of contempt; and 'the Gower Street Company'

was the signal for a loud and continuous roar of laughter. 'Down with the present administration!' shouted an undergraduate in a stentorian voice. 'Our French Allies' were hissed; 'Our French Wines' were cheered. So, too, were the memories of Lord Nelson, Lord Granville, and Mr. Canning: but when that of Mr. Pitt was mentioned, every cap in the gallery, every hat in the area, and every voice in the theatre joined in one universal huzza! It may be interesting to add that the Installation Ode was written by Keble, whose memory has lately received so remarkable and significant a tribute at Oxford; and that the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay was written by one Mr. Robert Scott, B.A., who was at that time a student of Christ Church, and who is now Master of Balliol, and the newly elected Dean of Rochester. The Corn Exchange did not exist in those days; and the only room available for dancing purposes was at the Star and Garter. Capable of holding, in an ordinary way, not more than 800 persons, more than twice that number, 1800, obtained tickets, buying them often for three times their original price.

But we have done with retrospect; and there is more than enough which occurred during the last Commemoration at Oxford to call for some notice in these pages. To the special significance of the events we shall presently revert. As to the purely social side of the Commemoration, this is a subject on which there is little need that we should say much. We all know what it is, and 'London Society' has before now faithfully chronicled more than once the oft-told tale of balls, flower-shows, pic-nics, and fêtes. Conscientious writers—ourselves among the number—have impressed upon the public already, that when Oxford celebrates her Encœnia, she attires herself incontinently in masquerade dress. We can scarcely suppose that any stranger to Isis, however little imbued with academical tradition, fancies that the week of Commemoration gaiety in any way represents the normal status of Oxford life. Yet it is

pleasant enough for all that—pleasant because it reminds the gray and grizzled veteran of

'Those days—bygone days—those days
In the consulship of Plancus;'

because they form as good a rendezvous as you could ever have for old friendly pleasant discussion; if for no other reason than that they take one to a city which is as beautiful as its style is unique; that they show one many fair faces, and many light hearts; and that one sees on every side the representatives of learning and grace, erudition, beauty, venerable age, and buoyant youth;—yes, Oxford in Commemoration is Oxford in masquerade; but the masquerade is charming for all that.

You leave town by the 6.15 train from Paddington. You have already secured rooms in your old college. It will be seen that we are postulating a certain amount of selfishness in yourself, and that you are running up for a day or two to the old place, not even *solus cum solâ*, but simply *solus*. As you sit over your dinner at the Mitre, and watch the crowd of boyish swells lounging into the coffee-room, and discussing the coming ball, concert, or theatricals of the evening, you fall into a fit of reverie. How many years is it since you yourself were such an one even as they?—since you had passed days and nights beforehand full of a restless disquietude as to whether the great event of the evening, of which you were the prime originator, would or not be a success? And now you are here alone—a stranger, but not in a strange land. Your very college seems to resent your presence as an intruder, and the rooms of which you once were master would own you no more. Mrs. Venables, most perfect of hostesses, recognises you, and you discuss your post-prandial cigar in her snug little bar, reverting to memories of the 'gentlemen who were up with you.' Wait a little, my gallant young gentlemen—you of the elaborate buttonhole bouquets and the newfangled coats, staring neckties, and strange collars—and you shall know from experi-

ence such a situation as that which we have described and have ourselves realised. Yes, spite of your prosperous juvenility, your scarcely-perceptible moustache, your dainty boots, and your unwrinkled brow, 'tis coming still for all that.' In these days, manhood flies away on the wings of the wind, and, lo! there is nothing left but a residuum of foggydom.

Of the routine of Commemoration gaieties there is nothing new that can be said. As for the installation of Lord Salisbury in the theatre, why recapitulate its features? It is always more or less depressing deliberately to sit down and tell the tale of what so recently has been. Nor is there much need here to comment on the admirable and felicitous Latin in which Dr. Bryce and the new Chancellor complimented with amæbean eloquence the various honorary Doctors of Civil Law. Why, either, should we dwell upon the Masonic fête in St. John's Gardens? These gardens are always beautiful; nor is there a finer scene in England than that symmetrical lawn, overshadowed by venerable trees, and relieved in the background by a graceful façade of classical architecture. It was pleasant enough and interesting enough to see the various distinguished personages who that afternoon wandered about over the emerald turf, threaded the intricate windings of the shrubberies, now strayed into a refreshment-tent, and now emerged from an alcove. The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, ere-while fellow and tutor of University College, sometime Australian magnate, since scoffer at the sacred policy of Reform, now the member of a Reform ministry, and the revisitant of the University of his youth, promenades up and down the lawn, every inch of which he must know so well, in company with Dr. Michell, Public Orator of the University—the Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a look of cynical satisfaction upon his face, patrolling the premises which belong to the college whose traditional political character is that of a Hanoverian Toryism of the heaviest type. There, too, is Mr. Matthew Arnold,

resplendent in his gown of red, and there the two little lads who, in the morning, acted as their father's pages, Lord Salisbury's two sons, their official duties over, free to gambol as they choose.

One word of the Eton and Harrow ball. It was, in our opinion—and we have been present at a good many—quite the best entertainment of the kind ever given at Oxford. The duties of the stewards were discharged to perfection by the various representatives at Oxford of the two great public schools who were good enough to take the duties upon them. They were efficient without being officious—easy without being inattentive. Neither the Masonic nor the University ball attained anything like this measure of success.

Of course the week derived its real significance from two events, first, the installation of Lord Salisbury; secondly, the opening of Keble College. Oxford is proud of her new Chancellor, and she well may be so. Lord Salisbury is a representative of all that is best in Oxford. A scholar without being a visionary; valuing the training of the cloister at its full and proper due, but knowing well that without the discipline and experience of the world it is worthless; the stanch champion of the Church; in matters political a liberal-minded Constitutionalist; the inheritor of an historical name, and the head of an historical house, Lord Salisbury was pre-eminently the man to be chosen to the highest office which can be conferred upon one of her *alumni* by a University whose twin sister is the English Church, whose creed is, or rather should be, constructive and not destructive Liberalism, whose prestige is historical, and whose annals are also the annals of a crowd of England's wisest and noblest sons. The great problem which Oxford has to solve is to achieve nationality without losing refinement, to combine intellectual education with social training in due proportions, to be a reflection of the national life and the home of the scholar, but to be an academy of manners as well. We are not talking the cant of a superficial and

vulgar sentimentality when we say that one of the great sources of the practical value of an Oxford degree has always been that it is a sort of certificate that its possessor is a gentleman. In view of these truths—and they are truths—it is a mighty thing for Oxford at this, the most critical period in her existence, to have as her visible chief the distinguished head of the illustrious house of Cecil.

The inauguration of Keble College is that of a new era in the history of the University of Oxford. There are indications enough that the time is coming when the colleges of Oxford will resolve themselves into so many denominational institutions. Such a consummation may be good or it may be bad: we do not offer an opinion. The establishment of Keble College on a purely denominational footing is simply one of the steps towards this end. But it is a mistake to suppose that Keble College is simply a clerical and theological foundation. As Canon Liddon well remarked: 'It is often said, in and out of Oxford, "You are founding here a clerical and theological college." I deny it. We are founding nothing of the sort. When I speak of theological colleges, I speak of institutions to which I am bound by five years of my life, and by some of the very deepest of my affections, and which I believe, at this moment and in the future years of the Church before us, are capable of rendering her a service such as no other institutions can; but Keble College is not to be a theological and clerical college. That which is

essential in such colleges is, that all the students who are enrolled in them are looking forward to serve Almighty God in holy orders; but that which the promoters of this college wish, before everything else, is that the students who come here shall look forward to English life in all the varieties of its forms, lay as well as clerical.' That is a great and good end. Nor, again, is Keble College to eschew in any way the study of philosophy. She will make it her aim to enable her students to encounter error not by ignoring the results of science, but by intimate acquaintance with them. Again hear what Canon Liddon has to say: 'The Rector of Lincoln, who must be held to differ from us on many points, has publicly laid down the principle that we shall never settle the questions which lie around the management of these schools satisfactorily until we have a separate school for philosophy, a separate school for history, and a separate school for philology, giving the highest honours for attainments in every one of these subjects; and when this shall be we shall not fear philosophy. We do fear one-sided philosophy. We fear the young having only Mill and Bain to study; but when the whole vast subject is studied—when, besides studying the materialists, they study also the spiritualistic writers of Scotland and the philosophic writers of the Continent, we have no fear of the intellectual result.' Such a college as this was wanted in Oxford. There is reason to trust that that want is supplied.

AN EPISODE IN THE ITALIAN WAR.

'Shot through the heart. Dead.'
There was no more to be said!

THAT was his epitaph. That was all,
Set down in the corporal's hasty scrawl
Of the wounded and missing. There you read
Merely—'Shot through the heart. Dead.'

He was killed in the first attack,
When the Austrian centre was driven back.
You could have seen he was badly hurt
By the purple blood on the scarlet shirt;
But he struggled on in some wonderful manner
Until he had seized on the Austrian's banner,
But as soon as he seized it down he fell,
Yet he managed to drag it down as well,
And e'en with the effort he was sped,
And tumbled. 'Shot through the heart. Dead.'

The battle passed over the place where he lay,
Cold and white in the gory clay;
For foot to foot and hand to hand,
Though the Austrians made a desperate stand,
We pushed them back, we cut them down,
And planted our flag in the captured town!

He was an Englishman, so they said—
A volunteer with the shirt of red
Worn by those Garibaldi led.
Well, he was shot through the heart. Dead!

Lo! when he opened his shirt and vest
We found a woman's name on his breast.
The Austrian's bullet had chanced to hit
Just where the woman's name was writ.
We noted the track of the fatal lead
As he lay 'Shot through the heart. Dead.'

One of the first to perish was he,
In the cause of Italian liberty.
We buried him just outside the town
Under the shades of the olives brown,
And wrote on the cross we placed at his head—
'English. Shot through the heart. Dead!'

LONDON SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

FROM SATURDAY TO MONDAY.

AMONG the smaller social phenomena of London life, among those changes which are insensibly altering and modifying its characteristics, the Saturday to Monday holiday has a great and increasing influence. Leisure is a priceless boon, an admirable thing for those who have worked for it and can appreciate it, and though Sunday too often only means a dull day to those who have nothing to do, yet to the workers the pause from Saturday to Monday means the

most blissful part of the week. Mr. Disraeli, in an often-quoted passage of 'Lothair,' makes Lord St. Aldegonde say that he hates a Sunday in the country, whereupon a bishop who is staying there, and seems rather to answer to Bishop Wilberforce, justly opines that it is high time that they should get ready and go to church. Now, to most Londoners a Sunday in the country is the very height of enjoyment. I do not say that to all persons, much weighted with this

world's multifarious engagements, that break from the Saturday to the Monday is not the most precious and enjoyable part of the week. Let the theologians and the anti-theologians argue as they like, the rest is simply beatific and divine. Of course a man gets the full value of it who simply leaves off his monotonous work and is able to subside into the bosom of his family. An immense number of London *patres-familiae* only see their children for a few minutes before they start for their offices, and would know very little about them were it not for the half-holiday on the Saturday and the whole one on the Sunday. The Sunday gives a man time to make love to his wife and endear himself to his children, and do his parish church and take a long walk in the cool, and to wind himself up, generally speaking, for a fresh start. But the expression 'From Saturday to Monday' now means a particular kind of thing. It means that you are going out of town for that space of time. Every Saturday a sort of Exodus goes on, much to the profit and delight of cabs and companies, but perhaps rather to the annoyance of town friends, town tradesmen, and the London parsons. There is an extra traffic in the streets. There is an extra bustle at the stations. At the theatres there is comparatively a poor performance and a poor house; to a great extent each audience is a paper audience. London, even in the height of the season, on a Saturday evening looks very much as it does when London is out of town. People who have their residences within fifty miles of town constantly resort to them from Saturday to Monday during the parliamentary session. The fashion this way seems to be setting in, increasingly, every season. It is hard for a family man to go out of town with all his belongings, but not unfrequently he gets or takes leave of absence. The good wife will, perhaps, insist that he shall go, if she thinks that he looks fagged, although this means that she herself will have a dull time of it. As for the bachelor untram-

melled by ties, the world is all before him, whether he will go forth as his own guest or accept some of his invitations; and it is among these domesticities that he has the best chance of getting up some day a domesticity of his own. If he is of a social turn of mind he will remember the new shops of fishmongers and poulterers, which always spring up in the neighbourhood of a terminus, with an express view to the hospitality or politeness of Saturday-to-Mondayers.

It is not a bad plan, by-the-way, if you want to note in what kind of estimation a man is held by his own folk, to visit the house while the chief is away on a customary Saturday to Monday. I remember a family who had a lovely place; we will say at Richmond—only it wasn't Richmond. Now if a man is a nice man, you will find that in all probability he takes a wife or a daughter with him when he goes out of town; you will find that his absence is talked about and deplored, and that the home and the home party are perceptibly the duller for the separation. The Richmond house was a nice house, of the five thousand a-year style, with a choice cellar and some clever girls. I am afraid the father was a bit of a Blue Beard, a domestic tyrant in his way. He was a money-grubbing man, and liked to stay from Saturday to Monday, whether in town or country, with money-minded men. I, wearied law-student, never wished to spend my Saturday to Monday more pleasantly than at Richmond. We used to transact a regular little farce. It might happen that instead of going away to his money-grubbers he had his money-grubbers down to him, or was doing his money-grubbing by himself. In that case I speedily discovered his existence before I had been two minutes in the house. The young ladies made a stately courtesy. The mother extended a flaccid hand. The old gentleman put me through a sharp series of cross-examining questions, as if I were a prevaricating witness at the Old Bailey, and by his *humps* pretty clearly indicated his opinion that I should never come to any

good. I retired in a discomfited condition after an interlocution of twenty minutes. How different was the scene when the old fellow had had the good taste to take himself off somewhere! 'Oh, mamma, here's Harry Bobus come!' was the delighted scream that went up from the floor of the house to the bedroom. Mamma was down presently, insisting that John should go round to the station for your bag, and telling you that the same room was ready which you had before. Then the girls were quite ready for a walk in the park or a row on the river. Or I walked in the garden declaiming Tennyson's last poem—I think it was *Maud*—or giving my impressions on the last number of Thackeray's serial. The good mother would give us a supper including claret cup or champagne. That night we went to bed at whatever hour we pleased. The next morning the girls would give playful taps at my bedroom door to let me know that they were going into the garden. Mamma was very nice, and insisted that we should all go to church. I felt so good, in the middle of that billowy sea of muslin, looking over Alice's hymn-book, and toning myself down by Jessie's demure, downcast eyes. Through the summer evening we had sacred music, hymn upon hymn, anthem upon anthem. All that time the old banker perhaps would not waste a thought on me who had not even a banker's book, or, if I had one, would run through my balance with startling rapidity. But I think he lost a great deal—much of what I gained—in not cultivating his own folk from Saturday to Monday.

I remember an incident which happened at a little inn which, in by-gone days, I used greatly to frequent. It only lay some ten miles out of town, and there was no railway in the immediate vicinity. Immediately out of the town, as soon as you had passed a sweet country church, you came upon the brow of a hill overlooking a rich and picturesque valley. One Sunday morning a carriage arrived, and a gentleman, who was its solitary inmate, speedily found his way to the brow of the

hill. With his cloak loosely thrown around him he remained on the grassy slope the whole of the day. He smoked a good deal, and much he looked around him, and at times he seemed deep in thought, and greatly he seemed to enjoy the stillness and sweetness of the scene. I think he strolled back to the inn and had some refreshment; but his whole business of the day was to lie on the turf and imbibe the fresh air and look about him. It so happened that the odd visitant left a small and rather curious bunch of keys behind him. The people of the place had put him down as a harmless lunatic; but next day there came a letter from one of the most famous men in England—a great statesman and author—making an inquiry after some private keys of great importance which he had left behind him.

You are going out of town from Saturday to Monday. If you are wise, or rather, if you are lucky, you will take the facilities which are offered by the railway companies, and leave town on the Friday, and return by the last train on Monday evening. It is getting quite common among many people to annex the whole Saturday or Monday as supplementary to the Sunday. Every wise man takes a little bit of work along with him, briefs, blue-books, books for review, letters, whatever it may be. He would not willingly waste any time, or suffer from that most contemptible disorder of *ennui*. But if he is a wise man he will also take great care to let this business entirely alone, and confine himself to the proper pursuit of the holiday. We will suppose that some man who has got a nice place in the country has asked you to come down for the Sunday. I hold that it is the duty of people who have nice places in the country to ask people who haven't to come down to rest and enjoy themselves. How delicious is the feeling with which you turn your key on your books or your business, take your valise and carpet-bag, perhaps meet your friend at the terminus, and go down with him. You have now the leisure and capacity to enjoy the pleasant-

ness and beauty of the country. I know of no countryside so perfectly lovely as the country around London. To my mind it has a beauty of its own as unique as anything Swiss or Italian. It has all the richest beauties of cultivation. There is also some genuine wild country, as those will admit who know Shirley Common and Addington Park. To my mind no railway, viaduct, or turnpike road can spoil that beauty, for such forms part of the moral meaning of the landscape. I like greatly the rapid railway travel, for it enables you to take a quick bird's-eye view of the whole range of country, and understand its nature and configuration. But you are equally pleased when your friend's trap meets you at the station, and you drive leisurely and well-pleased through the shady lanes. Then the ladies come out on the lawn to meet you, in their delicious white muslins, and give you their hearty greeting. Your host has perhaps got up a dinner-party for your special behoof, or you are equally pleased if you spend the evening in that pleasant home circle. It is such a comfort in the country, when you are weary or sleepy, to know that you have not got a long drive or walk, but can retire restful to your room, perhaps to listen at the open casement to the nightingale, and then to awake at morn to the balmy air, the sweet sounds, the pleasant pictures of country life.

Then as for the Sunday, a great deal depends on what your theory of the Sunday may happen to be. It is as well that you should have a clear understanding on this point with your host. If you are a quiet man you will hardly care to have a grand, oppressive dinner on the Sunday; and if you are a social man you will hardly care to be booked for a Puritanic day when you accepted that invitation. I think that men might arbitrate and accept some kind of compromise. Every English gentleman, as a matter of courtesy, ought to give his guest the opportunity of attending the Matins and Evensong of the church. In most country churches there is afternoon service; or if there is an evening

service, which is something of a modern innovation, that affords an opportunity for that pleasantest of all meals, the supper. I confess I like a cheerful supper-party on the Sunday; but then I should stipulate that the company should be simply cheerful, and not numerous, and that the supper, though plentiful, should be simple and inexpensive. Good George Herbert tells us in his 'Country Parson,' that he liked to have his friends around him to supper on a Sunday evening—a precedent which merits respect. I think there is a medium point between the Scottish and the Continental Sunday, which is tolerably attained in most English families, and we are all interested in maintaining its pure, harmonious tone. For the great point of the holiday is, after all, the stillness and repose. Young people in the rackets of high spirits cannot be brought to understand this. When they are told that the father or the mother 'wishes to be quiet,' that seems to be a very strange and impossible way of enjoying oneself. But there are certain seasons—and indeed the season comes to most people—when tranquil meditation forms the shadiest, pleasantest nook of existence. I do not see why even young children should not at times be taught the divine lessons of solitude and silence. I believe the sedate Quaker children are taught to fold their hands and be still for a long time together. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us that this was what she had to do when young, and how much good it did her. It is much that people should understand and feel how desirable is some measure of rest and change. It would be as well for them to understand that the very core and secret of this rest and change consists in rest and thankfulness, calm and freedom from care. It is really no change for people who are busy all the week to be busiest of all on Sunday—who go out every night to have their largest party of all on the Sunday evening. I take it that the muscles want rest, that the nervous system wants soothing; that the immaterial part of our nature, which during the week is so much

sunk in the material part, should be allowed to assert itself. This it is that makes even the rest of a solitary Sunday something beneficial. I never yet knew a bad man who could endure to spend a day in his own company, or a good man but he would insist upon doing so at times. But still, let it not be imagined that restfulness means, as by necessity, mere solitude. That rest is best obtained when all the happier parts of our nature have been recreated and satisfied; when the eye has been gladdened by the fair natural scenes, which appeal to the innate sense of beauty; when the mind has been elevated with equal intercourse with mind, and heart with heart, and when the soul has ventured consciously into the presence-chamber of its Maker, and has not felt appalled, but tranquil and happy, when confronted with the awful mysteries of eternity.

The most obviously pleasant way of getting the most out of the holiday is to run down to the seaside. I have a theory that those get the best of the sea who do so. To all who live always by the sea, except very artistic people, the sea has, after a time, a certain monotony and a frequent sadness; but to those who live at some little distance, and can go there when they like, or those who can run down very frequently from Saturday to Monday, it seems to preserve its beauty and its brightness, and that infinite variety of which artists speak. There are certain Saturdays to Mondays on which a wonderful irruption sets into all seaside places, such as Eastertide and Whitsuntide. On such days the quiet local churches have an overflowing congregation. Indeed when I talk with people in railway carriages I am glad to find that they generally include attendance at church in the programme of their proceedings. Of course there are people who take the other line: 'No, old fellow, I

never enter a place of worship by any chance, and don't intend;' and those who will give you very irreverent and unbelieving reasons on the subject; but I believe sensible well-disposed people understand that our Father means us to be happy, and that there is no necessary divorce between our duty to Him and procuring due rest and enjoyment for our mixed nature. I only wish that I only better understood, and could make others better understand, this science of happiness. I only wish that all of us could get away from Saturday to Monday—a holiday that should include the largest part of the Saturday and the largest part of the Monday. I expect that the primary conditions of all enjoyment of holidays are work and tranquillity of mind. People have not had leisure perhaps because they have been unfit to comprehend the uses of leisure. As we grow in that happy knowledge, perhaps more time for recreation will be vouchsafed to us. It is remarkable that in colonies, where most of the fierce modern incitements to pleasure are wanting, holidays are much more abundant, and are more abundantly enjoyed. I have heard people say that colonial life, after our harassing London life, is simply perfect peace. In Australia the people insist on a Wednesday half-holiday, as well as the Saturday holiday. The shops are deserted, shut up, or left only in charge of an errand-boy. The people enjoy themselves by going with their baskets of provisions to the shore or into the fields and meadows—parents, children, friends, all alike enjoying the fresh air and quiet amusements. It would indeed be for the national weal if something of this sort could be reproduced on a large scale in our large cities. 'From Saturday to Monday' is a grand institution, but it is capable of infinite expansion and improvement.

MY FRIEND THE MINOR CANON.

BIG BEN had just boomed out five o'clock, and the thousand upon thousand clocks of London that do homage to that great potentate throned in the stately tower beside the river were repeating the royal words from church to church and house to house. So when a leading gossip of a village utters her oracle, the lesser gossips spread it quickly through the place; so when the senior basso of the choir has given forth his deep note, the chorister-boys catch up the responses.

I was just back from a long tour in Froissart's country, and the sights and sounds of London came to me freshened by novelty. It was early summer, and the leaves of the invalid trees round St. Paul's and in the squares and parks were still green and transparent in the sun, and had a month or so before they would turn into dusty and theatrical-looking foliage, and look like side-scenes in the garish gaslight. It was pleasant, too, to meet a swaying cart-load of rank green sanfoin jolting round the corner of some dusty street, the envy of every passing cab-horse. I had only arrived in London the night before, and I was on my way to my club to see if I could hit upon one or two of my old friends, or hear of anything that had happened among my set during my absence.

Yes, there was my old friend Hargrave in his usual place, just as I had left him a year before; in that snug arm-chair by the little table at the second window in the library, reading, I firmly believe, the same identical old volume of the 'Annual Register,' and wielding the identical same ivory paper-cutter as when I last saw him. There he was, clad in his unchangeable costume, his stock high as ever, his collars more obstinately sharp and old-fashioned; there was his bunch of seals and his strapped trousers—costume unchangeable as the British constitution. A boy had just brought him his usual cup of tea, and he was stirring it sternly as I approached. He was one of those

old men of the world who are never surprised (the Indian chief and the London man have this stoicism in common). I believe if I had risen through the floor at that moment, or stepped out of the French clock on the mantelpiece, Hargrave would have gone on slowly stirring his antepandial tea in just the same manner. All he did was to turn down the old 'Annual Register' he was reading on the table, rise from his chair, and shake hands with me, after administering a slight wiggling to the port page-boy for not having brought more milk. His rosy old face turned, however, from March to April when he saw me, and he greeted me with the pleasant self-respecting formality of the old school, which never chills one.

'And how is our friend the Canon?' I asked; 'still deep as ever in Cufic inscriptions?'

Hargrave's face changed again to March, and he shrugged his shoulders as he folded up his double eyeglass:

'Well, a most extraordinary change has come over him,' he said, 'and I can't make it out at all—not at all. He has given up his pleasant quartett parties, and is up to his eyes now in the most nonsensical speculations about alchemy and all that rubbish. I do really think it will turn his head if he goes on, I do indeed. (What disgraceful tea they bring you at this club.) He never dines here now, never comes into the whist-room, in fact, all his ways and doings are incomprehensible. Sometimes I think I've offended him, but how I really don't know, except that I laugh at the gibberish he goes about everywhere plaguing and boring you about. Stuff and nonsense; it really is enough to make one sick to hear a sensible man employ his time in looking after such nonsense. I can assure you, Chetwynd'—(here the worthy choleric old quidnunc laid his hand impressively on my arm)—'I can assure you that that man never enters the

library now without going straight to that big brown book you see there on the third shelf, right-hand side, on the left of the door. It is a volume of Cornelius Agrippa, or some such impostor; and there he'll take it and pore over it for hours, speaking to no one, not even me, sir, not even me, if you'll believe it, except in monosyllables. Now what do you actually think, the last time we dined together at his house, he had the absurdity to say?

I could not guess; I was just going to say I gave it up, when Hargrave touched my arm with a look not unworthy of a second-rate Hamlet on beholding his father's ghost. The door at the end of the library had opened on its velvet hinges, and there had glided in my old friend, lost in thought, and making straight for the particular spot in the bookcase just indicated by Hargrave. He took out the volume, then with the abstracted gaze of a sleep-walker glided to an arm-chair by the third window, and was instantly absorbed in study.

'There, you see,' said Hargrave. 'Oh, he is going, decidedly going, and he used to be one of the most genial and sociable fellows in the club. It would be a mercy, I declare, to burn all those nonsensical books.'

I went up to the window. The Canon's fine meditative face (not unlike that of Sir Isaac Newton) was sallower than when I had last seen him, his silky white hair seemed more careless and disordered. When I spoke to him he looked up in a dreamy way, which gradually brightened into his old, well-bred heartiness, and he rose and shook both my hands warmly.

'I am delighted to see you,' he said; 'I often think of you. Only this morning at breakfast I and my niece were wondering whether you were ever coming back—thought perhaps you had bought some old chateau in Gaston de Foix' country, and were going to turn French seigneur for the rest of your life. As for me, Chetwynd, I am absorbed in a new and most engrossing study, which every day brings me nearer to secrets of the most boundless

value. '[But you must come and dine with me to-morrow, you and Hargrave, and we must hear all your travels.'

Hargrave came up, mollified at the expansion of his old friend's manner to me, and we both accepted the invitation. We left the Canon buried in the old brown-leaved book. As we went down the broad steps into the hall, Hargrave stopped and began again about Hardwick's eccentricities.

'Dawson tells me,' he said—'you remember Dawson, the organist, who used to come and play those fine bits from Palestrina—that the Canon goes up every evening into the Golden Gallery, and remains there a considerable time, alone generally, after the place is shut up from the public. Dawson thinks he goes up there for some astronomical reason. I know the people are anxious he shall get away from his books, but he won't move. He gets very angry if that nice little niece of his even proposes such a thing.'

'Well,' I said, 'to-morrow we shall judge for ourselves. Not a word about alchemy, mind, unless he begins.'

'Catch me,' said Hargrave, knowingly; 'quite enough of it last time—talked from seven till midnight, and lost all our music. There is one thing, his port is very fine, very choice indeed; some of the Marquis of Hertford's, I believe—very choice.'

The Canon was quite himself the next day, urbane, courteous, chatty, and attentive. The Canon's pretty niece, just old enough to assume the rank of hostess, put on a dignity which her laughing eyes showed you was only girlish acting.

Once or twice I thought I saw her glance anxiously at her uncle, and several times I noticed, how, with a woman's exquisite tact, she addressed her conversation specially to Hargrave, who still remained a little silent and reserved, as if somewhat hurt at his friend's neglect. As we rose to open the door for Miss Hardwick when she left after dinner, she whispered to me—

'Pray don't let them quarrel; I am sure there is going to be something happen. Pray, dear Mr. Chet-

wynd, do turn the conversation as soon as you can.'

The Canon waved his hand towards his bookcases, which were brimming with new treasures.

'Ah, I saw where your eyes fell,' he said, to Hargrave's dismay. 'I have just bought all those treasures, the works of Synesius and Zosimus, Avicenna, Rhazes, and Alfaragius. Those red-labelled books are the works of the divine Paracelsus; behind them is Lydgate's "*Secreta Secretorum*" and Albertus Magnus.'

Hargrave tried to give me a look. The Canon caught him and transfixed him with a glance.

'Now as I know you are both sceptics,' said the Canon, taking down an old work, 'I feel compelled to tell you something now of the discoveries these strange books have (thanks to God) led me to. These incomparable men, under mysterious allegories, I have found after great study, concealed processes, not to make gold, as the vulgar thought, but really——'

'To humbug people out of their money,' said Hargrave, passing the decanter scornfully, as if it was a hated object.

'Certain natures,' said the Canon, with bitter emphasis, but not looking at the aggressor, 'are incapable of understanding abstract truths of any kind.'

I put in a word for Hargrave, who scraped viciously at a filbert, and looked uncomfortable.

'I'll now disclose a great discovery,' the Canon said, excitedly. 'The real secret these allegories concealed was the elixir of life—yes, the philosopher's stone, the bird of Hermes, the hunting of the green lion, the river of pearl, the star-soul—all these terms of the art that seem so absurd to men like Hargrave were mere cyphers, to conceal the truth I have discovered. Yes, I chased this Proteus through all the transmutations, from the dolphin to the black eagle, from the plumed swan to the peacock's tail, from the green lion to the crimson dragon, from the red man to the white wife.'

'And much good may it do you—pass the port,' said Hargrave,

spitefully crunching a plum-stone with the nut-crackers; 'parcel of rubbish.'

The Minor Canon luckily did not hear these mutterings, and went on. 'Yes, at last,' he said, 'Heaven at last sent me a messenger, who by one word enabled me to thread the twelve gates of Azoth's palace, and read the secret of secrets.'

'And what is it worth now you have got it?' said Hargrave. 'I'd rather have discovered a new plate-warmer.'

'It was this extraordinary passage,' went on the Canon, 'in Dr. Dee's "*Fasciculus Chemicus*" that the stranger explained to me.' The Minor Canon then took down an old worm-eaten book, and began reading a rhapsodical passage about a red dragon that was to be shut up with seven noble eagles, &c.: in forty-five days the eagles tore the dragon to pieces; from its carcase a crow generated, at length in a gentle and long rain it was changed into a white swan, and then turned into a dove, which burnt in a fire of the lion's rage turned to dust, and that dust was the elixir.

'It reads very like a charade,' said Hargrave. 'Chetwynd, the bottle is with you.'

'I have the elixir here, my friend; I already grasp the treasure,' said the Minor Canon, rising and going to a steel casket of fine Renaissance work, 'that will enable a man who takes it with faith to live to the patriarchal age, by renewing his tissues and revivifying his organs.'

As he said this he held up to the light a small bottle filled with a brownish-red liquid.

'For all the world like a black draught,' said Hargrave, stripping a bough of raisins in a vindictive manner.

I had said little all this time, but had nodded assent for some time, so here I exclaimed, 'Indeed; extraordinary.'

'And what use, Hardwick,' I said at last, 'do you contemplate making of this remarkable discovery?'

'Remarkable indeed,' said Hargrave, bitterly. 'It will never bring in as much money as Holloway's Pills, I warrant.'

'Use?' replied the Minor Canon, ignoring Hargrave. 'I shall disclose it to the great and good only, and then only under vows of eternal secrecy—they shall be kept alive for the world's benefit.'

'Suppose,' said Hargrave, with a genial laugh, 'we have a glass round of the precious stuff,' and snatching up the bottle before the Minor Canon could seize it, he poured a spoonful or so of it into his glass.

But before he could drink it off the Canon had risen and struck the glass from his hand, spilling the contents upon the table. Hardwick's eyes glared, his hand shook with rage.

'Begone out of my house, insolent sneerer!' he said, as Hargrave, rather alarmed, began edging from him, 'and never darken these doors again. I will bear no more of these insults. I rejoice in the hostility of such fools.'

'Fools?' broke out Hargrave in return. 'Hardwick, you'll go on with this rubbish till you find yourself in Bedlam. You know what Dawson told your niece.'

'Dawson is a sneerer like yourself, and you can herd together,' shouted the Canon, opening the door and waving out Hargrave. 'This truth I have discovered is like the sun, it blinds such poor moles as you. Get out of my house, sir.'

As I strove in vain by every possible argument and banter to pacify the two men, the door opened, and Miss Hardwick came running in and clung to her uncle's arm.

'Dear uncle,' she said, with the prettiest and most imploring look, 'don't quarrel with Mr. Hargrave; you cannot expect every one to agree about a discovery which they do not understand. It is not reasonable, is it, Mr. Chetwynd? Dear Mr. Hargrave, do take your seat again, and forget all this.'

But Hargrave repulsed every proposition for peace. In the doorway he stood waving his hat, which he had loudly called for, and which the butler had brought him. 'I dare say you think me an old fool,' he said to his irate friend, 'and I know

you have more learning in your little finger than I have in my whole body; but I've sense enough to see this, that unless you give up these wild studies your brain will go before you are six months older. Now mind I warned him, Chetwynd. Good-evening, Mister Hardwick; good-evening, my dear Miss Hardwick; good-evening, Chetwynd. I'll not stop a moment longer and listen to such —— folly.'

So saying, the choleric old gentleman strode out of the front door, slamming it after him.

'O you shouldn't, dear uncle,' said Miss Hardwick. 'Come and let me send you in coffee, and then we can try your favourite trio from Gluck, and Mr. Chetwynd shall have his own favourite violoncello. I must soothe you, uncle, as David did Saul.'

The moment, however, we had done coffee, the Minor Canon proposed we should go up to see the sunset from the Golden Gallery; besides, he said, he had something to tell me when we were up there, quiet and alone.

I am of an easy disposition, and I assented. I had not been up in the Golden Gallery since I was a boy at Charterhouse, and raced up in a noisy scrambling band to torment the man in the Whispering Gallery.

We went in at the north door and crossing the great pavement, with a glance at the dusty marble heroes, began to ascend the steps that led to the dome. As we passed up the shallow boarded steps we met on the second turning the three men coming down from the various stations.

'Good-night, Mr. Hardwick,' they said. From each of them the Minor Canon took the keys, telling them to call for them in the morning at his house. We heard the sound of their feet die away as they descended.

A strange look of awe passed over the Canon's face as we entered the Whispering Gallery, and looking down saw the three men we had just passed looking small as dolls, crossing to the north door. He sat down on the seat by the wall, whispered, and then listened.

'Yes, he is there,' I heard him

mutter to himself. Then he asked me to go and listen while he whispered. I went, and presently I heard creeping along the narrow wall the words—

'He whom I seek is above.'

'Now come,' he said; 'let us go up before the sun sets.' So we went up the winding stairs to the great stone gallery, and from there to the devious way lit by gleams of Rembrandtic light, and among beams and over planks till we emerged into the rich golden brightness, and into the stirring air of the Golden Gallery. There lay the countless roofs of the city, acres of roofs, transformed towards the west by the sunset, which, glowing through the rolling smoke, shone out in momentary splendour with an effect in which Turner would have gloried. To the east, the masts and the river; to the south, the hills, with the palace of glass shining on one like the Ark on Ararat; to the north, the rising slopes of Hampstead and Highgate. Immediately below us spread the great ribs of the dome and the globular surface, down from whence some terrible fascination suggested a human being leaping to death below. I proposed to go up into the golden ball. The Minor Canon shuddered as I spoke, and drew me to him, fixing his eyes on the dark door from which we had emerged, almost as if he expected to see some one approach.

'I will now tell you my terrible secret,' he said. 'One day last March I came up here just at this very hour. I had been feverish, with a bad headache, and had felt very overworked, tired of study, and yet unable to tear myself from it. I ascended the dark winding staircase with a strange nervous apprehension that some one was following me and some one preceding me. Yet the old man in the Whispering Gallery had specially told me that there was no one up here. I paused at several of the loopholes, and then the footsteps seemed to pause also. Sinking at my own fears, I came at last to the door we have just passed through, and stepped into the Golden Gallery. I looked over, as you do now,

at the countless roofs, half hidden in waves of struggling smoke, and observed the several churches: below there were the cloisters of the Bluecoat School, yonder the noble steeple of Bow, the great Abbey, the stately bridges, the little streets dotted with busy crowds no bigger than ants. The roar and rattle as of an army with chariots rose with a ceaseless clamour to the airy height where I stood. All at once I looked round, and saw behind me a man who exactly resembled myself in height, dress, and countenance, only he was swarthier and older, and he dragged his left foot as if slightly lame. He came up to me with a sardonic smile as if he had known me for years, and drew a small mirror, no larger than a watch, from his breast pocket.

"You have a fine sight here," he said, "but I can show you more wonderful things than that. If you would like to see any relation or friend, I will show him you, as he is at this very moment." I instantly replied, "Show me Butler" (a friend of mine, who was then very ill at Weybridge, and about whom I was very anxious). I had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact figure of Butler, pale and dying, presented itself in the mirror. His family were kneeling round his bed, and a doctor stood by him, pressing his forehead with his hand. As I looked with awe and astonishment, a ghastly, and indescribable change came over the face of my poor friend; his eyes fixed, his jaw dropped—he was dead. As the vision slowly melted away, the stranger replaced the mirror in his pocket. Not having believed in his power to make good his offer, I was, as you may imagine, overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and the truth of the vision, for I felt sure that Butler was gone, and I begged the stranger to let me descend, as I felt faint and ill. He complied with my request, and, as we parted at the foot of the stairs, which he reascended, he whispered to me the one word which revealed the secret of the elixir, and said, in a bitter hard voice: "You have now

the secret, but remember you are the slave of the man of the mirror." I returned home unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. *That very day Butler died*, and from that hour I have been conscious of the irresistible power of the necromancer who lives in the ball below the cross.'

I saw it was in vain to try and argue away this strange delusion, so I merely said, 'In what way is this strange power exercised?'

The Canon's eyes turned on me with a look of suspicion, mingled with anger, as he led me round the gallery to the point furthest from the stair leading to the cross. ♫

'It is of no use,' he said; 'there is no concealment from him, all places are alike open to him; he sees and hears us now. Since that fatal interview with the necromancer, who only comes down at midnight to take a walk in the churchyard, and at dusk to get a dinner in some dark alley near, he has been constantly dragging me before him in his mirror, for he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts: I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, no place can afford me security from his power.'

I replied that the darkness of night would afford him protection from these machinations. I advised change of scene. Some illusions might be mixed up with the real facts. I thought to humour him, and I succeeded.

'No,' he said, with an expression of horror and fear; 'I know what you mean, but you are mistaken. I only told you of the mirror, but, as we came away, I forgot to mention the man opened an iron door in the wall of a long passage, and showed me a huge bell, from which sounds came, inarticulate murmurs of laughter, anger, and pain, swelling to a great confusion of cries, to which I listened in wonder and affright. "This bell," he said, "is my organ of hearing; it is in communication with all other bells within the great circle of

hieroglyphics by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me." You look surprised, but I have not yet told you all. This dreadful being (I am safe now—he will not come down when you are here) practises his spells also by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power by them—detestable tyrant that he is—over the minds of those he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite. I am a slave within the circle of his hieroglyphics.'

I asked, with a curiosity I could not conceal, what these hieroglyphics were, and how he knew them. I wanted to grasp the depth of the hallucination.

'They are,' he replied, calmly, 'signs and symbols, which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, pass daily and take for ordinary letters and words—the common advertisements of the streets, such as Glenfield Starch, the Hair Restorer, and such things. But that is all nonsense. Stop: do you not hear the sound of some one descending the steps from the globe?'

I listened, and replied that I heard nothing but the monotonous surging roar from the streets below.

The Canon was reassured, and went on, 'Those advertisements, as you call them, are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominions, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. O gracious heaven, how I have toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for two days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on awaking I saw the dreadful signs still before my eyes, and I felt myself bound firmer than ever by those infernal spells to that malignant power.'

The lamps were now lighting, and the golden fire seemed to run in cross lines till all London was dotted out in starry threads.

'Look,' he said; 'those are his telegraphs, and within them hopelessly struggle his victims.'

I began to see clearly that the Canon had on some spare day ascended Saint Paul's in a state of vivid mental excitement. The impressions then received had blended with his dreams and reveries so as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary had become apparently inseparably blended. I thought I would make one great effort to crush the illusion.

'My dear friend,' I said, 'shake off this dreadful deception of a heated imagination. There is no such being. Will you believe me if I ascend now into the ball, and assure you that there is no one there?'

The Canon made no reply, but signified assent by pointing to the little door that leads from the Golden Gallery to the ball. I need scarcely say that nothing supernatural met me either in the dark winding stairs or in the dim, silent, little round room to which I clambered. Still, I acknowledge I felt a certain awe arising from the loneliness and stillness of the place, and a sort of tendency to hurry back, such as had not affected me since as a schoolboy I had had to pass at night through a churchyard said to be haunted. Determined, however, to conceal all such feelings, I came down the steps humming an air, not quite befitting the place, and bantered my friend upon his delusion.

'Nothing there, of course,' I said, 'except a large moth that fluttered in my face.'

'That was him,' was Hardwick's reply. 'Oh, I must pray, pray to-night to be delivered from his power, and the horrible temptations with which he fills my mind.'

We parted at the north door, and I went home, looking back once or twice at the great dome, looming through the after, glow of twilight, and musing over the Minor Canon's strange delusion.

I met Hargrave the next day in Pall Mall, and he was anxious to know how I had left Hardwick.

'By Jove, sir,' he said, 'if the man had not been a clergyman I think I should have called him out. I

give you my word, sir, I was never so insulted before.'

When I told him of all that had happened in our ascent, and of the Canon's fears of the magician in the ball, Hargrave puffed out his old nankeen-coloured cheeks in choleric scorn.

'Oh, he's mad, stark, staring mad I call him,' he vociferated; 'on that one point at least mad, and all through these rascally, absurd, ridiculous books. Burn them all, I say. Burn every man-jack of them; well I would if I'd anything to do with him. He may offer me his hand when he likes, but no I won't take it till he makes the very amplest apology. Turn me out, indeed, for a mere joke! I would not forgive my own father if he behaved so. No, sir; henceforth I abjure his friendship.'

An evening or two afterwards I went to see the Canon, with some hopes that he might have shaken off his fancies. I found Miss Hardwick pale and anxious, playing Chopin's mournful Dead March. She arose as I entered and came to me with eyes full of anxiety.

'Uncle is worse than ever, dear Mr. Chetwynd,' she said; 'he spends half the night now in his laboratory in the garden over those horrid furnaces and stills, and if I beg him not to study so hard, he calls me a spy and asks me if I want to try and prove he is mad. He seems to have lost all love for me, and to regard me only with distrust and suspicion.'

'Does he go up often to the Golden Gallery?' I said.

'Nearly every night at eleven o'clock, and he stays there till after midnight, and he was so angry, you don't know, because I would not go with him last night. I do really think his brain is affected, he behaves so oddly. Oh, dear Mr. Chetwynd, do help me—what shall I do? I long to hide the keys of St. Paul's; but if I did, I really think he would turn me out of doors, as he threatened only this very morning.'

'Don't let it prey on you,' I said, with sympathy; 'the delusion will go off when he has change of air.'

'But he won't stir from London.'

'Oh yes he will. I'll coax him or get some medical friends of his to frighten him away to the sea-side.'

'Oh, if you do, how can I ever repay you?' said the fair suppliant, leaping up and clapping her hands. 'Do try and coax him now to play our new trio.'

I promised to do so, and went at once into the garden. A large ivy-covered summer-house in the corner of the small dingy garden the Minor Canon had fitted up as a laboratory, and there I found him bending over a furnace. The place was littered with old books, skulls, and portions of skeletons, shells, retorts, hour-glasses, crucibles, and glass flasks, bottles filled with varicoloured essences, and mysterious crimson and golden liquids. Dried flowers and plants hung from the wall among the garden soot, while a pet canary sang to the pale recluse, whose face looked more sallow and sunken than I had yet seen it.

He looked up with fevered eyes when he saw me coming, and pressed my hand.

'I am more his slave than ever,' he said, 'and he is watching me even now in his mirror. To-night I am to meet him in the gallery, and, on certain conditions, he is to perfect the elixir, which still needs one ingredient that he alone can supply. You must go with me,' he said, with almost frenzied eagerness. 'You will; I dare not go alone.'

'I will go,' I said, 'to convince you again of the folly of this delusion.'

'Folly?' he said, fiercely; but in a moment his voice sunk, and he exclaimed, 'Well, I forgive you; how can I wonder that you do not believe what you have not seen? This is not an age of faith.' These last words he uttered with bitter emphasis. 'But you do not know all yet—you will to-night.' These last words he ground out between his teeth; then slamming the furnace door, he sank down and buried his face in his hands as if struggling with some overpowering emotion.

'Come, come,' I said, putting my

hand affectionately on his shoulder; 'let the sacred fire go out for an hour or two, let the elixir alone for a bit, and come and bathe your soul in music; I want to try over that fine thing from Bach. Now do; you are wearing yourself out. At eleven o'clock, I promise you, we'll go up and look for the invisible inhabitant of the ball.'

The evening passed pleasantly; the Canon was himself again—bland, courteous, genial, amiable, and enthusiastic. I kept the conversation carefully off alchemy and all such arts, and Miss Hardwick was delighted. The only symptom about my old friend that I did not like was that sometimes I could see his face darken, and found his eyes resting with strange eagerness on me.

We were in the very middle of a fine bit from Cherubini when eleven o'clock struck. He instantly rose and said, 'It is time; he will be waiting.' His niece sprang up and threw her arms round his neck. 'Now, dear uncle,' she said, 'don't go up there; you are never so well when you go up there; if you love me the least little bit, don't go up there.'

I almost thought the frantic man would have struck her.

'Spy!' he cried. 'You should rather urge me to go; it will add to the evidence you have already collected for the doctors you are bribing to prove me mad. Let me see who will dare hinder me going where I like. As long as I keep out of the prison you are preparing for me I am free. Come, Chetwynd; it is time.'

'Do not oppose him,' I said, as the Canon went for a lantern and the keys, to the poor girl, who was sobbing as if her heart would break; 'do not oppose him; you will only make him more violent. I will do my best this night to finally stifle this delusion.'

We entered St. Paul's by the north door. Hardwick was delighted at my accompanying him, and seemed to attach a strange and unnecessary importance to his success in persuading me. Our footsteps sounded hollow as we passed

under the great dome. Hardwick stopped for a moment at the great Melbourne monument, the black vault doors of which are guarded by angels.

'I have sometimes,' he said, flashing the lantern over the doors, 'thought he lived there; but you see he does not answer.' He struck the door with a stick: the only reply was a dull echo. 'But no,' he said, 'he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

The night had turned windy and rainy, and we could hear the wind roar as we ascended the bearded stairs and passed along the narrow prison-like passage, in the wall of which are several tomb-like iron doors.

'That is the bell door,' as we passed the third; at the fifth he stopped. 'I have sometimes thought he lived here,' he said, and he struck the door a jarring blow; 'but no, he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

We entered the Whispering Gallery, and there too the strange man made the same observation, whispering it to me along the wall, still ending as before—

'But no, he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

Then we began to ascend the winding stone stairs, great black distorted shadows of ourselves ascending with us. The Canon would have me go first with the lantern; but why I did not understand till later on that dreadful night.

When we got out on the great stone gallery, the wind was raging with terrible violence, raving round the parapet and whistling between the great balustrades. We were glad to get under shelter, and mount the dark stone staircase that led to the Golden Gallery. Weirder and weirder became our path, as we got among the timber-work that holds up the dome and crossed the planks that bridge the chasms between the radii of stone. One of Piranesi's nightmares it seemed as the lantern-light fell on beam and plank, and aperture for light, and massy wall and receding stair, and glanced on places of mystery inaccessible by us.

At last we toilsomely reached our goal, and the Canon stepped out into the rush of the wind upon the Golden Gallery itself. Through the wind and rain we looked down on the great city radiant with light.

'You see,' I said, 'there is no one here. This is a mere dream of yours. I only came up here to undeceive you.'

'I tell you,' he said, 'I will show him to you at one of the windows below the gallery. Come round here—you will then be convinced.'

He took the lantern from me abruptly, and felt round the gilt wooden railing of the gallery, till he reached a spot on which a notch had been recently cut. Feeling this with his hands, the instant he had touched it, he withdrew the light, and led me on two feet farther into the darkness, laughing sardonically as he did so, for the wind breasted against us and almost drove us back.

'You know,' he said, 'the other day we noticed, just under this gallery, great oval spaces, cut out of the top of the dome, with little windows here and there?'

I assented.

'Well then, come where I stand, lean over, and you will see the man I mention standing at one of these. Here—come exactly where I place you, two feet from the notch,—that is his cypher. Why don't you come?—here, press firm against the gilt railing, and when you are in the exact place, I will hold the lantern down, and you will see his face.'

Determined to humour him to the last, and to prove to him that no enchantment had enslaved me, I leant against the place he named.

'Not there,' he said, 'but one foot farther.'

I moved the foot farther.

'He is there,' he said, 'below—lower—waiting for you.'

As he said this, the madman—raving mad now—leaped upon me from behind, flung his lantern from him down the roof of the dome, and dashed me against the railing. I felt the wood crack—bend—give way. Oh, the ineffable

agony of that moment as I heard the madman's yell of triumph—one cry for mercy—one clutch at the yielding rail, and I fell headlong through the darkness from the dome.

When I came to myself, Hargrave was at my bedside; and a day or two after I heard the particulars of my wonderful escape. I had fallen, providentially, into one of the large openings about twelve feet below the gallery, and there I was found, stunned, bleeding, and senseless. By the direct interposition of Heaven, Hardwick's butler and footman, apprehending some evil, they scarcely knew what, and alarmed at their master's manner that day, had followed us up, and arrived to find me where I had fallen. They discovered the Canon beating at the door of the Melbourne monument, and shouting that he had given the victim to the magician in the globe, and was, therefore, no more his slave. They tried to secure him,

but he broke from them and fled; they then ascended to the Golden Gallery, with lanterns, and there, after some search, found me in the recess below the broken railing, which had been evidently previously sawn nearly asunder by the madman.

On returning to the house with me, they found poor Hardwick in the laboratory, where he was beating to pieces the glasses and crucibles. He was secured and at once placed under confinement. Three months of careful watching, away from his mischievous books, followed by a tour in the Tyrol, restored him to his wonted health.

The Minor Canon is now dead. I therefore feel no reluctance in telling the story of one of the strangest delusions that ever harboured in the human mind; and Miss Hardwick (who, by-the-by, recently married a nephew of Hargrave) has given me leave to mention the interesting details of this remarkable case.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

SHE stood amid the o'erarching bower,
 A happy maid, most fair to see,
 'Mid orchids, ferns, and gorgeous blooms,
 But never flower so fair as she.
 And Constance gazed with earnest eyes,
 And Florence with her dimpled smile,
 As Rosa clasped each kindred rose—
 A rose and rosebuds they the while!

Book-weary graduate was I,
 Released from college-cloistered gloom,
 And watched with sense of glad surprise
 The form, light, colour, and the bloom;
 I stole the open casement through,
 And came upon them unawares,
 Another world upon me gleamed—
 I ne'er had seen such forms as theirs.

I asked for flowers, and little Flo'
 Of cherry lips gave 'cherry pie,'
 Geranium Constance, all choice flowers
 The children gave me; then said I,
 'My Rose, than all the roses here
 More bright, brave, beautiful, and rare,
 Spare me a gathered rose of yours
 From bosom or from glossy hair.'

Methinks I see them still, and now
 Full often on the summer eves
 In old Greek books I still espy
 The withered dimly-scented leaves;
 And now all indistinct and sweet
 Is Cousin Rosa of the rose.
 She did not care for cloistered glooms,
 And brighter paths of life she chose.

Ah well, God bless her! little Flo'
 And Constance are great ladies now;
 I often muse on that one kiss
 I gave upon each fair white brow.
 The bookish cousin's deepest wish
 They prove as pure, as true, as good
 As when he watched them in their bower
 And blessed them as he mutely stood.

SHALL JULIANA HAVE A PIANO?

JULIANA, my love, leave off playing on that 'ere pianner and give the mangle a turn.'

The above words were addressed by a middle-aged, coarse-looking woman, in a mob cap and a common cotton gown, to her daughter, a highly-decorated young lady, with her hair hanging down her back in a couple of plaits and adorned with bows of blue ribbon. The mother had just left the useful machine referred to, and was turning her attention to a flat-iron; the daughter was seated before a cabinet piano, and singing an air from *Norma* to her own accompaniment.

Such at least was the scene as represented in a coloured engraving which used to be very popular in London shopwindows years and years ago—before we had any idea of making the people our masters, and when it was an open question how far education would be good for them. The association of the piano with the mangle in relation to the occupations of Juliana was looked upon as an exquisite sarcasm. As you lingered on the pavement—near Ackerman's, say, in the Strand—you could see that it gave keen enjoyment to the passing populace.

'There's a gal for you,' says a youth of the butcher persuasion—oblivious for the time of his mission in connection with the mutton chops upon his tray—'she's a nice un for a pianner, and her mother a mangling too; master's daughter ought to see that.'

'Look at her pig-tails,' says the friend of his soul—another youth, carrying a hat-box; 'she'll get 'em mangled for her if she don't take care.'

'I've no patience with them minxes,' says a woman with a basket to another woman with another basket; 'I'd pianner her if I was her mother.'

'"Juliana," too!' indignantly protests the second woman; 'as if "Jane" wasn't good enough for her. I'd very soon Juliana her if I had to do with her.'

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The nature of the punishment involved by being 'piannered' or 'Juliannered' does not plainly appear; but it is evident that the name was considered the crowning stroke of satire. People who mangle, it seems, ought to be called Jane.

A couple of workmen are not so demonstrative—possibly because they have pipes in their mouths. But they laugh, and shake their heads, and you hear some moralising reflections as they move off about 'gals in these days' bearing disadvantageous comparison with those of a previous period within their recollection; concluding with a proposal to have some beer.

Public opinion has changed somewhat since Juliana's tastes in conjunction with her mother's occupation excited the derision of their class in life. But pianos and mangles are still considered incongruous by most people—and I must confess that I can see no sound reason why they should be.

The critics of Juliana were influenced somewhat by regarding the contrast from a false point of view. They saw the mother doing all the work and the daughter doing all the play; the mother dressed anyhow, the daughter adorned with a neatly-fitting, if over-fine, dress, and the further pretension of 'pig-tails' with blue bows of ribbon. But there ought to be no reason to suppose that Juliana did not cheerfully obey her mother's behest, and relieve her at the mangle. If she did not, why should she not? Turning a mangle is healthy exercise, and not more hard work than young ladies of wealth and position undergo continually in the practice of athletics. It is a clean employment, too, and nobody ought to dream of its being degrading. On the other hand, the mother, having taken her turn at the mangle, might surely be allowed the recreation of an air on the piano—thus relieving the monotony of the occupation both for herself and her daughter. That the mother has the disadvantage of not being able to play the instru-

ment—as is probably the case—is to be regretted. But the next best thing to being able to play herself is having a daughter to play to her, to her husband, and to her possible younger children—thus securing a continual source of recreation for the family. When Juliana marries she will find the piano a very useful resource—a relief to her work, whatever be its nature, and if she has her daughter taught the instrument there will be no incongruity of tastes between the two.

Meanwhile Juliana's mother doubtless does a great deal of mangling. More perhaps than is her share. It is probable, indeed, that the young lady follows, as far as she can, the example of Mr. Lever's immortal Mickey Free, who 'piped while his friends pipeclayed.' But this division of labour was by the desire of Mickey Free's friends, and Juliana's accomplishments should have an equal tendency to give pleasure to others. But though Juliana's mother may fatigue herself and flurry herself by work, it is not to be supposed that she has no share of recreation in her own way. Has she not the glorious privilege of grumbling, assuming to herself the honours of minor martyrdom, reproaching her daughter, bullying her husband, and buffeting the small children? Has she no neighbours to gossip with for the hour together, and no gin to take a little too much of, by way of occasional consolation? We have as much right to suppose—judging by appearances—that Juliana's mother has frailties of these kinds, as to suppose that Juliana is the vain, giddy, selfish, useless girl that it is the apparent intention of the artist to depict her. Had the mother enjoyed the benefit of a better training—and a knowledge of music is a highly desirable part of anybody's training—she would probably not be perfect; but her mind would be more disciplined, and she would be at least saved from a certain class of domestic faults, into which Juliana, whatever she may become in after life, is not likely to fall.

I can fancy Pawkins's disgust as these suggestions meet his eye. He is a man of the old school—'the old school' seems to cover a multitude of sins in scholarship—and sees nothing but nonsense in anything that is new. 'Yes,' he says, throwing down 'London Society' in disgust; 'here we have it again; just like those writing fellows! Here's one of them saying that girls are quite right in dressing themselves up as monkeys and strumming away on pianos when they ought to be at work. I suppose he goes on to say that they ought to read all sorts of beshy books, and be clever, and all that! And he is ass enough to make out that it's their mothers' misfortune that they have not been brought up in the same way. I say that it's all wrong—that books and music and things of the kind give them ideas above their station. If this sort of thing goes on we shall have nobody to do any work; everybody will want to be ladies and gentlemen. The country's going to'—but I will not follow the speaker into the realms of prophecy.

I do not agree with you at all, Pawkins, and am afraid that such schooling as you have had has not done you much good. I will freely admit that education and accomplishments are apt to give common people (I must call them so, for the sake of convenience, whether they like it or not,) ideas above their station. Common people after all are men and women; and we all get ideas above our station when we distinguish ourselves by any superiority, real or conventional, over our own class. You, Pawkins, on account of your connection with a public company, through which you are able to make yourself useful to a few men whom you consider 'swells,' get admitted occasionally into good society. Since you first achieved this triumph you have been no longer fit for the society of your City friends. They still ask you out to their Claphams and other places to 'cut your mutton,' or 'put your knees under their mahogany'—I am quoting their own playful language, of course—

on Sundays. But, as a general rule, you refuse to go. Their ways, you think, are not your ways, after the world you have seen and would like to make your home. But while you are gradually cutting your City friends—and making them sarcastically facetious at your expense—your fashionable friends are not courting you. They let you in among them, but they do not keep you there, and between the society you despise and that to which you aspire, you are—you know it as well as I do, Pawkins—the most miserable man in the world. Your only chance is Parliament. A vote in Parliament levels all ranks, and in these days lays the gentleman's epigram beside the snob's dropped H. But you may ruin yourself in trying to get a seat, as many a better man has done before you.

If a man like you, Pawkins, is liable, on account of having gained superiority of some kind over his fellows, to acquire ideas above his station, how can you expect common people to be exempt from the failing? The sons or daughters of a respectable artisan, say, who get something like the usual education of their class, fancy themselves raised above their immediate friends, and gain instincts that lead them to association with a better rank in society. They give themselves airs in consequence, and conduct themselves, perhaps, with a great deal of absurdity. They look down upon their parents, and aspire to nothing but the most genteel employments, with the result of achieving nothing but their own degradation. The sisters starve—or do worse—as governesses; the brothers grovel in small clerkships rather than work at a profitable trade; they must be something better than their neighbours and friends. But if their parents were as well educated as themselves there would be no looking down upon the parents; and if their friends and neighbours enjoyed equal advantages to themselves, where would be their superiority to their friends and neighbours? It would be useless for *all* to aspire beyond their position; certain kinds

of work must be done by somebody; the difference would be that the work would be done, and better done, probably, by better educated people than those who do it now.

Another question remains: are education and accomplishments incompatible with hard labour? I can see you, Pawkins, as you return to these pages. You think you have me there. Well, Mr. Roebuck, who ought to be as good an authority as you, is of another way of thinking. Why—he asked not long since, in an address delivered at Dewsbury—should not the working man have as pleasant a household as himself? When Mr. Roebuck goes home from his labour, he assures us, to our great satisfaction, he finds a cheerful wife in the person of an elegant and educated woman; he also finds a daughter, equally cheerful and elegant. Why, he asks, should the workman be without equally happy influences? Why not, indeed? Mr. Roebuck is a richer man, doubtless, than the mass of people who work with their hands are ever likely to become. But were his income reduced to the ordinary wages of labour, it is not to be supposed that his habits would become less refined, or that the intercourse of his domestic circle would be less courteous, less considerate, less delicate in its recognition of social restraints. And the same remark will apply to most men of Mr. Roebuck's class. It may be said that to arrive at their state of culture requires a training in something like affluence. Not at all. There are hundreds—thousands, it may be said—of gentlemen in this country whose education and social habits fit them for any elevation to which they could be raised; yet they have never known, and perhaps are never likely to know, what it is to receive more than the income of a moderately skilled artisan. Who cannot point to representatives of this class among the poorer members of the professions? Notably the clergy, of which body so many are engaged in educational pursuits or the more laborious walks of literature. Such men have not luxurious homes; their lives are

frequently clouded with care; and many have to encounter fierce struggles with that abstract enemy known as 'the world.' But they have their consolations, their comforts, and their relaxations, or are not at any rate necessarily deprived of them. The most satisfactory pleasures of life are happily the least costly. They may not dine like Lucullus, at least when they dine at home; but they may, in these days of 'diffusion' in the liberal arts, feast the eye, the ear, and the brain with a very modest expenditure of money.

Pawkins, you are putting in a word again, I know. 'Yes,' you say, 'and some of these refined professional men are half starving. Don't talk to me about genteel poverty. They are in a false position, and ought to go and work.'

It is very easy to say, 'go and work,' far easier than to put people in the way of working. But it is probable that there would be much less struggling in professions if humbler labours brought persons of culture into congenial associations. As it is, the poor professional man, having no means of entering trade, which includes many classes of followers, and is mostly respectable at any rate, dares not descend to mechanical employments for fear of the social shocks to which his refinement would be exposed. Were education universal, as it ought to be, objections on this score would, at least, have no general application.

We have many points of superiority in this over other countries; but it must be confessed that the average Briton, in his normal condition, is very apt to be brutal. To some nations a certain kind of refinement comes naturally; in England it has to be forced. Money does not always make the difference. There are 'roughs' going about, as well dressed as any men you meet in the Park, whose instincts are of the 'heave half a brick at him' class. You have but to scratch the social Russ, and you get at the social Tartar. Occasionally the Tartar comes uppermost without

the scratching. Who but Britons, for instance, would have been guilty of the act of vandalism recently recorded of Oxford students? If education does so little for some men, what can be expected from most men who have no education at all?

Our social defects have been conspicuously illustrated by the result of the latest reform in the representation of the people. We have now a system of residential suffrage, with so little restriction that almost every man who can keep a roof to cover him may have a vote. The change was supposed to be rendered necessary by the pressing requirements of the country; and it was advisable, perhaps, for the sake of showing that the influence of no class of the community was unrecognised or held in subjection. But what has followed, as far as the *personnel* of 'the people's members' is concerned? Not one of the popular representatives who led the agitation out-of-doors has been returned to St. Stephens. Where pretensions have been made they have been negatived by majorities of the electors. The fact is, that the chosen of the people, out-of-doors, have not been considered fit to represent them within. Except in one instance, where the candidate was not one of the people, but belonged to a learned profession, it was found that the men who did or did not present themselves—and generally they did not—were deficient in the personal qualifications which are necessary for an assembly like the House of Commons—that they were men who would be out of place there, and would carry no weight. This would not have happened in France, or Italy, or in Germany, where men of the lowest social grades are seldom wanting in *savoir faire*, and not unfrequently have manners which supply the place even of education. In France, it must be confessed, the 'common people' are immensely superior in apparent good breeding to the same classes in this country. They exhibit the superiority in their manners, their amusements, as in their political demonstrations. The

French are a difficult nation to govern, especially when represented by a Paris mob, but they have instincts that fit them for forms, and their leaders are able to maintain their social dignity in any political assembly. And not only the leaders, but the mass of the French people, have social dignity because they have social freedom. Of political freedom they may not possess so much, under the Empire, as the people in England; but of social freedom they possess considerably more, and they enjoy this because they are able to assert it. They submit, in masses, to a more harsh executive and more arbitrary laws than would be endured in this country; but every Frenchman has a great idea of his self-respect, and looks carefully after it. Class distinctions are strong; but, except from a political point of view, or from the provocation of poverty, they excite but little jealousy. There is not half the clamouring for 'position in society,' the hankering after a superior grade to their own, that makes the life of so many people in England a burden to them. But different classes see more of each other, and know more of each other, in France. They do not push themselves among one another in private life, but they recognise their respective relations with more practical respect than is commonly shown in this country. Thus master and servant, with equal regard to their relative positions, hold far more friendly intercourse; and the same distinction may be noticed in the relations between teacher and pupil, and—last but not least—between parent and child. Look at the outer life in France, say at one of the best cafés in Paris. The most extreme classes meet upon common ground without interfering with one another in any way. In London labouring men would not be accommodated in public coffee-rooms intended for 'their betters,' if they ever dreamed of making the experiment; while 'their betters' would not venture to intrude in more humble establishments, for fear of—to say the least of it—unpleasant remarks. But the French-

man, of whatever grade, knows his dignity, and is able to maintain it without making himself offensive. The feeling is exhibited in small matters as in great. In France a man in a blouse will pick up your dropped glove and be proud of placing you under a little obligation by returning it; in England a man of the same class will, as often as not, *look*, if he does not ask for, 'the price of a pint of beer' for his pains.

Juliana and her piano have taken me over more ground than I had intended; and what Pawkins would say to all this I cannot venture to suppose: he has probably given me up as a confirmed idiot. But apart from any national comparisons, it must be evident that, since we have to 'educate our masters'—the mass of the people of England—the work of education should be carried considerably beyond the proverbial 'three R's,' or any ordinary course of school teaching, and be made to include something of the ingenuous arts which emolliate manners and save us from being ferocious. It is with regard to the importance of influences of the kind that I distinctly support such an institution as Juliana's piano in conjunction with her mother's mangle. Why should such a conjunction be ridiculous, unless we are to consider the class to which those ladies belong properly allied with brutality? We see nothing absurd in—

'Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth;'

but the peasants of the south of Europe, whose recreations furnish themes for our poets and our painters, have been previously engaged in work just as prosaic as the turning of a mangle. Even when the work happens to have been the gathering of grapes there are equally practical considerations involved; and as far as picturesque effect is concerned, we have a parallel in hop-picking at home. If music—taking music as an illustration—be fit and proper after labour in one country, why not in another? Pawkins—I see Pawkins is at it again—

says that 'this sort of thing is all very well in France or Italy, but it won't do among English people, and is just nonsense, and all that.' But why, my dear Pawkins, should it be nonsense and all that? Because, you say, it does not suit English habits. Very well, then change English habits until *they* suit it, and English habits will be the gainers by the change.

English habits, indeed—those of the mass of the people—are in many respects open to improvement. A little less gin-drinking and wife-beating are requirements which everybody admits, as regards men; and there are female faults—some of which I have hypothetically assigned to Juliana's mother—that have to be overcome before humble homes can realise the ideal of Mr. Roebuck. By the way, that gentleman demands elegance in wives and daughters. As far as dress is concerned there has been much improvement of late years; but the tendency in these days is to rush into extremes. Girls of the Period in good society are very apt to look like caricatures; but their humble imitators—what *they* look like it would be difficult to say. Perhaps they most resemble the columbines who dance outside shows at country fairs, with just a little playful exaggeration as to hair, high heels, and a few minor matters. All this will doubtless correct itself as a better standard of taste is attained; but the progress towards this is, it must be confessed, very gradual. The people are not yet prepared to appreciate the best literature or the best art. In music, perhaps, their tastes are most creditably displayed; but music, as Mr. Disraeli has said, is an art that cannot demoralise, and if the prettiest airs among the light compositions of the day obtain the greatest popularity, it must be remembered that they are never so popular as when wedded to verse which, when not utterly inane, is usually a concoction of more or less ribald rubbish.

In literature there is no great run after what is vicious—though there are some cheap journals, devoted for the most part to horrors, which

seem to have a wide circulation—but there is a very considerable demand for what is *low*. Perhaps, among humble publications, those which obtain the greatest sale are respectable in tone; but, intellectually, there is a large degree of 'writing down' necessary in order to make them generally acceptable. Some cheap periodicals are not so harmless, and there is a sufficiently fair field for these to find considerable favour.

As for public taste in connection with the drama, it is by no means certain that the upper classes have a right to assume any great superiority over the lower. The gallery will stand a great deal of rant and claptrap, and run after bad plays that are badly acted; but they require some earnestness, though it be forced, and some sentiment, though it be spurious. Vice must be punished and virtue triumphant, and true hearts must come together in the end. What the gallery will *not* stand is cynicism and insincerity, and sophistical renderings of life. Pieces having these characteristics depend principally for success upon the boxes and stalls.

Perhaps the mass of the people appear to less advantage in their spontaneous recreations. They conduct themselves wonderfully well in museums, picture galleries, and, notably, at great fêtes in the Crystal Palace. But their 'outings' on holidays, in suburban places, where 'nothing is going on' are not very cheering. Thrown upon their own resources, their development takes the roughest form, and resolves itself frequently into the coarsest horseplay. Coming home their hilarity takes a vocal turn, and I should say, judging from the impression produced upon the ear, that a considerable number of the festive throngs were not sober.

The habits and the manners of the people, which are far better now than might be expected considering all things, would improve with a little improvement in their education and their tastes. It is satisfactory to see that, as regards elementary education at any rate,

something is 'at last being done. The tendency, too, of much movement in the present day, is towards the popularisation of the arts and all the civilising influences connected therewith. It is by way of assisting at this development that I applaud the idea of Juliana's piano, and hurl back the ribald sarcasms upon its association with a mangle

with the contempt they deserve. This is a form of expression which has, perhaps, been heard before but by way of a strikingly original sentiment in conclusion, I will say that if in the remarks which I have made I have only succeeded in convincing Pawkins that he is a pig-headed old donkey I shall not have written in vain.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

MY LOVES AND HATES.

A GRAND old hall in a noble country. All the afternoon, or nearly all, I have been lying on the lawn watching the low thunder-clouds which will not break in the refreshing rains for which the weary earth is athirst. Stretched on a rug on the smooth turf is a more than friend, who lazily turns over the magazines and from time to time breaks off from the page to speak of some story or personage of real life that for us has an interest that transcends any story of the imagination. We have been wanderers in fair gardens that might have been those of the Phœaciens or Armida, or those in which the fair ladies of Florence told the stories of the Decameron. For some twenty years, ever since opening boyhood, we have had countless associations in common, and through these long hours there has been a long, silent procession of the old forms and faces. Somehow these old associations have left me restless and dissatisfied. They are playing bezique in the drawing-room now; but I have been wandering through the long range of rooms, which might be almost called our Hall's State Apartments, into the great hall and then into the little hall beneath the old Elizabethan porch. It is not altogether so pleasant to look back upon that large section of human life, that mighty slice of twenty years. There is such a spectacle of events, conflicts, mistakes, evil; all the difficulties of life, social, moral, religious, intellectual, seem so to overshadow the quiet, sunny resting-places, that for a time one naturally becomes prosy and

moralising. It is good for us to be so, even if an inevitable sadness tinges all the retrospect. But somehow the darker thoughts give place to those of a more vivid human interest, and speculation and sentiment yield to the fugitive recollections of the fortunes of one's contemporaries. One glances down the list of them very much as one looks at the list of killed and wounded after a battle. There are the killed, the gloriously killed in India and the Crimea, and others who have fallen less gloriously in the battles of life. There are some who have been killed off by delirium tremens, some who have gone to the dogs, who have dropped in the ranks, and the ranks have filled up, who have disappeared in the stream, and the stream has swept by—an awful mass of death, disappointment, and unhappiness; but mingled with these are friends who have enjoyed scenes of rare and almost unequalled human happiness, such as give us a sort of notion of what heaven may be, and how large an element of heaven may exist on earth. And prominently emerge from all these the recollections of my loves and my hates.

I cannot conscientiously say that I have had much to do with the hates. I am afraid that Dr. Johnson, who loved good haters, would not love me. I have often despised myself for my feeble capacity of hating. I am afraid that I have not sufficient strength of moral feeling to hate thoroughly. I quite feel inclined to believe that without this capacity of hatred a man must be a neutral-tinted character. I am not entitled to call myself a poet,

but I confess that I would in some degree desire to realise the Laureate's description of the poet—

'The poet in a golden age was born,
With golden skies above,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.'

That 'love of love' is an especially happy phrase, like the *θελω, θελω φιλησαι* of Anacreon. I cannot see how any one can really speak slightly of love-matters. Love is the one secret spring which keeps the complex machinery of the world in restless action; and therefore it is that hate is altogether a mean and subordinate thing, to be altogether conquered and swallowed up of love.

And yet my hates I had; those mild hates of youth and boyhood, which persistently arise. There was the boy at school who was always treading upon your heels in a metaphorical sense, coming between you and the coveted prize, and making himself obnoxious in a variety of ways. The school considered him as my rival, and the public opinion of the school demanded, when he had won a prize over me, that I should 'punch his head.' I accordingly endeavoured upon abstract principles, and with indifferent success, to 'punch his head,' as I was assured that he was my hateful rival and my natural enemy. Similarly the man who was my competitor for prize, scholarship, and on the class-list, was regarded by me under a very unfavourable point of view. I accredited him with all the viler passions of human nature, and I was fully prepared to believe anything bad in the antecedents of his family. I did not deny that he was a man of education and ability; that was evidenced by the fact that he was on a footing to enter the lists against me; but on broad, general grounds I considered that he was a cad. In fact, I discovered that 'a cad' was a convenient designation to define any one with whom you might not manage to get on with, and the proper treatment of 'a cad' was in some physical or metaphysical sense to 'punch his head.'

It is this natural combative prin-

ciple which lies at the root of all causeless hates. My school opponent and my college opponent are highly honourable men, and I am sure much better and more deserving men than myself. I remember staying at an hotel on an Italian lake where two Englishmen had made a lingering and indefinite stay. They had never been introduced to each other, had never exchanged salutations, and persistently ignored each other's existence. I asked L'Estrange if he knew Fortescue; he answered that he was thankful he didn't, and that he considered him a conceited ass. I asked Fortescue if he knew L'Estrange; but he answered that L'Estrange was a cad, and he should like to punch his head. I took an early opportunity of making the two men known to each other, as they were both very nice fellows, and I knew no reason why they should not get on well together. I had the satisfaction of hearing Fortescue say how deeply he regretted that he had not earlier known L'Estrange, and the satisfaction of hearing L'Estrange say that he seldom, if ever, knew a nicer fellow than Fortescue. I appropriated to myself what Bozzy said of himself when he introduced Johnson to General Paoli, that he felt himself an isthmus uniting two great continents. It is difficult, however, to imagine the emotion of an isthmus in uniting continents; feelings perhaps akin to that mysterious grammarian joy which steals over a verb singular when it encounters a neuter plural. I remember once staying at a rectorial abode where I was developing a platonic attachment towards a young lady whom we will call Rectoria. The evil days came when I had to return to college; but there was much talk about a new curate, a young man of the name of Biggins, who was to come into the parish and receive a title from the rector. I imaged Biggins to myself as a hateful man of presumptuous manners, a clerical dandy with lavender kids, a fellow of no merit, but with dark designs on Rectoria's inexperienced heart. So firmly was this impression fixed

that, though I had never met Biggins, I never thought of him or mentioned his name without speaking of him contumeliously as 'that conceited ass, Biggins.' Nor did my animosity in the least degree subside until I discovered that he wore thick Berlin gloves, that he could not speak to Rectoria without stammering, and that in point of fact he had been engaged to his cousin ever since he was eight years old.

I believe myself that eight years is a very susceptible age. I was eight years old when I first fell violently in love with a goddess named Rose, a mature young goddess—other name unknown—of about two-and-twenty. I can recall her violet eyes through the ages and generations which have elapsed since that time. She kindly spoke to me one evening as I was playing in the garden of our square, and henceforth I worshipped the ground she trod on. Unfortunately, our parents did not visit, and Miss Rose did not very often come into the garden of the square. I conceived, however, the notion that social observances were not confined to parents, and that boys might justly claim a share in the amenities of civilized life. Accordingly, I set off one afternoon, and not without a stupendous effort I rang a mighty bell, and told the flunkey that I had come to make a call upon Miss Rose. I was shown into the drawing-room, and, to my delight, she entered, and gave me a radiant greeting. Those injurious people, her parents, were conveniently absent. I conceived that it devolved upon me as the gentleman to explain the object of my call, and I therefore explained that I wanted to know whether she felt inclined to put on her bonnet and take a walk. She assented—with a laughing light in the violet eyes—and taking me by the hands, she led me again and again through the laurel walk of the square. It appeared, however, that I had transgressed instead of expanded the social code, and an unsympathising governess, as ugly as my Rose was beautiful, packed me off to bed on a diet of bread and water. As I

became a bigger boy I imbibed fiercely Radical notions, and I remember some years later telling her that the time would assuredly come when the rights of boys would be recognized, and that no great question would be settled unless it had previously been submitted to a parliament of boys.

Some of the poets and romancists have dwelt on sudden loves and hates: love at first sight and hate at first sight. Mr. Tennyson has told us of the love of the gardener's daughter, and the wise suspicious first thoughts of 'his city clerk, though gently born and bred,' towards the man who raised him. There are some persons who have an instinctive faculty of loving or hating at first sight. They do not merely say 'a sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship:' but, wonderful to say, they love or hate in the right place. They say that they love such a face, and their love is justified by the event, or they take an inveterate dislike to such a face, and the dislike is justified in course of time. I share in this faculty only to a very limited extent. There are some faces that wear so manifestly the smile and signet of heaven that you feel at once trust, reverence, and affection. You cannot doubt those candid eyes or that earnest grasp. I have met with a few men who have won an influence over me which the fairest women could hardly attain over weak unresisting mankind. They are the men who have kept a balance between heart and mind, when heart and mind have both expanded in fair natural progress, and when on one side there is a thorough sympathy which can understand even your sins and infirmities, and, on the other hand, an intellectual breadth which can comprehend your crotchets and do justice even to your mistakes. Such men have an almost Socratic power of attraction; they form their schools of opinion, and have their circle of disciples. They strengthen, they purify, they elevate; they adorn human nature, and show to what rare heights it may be developed.

I will not despair of myself or of any one who has chords responsive to moral goodness or intellectual excellence or natural nobleness. Then there is a lower range of hates and loves, in which I freely expatiate, though without the gumption of wiser and cleverer people of hating or loving always in the right place. I have made up my mind to take a violent liking to that keen, silent, ill-natured looking beast who is sitting enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke and never opens his mouth except to drain a pewter or to utter some sardonic remark. Similarly I have made up my mind to like that sarcastic lady who certainly will not spare me in her sarcasms, who has complexities of character which I cannot unravel, but who, I perceive, is upright and downright, with a brain and a heart of her own. In these cases I am right in my instincts; they are friends whom I have made and whom I would desire to keep. Similarly I have formed estimates of public men, in which I at least mean to believe most fully. Among my hates, possibly my irrational hates, I have put the Third Napoleon. He had quite a fascination for me at one time. I remember, on the entry of the army of Italy, climbing up into a tree on the boulevards, as my only chance of then seeing him; the freak was admitted to a 'mad Englishman.' I have sat opposite to him at a French theatre, and have done nothing for hours together but examine his face through a strong glass. So far as expression is concerned, I might as well have examined a piece of mahogany. But the more I have seen him the less I have liked him. Similarly I once heard a distinguished public man make a long address without knowing who he was, but judging, as near-sighted people are often obliged to judge, simply through the voice, I came to the conclusion that the hitherto unknown public character was a humbug, a decision which the public voice has abundantly sanctioned. But my intellectual flaw is that I like people whom I have no business to

like. 'That is because you're a good-natured fool,' sardonically remarks my honest friend of the pipes and pewter. 'Bobus,' I humbly respond, 'it is not at least for myself to deny that I am a fool, but I must solemnly deny that I am good-natured.' I was completely fascinated the other day by one of the most wicked men I have ever met. I have often been fascinated by wicked men. With a dangerous frankness this man raved against every divine and human law. There was no sin which the villain had not committed either in fact or in contemplation. But I liked the heathen; I could not help liking him for his wide knowledge of society and of current opinions, and for his sparkle, wit, and terseness. But this atheism and immorality were supported by telling and striking arguments. He was, in fact, one of the highest products of a godless civilization. It would be no use hurling a commination at him; it would be like spray upon a rock; but it is as well, perhaps, having ascertained the leading points of a system which bases the selfishness of Goëthe upon the philosophy of Comte, that you should close that page of individual history. Similarly there is a certain style of young ladies that I like, but of which I heartily disapprove. They are pretty, they are fashionable, they are elegant. But I am old enough to see through the gloss of all that. It is wonderful to me how they have managed to bring together such a considerable amount of mere accomplishments with the very smallest amount of intellectual culture. I know that they have untrained intellects and undisciplined minds. I know how full of ill-humour and vanity they may be, teasing and tormenting each other without sincerity or reverence. I know that dress, amusement, and flirtation form their whole notions of the scope and object of human life. I know how thin and worthless such an existence must really be. Now how is it that I like such a man as the one I have described or such girls as these? It is simply, I expect, by

reason of the receptivity of one's nature. The young ladies will give you form, and light, and colour, and you cannot help admiring them as you would a colour or a landscape. Similarly you may do justice to a man's intellectual force, or honesty, or ability. But I come back to the distinction that your love ought to be love in the right place, and your hate be hate also. I believe that a sharp line of division runs through all the earth, and the ultimate fact remains, that each one, radically speaking, is good or bad. I am glad that it is not for me to draw that mystic line; that I cannot with any confidence discern it either in myself or others. But many of us have a languid liking on matters when we should have perhaps an active hatred.

But let us come back to the loves. I suppose one ought to say something on first love. It often sets in with all the virulence of a very bad case of whooping cough or measles. I have no doubt but this affection, to use a term both medical and amatory, has often entirely coloured the lives of some men—Byron or Shelley, for example. A great deal of the waste and unhappiness and failure of life—an amount sad and frightful to look on—is connected with this first love, and, for my part, I cannot look on such facts in any jeering or thoughtless way as I recognise them as full of the gravest moment and significance. I look back, through more years than I care to reflect on, on that distemper peculiar to the human puppy, and can discuss it as dispassionately as if I were drawing up a medical or veterinary memoir. The matter is simply one of sheer infatuation. I was staying in a country house with an individual whom I shall briefly designate as the Object. I think that Mr. Dickens, in the most autobiographic of his works, 'David Copperfield,' has delineated with matchless skill David's being instantaneously slain by Dora. For myself, I may candidly avow that I was fascinated by the Object as if by the gaze of a basilisk. I felt as Hannibal's soldiers felt at Capua—as Ulysses felt when he wandered

to Calypso's island. The Object gave me no rest, day or night. I lived for the Object, I breathed for the Object, I dreamed for the Object; I am afraid that in my intensity I fairly persecuted the Object. I followed her about like a tame poodle, I lay at her feet on the lawn, I allowed no one else to turn over her music leaves (she sang vilely) at the piano. I have no doubt but in various ways I made myself extremely inconvenient, objectionable, and irrational. I was in a state of mind which utterly forbade my taking stock of her moral and intellectual nature, and which made me shun any reference to pecuniary considerations as the meanest snobbishness. I have no doubt but I was full of nonsense, absurdity, inconsistency; but this I do maintain, that I was thoroughly constant and earnest. There was nothing in the world that I would not dare or attempt for her sake. I would, at her bidding, pluck her glove out of the den of wild beasts, and, if she liked, she might slap my face with it afterwards, instead of my slapping her's, as Schiller's hero did. But during all that intensely spooney period I was, in military language, demoralized. There seemed to be a regular paralysis of all the higher functions of one's nature. I was quite incapable of any physical or mental exertion. I was able to appreciate the position of Samson towards Dalilah. I remember a very strong man giving me an account one day of his first fit of nervousness. Like Nelson, he had never known what fear was. But he was thrown from his horse one day, in a bad country, when he was all alone. To his astonishment he found that he was trembling. He asked himself what this tremulousness might mean, and he made answer to himself that it was nervousness. And I made answer to myself that this was love, with all its ugliest symptoms, beyond that unrest, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite from which I suffered. I do not wonder that the great physician, Cullen, should take medical count of love, and place it as a disease under the *ordo febris*. I am

sure a wise parent would immediately prescribe change of scene, and that if a sensible man found himself in such a mess he would immediately give leg bail to his enchantress.

The girl jilted me. She was not a bad lot, as jilts generally are, but she was weak or vain, and there was a mother, or somebody of that sort, 'with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.' I fancy that she took the high pecuniary ground, and thought there was a better speculation in a man next door, who was in the process of drinking himself to death. Women are very generous, but, perhaps because they are not so well supplied with money as the men are, they place a more exaggerated value upon it than men do. I always think that there is a peculiar Nemesis for jilts. I have seen a great many of them in my time, and they have never turned out well. They have bad luck, and they deserve all the bad luck they get. It is a sad thing when the love of one period becomes the hate of another period. I cannot say that I have any particular hate towards this unfortunate Object, but still a very considerable amount of contempt and dislike, which may go some way towards making up that detestable feeling.

It was 'Twenty Years After,' the felicitous title of a French novelist's great romance. It was quite by an accident that I then met her by the familiar garden gate of the old place. I had understood that they had left their former abode for a larger house, but from family reasons—for the family had now dwindled down to one—they preferred the old, smaller, and snugger residence. Twenty years ago, a tall, elegant girl, with every line of grace and beauty, had clasped my hands for long hours through the twilight, giving a poor fool the greatest happiness he had known all through his lifetime. Twenty years ago, and one meeting on the Sunday afternoon, and there was ample compensation for the waiting monotony of the week, or of months and years. Twenty years ago, and

a momentary clasp and kiss were worth worlds upon worlds. So, twenty years after, I came to the cottage, and a spruce servant girl, born and bred since I had last crossed its threshold, told me, to my inexplicable astonishment, that if I would go into the garden I should find Miss Araminta there. Lord Byron says—

' If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.'

But Byron never exactly understood the social usages of modern life. 'Silence and tears!' bless your heart, nothing of the sort—with chat and laughter, the only way in which rational people can meet. Still I think one mutually took stock of the other. I am a grisly bear myself, and I allow that the Object retained her symmetry of form and her taste in dress. But the silly ten minutes' talk showed a vulgarity of mind that had wrought itself out into vulgarity of life and thought. Instead of the yielding softness of youth, there was a fierceness of eye and acridity of speech characteristic of the most odious type of old maid. The poor jilt, after the manner of her kind, had run to seed. I was not surprised to hear that her keen, acid tongue made her the terror of her district. Alas, poor jilt! The Object, an imaginary being, fell for ever from her pedestal. That ague of the mind, the hot and cold fits that had been on and off for years, was totally cured now.

Sometimes one alights upon people whose whole tone is irritating and repellent. Every now and then one meets an unlovely brood, and the feeling is that it would be good for society if the brood were crushed or put to death. There are certain types of character that irritate me greatly; they may not really be so bad as those other faults of other people which I can bear with equanimity; but then 'their sins I have no mind to,' whereas in the latter case I suspect they are 'those I am inclined to.' People of very narrow and secular mind, timocratists who can only judge others by a pecu-

niary standard, people for whom literature, art, and speculation would really have no existence whatever, people who have no heart or brain to satisfy, and only stomachs and pockets to be filled, are regarded by me with a most positive aversion and hostility. It is astonishing how these things go in the breed. A flirting mother produces still more flirtable daughters; a selfish, hard-hearted sire produces selfish, hard-hearted sons. A Barnes succeeds a Barnes throughout all the Newcome family. On the other hand, there are families whose names are mentioned with affection and honour everywhere. Their names are fragrant for costly deeds of love and goodness. There are other families whose names are synonymous for grasp and greed; men with a hundred thousand pounds who would not give away a five-shilling piece unless they found a selfish purpose in it. In these we have grounds for hates and loves.

But now and then I find a whole nest of perfect loves. Just as in the woods one comes suddenly upon a cluster of violets, or, all of a sudden, you obtain a peep of a beautiful landscape, so at times you come to an English home where peace broods tranquil and the golden atmosphere of love reigns over all. I think that the English home with its high standard of feeling, its perfection of manner, its traditions of honour and goodness, the children in their glee, and the maidens 'as sweet as English air can make them,' gives as fair a picture of human love as this world can show. When one is utterly tired of the weary streets of London, tired of work, business, and pleasure, it is refreshing to turn to scenes which are the highest blossom and outcome of our island life:

'dewy landscapes, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep, all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.'

It is pleasant to pace the terrace, to linger in the conservatory and trace the language of the proffered flowers, to watch the white-robed forms flit across the croquet-ground, to look across woodland and water

till the prospect is closed by the bold hills. Adela and Catharine shall give me music, Florence shall gather me blooms from her rose-garden, and Louisa shall talk to me. The girls have each their characteristics; and the poets who give us picture-galleries of maidens, as Mr. Tennyson did in his earlier volumes, might well delineate Catharine, dark, pensive, sensitive, or Adela, blooming, impulsive, wild with health and joyous emotion. But it is a positive mental refreshment to turn away from the dark thoughts which cloud all public life, and overshadow all great cities, to some home which seems to realise the idea of the oasis, the fountain and the palm, their islanded beauty and seclusion. It is something to reflect upon the good and pleasant ways through which our countrywomen at their best grow up, and to fill the imagination by imaging forth the paths of order and happiness they shall hereafter tread, bearing with them the deep peace and content, the culture and beneficence of English homes. It is the moral beauty of such scenes, more than their satisfaction of any artistic or æsthetic sense, which abolishes all cynic feelings and smooths out the traces of hate. It is something to alight on such a nest of loves, with their grace, truth, and purity, and to recall that sincere, kindly intimacy, now that far away I find in my books the now withered but still fragrant flowers of the holiday time. It is sad that we only meet like ships at sea—a hurried greeting and we are once more on the waste. But surely I will remember that love and hate are not coequal powers; that good and evil are not, as in Parsee speculation, dual, evenly-balanced powers, but that hate must yield to love, evil be swallowed up of good, darkness and death vanish before life and light. In shadowy recollections my hates, which were ever few, shall be lost in kindness to my loves.

'Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's aim, and universal peace
Lie like a line of light across the lands,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
'Through all the compass of the golden year?'

AUDIENCE AND ACTOR.

A KIND of verse that used to be in vogue,
 And may be yet again, the verse Pindaric,
 Meseems a rhythmic form that's fitted well

A tale to tell

About a vagabond play-acting rogue—

One DAVID GARRICK.

For why? This Garrick played as Pindar sang,

And not as players in a formal age,

Who to one measured beat each cadence rang,

In changeless sing-song, stagey of the stage.

Such was, I say, the histrionic fashion;

And, in presenting whatsoever passion—

Fear or despair, or rage or mirth or dolour—

Each human character was made to talk

A language smooth as any gravel walk

Rolled with a garden-roller.

So did not Garrick. Nature was the guide,

The faithful prompter, ever at his side.

Now would she urge him to a fervid haste;

Now, bid the torrent of his passion halt; he

Offended much his friends,

Who made amends

For stop-watch criticism, by praise unbounded

When he, at fitting time, his periods rounded.

Still, in their pleasant raillery,

They twitted him with acting to the gallery.

True to his art, he scorned the rules of 'taste.'

Johnson pronounced his declamation faulty,

Rugged, unregulated, wild, barbaric;

Yet somehow all were moved by David Garrick.

One day our rogue and vagabond was bid

To dinner with my lord and sundry friends.

You see, this little David was a king,

Simple as any shepherd ne'ertheless;

And he to princely feasts a grace could bring

As proud and modest as true gentleness

To merry wit and social humour lends.

Gay as Cervantes, gallant as the Cid,

Was Garrick on an eighteenth-century plan.

He was amusing, and a gentleman.

In spite, however, of the magic spell

Of David's dinner-table conversation,

He did not find his jokes go off so well

On this occasion.

Perhaps he touched upon some private sore;

Perhaps he told a tale,

Which if not stale,

At least the company had heard before;

So voted him a bore.

Perhaps—and this was very likely too—
 The guests, as guests are often prone to do,
 Paid more attention when their noble host
 Proposed a toast
 Than when the honoured and the grateful wit
 Replied to it.
 At all events the truth remains to say
 That Garrick felt the slight, and slipped away
 He was not missed until a cry was heard—
 A scream, a screech, a yell,
 That rose and fell.
 My lords and gentlemen, without a word,
 Sat round the table in astonished fear
 The noise to hear.
 And so they listened silently; but after
 A little while they knew the sound was laughter.
 It seemed to issue from a court below ;
 And, curious to know
 What was the cause of such hilarious pother,
 The feasters all went elbowing one another
 In pell-mell race
 Down to the open place.
 And there they saw a little Afric boy,
 Black as an ebon toy,
 A turbaned slave with earrings large and round,
 Who rolled upon the ground,
 Shrieking at Mr. David Garrick, ~~fit~~
 To split.

With sidling gait, between a strut and hobble,
 And indistinctly guttural ‘gobble, gobble,’
 And angry eyes, and wagging head and gill,
 With fussy rage the court did Garrick fill ;
 His antics being well designed to mock
 A turkey-cock.
 He stopped, perceiving all his friends draw near,
 Desirous though they were to see and hear.
 ‘Your servant, gentlemen,’ he gravely said,
 Baring his head,
 And bowing with an air that made him tall
 (His figure was, for Tragedy, too small)—
 ‘My dusky little friend, you see, has paid
 With laughter certain efforts I have made
 To entertain him ; and, the truth to tell,
 I like almost as well
 Such unenforced applause as fame and salary.
 You scarce were in the vein of mirth upstairs,
 And so I left your table unawares.
 ’Twas growing plaguey dull, ’twixt you and me ;
 And now you see
 I’m acting to the gallery.’

GODFREY TURNER.

GUDGEON AND GOOSEBERRIES.

OUT in a punt on the indolent stream,
 Where white water-lilies so lazily dream,
 Charlie and May
 The whole of the day
 Sat fishing for gudgeon, roach, barbel, and bream
 While brother Tom on angling bent,
 Keeps on his float an eye intent;
 And Nellie, who cares not for rod or for hook,
 Is deeply engrossed in a pleasant new book.
 Thus gudgeon and gooseberries gather they!
 The fishes are real,
 The berries ideal,
 And 'tis capital sport—so say Charlie and May.

How time is flying they little have thought,
 And of dinner hour simply remember nought;
 Charlie and May
 Are not hungry, they say,
 Nor tired, though no stickleback e'en have they caught.
 But Tom—that unromantic boy—
 Vows he his tea would much enjoy;
 And Nellie's reluctantly forced to decline
 On gooseberries purely ideal to dine.
 So to gudgeon and gooseberries, well-a-day!
 The fishes so real,
 The fruit so ideal,
 They must e'en bid farewell awhile—Charlie and May.

But out in the punt on the indolent stream
 The happy young couple have dreamt their dream;
 Charlie and May
 Are now *fiancés*;
 For hearts, not for gudgeon, they angled, I deem.
 And Tom—that unromantic lad—
 To Charlie call a brother's glad;
 While Nellie just wonders to whom will occur
 Metaphorical gooseberry-picking for her.
 Oh, gudgeon and gooseberries, pray you, purvey,
 The fishes, please, real,
 The fruit not ideal,
 At the glad wedding-breakfast of Charlie and May!



Drawn by E. F. Brewinall.]

GUDGEON AND GOOSEBERRIES.

6. RECEIVED 10/10/1914



OVER THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

Sketched by Horace Stanton.

A SEASIDE SANATORIUM.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Ranz des Vaches—simple airs sung to please the cows; a sort of vaccine lullabies—which, when heard by Swiss mercenaries in foreign service, caused them to droop, and even to die, of home-sickness and longing after their native land. It was an unreasonable and inconsistent sentiment; they could not at the same time sell themselves and be masters to sojourn where they chose. But the fact and the feeling are historical. Every self-expatriated Swiss of that epoch could have sincerely sung (had they at that date been composed) Isabelle's couplets in the *Pré aux Clercs*, 'Rendez moi ma patrie, ou laissez moi mourir.'

Perhaps this pining away of the self-exiled Swiss was only an intenser form of the pigeon's attachment to her dovecote, the swallow's return to the familiar eaves under which she built her last year's nest, or the Frenchman's affection for his village steeple, which he can never allow to be out of his sight. In that case it was excusable. As a matter of taste, there may be two opinions; as a question of convenience, comfort, and health, there can be but one. Mountains utterly unproductive throughout a great part of their area; a climate trying from its extreme and sudden contrasts of heat and cold; air, water, diet, or something, tending to produce scrofula, goitre, and idiotism, do not surely constitute an earthly paradise.

Consequently, there are persons (and I am one of them) who have their longings in a diametrically opposite direction. After a month in Switzerland, they have had enough of it, and begin pining and hankering after **THE SEA**. They think of it with that ardent desire which the Germans so vividly call 'sehnsucht.' The wind amongst the branches of the trees recalls to them the voice of the waves. The roaring of the autumnal gale is their suggestive Ranz des Vaches. They are seized (sometimes without knowing what ails them) with sea-

sickness of a special form. They sicken for, instead of being made sick by, the sea. They are sea-sick, as many young folks are love-sick. They suffer, not from nostalgia, but from thalassalgea, if I may coin the word. The sight of a live crawfish wrapped in seaweed (which the railways have exhibited to wondering Switzerland) excites them as the October breezes excite the swallow to be off. They pant to escape from the imprisonment of mountains, and to breathe freely the air of the tide-worn cliff.

At this season, almost every English family who can, goes to the sea-side for a shorter or a longer period. It is a habit or a fashion most desirable to adopt, and when adopted to be persisted in. Instinct suggests the wish, and reason approves of its gratification. People take it as a pleasure trip, and secure health as the result. They do even better and get even more—the prevention as well as the cure of disorders that might otherwise prove mortal in the end. For scrofula and for sundry mysterious diseases really of scrofulous origin, there is only one real specific remedy—that wonder of wonders, the sea. Consequently, a seaside villa, cottage, hovel, hut, or tent, is more than an article of luxury; it is a hospital home, a prolonger of life, a regenerator, often more necessary than is suspected. When Mrs. Purseyveal, the butcher's rich relict, brags and makes a fuss about leaving town to spend the summer at her Cockleshell Cottage, her Calypso's Grot, her Submarine Villa, her Paradise Pavilion, her Neptune's Lodge, or whatever other name she sticks on her green-painted garden gate, many people who laugh at her would find the benefit of doing as she does.

Regrets, they say, are unavailing. It's no use crying over spilt milk. But one thing I do regret; one spilt pot of milk I do cry over, now and then. Once in the course of my life, now some years ago, I might have bought a seaside cottage and garden, in fee simple and freehold,

for the ruinous sum of eight pounds sterling (8*l.*)—and I didn't. It was not a mansion, nor the garden an Eden; but, like Mercutio's wound, it would do. There were four stone walls and a solid roof; the edifice might have been enlarged at leisure. The Eden also might have been extended at a rate as reasonable as the purchase-money asked. I do regret letting slip that opportunity; not because that patch of sandy ground has risen since to the rank of a 'property,' not because a bridge, a road, and a railway station have enhanced its value perhaps twenty fold; but because, up to the present writing, I possess no Cockleshell Cottage or other marine pied-à-terre of my own.

Talk of taking mineral waters! Is not sea water a mineral water? Although its principal mineral components vary a little according to the latitude, the neighbourhood of rivers' mouths, and the distance from the shore, it always contains mainly chloride of sodium, and in smaller quantity sulphates of magnesia and lime, chloride of magnesium, alkaline carbonates, with traces of bromine and iodine, which are very effectual as remedial agents, in spite of the excessively small proportion in which they enter into the composition of the whole. Is not that enough to make mineral water? The tenth part of those ingredients would suffice to make the fortune of a spring.

One of the greatest authorities on this subject—Dr. Constantin James, the same who so narrowly escaped assassination in a railway carriage on the Lyons and Marseilles line—says that sea water is a veritable mineral water; it is even the most mineralised of all waters. The saline principles which it holds in solution are so considerable in volume, that it has been calculated, of course approximately, that they would suffice to cover the whole American continent with a mountain of salt at least five thousand feet high; which is not surprising when we remember that, at certain points, it is some three and twenty thousand feet deep; and if equally spread over the earth's surface, would

cover it with a stratum of water something like seven hundred feet thick. The doctor recommends these figures to those who make the insufficient quantity of water their principal argument against the biblical deluge.

All seas are not equally salt. The saltier they are, the more rapid and energetic is their action on the bodily system; also, the denser, and consequently the more buoyant are they. The saltier a sea is the easier is it to swim in it, as is immediately perceived by whoever bathes in the Mediterranean. One of the freshest or least salt seas known, is the Black Sea, being scarcely half as strong as oceanic waters in general. The circumstance explains itself by the immense volume of the rivers which run into this sea. It also accounts for the difficulties of navigation experienced by the attacking fleets at the siege of Sebastopol. They drew, off the Crimea, more water than they had drawn at Cherbourg or in the Downs. Moreover, the ships not sheathed with copper were perforated, there, by certain worms which cannot live in the saltier waters of the Mediterranean. In the upper part of the Baltic Sea the surface water is fresh enough to drink and to be taken in by ships as their provision for voyages.

The Black Sea, almost inevitably, must one day become completely fresh; as has happened to the so-called Lake Baikal, evidently an inland sea. Else, how explain the presence there of sponges, skate-fish, sturgeon, seals—creatures whose native home is in salt waters, although capable of living in fresh, especially when inured to it by gradual transition? The Baikal has freshened sooner than the Black Sea in consequence of the number and volume of its affluents, which subject its contents to an incessant rinsing, and carry off with them every particle of salt, to deposit it in the Polar Seas. On the other hand, the saltiness of the Mediterranean (which contains three thousandth-parts of salts more than the ocean) is owing to its great loss of fresh water from its surface by evaporation, which would lower its

level, were not the equilibrium maintained by a supply from the ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar. Sea water, moreover, contains another constituent to which analysts pay little attention, but which is not without considerable practical importance; namely, certain organic substances, which M. Bory de Saint-Vincent calls the mucosities of the sea, but which we will simply style the mucus. It is this which causes sea water to putrefy so quickly, producing sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphhydrate of ammonia. It is to the mucus that marine plants and animals owe their smoothness and their slipperiness, and also certain fishes and mollusks their bright and silvery surfaces, which make them look as if encased in mother-of-pearl. To the 'mucosities' are likewise mainly owing the smell, the stickiness, and the nauseous taste of sea water. Its flavour is not simply salt, but bitter and disagreeable, which is owing to the salts of soda and magnesia and to the organic matters just spoken of.

Are we to suppose that this mucus of the sea has no physiological influence? Dr. Constantin James believes that such an opinion would be a very great mistake. 'On the contrary,' he says, 'the mucus represents the essential and in some sort the vital element of the sea, its presence explaining certain phenomena and certain acts which, without it, would be inexplicable.'

Bory de Saint-Vincent asked, 'What is the mucus of the sea? Is it not the universal element of life?'

Michelet, after puzzling himself with the subject, went to consult an eminent chemist, a practical man, at once bold and cautious in his speculations, and, without any preface, abruptly put his question: 'Monsieur, what, in your opinion, is that whitish, glutinous element which sea water presents?'

'It is life, and nothing else.' Then, to give greater clearness to his phrase, he added: 'I mean that it is matter already half organised and completely organisable. But the subject calls for investigation. It has not yet been taken up seriously.'

Leaving the chemist, Michelet

went to a great physiologist, whose opinion is not less authoritative, and put the same question. His reply was very eloquent, and very long. Here is just a little bit of a summary of that long reply:

'We no more know the constitution of sea water than we know the constitution of blood. The best guess we can make about the mucus is that it is at once an end and a beginning—the result of life (not of decomposition), and the sustenance of nascent life.' Without, therefore, beating further about the bush, we will agree with M. Hardy, who calls sea water the very best of mineral waters.

It is also administered in the same way as a beverage. At Berck-sur-Mer, Doctor Paul Perrochaud—about which and whom I have more to tell you shortly, but must proceed with my story in logical order—gives it daily to his little patients there, in the alterative dose of half a beer glass twice a day; and the results have always proved favourable. In these quantities, sea water assists the digestion and manifestly purifies the blood. This was also the practice of the English doctors Buchan and Russell, who invented the sea—as a restorer of health.

So much for its qualities. Allow me half a word as to the supply. Many mineral springs, reputed of great virtue, are scant in quantity. At several of the Pyrenean eaux the water is insufficient for baths *ad libitum*, and has to be 'economised.' The expedients which that necessity may lead to are not particularly pleasant to think of. At some, the great, common, gratuitous piscine or swimming bath, the pool of Bethesda for the poor, is supplied, at least in part, with the contents of the baths of paying bathers. But the sea! *That* reservoir, one would say, contains enough mineral water for everybody. And yet—I fear that some of my readers will think I am stating the thing which is not—there are places in France where you may not take that water without the leave of the customs-men. The object of the prohibition is to prevent people from employing un-

taxed sea water in the place of taxed salt. A lady of my acquaintance, who had a marine aquarium stocked with choice and beautiful sea anemones, was obligingly accorded a written permit to send and fetch water from the sea (not taking too much) whenever she wanted it.

But besides sea water, my merry young friends (whose pa's and ma's have taken them down to the coast) will also find sea air. Sea air does not differ *in itself* from that breathed inland, except by its extreme purity. According to Admiral Fitzroy, ozone more especially abounds in the neighbourhood of the sea, and the winds which blow from the offing contain a larger quantity of it. The constant evaporation from the surface of the sea maintains a certain degree of moisture in the air, which differs from that of continents in being beneficial rather than injurious. And when the winds blow from the sea, which mostly happens, they whip the tops of the waves, and become laden with little drops of sea water reduced to the state of impalpable powder. To be convinced of this, you have only to lick your lips during a seaside walk on a gusty day. At the 'eaux' they reduce mineral water to powder, for breathing, by a mechanical apparatus called a 'pulverisateur.' On the beach kind Nature does it for you gratis.

Now air in this state possesses very powerful curative virtues. Buchan cites cases of catarrhal affections overcome by simply breathing sea air, and a host of other medical writers have testified to its efficacy. At the level of the sea, moreover, the air is more dense than higher up inland. The pressure of the atmosphere is both more uniform and more considerable, and most holiday-makers have experienced the effects of that pressure on the animal economy. All the functions of life become more active, the breathing is deeper and easier, the circulation more regular, the digestion more energetic, the appetite sharp, and thirst less pressing. You eat more and digest better; you are glad to take exercise, and

enjoy it when taken. Really my friend Mrs. Purseyveal was no simpleton when she made the purchase of Cockleshell Cottage, and filled it with all sorts of comforts and curiosities—provided she knew what she was doing.

The peculiar smell perceived at the seaside ought to teach persons even utterly ignorant of medicine that the air there possesses virtues and properties quite different to the air of continents. That smell is difficult to describe—all smells are difficult to describe, except by saying this smell is like that smell; for instance, the flower forget-me-not smells like green gooseberry tart; but it is impossible to forget it after smelling it once. Its cause has been variously explained. The most plausible account of it is this. We have seen that the wind pulverises the tops of the waves; the waves also pulverise themselves by dashing against the rocks or the beach, and rebounding in the form of spray. The billows literally kick up a dust; the air is filled with dusty water. Now this peculiar odour is never more powerful than in stormy weather; and it seems quite natural to attribute it to the impalpable droplets of salt water floating in the air. It is, in fact, the sea itself that we smell.

I should be very wrong not to give the warning that sea air does not suit *all* invalids. So sharp and pure, it cannot fail to be exciting, and consequently injurious for affections of the chest already far advanced, and for those excessively delicate constitutions whom Napoleon used to call 'souls of lace.' Remedies capable of doing a deal of good are also capable of doing a deal of harm. I here confine myself to insisting on the benefits to be derived from the sea in cases of, or tendencies to, scrofula.

'My good sir,' exclaims a lady reader, 'why shock our ears with that ugly word?'

'Because, my dear madam, that ugly word is also an ugly fact, which is not to be suppressed by ignoring it; because, I repeat, to be logical, I cannot tell you my tale of the Seaside Sanatorium without men-

tioning it; and because, madam, if you are not yet a mother, it is possible that you may one day be so. I would not have you as ignorant as a certain mother, whose doings I should disbelieve were they not beyond all doubt.

'Pray what did she do?'

'Little enough. Nothing. But as you ought to know the consequences of doing nothing, oblige me with your attention for a couple of minutes. In the first place, you can make any child scrofulous by a due course of improper treatment. A scrofulous person has been described as a house built of bad materials from top to bottom. It was so in this case. The lady (not of the United Kingdom) held that "when you are rich you are independent." Her independence led her to bring up her children as follows, and to make them perfectly scrofulous. Not being able, or not choosing, to suckle them herself, she gave them from their birth the suck-bottle, an instrument sure to kill delicate children. Disdaining to trouble herself about them, she confided them to a couple of young nursemaids, whose only care was to prevent their squalling; which object they attained by gorging them with pap and questionable milk. To keep them quiet, at three years old they still gave them big suck-bottles full of sugar and water, with which to amuse themselves by day and by night. The poor little weaklings felt none of the benign influence of the master's or the mistress's eye. Consequently, beneath their expensive finery they were always filthy and full of vermin. At three and a half they were sent to school, to get them out of the way. At six or seven half her children, born healthy, had enormous sores at and round their necks. Her independence had given them scrofula, a disease from which both she and her husband were exempt, and which had never been known to occur in their families.'

'What a wicked creature!'

'Call her rather ignorant and thoughtless. Probably she would not have done so had somebody taken the trouble to tell her what I

am now venturing to tell you. I have said that half her children became afflicted; but the other half, although without any decided strumous manifestation, nevertheless presented the type — big-headed, pigeon-breasted, and the rest of it.'

'It might have been that which made them ill.'

'No, no. The aspect presented by scrofulous persons is the effect and not the cause of the disease. It is even observable during the period which may be called its incubation. Everything, with them, is out of proportion. Too short or too tall, too stout or too thin, they seem deficient in that innate force which in other people regulates the course of their growth and moulds every member into proportion and harmony with the rest of their body. The form of their skull is generally singular; the back part largely developed, the forehead low, the neck short, the jaws heavy and protruding, the lips thick. Their features offer striking contrasts. Sometimes the eye is bright and brilliant, sometimes dull and deathlike; one has a rosy and transparent complexion, another's is pale and earthy in hue; some have a luxuriant head of hair, while a greater number are almost bald. Their irregularity of stature is instanced by Albert, who gives in his lectures the case of a lad who remained quite short and little up to the age of fourteen, when he suddenly shot up to six feet four!'

'Extraordinary!'

'Still more extraordinary that, for these strange symptoms and affections, the sea, the blessed sea, should be the remedy, which brings me to the pith of my story. If the rich often suffer from this heavy affliction, what must be the case with the poor? You, my dear madam, if circumstances require it, can take your ailing young folks to the sea; the town-pent artisan cannot. And here the work of benevolence steps in.'

In a paper headed 'Sands of Life,' in 'All the Year Round,' vol. v., first series, we find mention of a good physician, Doctor Paul Perrochaud, then of Montreuil-sur-Mer, France. The paper says: 'Every-

body has his hobby; Dr. Perrochaud's hobby is SCROFULOUS CHILDREN. And why not? A scrofulous child is far more interesting than a healthy child; in fact, a healthy child is uninteresting. It never gives you the excitement of fearing that it should go blind, or should melt away to nothing, or become frightful to behold with abscesses and scars, or be a cripple for life with white swellings and stiff joints, if consumption do not shorten its sufferings. With a healthy child you have no need to sit up o' nights, watching whether the flame of life is to go out speedily or to flicker on a little longer. A healthy child never gives you the pleasure of observing the results of successful treatment—the look that assures a fresh hold on existence, the increasing flesh, the clearer complexion, the smile.

'But if the scrofulous child be also a poor child—the child of parents confined within large cities, or a foundling child in a foundling hospital, fatherless and motherless—our interest in the child increases tenfold. It is a romance in one volume, whose tedious chapters we cannot skip and turn to the end to satisfy our curiosity. Actual life, if we wish to study it, insists on our being unflinching readers; we must follow every individual page before we can arrive at the conclusion. How strong the interest, is proved by the way in which the appetite grows with the indulgence. Dr. Perrochaud began with nursing one scrofulous child; he now has one hundred under his wing: he hopes in a year or two to get some four or five hundred together.'

He has them; but we must not go on too fast. An oak is a fine tree to look at and to have; but it started in life as a simple acorn. The palatial Hôpital Napoléon, which now graces the beach of Berck-sur-Mer, had for its acorn and its origin something much resembling a fisherman's hut. Dr. Perrochaud's sea-side treatment of his own private patients began in 1854; but in 1856, two years afterwards, some rickety foundlings were sent to Berck from Paris by the

Assistance Publique, and MM. Frère and Perrochaud undertook to visit them three times a week. In 1858 they had nothing but cures to register—not a single death—and heaven knows *what* children they were, puny, weakly, exhausted, all but dying.

Here please excuse a short parenthesis. My readers who do know will pardon my informing those who do not, that the Assistance Publique of Paris* is a charitable institution, so wealthy and influential that it may almost be called a power, which relieves the poor of the metropolis, maintains hospitals, besides accomplishing other good works. Its resources may be guessed at from one item of income—the tenth part of the gross receipts (not the profits) of *all* the theatres in Paris *every* night.

The Assistance Publique, then, sent this hopeless lot of poor infants, to be taken in charge by a widow at Berck, to try if the sea could save their lives; and it did. It is a pity, for the sake of my story, that it was not always the same benevolent widow who fulfilled the task; but the first widow, already advanced in years, could not long continue her work. So they were, I may almost say, adopted by another widow, who would do anything for them, except hear them cry; they had only to whine a little and pipe their eye, to get her to permit or to give them whatever their whimsies pleased to exact. And please, reader, if you are a father or mother, isn't spoiling sick children a necessary, and often an effectual part of their medical treatment? At any rate, we all know the results of the opposite mode of treatment—unkindness. Widow Brillard (I like better to call her Marianne) spoiled and cured them so well, that in 1859 the Assistance Publique sent her thirty sick babes, and three Sisters of Charity to help her. The sanatory acorn had taken root and was beginning to put forth promising shoots; it was already something more than a sapling. The Assistance Publique soon built on the

* See 'On the French Stage,' at p. 433 of the May No. of 'London Society.'

shore a wooden hospital containing a hundred beds, which received its little patients in July, 1861. Marianne had then to relinquish her charge: she very unwillingly gave up the delights of being worried all day by one fretful child or another, and having her rest broken half-a-dozen times every night. It is this wooden hospital for poor scrofulous children which was described in the first series of 'All the Year Round.'

The subject might furnish a nursery rhyme. Suppose we try one:--

'There was an old woman, she dwelt by the sea,
And a very good little old woman was she.
{ She took boys and girls that were sick, for her pleasure,
And told them to search on the beach for a treasure;
If they hadn't the strength so far to repair,
Her wheelbarrow merrily trundled them there.
They paddled, and paddled, and frolicked;
and then
Her wheelbarrow trundled them all back again.
"And as to the treasure, my dears," she would say,
"Twill be found, sure, to-morrow, if not found to-day.
The treasure of treasures, the wealthiest of wealth,
The jewel of jewels, my darlings, is Health."
So she gave them good broth with plenty of bread,
She wiped all their noses and put them to bed.'

The wooden hospital, already a tree, bore such satisfactory fruits, that M. Husson, the director of the Assistance Publique, determined to build close by it (not suppressing it) a magnificent hospital of brick and stone, capable of receiving at least five hundred patients, which now is a thing to see. All this took time to effect; but at present it is in admirable working order, with every comfort and every luxury likely to contribute to a cure that wealth and fondness can supply; for the children experience something quite different to *charitable* treatment. The spoiling system, begun by poor old Marianne, and continued in the wooden hospital, is persisted in in the stately establishment at Berck-sur-Mer, which has received the name of the 'Hôpital Napoléon.'

And don't they look happy, those rescued children! 'But where are the *malades*?' I asked, on stepping into the great-boys' school-room. 'These are the *malades*; of course they are getting better fast.' They learn lessons out of pride, rather than through compulsion. Those about to do their first communion (analogous to our confirmation) would be ashamed not to know their catechism. The little ones do much as they like. The hospital is stamped with luxury, beginning with the central church, over whose altar is written the appropriate text, 'Let little children come unto me.' What else but luxury are the patterned pavement, the stained glass windows, the comfortable benches with backs corresponding to the stature of the sitters? Is it not luxury for poor sick children to be able to go from one part of the building to another in glazed corridors decorated with pot plants; to have toys, and Christmas trees, and magic-lantern shows in due season; to bathe in winter in a pool of warm seawater, in a conservatory garnished with flowers; to have *primeurs*, early fruits and vegetables, regularly sent from Paris, meat on fast-days, and fish (for the sake of the phosphates and oil it contains) when *not* commanded by the discipline of their church? Their abstinence consists of four meals a day; and, instead of thin potations, the little toppers quaff generous Abbeville beer. This is the way in which the hospital combats the disastrous effects of insufficient alimentation, which may have been, and often is, one of the causes of the patient's illness.

Berck has a beach composed entirely of sand, whereon you may take a twelve miles' walk, whatever be the state of the tide. No fresh-water streams deposit their mud there. It is naked as far as trees are concerned; but it is sheltered from north and east winds, and not a ray of sunshine is lost. At every tide the sea retires for nearly a mile, and on returning covers the sands with a sheet of limpid water in which you can bathe without the slightest danger, and in which the children can indulge in the romps and duck-

ings which are an essential part of their seaside treatment.

One peculiarity, and also advantage, consists in a number of little hollows or pools, which the peasants call *bâches*, left by the tide. They remain in the same spots, except occasionally when the grand tides of the equinoxes, aided by high winds, change their places. The main point is that *bâches* always exist. As they remain uncovered by the sea for four or five hours between every tide, and are always quite shallow, the water in them, exposed to the sun, rapidly attains a temperature of from 70° to 80° Fahrenheit. They are just the places for children to dabble in, and fish for shrimps and crabs up to their waists in water; and the smarter their clothes, the more they would enjoy spoiling them. I need hardly tell you that the more boys and girls are told not to wet themselves in puddles, the more they persist in doing it. The sanatory advantages derived from this perverse instinct are great. New-come children, as well as those who are too young or too delicate to be allowed to bathe in the open sea, play in the *bâches* without inconvenience, become rapidly acclimatised, and experience a change in their health for the better, under the combined influence of sea air and sea water. In early spring and in autumn, when the sea is too cold to allow of their bathing, the children are taken every day to play in the *bâches*. Dr. Perrochaud has proved the efficacy of this practice by more than seven hundred observations.

In fact, except during the time allotted to meals and sleep, the children are always on the beach, weather permitting, improvising gymnastic feats, and scrambling about the dunes, where they play at taking hip-baths in the warm dry sand. Constantly exposed to the effects of sunshine and sea air, their occupation is, to sleep well all night, and to work hard all day at doing nothing. Nude-footed during summer and lightly clad, these children, so delicate at their arrival, often affected with bronchitis which resist the most careful treatment,

soon get rid of them, and brave the changes of the weather without taking the slightest cold. Add to this, baths twice a day—but very short baths, from three to five minutes at most—half a tumbler of sea water morning and night, a wholesome and nutritious diet, and you have the whole course of treatment followed at Berck.

This treatment is the same for all, except for the new arrivals, who do not bathe in the sea until they are well acclimatised to the shore. In winter, they lead the same sort of life. The children are clad a little more warmly and do not bathe in the sea, and that is all. For some, nevertheless, the cold bath, which they cannot take, is replaced by baths of warm sea water. Often, when a child has taken baths during six weeks or two months, they are interrupted for a fortnight, and then recommenced afresh.

At the beginning of autumn Dr. Perrochaud gives them all cod-liver oil in liberal doses, not as a *medicine*, but simply to supply them with an aliment rich in carbon, which, transformed into animal heat by respiration, enables them to resist the cold. They are, in fact, too puny and weak to furnish of themselves the materials for a sufficiently active respiration; and the injurious effects of cold on the scrofulous are incontestable. True, they might be kept shut up in well-warmed rooms; but in that case, what would be the use of bringing them to the seaside? They must be able to live in the open air at all times; and the means employed by Dr. Perrochaud are certainly the best that can be suggested. The further you advance into the Arctic regions, the more you will find the food of the inhabitants to consist of oil, fish, and fatty matters. The Laplanders, the Esquimaux, and the Greenlanders, live exclusively on animal food and fish oil, of which latter they consume enormous quantities. This diet, at which our strongest stomachs would revolt, enables them to resist extraordinarily low temperatures.

The physiological explanation of the fact is simple. Animal heat is

in direct proportion to the carbonic acid given out by expiration; in other words, to the quantity of carbon burnt within us. This carbon is introduced by our food, and cod-liver oil contains a large supply. No alimentary substance can exclusively replace fatty articles of diet. The oil, therefore, thus administered, allows the children to take open-air exercise in all weathers; and exercise is indispensable in order that the oil be utilised. We thus find ourselves moving in a circle, of which there are many in pathology; the effect becomes the cause, and *vice versâ*. The results are what M. Perrochaud expected. So well do the children resist the winter's cold, that, when they can do it without being observed, they will pull off their shoes and stockings, in order to run about barefoot on the frozen sand.

The results obtained are as rapid as brilliant. In five or six weeks, the children who arrived in a pitiable state of weakness recover fresh vitality. Instead of being dull and indifferent, remaining without budging wherever they are put, they become brisk and lively, and beg to be allowed to play with the others. This transformation—almost this resurrection—is so manifest, that when the Empress visited the hospital in 1864, she wished to put the matter to the test. The children were brought to her altogether. Her Majesty, without making a single mistake, picked out those who had only just arrived at the seaside from those who had enjoyed a longer residence there.

Finally, the object of this paper is threefold: First, to induce even a greater liking than actually exists for seaside holidays, by giving reasons why we ought to indulge that liking. Secondly, to point out to benevolent persons a model seaside sanatorium, which, though specially intended to aid the most helpless members of a civilised community (namely, the sick children of working people, especially

those residing in towns), can easily be adapted to the requirements of adults, whether male or female. Thirdly, to indicate to sufferers and their friends a spot where they will find *every* requisite for their successful treatment—pure sea air, baths, quiet, creature comforts, and first-rate medical advice, if needed. No doubt all those advantages are to be obtained at home; we should be unfortunate indeed were we *obliged* to go abroad to seek them: which does not prevent my speaking, in terms of merited eulogy, of what Berck-sur-Mer has been made, with its magnificent Hôpital Napoléon, by the untiring zeal of Dr. Paul Perrochaud.

Persons desirous of further information, whether official or professional, will do well to consult the following works:—

'Rapport sur les résultats obtenus dans le traitement des Enfants Scrofuleux à l'Hôpital de Berck-sur-Mer (Pas-de-Calais). Par M. le Docteur Bergeron.' Paris, Paul Dupont, Imprimeur de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique, Rue de Grenelle Saint Honoré, 45. 1866.

'Hôpital Napoléon, Fondé sur la Plage de Berck (Pas-de-Calais), pour le traitement des Enfants Scrofuleux. Règlement du Service Intérieur.' Paris, Paul Dupont, 41, Rue J. J. Rousseau (Hôtel des Fermes). 1869.

'De l'influence du Séjour à Berck (Pas-de-Calais) dans le traitement des Scrofules. Par Gaston Houzel, Docteur en Médecine.' Paris, Ancienne Maison Gustave Retaux, C. Pichon-Lamy Successeur, Libraire-Editeur, 15, Rue Cujas (Ancienne Rue des Grès). 1868.

'Notice sur l'Hôpital Napoléon, Fondé à Berck-sur-Mer (Pas-de-Calais).' Paris, Imprimerie Administrative de Paul Dupont, 41, Rue J. J. Rousseau. 1869.

To the third of these especially the present writer is much indebted, with the assistance of his own personal observations.

E. S. D.

GYMNASTICS FOR LADIES.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO A YOUNG LADY
IN THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR CLARA,

I am not, as you know, a Girl of the Period, in the 'Saturday Review' sense of the term, but I confess to being a reasonable person, and in that capacity have naturally considerable sympathy with some of the movements—as they are called—of the day, in which our sex are concerned. And I must add that I think you are mistaken in supposing—as you do in your timid way—that it is unfeminine or unladylike for a girl or a woman to take, to a certain extent, an active part in life. I have no desire to be a doctor or a lawyer; and I thank Heaven that I have no need to be a governess, or a housemaid, or a needlewoman, or anything of that kind—to say nothing of so dismal a position as that of a professional 'companion.' I don't want a vote; though if I held property in my own right, in the position of a spinster or a widow, I should consider myself entitled to such influence in the representation of the country as that property would give me were I man. And this just claim, papa tells me, is certain to be conceded before long. For the rest, I consider Mr. Stuart Mill an embodiment of conscientiousness gone crazy, and his sentimental ideas of woman's rights as so much moonshine. You see I am rather decided in my views; and I look forward to the day—after your promised visit to us in Park Lane—when you will agree with me.

At present you have not recovered from the effects of the absurd training we both experienced at 'Pallas House, Establishment for Young Ladies.' I don't mean to say you are quite what that odious Miss Parallelogram meant to make you. She had the prejudice still common among her class, and had an idea that to be feminine and ladylike was to have nothing but negative characteristics, and to be thoroughly useless to everybody, including ourselves. We could not help getting a little education of a certain kind,

in which what they call accomplishments played the principal part; but anything like ideas was out of the question. And to what a dreary dead level of mental as well as physical deportment did the system threaten to bring us! Miss Parallelogram seemed to consider that every lady ought to be like every other lady, and reduced to as rigorous a modification of mind as of manner and voice. It is unfeminine, she considered, to have decided opinions upon any subject, and even more unladylike to express them; and as for the voice, it must now only be low—that to a certain extent is proper enough—but the language must be minced so as to be scarcely intelligible. I believe that her ideal of a thorough lady resembles those beautifully-dressed dolls in the fashion books who stand upon terraces in ball costumes or pay one another morning visits, holding their parasols as if they were pens, and who always seem to be saying to one another, 'That is a sweet toilet of yours to-day,' or, 'What a charming ball that was last night at the duchess's!' I am sure she thinks that it is not feminine to have feeling or lady-like to have heart; and I suspect that she values her religion principally because it is respectable, induces decorous habits in public, and keeps the common people in order.

To be feminine and ladylike—how I learned to detest those two words!—a girl, according to Miss Parallelogram, must not only forbear from the exercise of her independent intelligence, and be thoroughly helpless in all relations of life apart from conventional society, but must positively not allow herself to appear in too vigorous a state of health. To look very healthy is to look vulgar, according to her idea—as if one were a farmer's daughter,' as she said one day to me, with a little affected shudder at the bare notion. To look pale and interesting she conceived to be the first qualification for being feminine and ladylike;

and I can quite fancy that being feminine and ladylike in her way must be quite incompatible with a physical state of health. I suppose it was to modify our sanitary condition, like everything else belonging to us, that she kept us so much shut up, and allowed us nothing more than the gentlest exercise when we went out of doors. It is true that we had our dancing days—and very glad we were, as I need not tell you, when they came round; and those who so desired, you may remember, went through a little mild calisthenics. But with these exceptions we took our most violent exercise when we practised the proper manner of getting in and out of a carriage—by means of that old rattletrap which was kept in the garden for the purpose.

Miss Parallelogram's ideas of what a lady ought or ought not to do are, in fact, very much like those of the common people themselves; and I met with an illustration of this the other day. A housemaid of ours heard a man in the street singing some old song about 'Under the walnut tree, dance with me' and so forth. It was dreadful drivel, but her objection to it was upon a different ground. 'Like his impudence,' she was heard to say; 'as if any lady would dance under a walnut tree.' I was greatly amused, too, at a remark made by the same girl, when she was sent to some people a few doors off, to see if a parcel for us from Marshall and Snelgrove's had been left at their house by mistake. They are strange kind of people, and would not attend to a message, but told Jane that if her mistress 'would call round' they would answer her. 'So I told her, of course,' added Jane, 'that my mistress would not lower herself by going out in the fog.' Really Miss Parallelogram's sentiments were not much less ridiculous than these.

But I am digressing from my main purpose in writing to you—and I was coming to the point just now, when referring to the preposterous idea that it is not feminine or ladylike to be healthy and active. There is a growing protest against this absurdity in London just now—

and of course I do not suppose that you, in the country, can have carried out Miss Parallelogram's principles to this extent. You have, of course, your regular out-of-door recreations; but you are not likely to be taking to systematic exercises for physical development, such as promise to become general here—and of these I intend giving you some account.

Gymnastics for ladies—it is nothing less than this decided phase of physical training that I refer to—are not so common in this country as on the Continent, in many parts of which they have been taught for some time past. Even in such close proximity as Boulogne-sur-Mer, where we stayed for a few days last year on our way to Paris, there is a gymnasium attached to the Etablissement de Bains de Mer—that is to say, railed off from the public part of the gardens, but by no means shut off from the view of the abonnées who may be lounging about. Here may be seen daily a number of girls, both English and French, engaged in all kinds of athletic exercises performed by means of bars and cords, and swings, and so forth. They are clad very becomingly—and I need scarcely say with every regard to decorum—in costumes much resembling those worn in France for bathing. They are, in fact, as completely clothed as they would be in private life, with the difference that their garments are adapted to gymnastic exigencies, and in one particular partake of the 'knickerbocker' character. I was much struck with the sensible nature of the arrangement, and could not doubt what was told us—that the exercise was very beneficial in its results, and especially valuable to girls of weakly frames and bad physical development. I went inside the enclosure (they would not admit my brother Charles, who was with me, on any account) to see the fun. And fun it evidently was to the girls—who disported themselves, under the direction of the Lady Professor, or whatever she called herself, while their mothers or governesses sat and read or did embroidery. I should certainly have gone into training myself, but we

were *en route*, and I had no time; but I was glad to find, on my return to London, that we are not without establishments of the same kind, though of a more private character; and one of these, in particular, I wish to tell you all about.

I first found it out through seeing the book published by Madame B—— reviewed in the newspapers, which bestowed great praise upon her system, and were loud in their laudations of a gymnastic soirée which she gave last year at the Hanover Square Rooms. I went to see her establishment before getting her book, and so was able to form my opinion at first hand; and in this opinion, derived from experience, mamma cordially concurred.

The house—situate in Bruton Street—is quite a private one, and the lower part of it is devoted to the gymnasium. The course of exercises is very pretty to see. The pupils, of all ages, and attired very much like those at Boulogne, begin with a preparatory exercise, lasting for about five minutes, without any gymnastic appliance—that is to say, they engage in certain carefully-selected ‘steps,’ very slow and simple at first, but gradually quickened, and developing into ‘changes’ more elaborate and amusing. Their object is explained as intended to warm the frame and render it pliable for the second course of instruction.

This is commenced by exercise with the chest expander, which is also rudimentary, and, like the ‘steps,’ analogous to the scales which pupils play on the piano-forte. The chest expander is simply a cord of india-rubber, twenty inches long, with a handle at each end, and warranted not to break with any amount of strain. You can fancy the varied manner in which this is employed—over the head, forward, backward, &c.—for the purpose of exercise; and the movements, I should not omit to add, like *all* the other movements at the gymnasium, are made to the sound of a piano in an inner room, so that the effect is quite festive in character, and thoroughly enjoyable. The next exercise is per-

formed with a wand, between three and four feet in length. This is a further development of the chest expander, being stronger in its effects; and the exercise is performed to slow and quick time. Then come exercises with the wand by two pupils in combination. These movements, of course, give healthy action to a great many muscles, and by contributing to the graceful carriage and development of the arms, ‘enables the pupil’—I here quote from Madame B——’s book, which I have since procured—‘to escape that great detriment to beauty of form, a pointed elbow.’

We are next introduced to the dumb-bell exercise, or, rather, it is introduced to us. The pupils march to an adjoining room—their movements, of whatever kind, are made to music—and return with the instruments in question. ‘Are they heavy?’ I ask. The inquiry is answered with a smile, and I am invited to try one. It is only of wood, and may be borne by a baby. The principal of the establishment, I am told, would be ‘shocked’ at placing in the hands of young ladies heavy appliances intended only for men. One of her leading principles is that there shall be no strain upon the strength of any girl, however weak she may be. The intended objects can be gained without any such dangerous tests. The movements with the dumb-bells exhibit much variety, and the pupils go through them singly and in pairs. The swinging exercise with these instruments, I should mention, is considered of especial value, as giving great freedom and elasticity to the arms and shoulders.

There are also exercises with the ‘bar-bell’—a light bar, with a dumb-bell at each end. These and the foregoing belong to one class of movements: another series is then commenced, affording peculiar opportunities for development towards more elaborate exercises.

This series begins with the ‘rings,’ constructed of mahogany or birchwood, and of size sufficient for two pupils to grasp freely, their respective hands being well apart. Here, again, there is much variety.

One of the most noticeable feats consists in the pupils, conjointly in pairs, making the ring to touch the ground, while keeping the lower part of the body erect; and in reference to the performance with the rings, as well as to gymnastics generally, Madame B—— warns young ladies that they cannot expect to go through such exercises if they incline to the deleterious practice of tight lacing, which, you may be sure, she uncompromisingly condemns.

The club exercise comes next. You need not be startled at the sound, the clubs are quite light, and anybody can manage them. The first performance with these is very similar to that with the dumb-bells, and the swinging movement is considered particularly beneficial in increasing the flexibility of the waist—a great help to grace, as any girl knows from her own observation. One of the prettiest exercises is that which follows, with foils. But you must not suppose that you are taught fencing. The time has not come when ladies need learn to fight, though I would not venture to say that even this may not be required one of these days. At present the movements are very similar to those employed in the game of 'Les Graces.' The development which it gives to the body would surely please Mr. Ruskin himself, who, you remember, tells the fathers and mothers of England that their first duty is to look after the physical perfection of their female offspring, if only for the object of beauty, with which health goes hand in hand.

The swing exercise introduces us to a more elaborate part of the curriculum, in which the entire frame is engaged. The swings are very elaborate affairs, and the swingers use them, holding on by their hands, sometimes with their feet in stirrups, sometimes without, and in various ways which—as the critic said of the young ladies' songs—are 'too tedious to mention.' I thought it capital fun, as I have since found it to be; and one advantage is that if you happen to lose your hold, you have not to fall far, and even then alight comfort-

ably upon an elastic mattress, so that the idea of danger is absurd. 'Climbing exercises' belong to a still more advanced stage. You may guess the kind of exercises these are from the nature of the appliances, which are ropes with wooden rings at intervals, rope ladders, and ropes with stirrups. The young ladies, I need scarcely say, do not climb poles, like a sailor or a monkey; and in these, as in other exercises, precision is secured, and safety therefore increased, by the movements being gone through in musical time. The same may be said of the 'jumping, leaping, and trapeze exercise,' which conclude the series. These sound rather alarming, and suggest the idea of female Blondins, and so forth. But there is nothing in them that need scare anybody who has gone through the preceding part of the curriculum, and of course no young lady is obliged to go through any exercise to which she may object. Pupils stand out whenever they please, and 'skip' whatever they please—that is to say, what does not please them.

The word 'skip' reminds me that in an early stage of the exercises the girls skip in reality—with a skipping-rope. This is very pretty to see, and not very easy to do, considering that the piano is going all the while, and that 'time' waits for nobody. The same remark applies to battledore and shuttlecock, which are practised in a similar way, and also to the hoop exercise. The latter is used to make the girls walk well, and marching, with a hoop to manage, to the sound of music, must effect this purpose if anything can. You would laugh to see these juvenile games, conducted with all the order and discipline here displayed, and with a thorough sense of enjoyment, as is evident to the observer.

I should not forget one use to which the gymnastics are put. There is a special exercise for weak pupils, or those with deformed spine—patients I suppose I must call them in this case. The appliances are adopted from the National Orthopædic Hospital in Great Portland Street, and of course have the sanc-

tion of that Institution. Madame B—— has found them to be highly successful in two cases to which she especially refers.

There is one point, however, that I particularly like in Madame B——'s professions, as contained in her book—she does not profess too much. She is all for gentle and progressive means. It is not practicable, she says, to strengthen weakness, and restore the balance of the human frame, by precipitate action—by any storming of the enemy's camp, in fact. The means taken to gain the end are: First, the avoidance of fatigue as to the exercises themselves; second, the recognition of amusement in connexion with these exercises. So long, and so long only, says Madame B—— frankly, as gymnastics can be made a pleasure to all who practise them, have they any value. How pleasant it is to have enlightened sentiments like these, as opposed to Miss Parallelogram, who imposed that dreadful 'back-board,' supposed to do us good—as a punishment for misconduct! But worse things than the back-board are advocated by cleverer persons than Miss Parallelogram. Thus, we are told, a writer on the subject has advocated—fancy this for young ladies!—the wearing of an iron crown, of from three to a hundred pounds in weight, as a specially important means of educating the pupil into dignity and uprightness of carriage. As an additional recommendation, it seems, this sublime invention is spoken of as conveniently and comfortably padded, besides being charmingly painted and filigreed, to suit the taste of the unhappy wearer! Padded or filigreed, or not, the device is simply diabolical, and no doctor would doubt its injurious effect upon the brain. I suppose the idea has been derived from pictures of Indian women, who gain so much of the grace which belongs to their movements from the habit of carrying water jars on their heads. But the water jars are far from heavy, and any good they do in this way may be best effected by the lightest possible objects. The effect is pro-

duced—as papa says, who has seen hundreds of such girls in India—not by the weight, but from the balancing of something, whatever it be, upon the head, which undoubtedly conduces to the graceful carriage of the body. But there is really no need for any influence of this kind, which is after all only an indirect one, and cannot be supposed to bring the body into actual exercise. It does not appear that the carrying of anything on the head—even so mild an object as a teapot—enters into the gymnastic curriculum referred to, which seems to me, and to mamma also, complete without any such adjuncts. A leading principle which it exhibits is in prescribing a special class of exercises for ladies, who cannot be expected to go through the feats performed by men, even were it desirable that they should do so, and in making a distinction between ladies and ladies as regards their physical capacities and requirements. Exercises which may suit one girl may not suit another, and individuals are separately provided for here in Bruton Street, as well as the sex generally. I need scarcely add that the gymnasium belongs to ladies alone, and that you are not likely to meet a man on the premises unless he happens to be a doctor.

There, my dear Clara, I have told you all I know—or, at least, all that is essential—concerning the latest practical development of the ideas concerning the physical education of girls which have been for years past urged by Mr. Ruskin and others. It is difficult to get people who do not make themselves acquainted with the practice, to agree even to the theory of the matter. But some are of course enlightened, like myself and mamma, for instance, and the other patrons of the gymnasium; and foolish people, in this respect, are becoming sensible by degrees. Some persons still seem to think the exercises unfeminine and unladylike—they cling to the pet words of Miss Parallelogram—but upon what grounds? To put an analogous case. There is no prejudice against young ladies riding

on horseback—nobody, I am happy to say, has tried to take from me my beautiful Gazelle, who carries me in the Row in such a way that I am always in danger of being taken up—by those odious mounted police—for the fashionable offence of furious riding. Now I would give up all the gymnasia in the world for my horse; but I am bound to say that, had I to sit in judgment as a dispassionate person—which I am not, and never shall be—between riding and gymnastic exercises, I should pronounce the former just as feminine and ladylike—you see I cannot avoid those unpleasant words—and far less dangerous of the two. It is mere nonsense for girls who go through as hard work in the saddle as their grooms, to complain of gymnastic exercises as too violent; and the question of danger resolves itself into this—that the gymnasium ‘appliances’ can’t run away, while the horses can. Moreover you must be in public to enjoy a ride, while even that proverbially difficult person known as ‘the most delicate lady,’ may be sure of privacy—as far as the other sex is concerned—at the gymnasium. Of the two things, I repeat, give me the horse; but the

alternative is not necessary. The two are pleasures apart, and those are most happy who can partake of both. My object in comparing them is simply to put to shame those who may possibly approve of riding, but consider gymnastics—once more let me use the words—unfeminine and unladylike.

I know, my dear Clara, that when you come to town a very short experience will lead you to agree with me in this, as in most other matters. Your education ended at Pallas House, and has therefore been much neglected. Mine, under happier influences, has happily developed in a rational manner, though if some people call me a Girl of the Period, in a ‘Saturday Review’ sense, I can only—in the language of my brother Charles, who is practising for Parliament—hurl back the insinuation with the contempt it deserves. Do, dear Clara, come to us as soon as you can, and put my ideas to the test. Bonnets are worn—— [We suppress the remainder of the letter, as likely to convey little information to the public].

Believe me, always,
Your attached friend,
AMABEL.

IN CLOVER.

I’VE made myself a nest
Where the grass is all in flower,
Where the wild rose sheds its leaves,
Where the great ox-daisies tower.
I watch the butterfly
Roam all the wide field over,
As lazily I lie
For once at least in clover.
The swallows skim and dip
Around me and above me;
The wild doves in the copse
Murmur as if they love me.
I hear a voice once dear
In every blackbird’s whistle,
And even in the chirp
Of the goldfinch on the thistle.
I am lord of these domains
For a summer hour at least,
And I bid the fairies come
To the revel and the feast.

From the honeysuckle's bloom,
 From the bell of the foxglove swaying,
 From the cup of every flower
 Where the little elves are playing.

My pipe by my lazy hand
 Burns like a gunner's fuse,
 When the dead men trampled lies;
 And see, there over my shoes
 The ants, an eager host,
 Are bent upon invading,
 Fierce, ruthless, hot, and keen,
 For conquest and crusading.

Between the wiry stalks
 Of grasses gaily dancing
 I see shy creatures peep,
 And fairies' quick eyes glancing;
 Small monsters climb and pry
 Upon the cowslip blossom,
 Clinging like sailor boys
 When the sou'-westers toss 'em.

The dragon-fly with wings
 Of silver gauze is darting;
 The midges circling waltz
 In greedy anger parting.
 In the brook that near me flows
 The yellow lily's swimming,
 Where just beyond the mill
 The fuller stream is trimming.

Close by me in the field
 The dappled cows are browsing,
 And there on the king-cups gold
 The sleeping bee is drowsing.
 As the fairies will not come,
 At least in any number,
 I'll steal just half an hour
 For a little dreamy slumber.

I feel like a man enchanted
 By these summer sounds and sights;
 Titania, come to me,
 Crowned with thy glowworm lights.
 Come in the sunlight dim,
 And kiss me as I'm sleeping;
 Already thy fairy guards
 Their secret watch are keeping.

I fall from cloud to cloud,
 Down a precipice of dreams;
 Deeper than ever Vulcan fell—
 I see strange lands and streams;
 When all at once soft lips touch mine
 (It's a fact that I am stating),
 And the sweetest voice you ever heard
 Says, 'Darling, tea is waiting.'

Dorking, 1870.

WALTER THORNBURY.

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS BELTRAVERS AND HER ADMIRERS.

THERE was no handsomer house at Garden Reach than that occupied by Mrs. and Miss Beltravers. Garden Reach is the Richmond of Calcutta, and a few years ago, before a certain deposed prince had invaded the place with a townful of followers, was the favourite suburban residence of the Calcutta people, whose villas, with gardens sloping down to the waters of the Hoogley, were the pleasantest objects seen by new arrivals in the river. Between acquaintances made on the journey out, and a few found ready made in Calcutta, those ladies were, not long after their landing, surrounded by a very fair selection of society. The *burra bebes* of the City of Palaces were a little—what shall I call it, shy?—in the first instance, of the new comers, who might be well known in the Mofussil, they said, but had no recognised status in the Presidency, and occupied the anomalous position of being their own protectors. People did not exactly say that it was not quite respectable to die, so they handsomely excused the late Mr. Beltravers; but they seemed to infer that it was not quite *comme il faut* for the two ladies to be left to themselves, and they had heard that there was some mystery connected with Mrs. Beltravers, who, it was whispered, had formerly occupied a dependent position in the house of her husband. The latter supposition led, as may be supposed, to some critical consideration of her fitness for the rank she now assumed. There was certainly a something about her manner that was not quite right, remarked one fair critic; a kind of *je ne sais quoi*, remarked another, with suggestive felicity; a little underbred in tone, enforced a third, venturing nearer to the point. The fact was, that there was nothing in Mrs. Beltravers's manner to warrant any such ideas. It was in every respect that of a highly-bred lady; it had never been questioned in the capitals

of Europe; and I suspect that even in Calcutta, where people are accustomed to a certain pattern style, it would never have been questioned but for the lady's beauty; and it must be admitted that both Mrs. and Miss Beltravers were highly aggressive in this aspect, and owed an explanation, as strangers, of what they meant by it. But for their wealth they would, I dare say, have been even more sharply questioned; but money is an element of respectability in Calcutta, as in other places, and after all nobody could find anything to say directly against them. They were let down therefore very gently; but it is probable that their house would have been principally frequented by men, but for the care which Sir Norman Halidame took to find them a few friends to begin with. There was a difference of opinion, by the way, concerning Sir Norman himself; for a certain scandal concerning him was revived by a few old stagers, women as well as men, and a few heads were virtuously shaken when his name was mentioned. However, men are privileged to create scandal to a certain extent, and a handsome man who happens to be a baronet is not quite out of the pale of pardon. Sir Norman, too, was all right at Government House, and when he told the aides-de-camp that they must call upon the Beltravers' on behalf of the lady of that august mansion, who had been called upon herself in due course, they called as became them, and were charmed with the new arrivals, as became them also. An invitation to dinner followed with Indian punctuality, and the Governor-General's lady, superior to feminine jealousy, was as charmed with her guests as the aides-de-camp themselves, and her impressions were shared to the fullest extent by the Lord Sahib. So in a short time Mrs. and Miss Beltravers became the *môde* in Calcutta, and when people are the *môde*

they can do as they like. The ladies did as they liked accordingly, and nothing more was said, whatever may have been thought, to their detraction. They gave the pleasantest parties, and everybody came to them, and their parties were not merely *burra khanas*, but pleasant little intimate tiffins, and still more pleasant and wonderfully well-managed picnics, and they even ventured with impunity upon balls, which are hazardous in a place like Calcutta to new comers, as they must be well attended if they are to result in anything else than a breakdown. But Mrs. and Miss Beltravers carried all before them, and after a very short time nobody ventured to make the vaguest allusions to their manner, or their style, or to talk any feeble foolery about the *je ne sais quoi* which had puzzled some of the *burra bebes* in the first instance.

Among the most constant visitors to the house were Sir Norman Halidame and the irrepressible Mr. Milward, and certain reports as to their probable relations towards the ladies had of course landed with them after the overland journey. But it would have been difficult for anybody to have detected any change in the position of either of those gentlemen in respect to their fair friends. They were both apparent favourites with the ladies, and were privileged persons to a certain extent; but beyond this it was not easy to assign them a place, and they agreed together, after a few differences, much like a couple of domestic animals who, competitors for favour in the same establishment, exercise towards one another a wise toleration. That a person of Mr. Milward's decided temperament should have submitted to this indignity seems strange; but I suppose he had good reason for submission; and as for Sir Norman, he was so shamefully weak that a lady whom he loved could play with him as she pleased.

Constance Beltravers did play with him, I am afraid. Few men would have endured her treatment, in fact. A Spaniard or an Italian, with half the provocation, would

have fought a dozen duels in sheer desperation, and frightened her into an avowal of one kind or another. But Englishmen—whose affections must be as strong as those of Spaniards or Italians—bear capriciousness much more calmly; and Milward, for his own sake, I fancy, and Halidame, for the sake of his lady love, certainly bore a great deal. They were both very foolish, you will say. Perhaps they were; but our foolish days are the happiest in our lives, and no sensible man will be wise until he is made so.

This kind of thing would continually happen. Sir Norman would call in the morning and offer to ride with Constance on the course in the afternoon. Constance was a magnificent rider, and never looked so well as 'in her habit as she lived' on horseback. She would be delighted to accept his services, but would ride away from him if she felt so disposed with another cavalier—an aide-de-camp or anybody else who might interpose after they were on the ground—and rejoin him only in time to be taken home or put into the carriage; and as Mrs. Beltravers did not ride she was not always able to restrain this kind of wilfulness. Constance treated him in the same manner at balls and picnics, which set in to a mild extent with the cold weather, and made him occasionally the most miserable of men. But there must have been a good understanding between them all the time, or Sir Norman would have taken the dignified part of leaving her to do as she pleased.

'If she be not made for me,

What care I how fair she be?'

he would certainly have said. But misery of a certain kind is a luxurious feeling, and Sir Norman liked it, I suppose, as some men do—with its compensations.

CHAPTER XL.

CROSS PURPOSES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

Upon all public occasions about this time Constance was *insaisissable* for serious conversation. She flattered about like a bird, and you

could not make her say what she meant even when you got her upon a bough by herself. Such at least was Sir Norman's experience. But he had some consolation in finding that, when alone with him, she was more quiet and confidential than upon more public occasions. Yet one would fancy that the crowd of her surrounding pleased her more. She was bright and animated with them as she was not with Sir Norman, and with nobody did she seem more at home than with Milward, whom she ill-treated continually, and of late professed to detest. But there are some people who are not to be put down by mere detestation, and Milward was one of these. His cynical nature, which saved him from feeling, saved him perhaps from seeing also. It is certain that he endured with equanimity as many rebuffs as would have driven Halidame to desperation. And yet, in the long run, he appeared on far better terms with the young lady than his rival. Upon countless occasions when Halidame was estranged through some previous misunderstanding, Milward was found cheerfully to the front, and, whatever mortification he might have received, showed no signs of discomfiture. His temperament seemed to suit that of Constance, who hated being 'taxed,' as she said, about her conduct, and, for purposes of social intercourse, preferred people who gave her no trouble. Milward never 'taxed' her, and he nearly always answered her, for he said ill-natured things of everybody in the pleasantest possible manner; seldom resorted to such dull subjects as literature and art, and never made her think about such things as poetry and romance—'which are all very well in books,' she said, 'when one is alone on a dull morning, but are a dreadful bore in society. Besides, when people begin by talking poetry and romance they always end by talking love. And I hate love—it compromises one so; and besides, if society is worth anything it ought not to leave one time for it. It is quite time to think about love when one is tired of everything else.'

Constance developed these views more particularly to Mrs. Beltravers one morning when those ladies were seated in the drawing-room awaiting some friends whom they expected to tiffin. They had more tiffin than dinner parties, by the way, like most of the English in India who are socially inclined and can do what they please with their time.

Constance had been particularly cool on the previous night to Sir Norman, who was plainly piqued, inasmuch as he had just sent a note of excuse instead of coming, as he had promised, to the tiffin. The young lady seemed a little mortified when the note arrived—for she never felt flattered at people forsaking her society, and had a horror of loneliness above all things. But she saw herself—through the medium of an opposite mirror—looking so beautiful that it was impossible to care about a mere man being out of temper. And Constance was not one of those forms of life and light who look extremely well at night, and at no other time. On the contrary, the daylight became her best—in Calcutta at any rate. For the soft air gave transparency to the delicacy of her complexion, and softness to the brilliancy of her eyes. And the ladies could endure a stronger test than many of their sex in India, who, in shutting out the heat, are too apt to shut out the light at the same time, so that they can scarcely see to read. Moreover, the month was January, and the 'cold weather' was at its height—in token of which all the windows were open to admit the genial air, and an apology for a fire was actually burning in the grate!

Both ladies were indeed looking their best, and their presence would have lent a grace to a less charming indoor scene. A Calcutta drawing-room is a very pleasant apartment when people do not try to rob it of its local characteristics, and make it uncomfortably English. That of Mrs. Beltravers was a pattern of its kind—it was so large and so lofty; and so airy, also, now that the *jilmls* were all opened, and established a communication with the

verandah—the matting on the floor was so cool and clean—and the furniture, though padded, and luxurious, and European, had the advantage of not being crowded. There were fewer purely ornamental accessories than would be found in a drawing-room at home; but the cause of symmetry was assisted thereby, and any requirement on the score of knick-knacks was amply compensated by flowers, which were simply everywhere.

Constance was half reclining on a sofa, pretending to read, and had just made the gratifying discovery already mentioned, when Mrs. Beltravers, who, attracted by the noise of wheels, had gone for an instant into the verandah, noticed, on her return, the direction of the young lady's glance, and guessed instinctively what was passing through her mind. So she said—

‘Yes, you certainly are looking very well to-day, Constance, and it is a great pity that Sir Norman is not coming to see you.’

Constance was by no means discomposed by the preliminary hint contained in this remark. She thought it quite as natural for a young lady to admire herself as for other people to admire her.

‘The idea did occur to me,’ she said, quietly, ‘that this was one of my best days; but I wish you would not always tease me about Sir Norman.’

‘I do not want to tease you, my child; but you must see what I have so frequently pointed out, that he is devoted to you, and I think that you ought to make him a more gracious return.’

‘I am sure I am good natured enough to him—sometimes at least.’

‘Yes, but at others you are positively cruel. Last night, for instance, you almost cut him for the entire evening. And the idea of giving the preference to a person like Mr. Milward is to me something absurd. I am very sorry that his regiment is quartered in the Fort—I was in hopes that he was going up country—and quartered here or not I should certainly not ask him to the house but that you wish it.’

‘Mr. Milward only amuses me. I do not care about him in the least.’

‘So I have always supposed; and the fact makes your patronage of him more puzzling. On the other hand, Sir Norman is one of the handsomest, most amiable, and most accomplished persons I know. He is a baronet, moreover, and an excellent match for any woman who is not obliged to marry for mere money—and that I would never wish you to do, even if you were poor instead of rich. He would marry you at any time if he saw a chance—indeed he has said as much to me—and he will be heartbroken if you throw him off.’

Constance blushed slightly—she was never betrayed into blushing farther than this.

‘I have told you before, mamma,’ she said, with some petulance, ‘that I do not want to throw off Sir Norman. I admire him, I regard him, I think I—but you must not ask me to tell you all—and why do you want me to marry at once when I would rather wait?’

‘My dear child, I have no wish to make you marry anybody, or to marry at all before you feel inclined. But if you care for Sir Norman—and there is no doubt he cares for you—why should you not encourage him to come to the point—which I know he is quite ready to do—and make an engagement? a long engagement if you prefer it, though I think short engagements are usually preferable.’

‘An engagement—and a long engagement! That is what I particularly detest! No, no, when I engage to marry it shall be to marry at once. I have no idea of going about in society as somebody's *fiancée*. One is considered as nothing but a bore—people are afraid to talk to you—you have no fun at all—and your companion in absurdity, who is always at your elbow of course, assumes the privilege of giving himself airs, of lecturing, and quarrelling if he pleases, and even of being jealous—before you are married to him.’

‘In my time people always thought courtship the pleasantest

part of their lives. Is it possible that a girl can object to have the man she loves constantly about with her, and making her an object of worship before all the world?’

‘Ah, that is pleasant enough in sound, but it is inconvenient—you are obliged to be so formal to everybody else.’

‘But everybody else should not be taken into consideration in such a case. You should live for the man alone—and be as devoted to him as he is to you.’

‘Yes, and that is just what I object to. I confess, for a time at any rate, that I like to be admired by all the world.’

‘And to let all the world know that you like their admiration?’

‘Well, if you please to put it so—yes. There are not many years of our youth in which we can enjoy society, and I like to make the most of them.’

‘I am afraid, my child, that you are not in love—at least that you are in love only with society—and in that case I would not advise you to pretend otherwise. But I confess I should have liked to have seen you married to Norman Halidame—and I fear that in your present disposition you will miss the chance.’

Again there came a flush upon the delicate cheek of Constance; but that young lady was far from being convinced.

‘I like my liberty, mamma, that is all,’ she said, ‘so pray do not press me just now about Sir Norman.’

So the conversation dropped; and presently there came in two or three men to tiffin. Milward was of the number, and there was the addition—for the first time—of Windermere. Windermere had naturally made the acquaintance of the ladies on board the ‘Zuber dust;’ but he was the friend of Mrs. Beltravers rather than of Constance, to whom he had never paid any attention beyond the commonest of social courtesies. He and Mrs. Beltravers, indeed, were great friends, and his manner to her was so respectfully serious as to be almost tender.

Could it be, asked Constance of

herself, observing the care with which Windermere took Mrs. Beltravers down to the dining-room, that he has pretensions in that direction? Constance did not care for Windermere more than she did for many other men, but she did not feel flattered at his marked preference—she had exclusive ideas in reference to attentions paid in her presence.

Perhaps it was the result of her previous conversation with Mrs. Beltravers—perhaps Windermere’s insensibility to her claims to homage had something to do with it—but the fact was that Constance was not so agreeable a person at tiffin as it was her wont to be. Milward tried to make himself amusing as usual, but she would not be amused; and when that gentleman assumed a little of what he considered his privilege, and attempted to take possession of her in dictatorial style, she fairly put him down. That is to say, she intended to put him down; but Milward had no idea of such a process being intended for him, and remained unscathed. So Constance had to put him down again, and this time the work was performed so effectually that—while everybody else had no doubt on the subject—even the gentleman concerned gained a dim idea that perhaps he was not in such high favour with the lady as he had supposed.

While the party were taking coffee, and talking of their impending rides or drives, a horseman pulled up in the compound—he was just visible from the dining-room, which opened upon the verandah—and the next minute he was among them. It was Sir Norman, who had changed his mind. I suspect he had repented of his pique, and had come to make matters up. The idea must have occurred to Constance, for a roseate tint made its appearance upon her face for the third time that day; and she was visibly pleased at the baronet’s presence.

‘I had forgotten when I engaged to come to tiffin,’ said he, ‘that I was obliged to go to the—th mess; but I got away as soon as I could;

and I thought,' added he, quietly to Mrs. Beltravers, 'that Constance—that is Miss Beltravers—would like to ride this evening.'

He had made a much more vague excuse in his note of the morning for his absence at tiffin. It is curious that the mess engagement had not occurred to him. However, no notice was taken of the fact; and Constance, to whom the appeal was presently made, said she would be delighted with his escort—and she looked as if she meant what she said.

Mr. Milward was not asked to be of the party; but he excused himself very graciously by the announcement that he was engaged at the Racquet Court, where there were great expectations of his success in a match.

I have said that Constance never looked better than when mounted, and this evening she looked more than herself. Had she not been a finished horsewoman she would have disappointed everybody who saw her mount. If she had but an intelligent person to put her up—and Sir Norman excelled in this delicate accomplishment—she was ready to start in a moment. There was no struggling into her proper position in the saddle; her habit never wanted pulling about; and the bridle fell between the proper fingers as if it met them half way. She had never been known to drop her whip, even to get a particular somebody to pick it up. She drew the line between legitimate and illegitimate flirtation of the kind. Her bouquet and her fan were always falling into other people's way, but she was never guilty of nonsense in connection with her *cravache*. I mention this little matter as indicating the high principle by which Constance governed herself—when she chose.

As Miss Beltravers rode off towards the eternal 'course,' accompanied only by Sir Norman, there were few men in Calcutta who would not have envied her cavalier.

When she returned it was nearly dark—twilight is so brief in the East—and Mrs. Beltravers, who had

been taking a solitary drive, had already arrived. Sir Norman helped her to dismount, and then, after a few words of adieu, accompanied by what seemed an unusually cordial shake of the hand, mounted again himself, and waiting to see her disappear among the servants on the threshold, cantered out of the compound.

Two minutes after Constance was in Mrs. Beltravers's dressing-room—her hat and whip were on the floor, and she was folded in the arms of that lady.

Mrs. Beltravers guessed what had happened. 'So you have been a good girl,' she said; 'Norman has——'

'He has—he has,' cried Constance.

'I congratulate you, my love, sincerely, and have every hope for your happiness.' Then came kisses.

'But I don't know, I am not sure—I was taken by surprise—I said——'

'What did you say? Surely you did not——'

'Oh, I don't know what I said at first—but, at last, I said *perhaps*!'

Mrs. Beltravers smiled, and then came more kisses.

CHAPTER XLII

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE PRESIDENCY CLUB.

Sir Norman rode from Garden Reach to the Presidency Club in the Chowringhee Road. There he found Windermere, who gave him an unexpected piece of news.

'I am waiting here,' he said, 'in hopes of seeing your brother Cecil, who, I suppose you know, is in Calcutta. We are old acquaintances, as I dare say you are aware.'

Sir Norman was so occupied with himself, and the dream of happiness into which he had entered, that he did not immediately notice the announcement. Then on a sudden its full significance came across his mind.

'Cecil in Calcutta? Cecil here? Do I understand you aright?'

There was no mistaking the unwelcome nature of the communication which had been made.

'I should be sorry, indeed, if you did misunderstand me,' said Windermere. 'I mentioned your brother under the impression that you would be glad to see him. Pray pardon me if I was unaware of any reason to the contrary.'

'There is nothing to pardon, my dear sir,' replied Sir Norman; 'there have been some family differences, and Cecil and myself are not on the best of terms; we are amicable enough when we meet, but we do not meet more often than we are compelled.'

'Ah, these things are unpleasant. It is to be hoped that you will be better friends some day. Of course I have nothing to do with family matters, and have always liked what I have seen of Cecil. His frank good-nature is very taking, and there is no mistaking the open honesty of his character.'

Sir Norman had his own opinion as to his brother's special gifts, but he merely said—

'Ah, no doubt Cecil has his good points; it would be hard if we had not all of us a few. When is the next mail in, by the way—the English mail?'

'It is due in two or three days. This is Wednesday—Saturday, I think, is the day. Are you expecting friends?'

'One; or, I may say, two. Captain Pemberton, my colleague on the direction of the Great India Amelioration. You may remember meeting him in the city when you first joined us. He is a fine fellow—one of the most honourable men I know. He brings his daughter with him; but I do not know the lady, though Pemberton and myself are old friends. He lived rather in retirement of late in London, and did not take his daughter about, but she is reported to be of great beauty.'

Windermere sighed, and changed the subject. He hated to talk of beautiful women, somehow, of late.

Sir Norman would not stay at the club to dine, for reasons of his own, in which I suspect his brother was somewhat concerned. Where he did dine, or whether he dined at all, I am unable to say. He was

very happy, and went to his own rooms at Spence's to have his happiness all to himself.

The next man whom Windermere encountered was another of the arrivals by the preceding mail—no other than our friend Mr. Manton. Windermere had met him, with his wife, out at a *burra khana*.

'I am not aware where you are staying,' said Windermere, after they had exchanged a few common-places, 'or I should have done myself the honour of paying Mrs. Manton a visit.'

People in India lose no time in getting through the preliminary courtesies of acquaintanceship. In England, a couple of men who had so little in common might have met about for years without exchanging any ceremonials of the kind.

'We have rooms at Spence's for the present, and I dare say shall not change while in Calcutta, for I am off to Rangoon very shortly with a staff appointment—lucky to get one so soon; am I not?'

The fact was that Lucy had, a few evenings before, made such an impression upon a great man that he had placed his patronage at her husband's disposal on the spot. There was a slight condition attached to the preferment—that its holder passed a certain examination; but he was allowed six months to do it in, and a man can pass anything in six months, as Mr. Manton complacently observed.

Reverting to domestic arrangements, the new recipient of official honours observed—

'If you happen to come to us after the mail comes in on Saturday, you will have the advantage of seeing, not only my wife, but one of the most charming girls you ever met in your life.'

Why *would* men talk to him of charming girls? However, Windermere made a decent pretence of being interested, and inquired who she was.

'Miss Pemberton,' was the answer. 'They—that is to say, she and her father—are London friends of my wife's. Captain Pemberton does not stay in Calcutta, but goes up country immediately for some company he

belongs to ; and we are to take care of the young lady as long as we remain here. She is certainly a beautiful girl, and you will hear everybody talking of her by this day week. In the meantime I could tell you a great deal about her if I dared—it's a romantic story ; you'd never believe it.'

Windermere did not seem to appreciate this decided advantage enjoyed by the story, or he would probably have been told all about the great actress at the Imperial Theatre, and have been favoured besides with a full account of the plot of 'Love and Liberty ; or, the Daughter of the Doge.' For Manton, who had promised to keep the secret, was seized with a feverish desire to impart it. But Windermere gave him no encouragement to confidence. His mind was so full of Miss Mirabel that he could muster up no curiosity concerning any other lady. What a pity that he was not of more frivolous temperament!—he would have learned a secret that he burned to possess ; he would have been raised from the dull earth of despair to the brightest heaven of hope. As it was, he was left with the mere general idea—entirely uninteresting to a man in his condition—that a 'new spin' (Anglo-Indian for spinster), was to be added to the attractions of Calcutta society.

Windermere was, indeed, already reproaching himself for having so hastily left England. But he had—as we have heard it hinted—already exaggerated his leave, and a longer stay at home would have necessitated his resignation of the service. For he had such persistently good health—was so blooming, and cheerful, and strong—that a sick certificate was a contingency not to be thought of. (What nonsense people at home talk about the Indian climate ! Most men who know 'Indians' at all, know dozens like Windermere, as far as health is concerned.) And Windermere, being a man of ambition, was but ill disposed to abandon the career to which he was committed, albeit contemptuous of its pecuniary recommendations. And, moreover, he had heard a rumour in London that the

new actress had abandoned the stage in order to proceed to India, and he had a vague hope that he might be destined to meet her in his official home. You or I would of course have instinctively guessed that Miss Pemberton and Miss Mirabel were one and the same person ; but poor Windermere, I suppose, was made obtuse by his infatuation.

The London rumour about Miss Mirabel, you see, was well founded. And there came a rumour to the Presidency Club, while Windermere and Manton were yet talking ; which had equally good authority. The latter rumour was that Sir Norman Halidame was engaged to be married to Miss Beltravers. That such was the fact we happen to know, despite Constance's uncertainty upon the subject ; but how it had got to the club in a couple of hours is a mystery that I do not pretend to solve. In cases of political difficulty, bazaar gossip is supposed to fly faster than telegrams, and it must do so, or news of mutiny or rebellion could never have travelled in the way it has sometimes done anywhere between Peshawur and Calcutta. But it is surely something equally, if not more, marvellous, that a conversation between a lady and a gentleman, which took place without witnesses while both were riding on the course at six o'clock in the evening, should be perfectly well known, in its result, all over the Presidency Club by eight. Sir Norman had certainly not mentioned the matter to a human being ; Miss Beltravers as certainly had mentioned it to nobody but Mrs. Beltravers ; Mrs. Beltravers had seen not a person since to whom she could have communicated it, even had she so desired. The servants of the hero and heroine were on foot, as Indian syces always are, and both lady and gentleman, you may be sure, had ridden well away from them before they began to talk upon personal subjects. Who could, then, have invented the rumour ? I cannot say. All I know is that it arrived at the Presidency Club with the punctuality that rumours always arrive at clubs all over the world—

and that in this particular instance it happened to be true.

The usual variety of opinions were expressed upon the subject. Miss Beltravers' residence in Calcutta had been so short as to give no reasonable time for direct offers of marriage; she had not, therefore, made mortal enemies of any men by refusing them. But several who were leading up to the interesting crisis did not relish the idea of being distanced even in an anticipated race, and expressed themselves cynically upon the event. One man could not see anything in Miss Beltravers; another could not see anything in Sir Norman; a third considered that he was only marrying her for her money, a fourth that she was only marrying him because he had a handle to his name. One amiable gentleman was of opinion that there was something wrong about her; another amiable gentleman would not mind betting that there was something wrong about him; a vague depreciator thought the thing could come to no good; another depreciator, less vague, thought the thing was certain to come to harm: a debauched old beau denounced Miss Beltravers as a flirt; a distinguished insolvent condemned Sir Norman for having spent all his money; a butcher's son, who had got into the service and society, said that Constance was a female cad; a lord's son, who had been cut by society at home, and was trying to get into some sort of position abroad, stigmatized Halidame as a reduced gentleman. These were all persons who knew little or nothing of the high contracting parties, and they might be excused perhaps for supposing the worst. But Milward's position—Milward joined the group late in the discussion—was less defensible. He hinted that he might have been the fortunate, or unfortunate man, had he so chosen, but he had never yet made an offer of marriage, for fear of being accepted. He would never marry in India, he added; the thing was low. Several men who had been trying to marry in India for months or years, as the case might be, endorsed this view of the case as a

convenient discovery. But I will not repeat what everybody said, for fear of propagating scandal. Suffice it to say that a more disgraceful exhibition of opinion had seldom been made at the club upon an occasion of the kind.

Conversation was getting to the bad, and it might have got to the worse, but for an opportune diversion. A basketful of letters, brought by a peon waiting below, was handed up to the party for selection. Native messengers in India, naturally ignorant as regards the directions of the missives with which they are entrusted, send into places like clubs and messes communications in bulk, to be appropriated by their respective addresses. There was a great overhauling, of course, of the contents of the basket, and the men present appropriated the letters addressed to themselves, putting others aside for absent members. The communications upon this occasion came from Government House, and they conveyed the intimation that the Governor-General requested the honour of so-and-so's presence at the Botanical Gardens on a certain date (ten days hence) to meet his Highness the Maharajah of Junglepootanah. No further particulars were contained in these missives; but it was known that the entertainment was to be a fête on a large scale. For the Maharajah of Junglepootanah was a great chief in Central India; his conduct had been a little suspicious in the matter of loyalty in the days of the mutinies, not long since past, but as he had on the whole, with the aid of a special prime minister, borne himself faithfully towards the British Government, he was to be entertained, during his visit to Calcutta, with conspicuous splendour—hence the invitations which were now issued.

I am glad that the Government House cards came to the club when they did, as I might otherwise have been obliged to record very ill-natured remarks, on the part of members of the institution in question, concerning the engagement just rumoured. As it is, you will see that nothing but the most

amiable sentiments were interchanged upon the subject.

CHAPTER XLII.

NINE DAYS OF DELIGHT.

It did not much matter, after all, what the club said. Sir Norman and Constance were satisfied, and they were the persons most concerned. Sir Norman had realized his fondest dreams. He had gained the haven to which he had been drifting during so many long seasons in London—during so many long vacations on the continent—during so many long sojournings in distant climes—during the youth that he had passed in years, but still possessed in freshness. He had fancied when in England that he had merely ‘languished for the purple seas;’ that an escape from his dear, dull native land would satisfy his soul. But seas must be very purple indeed to supply all that Sir Norman needed—and that all he believed himself to have found in Constance Beltravers.

And Constance—I am not quite so clear about Constance. Her apparent change of intention was sudden, no doubt; but it is by no means certain that the sentiments which she expressed in the morning were really her own. I daresay she cared more for Sir Norman than she had believed, and repented having given him pain. And at the very time when his absence induced a return of tenderness towards him, Milward, as we have seen, managed to make a worse impression than usual, and completed the disadvantage which he always experienced in comparison with the baronet. Not, however, that Constance is likely ever to have thought seriously of his pretensions. He amused her; and I suspect that fact to account for all the favour he received. This, of course, must be understood as referring to my own impression in the matter. Far be it from me to say anything with certainty as to the meaning and motives of any young lady—far less of one who, to the uncertainty belonging to her

sex, adds the bewilderment of beauty, and the thorough consciousness of that embarrassing gift.

The state of existence which Constance had condemned in the conversation with Mrs. Beltravers, recorded in last chapter, she now found herself enjoying with wonderful good will. It is curious how custom softens the severest privations. We could never endure this or that, we say; we should perish outright. But things change with us, and the hardship comes as a consequence. The blow is terrible to bear at first; but the load lightens by degrees, and misfortune becomes part of our being. So it was that Constance, who had fancied that she could not live without a dozen men to follow her about, flatter, and flirt with her, found that a concentration of the same amount of devotion in one object is a supportable infliction, and by no means so dull an arrangement as it had been depicted by her inexperienced fancy. She began to discover, in fact, that there are less cheerful ways of passing your time than in the active occupation of loving with all your heart and soul, and being loved in return with all the heart and soul of somebody else.

The mass of flutterers and flatterers whom Constance had conceived necessary to her happiness, were disgusted at the manner in which she now received their light and airy attentions. She did not grow grave—that would have been too much to expect in a young lady of her temperament; but she had at her command a grand indifference of manner, and could upon occasion be as cold as a stone. These useful gifts she exercised without remorse, and with the effect of giving a most gratifying amount of pain to the recipients. The hardened among them were, to be sure, wounded only in their vanity; but the more sensitive were made thoroughly miserable, and went about with their lives such evident burdens to them that Constance might have felt as much flattered as the king did upon hearing that a man had drowned himself in his new canal—which the enemies of

the Court had said would never hold any water!

The betrothed couple passed nearly their whole time together, as people in their position are permitted to do in India more than at home, according to a pleasant custom which they have invented for themselves. So Mrs. Beltravers volunteered very little chaperoning; and as for Constance—breathing a new life in the new world to which she had awakened—she felt that she had found what happiness really was, and wondered how people ever managed to do without it.

I am speaking now of something more than a week after that eventful tiffin party—of only nine days, in fact. But nine days is a concentrated eternity to lovers; for it is a great mistake to say that time always seems to pass quickly when you are happy. It does with negative, but not with positive happiness—when you are merely careless and gay, but not when you are actively engaged in imbibing bliss. I hope, therefore, that novelists and others, before committing themselves to the general proposition will learn to make distinctions.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FÊTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES— FRIENDS AND FOES.

It was on the tenth day after the tiffin party at Garden Reach, that the fête took place at the Botanical Gardens in honour of the Maharajah of Junglepootanah.

There was a very large company invited to do honour to the occasion. With a certain exclusive reservation, their name might be said to be legion. But they may be best described, perhaps, as everybody—in the social acceptance of the term, the nobodies only having received invitations to stay away. The entertainment began early, though it was expected to last till late; for there was a great deal to be seen and done beyond the ordinary programme of a ball. Accordingly the guests—conveyed across the broad river in a couple of little steamers provided for the purpose—began to

arrive at the primitive hour of eight; and considerably before nine there was a sufficient muster of persons to keep one another in countenance.

It is a brilliant scene. Not quite what it would be in England, perhaps; not so neat and compact in details, but having advantages of its own in the way of space and effects on a large scale. The beautiful garden, full of tropical trees and flowers, are illuminated with coloured lamps wherever coloured lamps could be placed, for a certain space round the tents; and the tents themselves are similarly illuminated within, and made gorgeous with gay hangings and decorations of various kinds. One is for dancing, another for supper, a third is a boudoir; and a pavilion, a little apart, is devoted to the guest of the evening and his retinue. The grounds would have been light without the lamps, for the moon and stars shine in far magnificence from the clear sky, and put the artificial radiance to shame. Even the fireflies seem contemptuous of their rude rivals, and keep aloof in the shade of broad-leaved trees, where, swarming in restless glitter, they hold little assemblies among themselves.

Among some of the earlier arrivals is a group for whose presence you are not unprepared. It consists of Mr. and Mrs. Manton and our friend May Pemberton, who arrived only a few days ago, and is now making her first appearance in society. She is staying with the Mantons, as we heard at the club, her father having already gone up country.

What a change has taken place in May since we last saw her at a ball! At Shuttleton, on that memorable occasion, she looked beautiful, as we know; but her style has wonderfully developed since that time. She has still her old engaging artlessness, for her simpler charms have not forsaken her. But she is no longer the retiring girl patronized by a provincial society. The soft beaming character of her beauty is still there; but it is more animated, brighter, and more intelligent. She looks like somebody in

her own right now, and ought to be a princess at least. What advantages she has, too, in dress!—dress that she knows how to choose and how to wear. Lucy has no longer the advantage over her in this respect, and, indeed, is in every respect at a disadvantage beside her. For Lucy is the same person as of old; she is incapable of change; and when she puts on her little affected manner, in honour of very great society, it sets so artificially upon her, and is evidently the occasion of such constraint, that she is sure to drop it in a very short time, and resume her old character, which suits her far better than anybody else's. I do not know, by the way, why people should be condemned for affectation of manner; it surely shows a desire to please, in the first place, and a modest self-depreciation in the second—and these ought both to be amiable qualities.

The ball-room was getting crowded when our party entered it; and on every side attention was directed to May. For Calcutta, though a large place, is not so large as to give new faces a chance of passing unnoticed. Many are seen after the arrival of every mail, in glimpses on the course, or in private society if you happen to meet them; but the majority pass away up the country, and it is not always that they are to be encountered in a general assembly. Besides the interest attached to novelty, there was a special cause why May should attract attention; and between the one inducement and the other, the curiosity concerning her was immense. She was evidently from home, was the general decision; anybody could see that she had not come down country by her English bloom. The latter quality, by the way, was objected to by some ladies, whose tastes had been formed in Calcutta, where pale complexions are regarded as distinguished, though a few people keep their roses in ostentatious defiance of public opinion. The name of the new beauty, where known, did not afford much information; for Captain Pemberton was remembered but by a few in the City of Palaces,

where captains in the abstract are not of much note. Lucy, who had been a whole fortnight in advance of her friend, was comparatively at home, and knew dozens of people in the room; for acquaintances are soon made in India, and she was the kind of person to meet them half-way, while her lively charms—though thrown into the shade by the splendour of May—were such as to secure for her a very flattering following. So between the one attraction and the other, the Mantons became wonderfully popular on short notice; and even stray men who had only met Manton at the club, paid that young officer a degree of attention such as is seldom accorded to the despised rank of an ensign. It did not occur to Manton that perhaps he was regarded only in the light of a medium; and he took all the attention paid to him as so much homage due to his social claims and position in the service; so you may guess how happy he was, and what an agreeable fellow he made himself under such conditions—his principal duty being to introduce people right and left to his wife and his guest, and to cause those ladies to fill up their cards of engagements with reckless rapidity.

Among the first men who insinuated themselves upon the party were Mr. Milward, of the —th foot, and Mr. Cleverley, of the Civil Service. Milward, with his usual selfish sagacity, attached himself to May; while Cleverley, with adaptive cheerfulness, addressed his conversation to Lucy. The conversation was of rather a conventional kind at first. Milward, who did not disdain to be dull when the occasion demanded it, asked the usual current questions, and took acute interest apparently in the replies. He began by asking May how she liked the overland journey.

'I was never more pleased,' she answered; 'it was such an entire change to me, and we had beautiful weather all the way. But I should have liked to have stayed longer, and have seen more on the route; it is cruel to take people on at the rate they do, merely on account of the mails. But the majority of the

passengers seemed to think otherwise, and were never contented with the rate of speed, or contented indeed with anything—though they were very pleasant people on the whole, and as agreeable as you could hope strangers to be. They cared little about the places they passed through; and their main object seemed to be to have all their comforts and amusements in the same manner as at home. I forgave them, however, for such fancies as theatricals, and must confess that it is wonderfully pleasant in a soft, bright climate, and on a smooth sea, to have dancing on deck. I believe there was a little quarrelling, but that seems to be a necessary pastime upon such occasions; and by way of compensation there were some matches made up on board, which I hear is a proceeding quite as common as the quarrelling.

Milward asked the next categorical question—how Miss Pemberton liked India?

‘Well, you take me at a disadvantage after only a week’s experience. I have not made up my mind even about Calcutta, which, however, is undeniably a grand place. Everything seems on such a large scale, that everything in Europe—at least in England—must appear on returning to be dwarfed by comparison. Even the sky seems larger, and to have more space; and the moon and stars—you cannot fancy them to be the same as those we see at home—are glorious. Our countrymen here, too, all seem such great people compared with what they are in England, and impress one with the idea of the power and importance of our own country, such as could be gained by no other means. It is wonderful indeed that a few English people should live among so many millions of foreigners, govern them, and dictate to them in the minutest matters.’

‘With the chance of an occasional mutiny,’ suggested Milward, with his usual reluctance to leave anybody under too favourable an impression of anything.

‘Truly; but the troubles we read of at home two years ago—is it so much?—were a test of strength, if

anything could be, and show how strong the English power must be, even when taken at its worst.’

‘I wish you would impress your sentiments upon some of the croakers in the clubs at home, and a great many more out here, who have a belief, which I think they would not lose for worlds, that we are all to be turned out of the country very shortly—at least as many of us as can escape.’

‘Oh, I am no politician; but I think it is monstrous for men to talk in such a manner—thank you very much, but my card is quite full; I hope you are pleased with Calcutta, and are to be stationed here as you hoped.’

The latter words were addressed to a gentleman who had claimed the privilege of a fellow-passenger, and pressed the usual ball-room attentions upon Miss Pemberton. The interruption had the effect of diverting the conversation from a commonplace channel—it is very commonplace to talk about the destinies of empires—and bring it back to the heat of the tent, the last opera at home, the merits of mango fish, and the new waltz.

Cleverley got on very well meantime with Lucy; and, as both preferred to talk rather than listen, the conversation never flagged. Cleverley affected Europe in his tastes; and as one of the governing class in India—he was an assistant magistrate—thought himself bound to maintain a diplomatic reserve upon the subject of politics, except to the general effect of lauding the intelligence and loyalty of the natives. Fortunately Lucy was not disposed to draw him upon dangerous ground. She took quite a garrison view of the country, and her theory of government was drawn from the usual impressions of the subaltern mind. Her general opinions—which, however, she did not urge upon this occasion—were to the effect that people at home knew nothing about India, and were a great deal too considerate for the dreadful black people, who ought to be put down. She was enchanted with Calcutta, and thought it the gayest place she had ever

been in, as it certainly was. 'It is so charming here in society,' she added, 'to see so many military men; the uniforms give such brilliant effect to a ball; and I never know which I like best—the scarlet, like my husband's, or the beautiful decorations of the dragoons and artillery, or that lovely pearl grey and silver of the native cavalry—which is to be abolished, it seems—or all those wonderful costumes of the Irregulars. But altogether it makes a place like this look very charming.'

Lucy did not remember that Cleverley wore no uniform at all; but fortunately there was no chance of that gentleman being discomfited, for he had a full appreciation of the dignity of a black coat in an Indian drawing-room, and made every allowance for Lucy's inexperience.

May, who had been dancing, returned at this juncture to the trysting-place of the party, and presently was saluted by an old acquaintance, who caused her some embarrassment. It was Cecil Halidame.

He offered his hand, which she contrived not to take without being too marked in her refusal.

'I am enchanted to see you again, Miss Pemberton,' said he; 'I saw your name in the last list of passengers, and expected to find you here.'

May turned aside to look for her fan upon an adjacent seat, and Halidame followed her, so that their few words of conversation were not overheard.

'Captain Halidame,' she said, in a low but decided tone, 'I must ask you, until your difference with my father is arranged, not to address me when you meet me. Your presence is painful to me, as you may suppose; and my father renewed his injunctions, before leaving Calcutta, that I was to hold no intercourse with you. You will excuse me, therefore, if I join Mrs. Manton, and say no more, except this—that I have to thank you for returning my necklace.'

The ornament was glittering upon May's neck, and Halidame noticed it for the first time. His confusion could not be concealed; but recover-

ing himself with an evident effort, he muttered something about having been glad to find the opportunity, which had been delayed owing to Miss Pemberton's departure from Shuttleton. What he would have said next I know not; but at this point May was claimed by a partner, with whom she was glad to cover her retreat. Halidame himself seemed relieved by her departure; but he was destined for still greater discomfiture.

As May disappeared in the crowd, a lady approached him, saying—

'Why, Norman, I thought you were with Constance—what has become of her?'

It was Mrs. Beltravers. Her next glance at Cecil was sufficient to undeceive her as to his identity with his brother, though the mistake was not unnatural, as the resemblance between the two was more marked than is common in families, and Cecil, for some traveller's reason perhaps, did not appear that night in uniform.

She was not prepared, however, for the surprise; and turning pale, almost to lifelessness, she sunk upon the adjacent seat.

Cecil's agitation was almost as great as her own, but he recovered himself sooner. After an internal struggle, which was marked unmistakably in his face, he was by the side of the lady, attempting to restore her by words of encouragement. Then he cried—

'Marian, Marian! many years have I waited for this moment! Give me one word—one look—to say that we do not part for ever!'

Mrs. Beltravers roused herself by a strong effort.

'This is too much!' she said, hiding her face in her hands, as if fearful that the people about should see what was passing in her mind; 'I must not—I dare not—speak to you!'

And with these words she moved, as quickly as the crowd would permit, to the door of the tent, and passed into the open air.

But there it was almost light as day; and Cecil, who had followed, soon saw her standing in the shade of a plantain-tree.

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He was by her side in a moment.

'Marian!' he cried, passionately, 'do not abandon me! do not treat me with contempt! I have loved too well, it seems; but you did not think so once. It is you who have changed; not I. Why treat me as if the fault was all on my side? Why return my letters?—why refuse to be even friends? And how I have suffered! But you, it seems, console yourself.'

Mrs. Beltravers again covered her face with her hands, as if to hide any betrayal of emotion, and also perhaps that she might not see the speaker—but she caught at his last words.

'Console myself! This is cruel. What can you mean?'

'You are here with that man I am obliged to own as my brother. You called me "Norman," thinking I was he.'

'It is false—false—false! what you suppose. I did mistake you at a distance for your brother—not expecting to see you here. And I did call him "Norman,"—there are circumstances which have led to us becoming familiar. There are dozens of people about who could tell you enough to satisfy you that there was no harm.'

'No harm—I dare say not: you once thought there was no harm in calling me Cecil.' This was said with a sneer that was almost diabolical.

Mrs. Beltravers felt the wound of these words, and cried aloud. But her indignation gave her nerve, and she was now able to say—

'I will condescend to explain no further. I am not accountable to you for my conduct. Leave me—go. If I have avoided you for years past, it has been for your sake, as well as my own. I shall henceforth think but of myself; and despising you as I now do, I shall be happier than I have been before. I was not aware that you and your brother

were otherwise than friends; but since it seems to be so, I shall at least count upon his protection if you pursue me.'

'His protection—I dare say!'—here came another bitter sneer—'then you can have it at once. "Norman" is coming to you. It would be a pity to spoil such a meeting, so I will spare you my further presence.'

With these words, Cecil turned away into a side-walk, where a row of lime-trees separated him from the festive gathering.

But Sir Norman, who now approached, had seen his retreating figure.

'What an unhappy man I am,' he said, 'to have a brother and an enemy in one. And you know him, it seems.'

'I had an acquaintance with him once, but I have no desire to renew it. He is *my* enemy, as he seems to be yours.'

'What mischief has he been hatching now?'

'I know not—perhaps none at all; but I fear him, and the more so as he seems so bitter against you.'

'Ah, then he has been speaking of me?'

'I did not mean that'—Mrs. Beltravers seemed somewhat confused, as if she had said too much—'but you told me that he was your enemy.'

Sir Norman took no notice of Mrs. Beltravers' embarrassment.

'I thought,' said he, 'to find Constance with you. She was with me an hour ago, when she met an old friend of hers, with whom she thought she ought to dance. I have not seen her since.'

'She is looking for us, I suppose, and is not likely to find us here.'

Saying this, Mrs. Beltravers gave her arm to Sir Norman, and they soon found themselves once more among the tents and the people.



' PUNCTUAL.'

AS late I strolled through woodland ways
 I thought of those delightful days,
 The classic and the pleasant;
 When gods disdained not upon earth
 To visit men of mortal birth,
 Nor more the peer than peasant.

When as they took their daily walk,
 Oft deities stepped down to talk,
 If wanting conversation,
 With ramblers, such perchance as me,
 And dryads one might always see,
 Beneath each spreading canopy
 Of forest vegetation.

A turn amid the leafy maze,
 Sudden there met my startled gaze,
 A vision of such form and face,
 'Some nymph,' I said, 'or goddess;
 Some dryad or some naiad fair
 Come with her form and radiance rare
 Unwary mortals to ensnare;
 And yet that dainty bodice,

A trifle modern, and the hat—
 Did dryads wear such hats as that?—
 Like as Champagne to Massic,
 When mortals they enticed to woo?"
 The whole costume it struck me too
 Was exquisite, not classic!

And did those nymphs divine produce
 From girdles made for dryad use
 Their delicate Geneva;
 And restless glancing at it say,
 "Punctual" indeed! the old, old way,
 I never can believe a

'Promise he makes; he's always late.
 Punctual! it's now far more than eight:
 He said he'd come from Twickenham straight.
 Punctual! it wouldn't *be* him!'
 And then there came a look of joy,
 O'er that fair face, meant *not pour moi*.
 'There is his boat, the dear old boy!
 My darling, yes, I see him!'

NOT AT ALL TOO STRANGE.

SOMEBODY has written a novel, with the title 'Too Strange not to be True.' I never read it. Apart from its contents, however, I do believe its author deserves the literary pillory, for thus libelling real life. Such a title implies that the note of strangeness attaching to alleged truths, instead of inducing belief, gives those allegations less the character of reality than if they were not strange. How a presumably experienced observer could undertake to defend that proposition, seems of itself quite too strange not to be true.

Let bygones bury their bygones. But, on retrospecting my personal experiences, I must hold to the precise reverse of what the title in question has implied. Nothing is now too strange to be true. Talk of the troubadours. Gramercy, the romance they went a-roaming to seek was a dreamy vegetable, compared to the sensations treading each other's heels down in these days; and, the deeper we dive into this mysterious nineteenth cycle, the more of genuine sensation would there appear to be bubbling up from it. Whether that appearance come of any specialty in the overwhetting of our wits, as youth is distanced, or whether a similar development befel our respected ancestors, as they too advanced in years, are problems possibly beyond the reach of human solution. Certes, the high-wrought intelligence of the age that claims us, the multiplication of wealth and humanity, the locomotive facilities in proportion, the rapid rushing to the world's end and back again on many-fangled errands, our mutual jostling and being jostled, as we walk the nearest street or set foot on the farthestmost shore, have introduced new elements of sensationalism, and also new stimulants to it. Still, the romance of the day, wonderful in its extent and variety, remains unaccounted for. I incline, then, to the opinion that a period, say the last century, which was unable to discover a middle

ground to delectate it, between the atrocities of Lovelace and the platitudes of Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger, could hardly have had sensations to hand for the asking, much less without it, as we have. Could it? No doubt, the lapse of two centuries provided rather portentous material, in a revolution, a civil war, a London plague and fire, in another civil war, in Marlborough's campaigns, in the Fifteen and the Forty-Five, in the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble, the American Revolt, the Reign of Terror, the Irish Rebellion, in Nelson's victories, Napoleon's battles, in Waterloo. But, the convulsion which any or each of those conjunctures produced only points to exceptional phases, and to what touched the actual experience of comparatively very few. It did not deposit sensations plentifully, like groceries, at the door of every monotonous piece of mankind. It did not screw novelistic incident out of seeming commonplace. It did not make the quick-witted feel how their next step in ordinary might tumble them against a personification, who, though outwardly prosaic, was the real stuff for novels; or, that they themselves might any time be called to enact romances, such as, in this generation, prosers alone deem too strange to be true. Now, the real life of to-day does all that. It routes us out in the morning, to feed us with sensational letters, or to starve us without them; it drives us to gluttonize over the papers, which we consider dull indeed, unless they reveal an unexpected marriage, or an old acquaintance laid low, or a family disgraced. We are positively so appetized for the sensationalistic, that, rather than have none, half of us would not over care if the other half had drowned itself during the night, provided it bequeathed to the public a 'Full Account' at breakfast, and the 'Latest Intelligence' in the afternoon. Would we? And why? Because we are so wholly selfish? Scarcely such. But be-

cause, likely as not, we may ourselves figure prettily in the newspapers some day, and because daily life has educated our minds to the probability of sensations ambusca-
ding us at every turn. So they do; it may be, with caprice and by disproportionate outmeasurement, universally notwithstanding. The training creates the appetite. But, again, training is what enables us to masticate the sensational food, which swallow we must. Sensations! Are they not continually circumventing our steps round some corner, after we have made an out-of-the-way journey to avoid them? Are they not ever breaking in upon our beautiful plans, and, harpy-like, spoiling them? They can behave like good sprites, and mend our matters, when they list. Yet, much oftener, they boil over with malevolence. Vicissitudes of the peerage? Certainly. But precipitates and sublimates recur, which, in my apprehension, merit greater sympathy. These may make havoc of the heart, or they may wring laughter for their singular realism. They always tide over with interest. I heard to-day of a merchant who answered an advertisement. He wanted a governess to teach his children. The advertiser was his own wife, whom he had unjustly put away. Husband and wife came together again through the accident of that advertisement, he unwittingly preferring her application to those of two hundred or more applicants; and it has ended in their being reconciled, after five years' separation. There is an episode truer than East Lynne, and stranger by a good deal. If it were put in a novel, where is the reviewer who would not criticise the story as ridiculously improbable, much too strange to be true, and its insertion as manifesting ignorance of life? Did any of my readers notice the handsomest bay gelding in the park, last season? The rider of it was a gentlemanly-looking personage with a black beard and moustache, who might have been a hussar officer, so firm and close his seat. Crude facts, however, bear witness to that same

gentleman, now head of a county family, having kept the road opposite Albert Gate, two previous seasons running, in his then capacity of mounted policeman. The former owner of the family property met with a watery grave, as did his two sons and only daughter, by the capsizing of their yacht in a squall down Channel. Great difficulty was experienced in discovering the next heir. But, one evening, when Policeman X had come off duty, and just the day week after his marriage with Lady Hylo's favourite maid, Mr. Flam, the attorney in the case, knocked at No. 44, Belgrave Mews, West, to inform the occupants of the second floor that they were inheritors to 1400*l.* a year. Naturally enough, mounted-police-off-duty manifested unbelief, and slightly chaffed Mr. Flam. None the less, on the worthy solicitor's departure, there ensued a large amount of conjugal sweethearting, seasoned with hysterical crying and laughing alternately, which appeared very excusable under the circumstances, at No. 44, second-floor, Belgrave Mews, West. Before the end of that twelvemonth, ex-Policeman X was seized in fee of his broad acres, and duly became justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant for Upshire, and a captain of yeomanry. He takes his place in the Row with ease and dignity; and, assuredly, no one would ever imagine that the well-dressed lady, sitting in her sociable, and attended by her powdered flunkies, had been Mrs. Policeman X, the whole first week of her matrimony, to say nothing of her antecedent lady's-maidenhood in the Hylo household. Thus, not merely we know naught of what is going to happen to our prosing selves, perhaps within the following hour, but we remain crassly ignorant of the multitude of social marvels that have already occurred around us. Full often it strikes me, while ambulating in Piccadilly, floundering about St. Giles, or threading the needle along Cheapside; as I note the dogged ways of one man, and the lack-care step of another; as I read wearing toil in this

face, and noxious leisure in that; as I mark those whose life is before them, those who have left it behind them, and specially those who, bewailing their years of mistake, retain sanguine hold on the future; as I observe the jumbling of joys and griefs; it does oftentime strike me, that no one street-goer of all could be singled out, whom sensations did not, do not, or will not, besprinkle and envelop. Some people disbelieve sensationalism, their allotted sensations seeming to stand aloof; but, then, suddenly the sensations are down upon them, in compact batteries, in entire armies. Others never pass a day free their lives long. Supposing the right notice bestowed upon sensations of common occurrence, supposing privacies codified and catalogued, why, one month of English lifetime would form a repertory for novel writers. Sensations spare nobody altogether. But, the odd thing of it is, that, as a rule, the persons attacked are not the romancers, but the prosers, and those least apt to take up the interest. See yon country-seat in the woods, its chimney-tops just discernible from my railway carriage, as I speed towards Bristol. It was once a lovely spot, and the abode of old English happiness. Viewed close at this present, the house and grounds look truly woe-begone. Yet, does one passer-by in a thousand know the doleful story, not unmingled with compensating bliss either, which it covers? It used to belong to a first-class family, till the Sir John Dean Paul swindle swamped them, and a savage of an uncle set his covetous eyes upon their home of fifty years. Most country-houses include romance; most town-houses also, though the kind of it be different. What nobility in Mayfair, what gentility in Bayswater, what respectability in Bloomsbury, but has its home-tales of strange sensation, if those who know the tales knew how to tell them, or if one could only manage a quiet fireside of a winter's eve to listen to them?

Ay, and true romance combines not necessarily with woods, lakes,

rural sceneries, or tapestried drawing-rooms. Too frequently, it sticks to very stupid localities. I dare lay something, that few visitors to town are aware of Blue Street, in spite of its having been domiciled near Holborn for a century or two. The street is clean, but skimpy and gloomy, and an easily-known receptacle of broken gentleness. Enter at Number 14. Mount up three pair back. A wan yet still beauteous face will peer at you, and anxiously inquire your business. You will see two other spent beauties, probably poring over some manuscript to be copied, or intent on the tatting supplied by 'ladies of limited income.' The proprietors of those wan faces are the Miss Helters, daughters of Sir Godfrey Helter, Bart. Scarcely five years since, they were the reigning belles of Gayshire. You might have seen them at all the meets and races. They led off all the balls and picnics. If there was a thing going in the county, from archery and archæology down to wholesale hosiery for indigent emigrants, the project would be sure to owe its success mainly to the buoyant energy of the three Miss Helters. They refused half a dozen offers apiece, through fear of leaving their mother at the mercy of their rascally father, whose proclivities had long been preparing ruin for the family, whilst they were merely suspecting some slight losses. The crash gave no forewarning. Taking advantage of the daughters' absence on a round of autumnal visits, the baronet contrived to sell up every stick and stone in the course of a single week. Thence, the old rascal decamped to Paris, having first pocketed the available money, in order to inhabit an apartment overlooking the Bois, with the *ci-devant* governess of his own daughters, who, by the way, leads him a cat-and-dog life now he has married her. Poor Lady Helter, most estimable and injured of women, died about a year ago an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, where she had been received in a feigned name. But, here you see these young ladies, the last of an ancient race, starving

almost, yet clinging to each other, after four years of terrible privation without one shilling from their former affluence, nor one hope to alleviate their present sufferings. Scant and threadbare of dress, they have gone dinnerless and fireless for weeks and weeks together. Mock friends, to whom the family mansion was ever open, shun them or choose to forget them. Night enshrouds the forlorn Miss Helters. Day may never dawn upon that misery, or fate may indulge fresh caprices, and strand them higher than before. Who dare try to foretell? At all events, whenever I journey eastward on the top of my City Atlas, I always look out for Blue Street, reflecting with heartfelt compassion, that, strange though this one story I happen to know of, the street more likely contains others still stranger, none of which—mercy on us—are too strange not to be true. Positively, I would venture to risk my experiences, so far as to take haphazard the nattiest villa at Norwood, or the loneliest cottage by the Hants seaboard, or the dingiest dwelling in Hackney town, and extract sensations enough out of its real life, to gratify the most greedy devourer of the regulation three volume.

English life abroad? Yes. Two-thirds of our England, has it not steamed Rhineway to Switzerland? Ha! those Rhine steamers, those Drachenfels bridle paths, those Rolandseck wine gardens, those skiffs from St. Goar to the Lurlei and Rudesheim, those balconies at Vevay, those chestnut avenues about Interlaken, those walks with their splendid views round Lucerne, those hotels up the Righi and Pilatus, what a legion of mad loves, gnawing jealousies, sweet conquests, dark despairs, joys and griefs, they must witness each summertime—mostly joys, I trow. Those decks and berths of the P. and O. boats, those state-cabins of the Cunard or Inman lines, nay, those cuddies of the Black or White Balls to the Antipodes, what a myriad of money secrets each out or home voyage must trust them with, soul-stirring

many to joy or grief—mostly to grief, I wot. But, the other third English has surely perambulated a Parisian boulevard.

Who is that stalwart fellow, somewhat grizzled of beard, going into the Café Foy? On his arm leans an olive-complexioned lady, rather given to stoutness, but showing remains of decided beauty. Two fine boys, in Eton hats and jackets, favourably contrasting with their wretched French counterparts in tight uniforms, follow the father and mother. As I pass, I notice a peculiar scar across his left ear and jaw, the momentaneous perception of which makes me grasp the hand of an old chum, formerly a major in Her Majesty's service, lately living in retirement at Tours, and now homeward bound to take possession of a large estate he has succeeded to in Scotland. Jock Ingleton is the name of him, and chequered has been his life. He began at Eton, whence he went out as midshipman in Admiral Haultaut's flagship to the Pacific station, the which, however, proved anything but pacific to him; for, besides being twice disgraced by Captain Mainbracer, because of his refusal either to betray his comrade middies or to perpetrate a falsehood, he had to cut his way through a mob of rascallions bent on robbing the ship's launch at Lima, and to deliver an unpleasant dig in the ribs with his middy's dirk to a Chilian officer at Valparaiso, who chose to conduct his ugly self in an offensive manner towards the English consul's lady-kind. When eighteen, Jock obtained a transfer to the sister service, in the shape of a commission in an Indian regiment, the dépôt company of which formed part of Chatham garrison. It was there that we struck up our friendship. He had scarcely joined a month, when he well-nigh pulled a court-martial about his ears, from nothing else in the world but a personal objection to being mesmerized by Major-General Sir Tyger Thom, the then commandant of Chatham, who had a crack on the subject. Shortly after, my friend exchanged into the cavalry, and I thus lost

sight of the heaviest of heavy dragoons, till it fell to my lot to lift him down from his charger at Balaclava. Gracious! what a time gone by that does seem! A Russian sword-cut had gashed him shockingly over the head, and, as I laid the poor fellow on the grass, thinking himself moribund, he took a diamond from his finger and a locket from his neck, and begged me to convey them to 'Marietta,' with the message that 'she reigned in his heart to the last.' I sailed the next day, with invalids, for Corfu. And, a fortnight after, I saw Marietta, the daughter of an antiquated Venetian stock, settled centuries back as merchants at Zante. Jock, however, having meanwhile rallied, had himself sent her a scrap of a note. They had first met, it appeared, during his term of service on the Lord High Commissioner's staff. Hot love soon kindled, the Lord High's yacht and the Corfiote Palace effectively fanning the flame. The wedding day was actually fixed, when took place one of the customary misunderstandings of true love. In the middle of it all, came the Crimea. One morning, Jock received peremptory orders to join his corps forthwith. He sought Marietta in vain the best half of a day. Time failed him. She wrote: but, the letter sensationally miscarried, according to the habit of such letters. So, there they were left, about as miserable a pair of lovers as could be, until the charge of the Six Hundred considerably solved the difficulty for them. My message, and the details I furnished, gave me the unwonted air of an angel from heaven. Still, she demurred. This time, financial pride, or repugnance to burdening him, by reason of her father's mercantile failure, caused the stoppage. As a matter of course, when 'Jocky came marching home,' he endeavoured to persuade his adored one that money ought to have naught to do with marrying. Yet, cruel fate required him to rescue Marietta's father bodily out of a fire, after the fashion of Æneas bearing Anchises, ere he could finally overcome her dread of dragging down the man she loved. I had last

encountered Jock in the autumn of 1856, on which occasion he strangely emerged from the engine-room of an Austrian Lloyd's lying in Ancona harbour, just as I was bidding good-bye to a fellow-tourist of mine en route to Greece. My hirsute friend was then all glee, on his way to claim Marietta. Judging by their looks, I see no change now. So that, if Jock did persuade his bride as to the non-relation of money to love, 'he knew he was right,' and she too. And, well they have stood the proof. Over our claret at the Café Foy, Jock told me how he had been done out of all his fortune by his half-sister and brother; how he had gone, twice, through the Bankruptcy Court; how he had taught English in a French provincial town—he, the dashing aide-de-camp and major of dragoons—while his trusty wife taught music; how he had again come in for a small fortune, and latterly for a very large one. Commend me to Jock Ingleton, Esquire, for the matter of a novel. Mark, though: it would comprise only one feminine unit, a thorough woman, loving as she should love, lovable, and loved.

Let us go shake the hand of the Honourable Harry Talboys, in his dressing-room at the Lyrique Théâtre. There is a man who could unfold some sensational tales with a vengeance. Talboys, after having served an apprenticeship at the Foreign Office under Mr. Stumpy Grumps, was attaché, queen's messenger, secret service, and I know not what-all governmental. But, getting a pious twist, he relinquished no end of brilliant prospects and seceded to Rome, where he took to 'studying for the ecclesiastical state,' as they call it. Next, the Talboys is discovered, sailing up St. Peter's, with a procession of monsignori, arrayed very unapostolically in purple and gold. He saw through that sort of thing, however, time enough to come away whole-skinned. Just as he ungloved again to practical life, the Khabyl tribes were going in for a mutiny, whereupon Harry Talboys makes across to Tunis, pitches his tent inside the Turkish lines, and opens communications with the rebel

chiefs, in his assumed capacity of confidential emissary from Lord Palmerston. That he believed in the reality of his semi-official mission, I can verily credit, although the sole ground he had for assuming it was the silence of the English ambassador to the Sublime Porte, on being sounded on the subject by letter. The amateur diplomatics seemed at first to be succeeding so well, that their collapse eventuated rather ungenerously. But, poor Talboys was a man who, at that time, habitually enumerated his Dorkings before their incubation had been completed. As any one might have foreseen, his Greek servant played into the hands of the Turkish general, who accordingly seized the pseudo-envoy of England, and deported him, well ironed, to a frigate in the offing. When the vessel reached the Dardanelles, Calvert, the consul, coming on board and hearing an English voice shouting lustily from the hold, with much ado procured his liberation, on condition of his evacuating the Turkish empire. Nothing daunted, up turned the Honourable Harry, ere long, in an entirely new character at Seville, and, amid the orange-groves of Andalusia, Venus, hitherto untempting, managed to ensnare him in her silken meshes. This is how she worked. One of his characteristic ideas, in migrating to Tunis, had been, to jump out of the Roman frying-pan into the Moslem fire, or, using his own words, 'to put himself bang under the bey,' as the clearest case of despotism extant. The effect was exactly opposite; his deportation not only sweeping his purse clean, but curing him of all isms despotic whatsoever. When he had readjusted mind and money-bags, the goddess did not at once attack in front, but astutely took him in flank, by suggesting lay pursuits as his proper course for the future. She first made him astonish the Seville folk with a half-caste Tattersall's, which procured him the repute of too much riches, and thus excited the envious souls of some neighbouring brigands. The Talboys returning late in the evening from a distant horse fair, in company

with Captain Harty of the Gib garrison, they were on the point of entering the 'bosque de los fuegos,'—a forest of fiery copper-beeches, seven milos out of Seville, on the Cordova road—when about twenty banditti, armed to the teeth, pounced upon them. Another hour, and the two Englishmen found themselves lodged in airy apartments, on the top of a high mountain, with delicious breezes, a delightful prospect by night of the Guadalquivir rolling towards the Gulf of Cadiz, not bad food, and two adorable señoritas to keep them in countenance. The brigands, apparently taking for granted that, sooner or later, their rich captives would be ransomed, left them almost wholly to the treatment of the señoritas, whose capture had likewise been recently effected. Anyhow, the usual negotiations were good enough to stand over, till Talboys and Harty had succumbed to the charms of Esmeralda and Mariquita, who returned the English love with all the ardour of Castille. The brigands watched them so vigilantly, however, discharging their firelocks at the least provocation by way of warning, and the roads looked so frightful for horses, even if theirs could be got possession of, that the two Englishmen seriously doubted whether escape was possible. But, doth not love laugh at brigands, as well as at locksmiths? Wherefore, some weeks subsequent to the now lucky adventure, in the dead of the night, when the whole banditti, drunk and worn with fatigue after a day's exploits, were lying asleep round the great fire, Esmeralda and Mariquita noiselessly bolted the doors upon their brigand captors, and stood sentry outside, whilst their lovers gagged the old duenna and saddled the horses. Then, away to Seville on the backs of English thoroughbreds, each cavalier holding his beloved, like Bürger's Leonora, enclasped on the pommel of the saddle before him. The señoritas were real, but reduced, ladies, and two flowers of Andalusia. Their father, a broken-down hidalgo, had taken the well-known Albergia de la Giralda, on the plaza of the cathe-

dral at Seville, hoping to retrieve his fortunes—which he would have done, only that, the very day I quitted his hotel, he died of cholera, leaving those two beautiful girls absolutely alone in the world. Being clever and educated, they thought of the stage; and, at the time the brigands captured them, they were leisurely riding back from Cordova in a one-horse calesa, with the earnings of their first theatrical engagement. Seville laughed indolently at the brigandage, and applauded the gallant escape; but it grinned like a gargoyle at the marriages. What! the city of autos da fé intermarry with heresy? The lovers, therefore, migrated to the land of freedom, and here they were married. Harty and his Mariquita have lived and loved together for several years, at their charming seat of Rocks Perch, near Lynton, North Devon, more than one young Harty having been meantime added to the family circle. When I visited them in the spring of this year, Mariquita enthusiastically said, that Lynton equalled any scenery in Andalusia (so it does), while Harty appeared to spend half his time in nursing a shrubbery of copper-beeches, which he has christened 'bosque de los fuegos.' It fares differently with Harry Talboys and his Esmeralda, though full as lovingly. His noble governor fumed at the marriage, and straightway cut off his allowance. The truly Honourable, however, was too proud to ask pardon. Consequently, Esmeralda and her husband have, ever since been earning their bread, he as an actor at the Châtelet and Lyrique, she as an artiste de genre at the Eldorado. It would surprise you, my reader, if I told you their stage names; for little reck the Parisian world of the sensational history of two of its favourite actors. That night, during the ride down the mountain into Seville, they vowed never to address one another by any other name than *Mi Vida*, and I know from Esmeralda that they keep their vow. A son and heir has come to them, who betokens honour to the Talboys title, but who speaks English and Castilian like two mother-tongues.

Already Harry Talboys is rewarded. His elder brother having been accidentally killed out shooting, I may any day greet my genial actor friends as Lord and Lady Talboys of Talboys. Call me that romance? Yet it is not extraordinary, nor at all too strange to be true for real life; although many would call it too sensational, because too improbable for the pages of a novel.

Being in Paris, figuratively speaking, we may glance at that group of odd ones, who, by means of the boarding-school French of the youngest daughter, are debating the question with an employé of the *Ministère de la Maison de l'Empereur*, as to why they cannot see the Tuileries on the wrong day. He looks as unsensational as any man ever did, does that painfully fat old gentleman, with his blucher boots, and capacious pockets to his broad-shouldered coat. Wife and daughters, the same. She has got a double chin, and walks like a dismounted trooper; whilst, they sport flaxen hair, splayed features, and prodigiously long necks, but have forgotten their shoulders. The ladies are vested, in the height of fashion; and, to tell the truth, that whole party is trying its very best to do gentility, as far as they know how, poor things. Well, how would you reckon their foregoings at a guess? Old Buffle, for that is he, used to keep a shop in the cheese, bacon, and cheap grocery line, not a hundred miles from Hanover Gate, Regent's Park. He had been in the business on his own account somewhere about twenty years, besides serving his time and assisting; and, with such success too, by dint of honest dealing, hard saving, and low living, as to justify the confidence which animated the united hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Buffle, that they would soon be able to retire on a respectable independence to a freehold at Ealing. Once upon an afternoon, the he-Buffle deep in his molasses, the she-Buffle counting her cheeses, a veteran damsel, dressed in black, and pinched of nose, stepped into the shop, handed a paper parcel over the counter to Buffle, and

saying nervously, 'That's for you, sir,' withdrew in haste. The lady had never before been seen there; and old Buffle afterwards declared that, from her shabby-genteel appearance, he made sure the parcel contained tracts, with perhaps a small order for colza, or double sixes, or Souchong, in view of the approaching Tea-and-Bible at the 'Methodies.' Stupendous yet justifiable was their amazement to find it enclosed, tracts no doubt, but underneath them, in a sealed envelope addressed 'Thomas Buffle, Esq.,' four cheques on Coutts', two of 5,000*l.* each for the two elder Miss Buffles, one of 10,000*l.* for Miss Bella Buffle, the youngest and the pretty daughter, and another of 20,000*l.* for Mr. and Mrs. Buffle, with a request in the handwriting of the old lady, that all their property should revert, when they died, to Miss Bella, the Buffle having no male heirs. The missus, it is reported, thought 'she should have dropped,' and therefore, snatching at her 'salts,' flung herself distractedly on the little sofa in the back-parlour; the daughters 'went into screams' of idiotic laughter, nearly tearing the mystic documents to bits, in their wild delight at the envy to be excited in the bosoms of the Miss Ruffles across the street; whilst old Buffle himself, neglecting a shopful of customers, recklessly devoted half an hour to rubbing his eyes, blessing his stars, and dashing his wig (in a metaphorical sense, of course). In the upshot, it seemed, that the apparition was a lady, bereft of relatives, and living in the neighbourhood, who wanted to leave her property safe before her death, which she wisely conjectured might not be far off. For this purpose, she repaired to a chemist's, from whom she had been in the habit of making insignificant purchases; but the man of drugs, little boding what he risked, answered a question too brusquely to please her, upon which out she bounced again. Now, Miss Isabella Buffle, who resided under the parental roof next door, chancing at that very moment to be engaged in domestic duties with the even-

ing's milkman, her pretty face, and her sweet temper on being cross-questioned, caught the old lady's fancy; whence, the above-named sensation, which resulted as speedily as the donor could revoke the gift previously intended for her chemist and druggist. Sure enough, black dress and pinched nose did decessate that identical week, yet not without the dying consolation of having made some deserving people rich and happy. They duly followed their benefactress to Kensal Green, with grateful hearts under their mourning apparel, and with large white handkerchiefs stuffed vigorously into every one of their five mouths, in a solemn coach drawn by four, black-plumed horses. The grocery business disposed of, Ealing was likewise discarded, and Buffle invested in a 'desirable residence, situate at Wimbledon, commanding extensive views over the Surrey hills, and possessing every modern convenience and requisite for a gentleman's family,' as the advertisements described it. Buffle insisted on calling his new acquisition Souchong Lodge, excepting which, it really is a nice place. But, fortune, having once smiled upon the Buffles, by no means abandoned them at their Souchong. In the midst of a review last year of our intrepid volunteers, it so fell out, that one Captain Stanley was wounded by the bursting of a rifle, and had to be conveyed off the field in a bleeding and fainting condition. Buffle, like a patriot Briton, immediately offered the hospitalities of the family mansion to the wounded warrior, who, youthful and manly as he is, found he could not do better than stop in bed there a full fortnight. Such a state of affairs, lamentable as it first seemed, necessitated sundry attentions of a tenderly interesting description, which, before the captain had recovered, were appreciated with warmth in the proper quarter. Suffice to say, that, towards the close of a month, young Stanley, having been supported by his nurse from the couch of illness to the easy-chair of convalescence, rapturously took her hand, and, with tears of love in his handsome

eyes, swore 'he'd be hers, if she'd be his;' to which, the fair Bella (who *has* shoulders, by-the-bye) responded, dimpling, blushing, and palpitating, that 'she would be, if he would promise faithfully to leave those dreadful rifles.' He did leave them double-quickly, as well he might, with Souchong Lodge in prospective. At the hour I write, Bella Buffle, now Isabel Stanley, is spending the honeymoon at the Schweizerhof at Lucerne, where she and her volunteer captain pass for near relatives of our late Foreign Secretary. The Buffle family are not simply satisfied. They are in ecstasies. True, the captain had not a shilling. But, the name, the name. Think of that. Besides, there cannot be a doubt but what Stanley is fourth cousin twice removed to the Stanleys of Stan-Stanley, and that, if two dozen or so of claimants chose to die, he would succeed to the property, which claim, according to old B.'s just remark, is better than no claim at all; not to mention, either, that Isabel certainly 'cared for him,' as her parents delicately put it, meaning to insinuate that she was head and ears in love. Indeed, despite her heavenly disposition, Isabel can rebel; and, on one occasion, Mrs. Buffle somewhat objecting to the captain's impecuniosity, the bride elect stamped her footie, and declared, 'It was a shame, how could he help being poor? She *would* have him, or she'd tell all about the grocery business,' which comprehensive menace failed not to bring matters to a crisis. Stanley has been made heir apparent, conformably to the note in the parcel, as Isabel's husband. The difficulty was to please old B. on the subject of the future patronymic. He had all but executed a deed-poll, altering himself and belongings to Buffle-Stanley of Souchong, when Stanley dissuaded him. It is now settled, that, as soon as ever the grandson appears, a slight orthographic change will take place, and the family be thenceforth known as the Boufel-Stanleys of Stan-Fels House, a device which speaks folios

for the taste, judgment, and ingenuity of the bridegroom from Wimbledon review. That is how the Buffles or Boufels (accent, mind, on the last syllable) stand. Now they have been doing Paris, I incline to prognosticate further sensations for them. To be sure, they have already had their overdue; but they waited a long while, without anything more sensational to bestir them than those spiteful Ruffles over the way. Fancy, you may count it by months only, since old B. dealt in dips, and packed up moist sugar in neat packets of purple paper, the while his faithful missus cooked the family dinner of liver and stale eggs. Would that employé at the Tuileries, who takes them for des fashionables d'outremer, have been quite so civil had they endeavoured to do Paris in their undress of former days? Not if he knew it.

My reader may hypercritically object, that these sensations are love affairs, which only adjust themselves to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, by the timely death of certain other parties who were stopping the way. Possibly. But realities come here under revision, not fictions. Many novelists eschew sensationalism, lest their novels should look unlike real life. Yet, considered dispassionately, sensationalism and real life prove to be identities, at least for this and coming generations. 'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour, qui fait le monde à la ronde,' the Bourbonists used to sing, at an epoch of history when love was far from having the means it now has of locomotion. In fact, if love were to run a smooth course, it would never reach the ideal of true love, as every one knows. What is an unsmooth course, unless a course besprinkled with sensational interest? There are lovers, methinks, on whom non-sensationalized love would too often tend to pall. Moreover, it seems arranged somehow incomprehensibly, that lovers in general should not attain to either all their happiness or all their misery, until they have come into some money or have lost it, by

one or more individuals obligingly dying. Generally, I say, not always. Hence, these samples, I opine, accord sufficiently with the everyday chances of the life we all live, to be both hypothetically and substantially true, their strangeness notwithstanding.

But, while some sensations receive their vitality from erotic sources, and others have death or social ruin as their chief ingredients, there are histories, comprising none of either kind, and which yet reflect sensationalism in its now-a-day aspect as much as any of them. I can produce an instance. The initiatory portions of the story were obtained direct from those who launched its hero on the stream of life. To the veracity of the latter portion, I myself testify.

It may be a quarter of a century, since a Devonshire family of my once intimate acquaintance was cordially invited by certain cousins to pay them a visit at their country seat in the far west of Ireland. Visits, at that time, to that country, whether as regarded the English or the Irish side of the water, although full of romance, differed widely from present journeys thither. The railroad had only got as far as Bristol, westward of which all was in the coach way, and after which came a long sea voyage, followed by very tedious travelling in canal-boats, Purcell's coaches, or Bianconi's cars, according to the part travelled over. In spite of the tedium, everything presented such novelty to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Farrcombe, not excluding the house they were invited to, as to interest them exceedingly. This turned out to be three miles from the county-town, in the midst of an immense acreage intended for a park, utterly waste and neglected, but capable of much, as Capability Brown would have remarked, had he surveyed the property a hundred years ago. It was a tremendously big house, weather-slated from top to bottom, and left to run to seed in the Castle Rackrent style. Not a decent piece of furniture, nor a sound pane of glass, nor a door with manageable hinges, could be discerned inside or out of it. The inhabitants made up

for a good deal, nevertheless, by an original sort of heartiness about them; and, Mr. and Mrs. Farrcombe having purposely timed their visit with the assizes, during which the judges, barristers, and Dublin attorneys had the run of the premises, many were the scenes of gentlemanlike riot and originality it enabled them to witness. One evening, after my friends had been looking on at a prolonged display of the nationalities in the servants' hall, their host told them they had not yet seen the best of his jig-dancers, at the same time pointing to a shy 'boy,' who appeared to have slid in by a back-door. A 'broth of a boy' he was, too, some eighteen years of age, rather well-featured, but unkempt as to his locks, Celtic as to his cheek-bones, innocent of a necktie or garters, and clad in a frieze coat with corduroy shorts. There might be go in him; but he sat so gingerly on his kitchen chair, that you could have tipped him off with a feather; and, when challenged to dance by the colleen bawn of the party, he blushed like a girl. Once at it, however, he footed away after a fashion which not only caused his compatriots to cast proud glances at the English folk present, but which led Mr. Farrcombe to perceive that the champion jig-dancer had the makings of a man in him. To shorten the story, my friends ended their visit by enlisting Patsy Denis, as not bad raw material from which to model a footman; whereupon, the wild Irishman set out for 'furrin parts,' amid the heart-breaking of a number of Bridgets, and the envy, mingled with secret rejoicing, of a corresponding number of rival swains. I pass over a year or thereabouts, which period Patsy Denis spent at Combe-Farr Manor, near Bideford. Mrs. Farrcombe, I remember, used to describe the change during that interval as something marvellous, dating from the exact day of his leaving the land of his fathers behind him. Having a quick ear, he no sooner unlearned the brogue, than he picked up the Saxon idiom and accentuation, while his manners and general outward man underwent, not a polish

simply, but an actual burnish; so that, at the close of his novitiate, there were few among the Devonian brawnies who had a chance beside him with their buxom lasses. But his sensations were to be of another ken. The Farrcombes went to live on the Continent, first at Brussels, then at Munich, places which in those days people considered farther from home than Vienna or St. Petersburg are considered in these. At Brussels, besides learning conversational French very passably, Patsy took lessons in the violin, also in scientific dancing, and with such proficiency, as to lay not unjust claim to the title which his English fellow-servants bestowed on him, of 'the best galloper in the town.' At Munich, he cultivated belles-lettres and things in general with equal success and notoriety. It may well be supposed, however, that linguistic and saltatory acquirements, though desirable enough in certain stations of life, were hardly likely to make a model footman. Unhappily, too, his ballast by no means adapted itself to his sailing power. Together with progress in the arts, he developed that ineffable conceit which appears indigenous in Celts who rise from the ranks. Till the conceit had fully matured, his airs only served to create a fund of amusement. But, finally, my friends found themselves compelled to nip their man-servant's educational course in the bud. One day, Mrs. Farrcombe rang the bell, and desired him to get ready to take her letters to the post, which was on the point of starting for England.

'Certainly, ma'am,' replied Patsy, in the most elegant Anglo-Saxon, 'certainly, if you par-ti-cu-lar-ly desire it. I should only wish to remark, that it would convenience me to wait an hour, as I expect my German mawster immediately.'

I presume nobody will be surprised to hear that 'the best galloper in the town' had, not merely to post his letters then and there, but to follow them to England shortly after. A rumour subsequently reached the Farrcombes of their protégé having set up a dancing school at Southampton. But

whether Terpsichore had no votaries in that ilk, or that Patsy's genius demanded a more enlarged sphere, nothing certain was heard of him for some years following. For all which, a novel sensation came to hand in due time. Mr. Farrcombe had occasion to call upon a friend, staying at that former refuge for alien royalty in London, Claridge's Hotel, then Mivart's. The visit over, a waiter informed him that his presence was requested in the coffee-room.

'Don't you remember me, Mr. Farrcombe?' said a tall, foreign-looking personage, with a well-bred manner, a wavy moustache and imperial, accosting my friend at the coffee-room door.

'What! not Patsy Denis, surely?' the latter exclaimed.

'Formerly, Patrick Denis,' replied Patsy, with an approach to hauteur—for Patsy it was as large as life—'but now, Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, head hall-porter, groom of the chambers, and foreign interpreter at Mivart's Hotel.'

I leave my readers to conceive the feelings of Mr. Mowbray's late master. I must likewise leave my hero for the present, never having inquired how long he continued to officiate as recognised guide to the crowned heads who resort to England for information. I only here interpolate, that I had myself seen the future Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, when he was under tutelage down at Combe-Farr, which advantage gave me double zest in listening to his after-career, and also put me in a position to unearth a fresh sensation with respect to him, for which no one could have been the least prepared. Many years after the events narrated, a business matter of importance obliged me to make some stay in Paris. Knowing the French metropolis well, in all sorts of views of it, I experienced no primary difficulty in killing my evenings between the theatres and cafés-chantants. But, at length, my business protracting longer than expected, I bethought myself of varying the enjoyment by using an influential letter I had obtained to the Faubourg St. Germain. I made

the requisite calls, which were answered by a cordial invite to the salon of Madame la Comtesse de Bonnefoye.

'Charmée de faire votre connaissance,' said the countess. 'Seulement il me manque Mons. le Marquis de Nys, pour vous mettre au courant du faubourg. Il est absolument des nôtres, mais tout le même votre compatriote. Connaissez vous la famille de Nys? Grande famille Irlandaise, ce me paraît?'

Truth obliged me to confess that I had never heard the name till then. There was Lord Naas, Sir Something MacNeece, a Knee family, and a few other approximate appellations, which with lightning rapidity I mentally rehearsed. A descent from the Irish Brigade? Or a mistake in the name, perhaps? The French are for ever making a mull of our names, are they not?

'Mais, non,' reiterated Madame de Bonnefoye, rather nettled at my ignorance. 'C'est une famille très connue: et, puis, M. le marquis en est le digne représentant, si bien élevé! si spirituel! ah, que je suis désolé qu'à présent il se trouve à la campagne.'

My curiosity began to be desolated also, so that at last the countess promised he should call upon me the moment he came back from his country château. Two days afterwards, I had finished breakfast at the Mirabeau, and was taking a lounging look out of my window down the Rue de la Paix, when I saw an equipage with a silver and blue hammercloth, and lacqueys to match, drive grandly up the street and stop at the hotel door. One of the ministers? methought; or, an ambassador? or, it might be that awful functionary of the Luxembourg, the Grand Référéndaire, to whom everything is referred, I presume? But, incontinently, the meditations of my fauteuil were disturbed by the landlord announcing the Marquis de Nys. After we had exchanged salutations and excuses, the initiatory query which I put to myself, as I scanned my noble visitor's physiognomy, was, 'Where on earth have I seen you before?' The marquis, how-

ever, came out with the whole story, promptly and frankly.

'Recognising your name, sir,' he said, when seated, to me, 'I guessed you were the gentleman who used to visit at Combe-Farr, and, as I see I guessed rightly, I have no difficulty in entrusting my adventures to you. As to what and who I was, ça va sans dire. When I left Mivart's, I went over to New York, where I did business fourteen years as a commission agent, for which my knowledge of languages well adapted me. By the end of that time, I had realized a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, being something like thirty thousand pounds sterling. Others would have remained on, to double the sum at the least. But I was not yet forty, and knew the difference of European life. I therefore sold the "good will," and returned to Europe, determined to try and push my way upward. How to get into society, without either antecedents or introductions? That was the question. But, dear me, sir, you little imagine the almightiness of gold, whatever the tales you may have heard of it. Happening to read Lord Fitzhardinge's case in the newspapers, on whose behalf it was urged that titles of nobility sometimes went with the land, it occurred to me to inquire whether that was not really the case in France. I found it to be so in strict constructive law, though the Code Napoléon has no such provision, and though advantage is now rarely taken of it. My next step was to search for a property, and I soon hit upon one which exactly suited. I bought up a château and land on the banks of the Maine down in Normandy, which had formerly belonged to the Marquises de Nys-Maine, the last of the family having perished by the guillotine in the Revolution. Why, it's the very thing, I thought to myself. De Nys is simply the French for Denis. And, had I not every bit as much right to my present name and title as the descendant of Mr. O'Dillon of Ballybarrow had to become Odillon Barrot; or, as Mr. O'Cavanagh's great-grandson had to call himself

Cavaignac? I then bought a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, which I denominated the Hôtel de Nys. The bait took. In six months I married Madame de Bonnefoye's sister-in-law. And here I am, as good a marquis as any in France, and I may add, without vanity, rather better educated than most of them.'

When the marquis was beginning, my first impulse had been to show him the door. As he proceeded, while amused with his surprising effrontery, I could not but admire the talent and tact he had evinced, as well as acknowledge his perfect right to make the most of his gains, so long as he conducted himself honourably and committed no crime. We became friends. Afterwards, he forsook Paris, or he comes up only occasionally, residing on his estate as grand seigneur of the place. And very well indeed does the whilom Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, aboriginally Patsy Denis, act the marquis, five miles south of Angers, in the heart of the old Chouan country. That I will say for him, from what I saw there the summer before last. Not fifty years of age, and what a life of sensations, love or death not having yet crossed swords with him, that I know of! You will term those sensations 'bought and sought,' my

reader. Only some were. But, whatso the first cause, there go life's realities, stranger than novels, roving about, as though any one might gather them, athwart the boulevards of Paris.

In good sooth, neither Paris nor boulevards are wanting. I would wager to discover as many, every day, in the Strand.

'Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, down.
Here we go backward and forward,
Up to London town.'

There is more of sensational realism, I take it, in that runic rhythm of our nursery days, than the prosers ever credit it with. Have I not abundantly shown that no one novel has a right to monopolize the title, 'Too Strange not to be True?' My reader asks, who are the prosers? Those people are prosers who view the world superficially, who pay insufficient attention to its endless involutions and evolutions. Now, genius and talent cannot be acquired. But habits of observation can.

Hence, in order to estimate the vast and intricate sensationalism of this age, and to become convinced that nothing is too strange to be true, we have only—*passez moi le terme*—to keep our eyes and ears open.

THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.

SHALL we, friendly reader, now indulge once more in some of that quasi-medical talk that once and again I have ventured to hold with you? You understand my kind of talk—that I do not injuriously seek to afflict you with useful information, or with discussion of scientific problems, but seek to treat on its literary side that learned profession which has, or most certainly one day will have, a very strong personal interest for us. From time to time topics of discussion crop up in the medical world which form subjects of general conversation in social intercourse. Now Professor Huxley

startles us with his protoplasms, which reduce all nature to one common denominator. Then Professor Tyndall tells us of the vast clouds of possible germs of disease which we incessantly swallow, and of the cotton-wool method, by which we can make the air of the sick chamber as pure and rarefied as that of the higher Alps. Professor Tyndall has, however, quite failed to satisfy the general mind on the germ theory of disease. Then, perhaps, some new medicine, or some new method of treatment obtains a share of popularity. Men will eagerly discuss all the possible uses of bromide of potassium, or

they will tell wonders of the extirpating power of carbolic acid; or they will go into raptures over the power of the new hypnotic, chloral hydrate, which they will declare—but don't believe them, reader—produces deep sleep, and leaves no after-effect. The doctors are sad people for making a run upon some particular medicine, and for the time being the whole profession becomes empirical in the use of a new and fashionable drug. The chemists complain greatly that, by the time they have ordered in a stock of it, the medicine caprice has changed, and the demand is for something new. We outsiders hear of matters of controversy; and the public, without being able to appreciate the precise force of conflicting theories, takes a languid interest in matters not of remote interest to it, and, at all events, is ready to listen to matters that have any claim of novelty. At the present time English surgeons, of whom deplorably few have gone to the seat of war, are wondering what new treatment of gunshot wounds will be necessitated by the needle-gun and the mitrailleuse. They might introduce from Germany the pleasant method of treating fever patients, by placing them in cooling baths, and in warm weather bringing them out to lie beneath the trees. In reference to the medical aspect of the war, it is remarkable that, even as the Good Samaritan poured in oil and wine upon the wounded traveller, so it seems to be nearly acknowledged as a medical truth that oil and wine make the best part of the pharmacopœia for wounded soldiers. Then there is a ceaseless subject of medical and general discussion, ever since Hahneman threw the medical world into confusion at the commencement of the present century, on the rival merits of homœopathy and allopathy. And to say the truth, the great British public can rarely see safe ground in medical and scientific controversies, and they ever grow hopeless of attaining such ground when they observe in how bigoted and intolerant a way even scientific controversy can be carried on.

I cannot wonder at any amount of scepticism respecting doctors when so much scepticism exists among themselves. Even on that internecine question of allopathy and homœopathy, there are allopathic doctors who treat patients homœopathically, and homœopathic doctors who treat patients allopathically. Doctors grow suspicious of medicines, and often resolutely refuse to prescribe. Surgeons undervalue operations, and confess that their mutilations of the human subject are simply confessions of powerlessness to heal. The present writer is not a medical man, but he has the happiness of conference and correspondence with several medical men of eminence. One of his friends wrote thus to him the other day: 'Medical practice is getting out of the old groove; is still wandering in a sort of maze and in chaotic confusion, awaiting, seeking, searching for a new path . . . You are aware how many valuable, inestimable lives are lost by those respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, &c., as regards the treatment of which the profession is in a state of utter bewilderment and almost chaotic confusion.' It is very remarkable that, in those diseases enumerated by my correspondent, medicine, as a science, has made the greatest advances, but medicine as an art has been almost powerless. Most of the triumphs of modern medical science have been made in the direction of diseases of the chest, in an almost unerring diagnosis, in the invention of scientific tests, and in methods of cure and alleviation; and yet, wonderful to say, nearly the entire increase of disease belongs to what are called chest cases. One reason is that medical men study the theory rather than the art of medicine, and students rather seek to distinguish themselves in a scientific examination, than to be clinically acquainted with the varying phenomena of disease.

On other grounds, too, there is a great deal of reproach against medicine. The reproach is sometimes made against medicine, that it is allied with materialism. This reproach does not seem altogether to

be destitute of foundation. The Bishop of Orleans tells us that materialism is publicly taught under the sanction of the Minister of Public Education. 'It is triumphant,' he continues, 'in the School of Medicine in Paris. We recollect those wild cries of *Vive le Matérialisme!* uttered last year (1867), at the opening of the session.' Yet we do not see where the materialism can give the *δός τοῦ στῶ*. As Professor Tyndall truly says: 'The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable.' Even Professor Huxley speaks of the well-founded doctrine that life is the cause, and not the consequence of organization, although this admission is strangely at variance with his well-known paper on the 'Physical Basis of Life.' We have now the remarkable theory that matter is essentially force, and nothing but force; that all force is probably will-force; and that force is a product of mind. Materialism has not got it all its own way, even among the materialists. But if scientific medicine is often adverse it is also often an ally to the religious sentiment. But now let us look at medicine on its positive side, and see what a vast *per contra* has to be stated. How beautiful are the words of Galen: 'In explaining these things I esteem myself as composing a solemn hymn to the Great Architect of our bodily frame, in which I think there is more true piety than in sacrificing whole hecatombs of oxen, or in burning the most costly perfumes; for first I endeavour from His works to know Him myself; and afterwards, by the same means, to show Him to others, to inform them how great is His wisdom, goodness, and power.' It is interesting to remember that St. Luke belonged to the same medical school as Galen. Abernethy has a fine saying to the effect that the body rests on a *myriad of elastic columns*. It might be possible to make a florilegium of such striking sayings. It would not be too much to say that some of the most striking contributions to the Argument from Design have been furnished from medical research.

Medicine has, in its own way, as brilliant identifications as can be found elsewhere in science—as in the discovery of the planet Neptune, or the identification of the *dinornis*. Our readers probably recollect Professor Owen's wonderful identification of the great wingless bird of New Zealand. A sailor offered a piece of bone for sale at some of the scientific museums. They all declined, and one of them irreverently said that it was like a huge marrowbone, such as he had seen at the London Tavern. It was bought at length by Professor Owen. The professor took time for consideration, and then he pronounced an astonishing opinion. He declared that this bone, which was big enough for the bone of an ox, was nothing else than the bone of a bird; and he followed up this statement by one that was more astonishing still—that this bird had no wings. It taxed all one's faith in Professor Owen to credit such language as this. But time vindicated the science of the philosopher. A whole skeleton of the animal was discovered and brought over to this country. So accurate was the professor, that no better name could be found for the bird than *apteryx*, or wingless one. Quite recently Professor Owen has given a lecture, which will be found in the report of the Zoological Society, based on the interesting fact that more bones of the *apteryx*—those of the windpipe—have been recently discovered in New Zealand. The professor thinks that the bird must have existed and passed away at a period before the Maories came into the country. All great discoveries in science are related, not remotely, to the special discoveries of medicine. Medicine, and all other sciences, incessantly grasp after the mighty secret of life, which for ever eludes our most searching analysis. Now and then we hear a mighty scientific hypothesis, as when Darwin and Wallace speak of the Origin of Species, or Dr. Winslow propounds the theory of Molecular Repulsion—the theory that duality of forces govern the heavenly bodies—that there is some subtle principle, antagonistic to repulsion, which

exists as an all-pervading element in Nature. Medicine, which absorbs all sciences, has the utmost affinity for the widest generalizations which science can effect. Moral science enters the borders of medicine as much as physical science. Here is a striking sentence which might be looked on as subsidiary to Bishop Butler's argument on Identity: 'Mayer, of Heilbron, pointed out that the blood was the "oil of life," and that muscular effort was in the main supported by the combustion of this oil. The muscles are the machinery by which the dynamic power of the food is brought into action. Nevertheless the whole body, though more slowly than the blood, wastes also. How is the sense of personal identity maintained across this flight of molecules. . . The oxygen that departs seems to whisper its secret to the oxygen that arrives; and thus, while the *non ego* shifts and changes, the *ego* remains intact. Life is a *wave*, which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles.' The difficulty is to see how we can make these splendid hypotheses tributaries to medicine as an art. So to speak, the geography of the body is like the geography of the world; through the ages and generations we creep on from truth to truth; but, after all, there has never been any complete scientific investigation of either. When victorious analysis has been carried to the utmost, and scientific instruments have tested every living and dead tissue, if perchance the mystery of life can be unravelled, we can only report, in the words of the earliest and closest observer of Nature, that 'Destruction and death say, "We have heard the sound thereof with our ears."' "

So much, then, for the strength and weakness, the achievements and the powerlessness of medicine. We have caught a glimpse also of the great arguments it subserves, and the mighty theories of speculation. We feel that the whole subject is immeasurably dwarfed when we come down to the practical aspects of every-day medical science. A medical man told me the other day that his practice virtually consisted

of half a dozen medicines. I expect we can guess what they are. There is *digitalis*, the great medicine for the heart; opium, so universal a sheet-anchor that a great physician always used to travel about with a box of opium pills in his pocket; the abominable and abhorrent calomel; the sulphate of quinine; the muriate of iron; the iodide of potassium. To these we must add the new remedies of chloroform, bromide of potassium, and nitrous oxide gas. Dr. Sibson truly said the other day at the meeting of the British Medical Association, that side by side with this use of medicine is the study and regulation of the vital forces. It would be well if the human race could understand the copybook truism that prevention is better than cure. We hope the time will come when a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and vital powers will become familiar knowledge. Nothing is more deplorable than the lamentable ignorance of the most elementary knowledge of the conditions of life and health. Every now and then some extraordinary incident occurs to vary the monotony of ordinary medical discussion. For instance, after Troppman was guillotined, a Paris physician, Dr. Pinel, asserted in a political journal that life remained in the head of the criminal at least an hour after execution. There had also been frightful stories of the heads of guillotined persons biting each other, purporting to come from Sanson, the executioner. One result of this was that some experiments were made at Beauvais on the body of a criminal executed for parricide. The experimenters applied their lips to the ears of the severed head and shouted out the man's name in a loud voice. But there came no muscular movement to any feature, nor any gleam to the lack-lustre eye. Electricity obtained its usual vivid contractions, but these were not significant, as the same were obtained long after the extraction of the brain. The results coincided with results obtained by similar experiments at Mayence in 1803, when also they called out the names of the criminals to the respective

heads. At the present moment a profoundly melancholy interest attaches to death and sufferings on the battle-field. There are medical reports on these subjects during the Crimean, Italian, and American wars. Dr. Brinton, a military surgeon, speaks thus of a young American shot through the heart: 'The right arm was raised above the head and rigidly fixed. The hand still held the cap with which he had been cheering on his comrades at the last moment of life. A peaceful smile was on his face.' This statement reminds us of the language of William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, when he said, in his last moments, to his friend, Dr. Coombs: 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.' We may observe that Hunter's still more illustrious brother died from giving way to a violent gust of passion. We may deeply pity the poor wounded, who are left for hours in the sun where they have fallen; but it is happy to know that for the fallen brave the physical bitterness of death was probably well-nigh annihilated. The experience of our own great military surgeons, such as Macgregor and Guthrie, ought to be carefully studied.

We now pass on to say a few words on the doctors. We have recently had to lament the death of two illustrious men who have made the medical schools of Edinburgh so justly famous—Sir James Y. Simpson and Professor Syme. It is remarkable that one of the last writings of Sir James Simpson, in the '*Lancet*' of this year, relates to his great discovery of chloroform. He gave the single instance of death under chloroform which occurred under his practice, embracing thousands of cases. A medical man told me the other day that in five thousand cases where he had administered he had never seen a single death. Sir James thought that the chloroform had probably nothing to do with the death. He cites various instances of death from syncope under operations without anæsthetics. He mentions a remarkable case in 1847, in

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which he had intended to use chloroform, but was prevented, and the patient died under the operation. 'If the chloroform had happened to be used, and this fatal syncope had occurred while the patient was under its action, the whole career of the new anæsthetic would have been arrested.' It is often very interesting to place doctors under examination, or cross-examination, respecting medical matters. The accounts which doctors give of their own illnesses are always extremely interesting. Their greatest difficulty is always to get a patient to give a clear, accurate account of his symptoms. They will certainly endeavour themselves to guard against errors and vagueness. One of the best descriptions of delirium we know is given by Sir Charles Bell, in his account of his own delirium in scarlatina: 'As to the delirium, it was never such as you suppose; especially the first nights, it was rather agreeable. A painter, with a look of self-gratulation, seemed to place his piece on an easel; another, with an air of superiority, displaced the first and substituted his own style; a third frowned and terrified the last, until, in rapid succession, I saw the finest pieces of history, the most romantic scenery—banditti, ruins, aqueducts. Still I had selfish feeling enough to know that this was all imagination, and indicated some exuberance of fancy in which I indulged. By-and-by the same process of fancy became less airy and light in what it exhibited. I seemed to be among legs and arms: a dressing-gown hanging in a corner was a figure in a frowning or contemptuous attitude; a fold of the bedclothes gave the idea of a limb, to which I added what was necessary for the figure. Every absurdity of my imagination I observed to have a distinct origin in the impression on the sense. When the light was vivid, the candles and fire burning bright, the truth of sensation corrected all aberrations. In total darkness, too, I was free of false perception; but in the obscure light of the rushlight on that gray canvas that seemed to be drawn across the vision by the

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shutting of my eyelids, the reflex sensation perpetually exhibited the most romantic scenes or the richest ornaments, or the gayest festoons of flowers. Such is the history of my delirium.' This is a brilliant picture, which might rank with the visions of De Quincey. Mr. Charles Reade, in one of his novels, makes his dying hero revive by an infusion of blood from his heroine. This doctrine of transfusion was fully set forth by Dr. Blundell, with cases. Blundell showed that to infuse the blood of one animal into another is fatal, but that venous blood in the human species would revive or resuscitate; and no doubt arterial blood still more if it could be obtained. In most of the experiments, however, the result was not favourable.

Every one has his story to tell of Abernethy. The story of his marriage is a good one. He wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but he would give her a fortnight for consideration. Astley Cooper, I think, lectured as usual the day he was married. We have only heard one opinion from all persons who have had any intimacy with Abernethy, that under that roughest of manners he veiled one of the kindest of hearts. In occasional encounters his patients sometimes had decidedly the best of it. One gentleman went to consult him about a bad pain in his shoulders. Abernethy brusquely said, 'Well, I know nothing about it.' 'I don't know how you should,' was the sharp retort; 'but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you then may.' Abernethy at once said, 'Sit down,' and treated him with the greatest kindness. One day a lady who went to consult him found him extremely uncourteous. 'I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I did not expect this.' When Abernethy gave her the prescription, she said, 'What shall I do with this?' 'Anything you like; put it in the fire if you please.' The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the

fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee, or let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable, and left the house. Abernethy's eccentricities are partly to be explained by the fact that he was a great humorist. Beyond this, he had a very fidgetty organization, probably to be explained by some structural flaw in the heart, to which eventually his death was to be referred. His brethren always speak well of Abernethy. Sir Charles Bell wrote: 'I think Abernethy has taken a kind of hankering kindness to me. Yesterday he called, and I chased him from chair to stool round the room, in the way of argument. To-day I dined with him. I have been entreating him to go to a dance with me to-morrow. "No," says he, "they make such a quiz of me." . . . I took my first ride with Abernethy. My companion is quite a peculiar character; but I believe the infection of my delight made him unusually free and frisky.'

In medical science, especially in France, there appears to be a tendency towards positive cruelty. Abernethy absolutely disapproved of vivisection. He considered that such experiments were morally wrong and physiologically unsafe. Sir Charles Bell always asserted the truth that physiology was a science of observation rather than of experiment. He made few experiments, made them very reluctantly, and did not think that he made anything by them. It is impossible to read without the keenest horror of Orfila's experiments on animals by poisoning. A writer in the 'Quarterly' justly termed such experiments *hellish*. All true physiologists are Baconian, and look on diseases as natural laws complicated with circumstances of interference. A disease is a foreign invasion that will run a certain course, and must be dislodged as soon as possible. Sensible doctors only profess to put their patients under the best conditions for recovery; not to cure absolutely. The general practitioner—and it is he, after all, who sees most of life, death, and disease

—can only have the faintest hopes of good from ruthless experiments. As a matter of fact, medical men are exceedingly kindhearted. They illustrate Bishop Butler's law that sympathy is not dulled but heightened, if manifested in kindly action.

I have just been noticing some instances of the way in which doctors have treated royalty. Radcliff told Queen Anne that her disease was nothing but the vapours. 'She is in as good a state of health as any woman breathing—only she can't make up her mind to believe it.' William the Third was told by his doctor that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms. Although unfavourable to the doctors, the case of George the Third might serve as an illustration. We are told, in Sir George Ross's diary, of the opinion of the king's medical men in his last irrecoverable mental illness. 'The opinion of the physicians is more than ever confident of recovery, but still uncertain as to time. Dr. Willis has not the slightest apprehension of another paroxysm now. The unanimous opinion also of the physicians is, that a state of some irritation must precede recovery, but that recovery is as certain as anything can be.' There never was a worse guess, except, perhaps, in the case of his son, George the Fourth. That king asked Dr. Wardrop, 'Tell me, Wardrop, honestly, if you think I shall recover.' Wardrop answered that his Majesty must be perfectly aware that any disease of a vital organ like the heart could not be free from danger. Countless instances might be given of the benevolence of medical men. Dr. Hope, when he prescribed flannel to the poor, always used to give them the flannel. Dr. Baillie prescribed that a young lady should spend the winter in a mild climate, and when he knew that she could not afford it, presented her with an adequate sum to defray her expenses. It was a matter of sincere sorrow to him if he ever spoke roughly to a poor man; a fact which may be commended to the consideration of many parish doctors. The most charming trait of

natural affection belongs to our greatest surgeons. Bichat dedicates his work '*à mon père et mon meilleur ami.*' It is of a doctor that the pretty story is told that he was gambolling with his children, when he suddenly ceased: 'Let us break off; here's a fool coming.'

Every now and then in the history of a family the case arises in which a consulting physician is called in to the bedside of a sick member of it. I use the expression 'consulting physician,' as that is the ordinary term; but one of the medical journals has rightly pointed out that 'consulted' physician would be the more correct appellation. It is generally a sad and sorrowful circumstance when the great medical luminary is called in. It implies at least that the patient is confined to the bed, or to the sick room. If he were able to get about he would go to the great man's waiting-room instead of incurring the trouble and expense of bringing the great man to his bedside. If the great man be a very great man indeed, you will not be able to see him by the simple expedient of going to his house. You will perhaps receive a card of admission for 'next day, or you may perhaps be told by a secretary that you may have an appointment for three o'clock on the following Friday. You see your case is not so immediately urgent as it may be in the long run, although it may be chronic enough and fatal enough. The consulting physician is now a distinct order in the medical world; under which term we include, also, the consulting surgeon. He has the highest reputation and the largest gains of any. And it is work which ought to be highly remunerated, as is most certainly the case. He has to work hard, to make long journeys, to incur grave responsibilities, and is sometimes prematurely worn out by his great intellectual and physical exertions. The late Sir James Simpson was sometimes summoned for consultation as far as Geneva or Vienna. The fees given are at times enormous. I heard of a physician the other day who was summoned into a

distant county, where he stayed for a day or two, and was presented with a cheque for thirteen hundred guineas. Perhaps the largest fee ever given was presented to Sir Henry Thompson for a successful operation in the case of the late King Leopold. It was a hundred thousand francs. But one would hardly say that any fee under such extraordinary circumstances was too large. Scientific men on the Continent were not all friendly to the idea of an English practitioner being called in. It will easily be understood that an operator himself, under such circumstances, has mighty interests at stake, and that a failure might be fraught with ruinous results. So great a risk requires ample compensation. The ordinary rate of remuneration is at the rate of thirteen and fourpence a mile—that is, an eight-guinea fee for a twelve-mile railway journey. I have known of forty guineas being given for a visit to Worthing, and sixty to St. Leonards. In cases where railway communication is rapid and easy a mitigated fee is taken. A fee of twenty-five guineas is generally held to be sufficient in the case of a journey to Brighton.

Still it must be owned that the whole question of physicians' fees is hardly resting on a satisfactory basis. Of late years a new system has been devised, called the Manchester system, which aims at securing exacter justice between the public and the physicians. It is best adapted for the country, but its principles might be advantageously extended to the towns. It regulates payments according to the length of journeys, night work, and the means of the patients. As a rule, medical men are exceedingly liberal. They proceed very much upon the principle that the rich should pay as much as they can, and the poor as little as they can. Medical men constantly make large incomes, but they rarely accumulate large fortunes. It is sometimes said, but the reproach is not very often deserved, that they charge poor patients too highly. It is equally true that there is no class which acts more generously in remitting

fees. But patients often act a part towards their doctors which provokes some reproach. It often happens that at the outset of a career a doctor devotes himself with the utmost energy and anxiety to the case of a patient. Not only his skill but his sympathies are keenly enlisted in his behalf. No mere money payment would really recompense him for his pains. And while the man is sick his feelings towards his physician are those of the liveliest and most grateful description. His doctor's visit is an oasis in the desert of the day. By-and-by the man gets well. Then the bitter old adage is exemplified—

'The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he.'

His gratitude cools at the exact point when convalescence should cause it to culminate. He forgets all the zeal and love shown him, and the medical treatment becomes simply a commercial transaction. The bill is paid, perhaps grudgingly and lingeringly, and perhaps with incredibly bad taste the patient objects to the charges. All this embitters a doctor. He will now think of himself as much as he thinks of his patients. He will charge all that he can charge, in accordance with that principle of enlightened self-interest which is the essence of the utilitarian theory. In this way the doctor called out of town for a consultation asks in every instance, a number of guineas in proportion to the number of miles; although I think the system should be so far modified that the physician should draw a distinction between the five thousand a year and the five hundred a year style of thing. From my own observation I can say that sometimes no such distinction is drawn.

It is a momentous time in the history of a family when it is resolved to have a consultation. We suppose that they are residing in that continuous encircling town suburb with which London is girdled around. Let us suppose that the doctor is going to an extreme distance of the twelve-mile postal delivery. His charge

will be eight guineas, but you may freely give him as much more as you like. It may be that some families in the neighbourhood may hear that he is coming down, and, through their medical adviser, may make an appointment with him, and to them the fee will perhaps be no more than a couple of guineas. It has not been without much anxiety, much careful consideration respecting the selection of a physician that it has been resolved that further help shall be called in. Some beloved member of the family is deeply ailing. The local doctors have given the ailment a name, but it is by no means certain that they have reached the true diagnosis of the complaint. They have, according to the approved routine of art, gone through all the stereotyped practice proper to the case, but the patient is none the better, but rather worse. Then it is resolved that the great Dr. Mungo shall be called in. Some general practitioners are exceedingly shy of the great doctors, and very unwilling to call them in. They sometimes consider such a step to be an impeachment of their medical skill. I once met with a monster of a man who candidly confessed to me that he would much rather let a patient die than call in the extraneous medical advice that might have saved him. Other men I have known—and they deservedly stand very high in public esteem—who make a rule of calling in further advice whenever they meet any symptom that baffles their experience. The plain fact is that there is no want of confidence involved in sending for another doctor. It is a comfort to resolve that if there is a stone anywhere left unturned, it shall forthwith be upturned—often a comfort to reflect that no possible means have been left untried to aid restoration to health. There is the hope, often wild and vague, that the genius, the science, the immense experience of the great Dr. Mungo will strike out a way of safety when all other ways have been vain. The local practitioner will not himself entertain any such hopes. In his secret soul he will probably con-

sider that he is as great a man as the great Dr. Mungo, although he could never afford the necessary outlay for commencing a fashionable career at the West End. He will also argue that for this particular patient he is probably the best doctor of the two, as he knows the patient's constitution; and he will also say that the celebrated doctor is a man of a theory or a speciality, and that he is in the habit of referring anything at all doubtful to his peculiar hobby. Still he is not without a certain kind of flutter when he is called upon to meet the celebrated physician. It is possible that he may revere him in his own mind, and may be glad to pick up a few hints for future practice. Perhaps he has already sent him a long communication respecting this particular case. Perhaps another local doctor has been called in, and there has been a keen professional battle on the differences of opinions expressed, and the great man comes in as an umpire to give a sort of final decision.

He comes, as near as may be, to the hour named, and his tremendous rat-tat arouses the neighbourhood and perhaps boils the patient's blood to fever-heat. Ah, what hopes and fears are probably contending in the poor sufferer's mind, and, even if he keeps calm and subdued, in the minds of those around him who love and watch him with such intense solicitude! It is so very much like waiting for the verdict of a jury. The sentence of life or death shall proceed forthwith. I suppose that a physician can have no keener pleasure than when he allays deadly apprehensions which have been ill-founded; no greater unhappiness than when he has to confirm the worst fears. Scarcely has the loud summons ceased to reverberate when the trap of the ordinary medical attendant arrives at the door. The two gentlemen exchange greetings, and then retire for a few minutes into the dining-room or library. Any necessary inquiries are at once made, and answered, and presently the footsteps of the medical men are heard upon the stairs. Then ensues the exami-

nation, which may be a tedious business, involving stethoscope, laryngoscope, microscope—any of those numerous instruments which the latest modern science has been fruitful in inventing—or which may be despatched very briefly. Then the medical gentlemen retire to confer together. I have known of anxious wives who have quietly slipped down into the back dining-room, and there eagerly drunk in every syllable of the conference. Generally it is brief enough. Medical knowledge is tolerably equalised; and as a rule the general practitioner is acquainted with, and has employed, all the resources of his art. Still the other's larger experience will enable him to suggest some untried medicines or appliances; and though they may not be worth much, yet the novelty of some untried hope will be useful to the patient and make him think that he has not incurred a useless expense. Then the announcement of the opinion will be formally given. The patient is entitled to a full and frank opinion, and he shall have it to the π^{th} , should he so desire. If it be unfavourable, it is, perhaps, best communicated through the sufferer's friends. As a rule the opinion is given as favourably as may be, consistent with absolute truth. Truth is the great requisite; a man would fain die, like Ajax, 'in the daylight.' Of course there are hanging doctors, just as there are hanging judges—men who hold and express the most unfavourable views possible on every case presented to them. They probably think it safest for their own reputation that they should form an unfavourable prognosis. But this is not often the case. If you can really administer hope, you are exhibiting, perhaps, a more valuable medicine than any in the Pharmacopœia. A man sometimes dies of the doctor, especially when the doctor significantly asks him whether he has made his will.

A medical consultation is sometimes fraught with surprises, as when some consulting physician, greatly beyond the average, is called in to assist some practitioner who is

greatly below the average. I have known such cases, as when a man believes he has scrofula, and instead it is only some perfectly harmless ailment; or thinks that he has a heart complaint, and it is merely indigestion. On the other hand, a man who suspects no evil is suddenly informed that he has an aneurism, or the symptoms of an incurable disease are at once detected. There are certain people who live in a chronic state of fidgets about their health; who, like the beggars, are always wanting to exhibit their sores, and who really hug their complaints as the most precious of their possessions. This sort of people afford a considerable amount of aliment to the medical profession. They often require a visit every day while they are well and several visits a day when they are ill. I have heard of a doctor who took his fifteen guineas a day for such visits. A much more sensible plan, which a few wise people adopt, is to pay a medical man a yearly sum, and get him to look up a household periodically and keep them in good health. A rich, nervous patient must not be dealt with untruly, but he will only be indignant if the truth is administered in a crude, unadulterated form. I heard of a patient the other day who was troubled with neuralgia. Neuralgia is bad enough, in all conscience, but he wanted his complaint to be dignified with some rarer title. So, after a formal consultation, the fashionable physician told him that it was his duty to inform him that he was suffering from *neurosis*. 'But here is a prescription,' added the fashionable physician, 'which appears simple indeed, but to which I have given much anxious thought for the last fourteen years.' The prescription was for a little rhubarb and magnesia, or something equally simple. What particularly irritates a patient is that a doctor should ever forget his symptoms; and a doctor guards against this by a plentiful use of note-books, in which he duly enters all particulars. A doctor, on the other hand, is particularly irritated when a patient refuses to take

his medicine, and indicates, both in fact and theory, that he means to throw physic to the dogs.

A consulting physician ought to be particularly courteous and considerate to the ordinary medical man. Abernethy was called in one day to inspect a sick man's limb. The ailing member was bandaged. 'What are all these wraps?' said Abernethy. Bandages, he was told. 'Pooh, pooh!' said Abernethy. 'It's all very well to say "Pooh, pooh!"' remarked the family doctor, afterwards, 'but that "Pooh, pooh!" lost me a great many guineas.' Occasionally, any amount of curtness by a great man is well deserved. When doctors are either killing you or letting you die, it is right that there should be some active interference. I have heard of a case where the physician found a man given over by his doctors and dying from sheer exhaustion. He called them a lot of hard names, and said that the patient only wanted beef and brandy to recover; which proved to be the case. I heard a case the other day of the following kind: A physician being called, prescribed a powerful medicine for a patient, and directed the effect to be carefully watched. The medicine was improperly made up, and the effect was not watched. Directly the physician set eyes on his patient the following morning he saw that his injunctions had not been carried out. He sent for the dispenser, and had the circumstances investigated. There had been an error, which might have involved the patient's life, in making up the prescription, and the attendant doctors had omitted to watch the case. The physician used exceedingly strong language, and any one was welcome to know what language he had used. The medical man in fault of course thought his conduct ex-

tremely unprofessional; but I believe that public opinion in this case would entirely be in favour of calling a spade a spade.

There is, indeed, no phase of medical life so important and dramatic, and which appeals so feelingly to human sympathy, as the medical consultation. I would recommend the great artists who study so carefully the interiors of our modern English homes, to transfer to canvas some of the scenes which it suggests. To the consulting physician himself the time of the consultation is a great moment. All his previous life and training have been tending to this point, and the patient is one more book in his living library. No medical case exactly reproduces another medical case—no two blades of grass, no two human countenances, no two fiery sunsets are precisely the same. He has to meet each case as it arises, and to concentrate, as in a focus, on this one sufferer, all the rays of his science and intelligence. To the ordinary medical attendant it is a moment fraught with the utmost importance. The new medical opinion will, perhaps, place him firm on his accustomed pedestal, or practically hurl him down. The relatives around await the news with an anxiety rarely surpassed by the receipt of the most thrilling telegraphic news. Frequently the patient himself is the most unconcerned while the angels of life and death are in conflict around him. The consulting physician is sad at heart—until he turns the corner of the next street and visits the next case. It is not that he is by any means callous—indeed, as we have seen, the sympathies of most medical men are both keen and finely balanced—but he knows that on such conditions we hold life, and by these he himself wins his livelihood.



IN THE AUTUMN.

THE sere leaves whirl across the lawn,
 The garden trees are dun and red,
 The yellowing showers regretful fall
 Upon a maiden's golden head :

As with clasped hands she paces slow,
 And tearful eyes, the shrubbery walk,
 Her face untinged with roseate glow,
 Her voice uncharmed by lovers' talk

Ah, Nell ! what wouldst thou give that thou
 Unsaid hadst left those bitter words ?
 Thou call'st in vain on *his* dear name—
 Thine only listeners the birds !

Thou think'st thou canst recall the dream
 Of love, thou dreamt in spring-tide hours ;
 Vain hope ! Can summer bring again
 The scent of last year's faded flowers ?

No, maiden fair ! the bloom once brushed
 From off the fruit, is past recall ;
 The rose, once gathered, knows no more
 The sunshine of the garden wall.

Thus young and fair oft trifle with
 The happiest hours of human life ;
 And she who breaks a score of hearts
 May never know the name of ' wife !'

Weep, broken lily !—Lovely still,
 Some proud man's breast thou might'st adorn,
 Reap as thou sowedst. Gone the rose,
 And thy white breast must bear the thorn !

A. H. B.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

VACATION TRAVEL.

THIS frightful war, certainly the most guilty and horrible of all the wars of our day, perhaps of all wars upon record, has, among its countless minor evils, baffled many an intending tourist and spoilt many a hard-earned holiday. Atrocious culprits, lying under sentence of death in our jails for foul murder, are in comparison almost as innocent babes compared with the conspirators against human happiness who are deluging wide regions with wholesale butchery. It is almost maddening to think of the glorious Rhineland, with its treasures of the vintage and the wheat harvest, with its glorious river sweeping past many a fortified rock and many a pleasant hamlet, where on summer evenings I have strayed through peaceful villages, and have witnessed harvest festivities with their simple homeless joys, should be given up to the dogs of war, to havoc and destruction, and all the hellish inventions of wholesale murder. The very thought of the war is awful and appalling, and makes us long that God's curse may alight upon the man, whoever he may be, who is responsible in His sight for all this carnage and misery. The Emperor truly said some years ago that any war in Europe must be civil war; but civil war has never produced—not even in France itself, her special seat—such immorality, lust of conquest, and vile passions as this internecine war which France has declared against Prussia.*

We had been accumulating a collection of this season's books of travel, and making our annotations thereon, with the intention of seeing how we could best utilize them. A book of travels is always the best help for an intending tourist. But now many people, instead of going

abroad, will be content to sit at home and read books of travel instead. A great stream of continental tourists is turning backwards, and the tourist is diverted from all his customary haunts. In two directions this altered condition of things will be perceptibly felt. Some persons will restrict, but others will enlarge their travels. Home travel will be extended, and enterprising travel will also be extended. We cannot tell whether the seat of war may not be enlarged. Belgium and Holland may soon cease to give us a free passage to the Continent, and even the neutrality of Switzerland may not be respected. But it may reasonably be expected that the watering-places that fringe our own island will be crowded, and that the foolish people who have hitherto neglected our own lakes and mountains will this season be content to investigate them thoroughly. The Continent has no monopoly of fine scenery, and the perfection of beautiful scenery may be seen in this country. Those who have lounged their holidays away in capital cities, and have traversed no wilder country than the Black Forest, will now perhaps take a wider sweep of vision, and follow the example of royalty in extending their tours to India and America. Let them discard their conventionality, and indulge both curiosity and courage. They will not perhaps do much on the Continent; but there are other continents to travel in, and the stream of enterprising tourists, who were beginning to calculate at what expense of time or money they could go round the world, will be largely augmented.

As we look on this season's library of travel, we begin to think there is no country so distant but it will receive some additional travellers, and each favourite English spot will welcome an increased horde of

* These paragraphs were written at the commencement of the month of August, and are retained as embodying the common expectations respecting the war.

tourists. The other night we 'assisted' at a conference at a clerical friend's, where he was mapping himself out a journey through India, embracing a cursory view of China and Japan. It is hardly necessary to say that he had already done the Rocky Mountains; and there will now be an intensified rush along the Union Pacific Railway. It would be interesting to make out a catalogue of the number of books which this railway has produced. The spectacle is so wonderful that we can well understand the production of any number of books on the subject. Those rods of iron on the ground, with the wires overhead, have changed the whole continent. The railway is the true pioneer of civilization. In America it is in the van instead of in the rear of civilization. As it advances, first the village, then the township, then the city springs up. The boundless prairie stretches away as the sea; and passing strange is the sensation as day after day you steam along. You may have the excitement of warfare with the Indians, or you may hunt the antelope on the Rocky Mountains. We will not, however, group these travel-books together for discussion, as their number is large, and doubtless the friendly reader has somewhere made his selection. It is to be regretted that the literature of travel as respects our own colonies is, in comparison, very defective. In America everything is on that grand scale which strikes the imagination, especially the imagination of the philosophical Radical. We believe, however, that on such a subject as emigration, such a colony as the Canadian province of Ontario offers advantages with which no American state can compete; and such a book as Miss Frere's gives a pleasanter account of Australian life than the Far West can display. We sincerely trust that, now the Continent is partially closed, the tourists will visit our colonies and give them abundant illustration with pen and pencil.

By-and-by we shall have a shoal of volumes on the war. The Abyssinian war produced a little library; indeed the books were so numerous

that, with every desire to do justice to Lord Napier's matchless strategy—and Lord Napier is one of England's best hopes in a future war—we gave them up at last. All the discarded correspondents who have been turned out of camp, will nevertheless chronicle their experiences and opinions in that forcible-feeble style for which newspaper correspondents are so justly celebrated. They are, however, a necessity, and they have developed a peculiar style of their own. While we are waiting for the future books of special correspondents, we will take a glance at those which they have written, and their way of writing.

Dr. Chalmers, when a young man, was very anxious to learn French. He wondered how he could best acquire the language, and he ultimately resolved that he would teach it. Accordingly, he formed a class for French. Every evening a lesson was given, and every morning the lecture was duly crammed up by the lecturer. At the end of a time the lecturer handed over the pupils to a Frenchman, who remarked that the grammar was good, but the pronunciation was simply diabolical. Now it is precisely in this way that books of foreign travel are often written. There is some clever man who knows little or nothing about a country. He forthwith determines to write a book about it, with the object of acquiring some information on the subject. I once knew something of such a man. Every year he used to visit some fresh country, and write a book about it which paid him his expenses. There was, of course, something that was well done about it, but the pronunciation—or what is equivalent to pronunciation—was simply diabolical.

Mr. Edward Dicey reminds us of such an individual. But it is all perfectly plain sailing about Mr. Dicey. He went out to the East for an express purpose, and he has accomplished his purpose quite satisfactorily. We will look at his work, although the Eastern question is for the present overshadowed, assuredly to emerge again. He has a keen and trained eye for observation, and shares in that gift of expression

which is so largely poured forth on every side. He went out as Special Correspondent for the 'Daily Telegraph,' and had to do special talk about the Empress and the Khedive, the Suez Canal and M. Lesseps, besides all the stock talk about Constantinople, Cairo, and Jerusalem. A writer in a daily paper must be content to produce only a most fugitive effect. He must be content to gain in diffusion what he loses in force and concentration. His efforts die in their birth, and their first breath is their last. He is read by many thousand people, but perhaps does not permanently affect the mind of half a dozen. Still we are not sorry that the writings of so intelligent and fair-minded a man as Mr. Dicey should be gathered into a permanent form. He has given us his first impressions, which are often more true than second or third impressions. His portrait of M. Lesseps is very vivid, and so, in fact, are all his impressions; but of course they must be taken at their worth, as hastily and imperfectly done. Mr. Dicey writes essentially from a 'Daily Telegraph' point of view. One sees an amazing instance of this. Of course, after Jerusalem and Bethany, he went to see something of the Wilderness of the Holy Land. The readers of the 'Daily Telegraph' are all familiar with the political reference to the Cave of Adullam. He therefore sets out for a visit to the cave—which is, of course, a great hit—and gives an interesting account of a whole labyrinth of caverns, in which any number of David's discontented friends could have found accommodation. The journey into the wilderness is essentially cockneyish. He has a French iron bedstead beneath a marquee, writing-table, washing apparatus, and for dinner soup, fish, two courses of meat, sweets, fruit, and coffee. He gives a good description of the Jews' wailing ground, where the despised Hebrews hide their faces in the crevices of the wall, which they bedew with tears and kisses; and he is keenly alive to everything scenic in the Holy City and the Holy Land.

He well exposes the hypocrisies, the lying legends, the backsheesh of the place; but he only faintly reproduces the feelings which have always made Jerusalem the centre of the world's spiritual life, and have given it such a predominant interest for the keenest-minded men. He has not a word to say of that Palestine exploration which is concentrating modern investigation on the historical problems which the city presents. We believe that Mr. Dicey's *confrère* of the 'D. T.,' Mr. Edwin Arnold, would have done this part of the work infinitely better, though not even the 'great' Sala himself could much have surpassed Mr. Dicey.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's 'Free Russia'* is going through the customary number of editions which falls to the almost annual work of travels issued by this voluminous writer. The book has been very severely handled, but we question whether it has received full justice. Mr. Dixon, like Mr. Dicey, only writes superficially, and he is, of course, obnoxious to severe criticism from those who know the subject thoroughly. An acute 'P. M. G.' critic, of the kind of which the late Lord Strangford was an eminent example, can find it tolerably easy to point out a long list of blunders. The general controversy shows clearly enough that Mr. Dixon's somewhat rash style of writing has led him into a large amount of error, and unwary readers are liable to be impressed with erroneous ideas. But if they will just put Mr. Dixon's book into the same category as Mr. Dicey's, and read it as the vivid, life-like impressions of a clever man who has made immense journeys, and has tried to do a great deal in a little time, they cannot fail to spend a few hours very agreeably, and to get a rough general idea of the present condition of things in Russia. It is not too much to say that, previous to the appearance of this work, people had only a very vague idea of the vast organic revolution which has been accomplishing

* 'Free Russia.' By W. Hepworth Dixon. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

itself since the accession of the present ruler. The change of serfs into freemen, the vast results of the Crimean war, the leading aspects of the Russian church, the statistics of law, government, and territorial distinctions, are graphically sketched by Mr. Dixon, in a style which, we confess, is unpleasant to us, but which, nevertheless, has the effect of winning and retaining readers. We can very well conceive that a much better book than 'Free Russia' might be written; but until this better book appears, we shall think Mr. Dixon has issued what is, perhaps, the most important of his works.

Brittany may almost be called home travel now. For those who delight in the contemplation of still-life and enjoy picturesque uneventful travel, there is nothing pleasanter than to work up the Breton district; and probably no war-inspired fears would extend thither. Brittany has evidently a great charm for many men, and is a district that grows upon one. There is always some new book, or new magazine article about it. We may mention Mr. Musgrave's new work on the subject, and 'The Pardon of Guincamp,' by a more thorough and careful writer, Mr. de Quetteville.* The reader is probably also acquainted with Mrs. Bury Palliser's work on Brittany. The intending tourist will of course read his book, which is quite one of general interest. No social life in France shows so unsophisticated and kind as in cheap, good, and simple Brittany. We perceive that another gentleman is putting in a strong claim for Lapland as a desirable place for summer resort.

But, taking a broader view of travels, we are extremely glad to give a hearty welcome to such travels as those of Mr. Arthur Adams.† In a simple, hearty way, he is a most devoted naturalist, and,

* 'The Pardon of Guincamp; or, Poetry and Romance in Modern Brittany.' By the Rev. Philip W. de Quetteville. Chapman and Hall.

† 'Travels of a Naturalist in Japan and Manchuria.' By Arthur Adams, F.L.S. Hurst and Blackett.

after the manner of his kind, he thinks no pains too great for the acquisition of curious knowledge. His ruling passion is the love of beetles. The scientific element, which chiefly lends a permanent value to a book of this kind, will be, we can readily conceive, rather teasing to the general reader. Sentences like the following are extremely common: 'When the madrepores were brought on board, I had them broken up with a hammer, when the shells fell out and were carefully collected; in this manner I obtained specimens of *Jouannelia globosa*, *Parapholus quadrizonalis*, and *Leptoconchus*, red-brown boring *Lithophagi*, gaping *Gastrochænæ*, besides parasitic Arks and other nestling bivalves.' Now this is all very well for the enthusiastic naturalist, but is rather beyond the average Britisher. Mr. Adams' personal experiences and his sketches of the country are full of interest. We quite shudder for him when he tells us how, when bathing, the gannets swooped on as to threaten his eyes, and he saw the dorsal fins of the sharks in the water. The Manchurians are like the old Tartars, of whom an old traveller said: 'They never wash any clothes—nay, they beat such as wash, and take their garments from them.' The Japanese drama is rather peculiar. A play will last for several days, and several plays will go on in rotation.

Major Milligan's 'Wild Life among the Koords' is a book that merits distinctive mention. It is the best book on the subject since Xenophon wrote his 'Anabasis.' Major Milligan gives us extraordinarily strong and minute evidence on the perfect accuracy of Xenophon's narrative. He gives us an elaborate argument to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America. He thinks that the Itinerary of the Ten Thousand affords an admirable example to all military men of the manner in which an officer ought to reconnoitre a country. He gives a very unfavourable character of the Koords, as inhospitable, cruel, and deceitful. Here is a singular kind of highway

robbery practised by the women of the country:

'The culprits—the brigands—are in this case young women, who set out on plundering pursuits, in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair bandits take up a station at the river, there particularly to wait for the arrival of the doomed traveller. As soon as the *vedettes* announce his approach, the fair troop starts off to meet him, welcoming him with dances, and with fiery glances of irresistible power. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then politely request him to alight from his horse. No sooner has the bewildered victim, unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time.' In spite of this unfavourable trait in their characters, Major Milligan, nevertheless, speaks very highly of the Koordish women. They have a freedom of action which would probably satisfy the highest aspiration of Mr. Mill. She is the equal mate of her husband, and often the very life and soul of any political action he enjoys. When he first saw the Koordish lasses he owned that their easy and simple bearing, their fine forms and blooming countenances, produced a powerful effect upon him. Henceforward he devoted himself with great energy to the investigation of the subject of the fair sex. He saw one *houri*, but is, unhappily, compelled to lay down his pen in despair of doing justice to her beauty. 'What I can say is, that her complexion gave one an idea of what must have been the bloom of the forbidden apple of the terrestrial paradise.' We are glad to find that the young lady found all the demonstrative admiration too much for her, and rapidly 'skedaddled,' 'leaving our hearts in a state of profound emotion.' Major Milligan devotes many pages to the *quasi* devil-worship of the Yesids. It seems, in fact, to be a kind of Mani-

cheism. 'The Yesids infer that as, in the long run, it is doubtful whether God or Satan will get the upper hand, logically they endeavour to conciliate the latter.' Accordingly they never allow the devil to be mentioned disrespectfully. The peacock is taken as the symbol of Lucifer.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK AND NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

We proceed now to two books which may appear to be oddly bracketed, but which are both related, not remotely, to these questions of travelling which we have been discussing. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Note-book is, in point of fact, a book of home travel; Sir John Lubbock's is, in one point of view, a book of travel in savage countries. The American tells us all about his English experiences; the Englishman has gone through the library of distant travel, and tells us everything about savage countries. Mr. Hawthorne's book will be useful to those who, during the war, prefer to stay at home; Sir John's to those who will now take a wider range, and will visit unfrequented regions. Mr. Hawthorne's book is just such a one as Elihu Burritt writes. He treads indeed such frequented ground that we wonder whether it is worth while to traverse it after him; but perhaps it is good for us to look at our own landscapes through foreign eyes, and it is worth while to know a little about such a man as Mr. Hawthorne was. Foreigners may also permit themselves to talk about living personages in a way in which we may not speak of our own distinguished men. With all our admiration for the author of the 'Scarlet Letter,' there is something cynical, unpleasing, and exceedingly self-conscious about him. Whenever he is in a mixed company, he imagines himself the

* 'Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.' Two vols. Strahan.

'The Origin of Civilization, &c. Mental and Social Condition of Savages.' By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. Longmans.

observed of all observers. 'Leaving out the illustrious Jenny Lind, I suspect that I was myself the great lion of the evening,' is a not uncommon form of expression. Mr. Hawthorne denies altogether that American ladies are less healthy than English ladies; but we think that the weight of American testimony is against him. But Mr. Hawthorne does not at all understand England. Here is a curious view of Oxford life: 'By-and-by two or three young men came in, in wide-awake hats, and loose, blouse-like, summerish garments; and from their talk I found them to be students of the university, although their topics of conversation were almost entirely horses and boats. One of them sat down to cold beef and a tankard of ale together, and went away without paying for it, rather to the waiter's discontent. Students are very much alike, all the world over, and, I suppose, in all time; but I doubt whether many of my fellows at college would have gone off without paying for the beer.' Mr. Hawthorne might have made his mind easy. I doubt not but the waiter was not so unhappy as he seemed. I expect he was paid after all, and that there was no dissatisfaction on the matter. His notices of Newstead Abbey, under the tenancy of Colonel Wildman, are very interesting. The colonel, to his own infinite loss, made Newstead the great show-house which we have described, very different to the bare, desolate Newstead of Byron's time. The abbey which Byron describes in 'Don Juan' is not his own abbey, but Colonel Wildman's. The colonel informed him of all his alterations, and had Byron ever returned to England, his first visit was to have been to Newstead. Here is a note respecting Charles Dickens, which will be of interest just now: 'A gentleman, in instance, of Charles Dickens' unwearability, said that during some theatrical performances in Liverpool, he acted in play and farce, spent the rest of the night making speeches, feasting and drinking at table, and ended at

seven o'clock in the morning by jumping leap-frog over the backs of the whole company.' We have a curious story on the authority of the last Duke of Somerset that the father of John and Charles Kemble had made all possible research into the events of Shakespeare's life, and that he had found reason to believe that Shakespeare attended a certain revel at Stratford, and, indulging too much in the conviviality of the occasion, he tumbled into a ditch on his way home and died there! Now and then we find some forcible expression, which reminds us of the clever American author, as when during his consulate he speaks of the New Testaments used by witnesses as 'greasy with perjuries.'

Sir John Lubbock manifests an extraordinarily large acquaintance with all the details of savage life. Of course he is chiefly concerned to prove his scientific theory; but the whole literature of travel, both recent and remote, is brought under contribution for illustration. We must limit ourselves to the curious subject of marriage. Sir John argues that communal marriage was succeeded by marriage founded on capture, and this led to exogamy, that is, of marrying out of the tribe. He shows that in savage life marriage is generally accompanied by a mock resistance on the part of the relatives, and the wife is wooed by force rather than persuasion. Exogamy made actual capture necessary; but in progress of time this became merely a mock form, though still reckoned essential to the marriage ceremony. Another curious trait of savage life is that relationship is usually reckoned through the father and not through the mother. He fully admits 'the charms of savage life,' and there are well-known travellers who regularly 'lay themselves out' for flirting with pretty savages. The number of such tourists will now probably receive some accession. The points which Sir John argues are threefold. (a) That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors. (b) That the primitive condition of

man was one of utter scepticism. (c) That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves. The contrary argument to this, derived from language and ethnology, would even affiliate the Brahmin to the *race Adamique*. This scientific argument is one of the most interesting and important conceivable; and Sir John has given us a vast induction of cases of great importance to the argument, without, we think, demonstrating his case. His best opponent is the Duke of Argyll, whose essays on Primeval Man are as good as his 'Reign of Law.' The Duke actually refutes Mr. Disraeli's assertion that our aristocracy are not intellectual; a perfect mob of them refute it. We will only say that when we compare the England of Mr. Hawthorne with the savage life of Sir John Lubbock, we feel that we cannot bridge that mighty difference by the explanation which Sir John has given us.

ROSES.*

I trust all my readers are true rosarians, a better company than that brotherhood of the Rosy Cross of whom we have sometimes read. I can believe anything ill of the man or woman who does not love roses. Let not such a one be loved! I can conceive nothing happier and pleasanter in the summer months than wandering in abundant rose-gardens, attended perchance by some 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.' There is almost a human interest about the rose. It recalls the pride, the beauty, the pathos of life. As holy Herbert sang—

'Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash passer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.'

or, as Mr. Hole quotes him,

'What is sweeter than a rose?
What is fairer?'

But the reader will find a hundred charming things in Mr. Hole's book about roses. All imaginative lite-

* 'A Book about Roses. How to Grow and Show them.' By S. Reynolds Hole, Author of 'A Little Tour in Ireland.' Blackwood.

rature is full of such allusions, down to Mr. Disraeli's pretty touch, 'I have been into Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose.' Mr. Hole speaks with the highest degree of authority on his charming subject. He has loved and studied roses for some twenty years; he has won some thirty cups open to all England, and he was the originator of the first national rose show. This last circumstance brought him into an intimacy with the late John Leech; and Mr. Hole had the enviable privilege of receiving some two hundred letters from his illustrious friend. His book, indeed, has some most charming touches of egotism, that kind of egotism which is so delightful from an author's pen, and is so wearisome from an author's lips. The great literary charm of the book will be patent to all who read it, while the oldest rose fancier may gather some useful hints, and the youngest tyro will enthusiastically dream of growing roses by the acre.

Mr. Hole thinks that you may commence your rose-planting operations on the slender foundation of a five-pound note, or let us allow a margin, and say eight pounds. In consideration of a sum, for which you could hardly give a nice little dinner at Greenwich or Richmond, you may indulge in the permanent gratification of the finest and most elevated pursuit. While he gives a genial welcome to foreign roses, he is sure that 'nine-tenths of the most perfect roses which have been grown and shown have been cut from the British briar,' a fact full of encouragement to the intending rose-grower. But he will have plenty of arduous work to encounter. Mr. Hole gives a list of all the roses which he ought to have, and emphatically underlines those which he *must* have. He has actually travelled a thousand miles in order to perfect his catalogue. We are glad to see that he strongly objects to the absurd title of a cabbage rose, so long applied to the beautiful rose of Provence. He tells the ardent disciple to plant five hundred sticks from buds of his own in November. 'Give your order—and any labourer

will soon learn to bring you what you want—towards the end of October. I have myself a peculiar but unfailing intimation when it is time to get in my briers—*my brier-man comes to church*. He comes to morning service on the Sunday. If I make no sign during the week, he appears next Sunday at the evening also. If I remain mute he comes on week days. I know then that the case is urgent, and that we must come to terms. Were I to fancy the Manetti instead of the brier, my impression is that he would go over to Rome.' It will be seen that Mr. Hole is a clergyman; and there is something in the best sense clerical in the cheerful, kindly, simple, unaffected manner in which he writes on roses and all the pleasant subjects which roses suggest. He says of the judge of a rose show that 'he should regard his office as a sacred duty, not only because justice and honour are sacred things, but because there seems to be a special sanctity in such beautiful handiwork of God; and to be untruthful and dishonest in such a presence and purity should be profane in his sight as though he lied to an angel.' The varying emotions of the candidates for prizes are very prettily sketched. The rose has always smiled on him, 'but what will papa say, i.e., the judge? When next the suitor sees his sweetheart, will she bring with her the written approbation of his suit, even as Miss Wilson returned from the one Professor, her father,

to the other Professor, Aytoun, her lover, having a slip of paper pinned upon her dress, and upon that paper the happy words "with the author's compliments." Mr. Hole justly ridicules the judge of roses who is appointed because he once won a prize for cucumbers, or because the mayor knows his uncle. Competent knowledge and perfect integrity are demanded by the true rosists from their arbitrators.

At this season the flower shows are multitudinously held all over the country. In all of them the rose is pre-eminent, and some shows are for the rose alone. Surely it is among the happiest signs of the amelioration of our times that in our towns the love of music, and in the country the love of gardening, is more and more becoming a passion for the populace. Mr. Hole mentions that in Nottingham alone there are some twenty or thirty thousand people who take an interest in gardening, and have some share in the allotments of garden lands. He points out the gentle and ennobling effect which this last has upon the poor, and gives an example of the happiest kind of democracy, in showing how these poor men, in their love of nature, become in the best sense gentles and nobles. We trust that we have put in a timely word, and that before the autumn months set in many of our readers will be making preparations for commencing a rosary in October or November, the one good time for planting.

LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER, 1870.

WAGNER AND THE 'FAIRY PRINCE.'

THE scene presented in Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, on the night of Saturday, the 23rd of last July, was a memorable one. The house was packed as densely as it ever was when some years ago Piccolomini returned for a few evenings to gladden the ears of her old English enthusiasts. For at least a week beforehand every available seat had been secured, and throughout the day money had been turned

away in shoals. There was scarcely a person in the theatre who did not exhibit some signs of suspense. The one topic which was universally discussed, from musical enthusiasts in boxes down to languid exquisites in stalls, was the composer, who was about for the first time to be introduced to the English public; for the night was that which had been fixed for the representation of Wagner's opera 'Der Fliegende

Hollander.' Among the audience you could not have helped noticing that the Teutonic element was very strongly represented. Germans from all parts of the metropolis seemed to have turned out *en masse* to salute with patriotic plaudits the great composer who hailed from the fatherland. At last the curtain rose; the public in general set itself closely to attend; the ubiquitously talkative young lady in the stalls listened with bated breath to the harmonies which broke over her astounded ear; the critics settled down to their work with desperate resolution; a universal grin of delight ran round each Teutonic visage. Long before the first act was over it was manifest that Mr. Mapleson's experiment was a success, and that Richard Wagner had approved himself to an audience, which is said to be the most critical in the world. It was worth making considerable exertions to pierce your way through the heaving mass of humanity, which, on that swelteringly hot night, blocked the entrance from the theatre itself into the corridors and crushrooms of old Drury, if only to hear the criticisms that were passed in subdued tones on the performance, of which an instalment had just been witnessed, and to see the effusive manner in which German rushed to German, with much mutual wringing of hands, chattering of patriotic congratulations, mitigated by surprisingly copious computations of the newly-introduced Vienna Bier. As for the professed critics, they shook their heads with an anxious air. You asked for their opinion on what was styled the 'music of the future,' and they prudently withheld it. The reticence of the critics on such occasions as these is wonderful; as Victor Hugo said of his enemy, the fallen Emperor, 'Their silence is their strength.' Well, it was Saturday evening: in the course of Sunday there would be ample time for these gentlemen to collect the opinions of the different circles of discriminating friends severally at their disposal, and thus at any rate to be able to present to their readers on the following Monday something

approximating to an intelligible view of what was at present an incomprehensible chaos of harmonies, or a blended series of dissonances. The audience left the theatre that night in a frame of admiration indeed, and fully convinced that they had been listening to the composition of a superb master; but into both that admiration and that conviction there was so much of puzzled wonderment which entered, that there was something genuinely comic in the net result of the sentiment.

This was, as has been said, the first occasion on which Wagner had ever been placed before an English public. His name had been familiar, and most persons knew that he bore the character of being the most audacious innovator who had ever burst into the region of melody. On the Continent, however, not merely his own compatriots but the French had long been intimately acquainted with his music. It had furnished for a considerable while material for general conversation, and a very catholic kind of criticism. The sensation which it had created was profound, and it seemed to pervade all classes. An historian of the middle ages tells us that on riding into a normally quiet, sleepy German town one summer evening, he was surprised to find the entire place in an uproar. On inquiry, he found that one of the inhabitants of the ultra-nominalist persuasion had been bold enough to proclaim publicly his total disbelief in the existence of Universals. This was nothing more than a defiant challenge to the opposite faction, the Realists, and the free fight which astonished our traveller was the result. The present disastrous war has familiarized us with the fact that the British workman, if he has enough beer, will advocate his Prussian or Gallic sympathies, as the case may be, with bludgeons and with blows. Musical criticism is not likely to urge him to similar extremes of enthusiasm. Yet abroad the police have more than once had to interfere between two honest fellows clad in serge and blouse, who, in the course of a conver-

sation on the merits of Wagner's music, had allowed themselves to be carried to an excess of earnestness, and to support their views by the *argumentum ad baculum*. In Paris itself the public concerts are often turned into battle-fields by the intensity of sentiment which the Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians allow themselves to manifest; fêtes converted into fights, and feasts of harmony into orgies of uproar. In Bavaria a monarch is looked upon as more than half mad on account of his enthusiasm for Herr Wagner's harmonies, and certain singers and orchestra singers as entirely so.

La musique ou plutôt le tintamarre de Wagner—such is the profane expression by which the compositions of the great master were once designated by the mob of Paris. In the case of 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' the operatic critics of London were somewhat puzzled how to deliver themselves, and the result of this hesitation was a charming variety of contradictory opinions. We are very far from pretending to be competent to pronounce an opinion perfectly satisfactory or exhaustive on the subject; but it is not difficult to discern the chief elements of the revolution which Wagner is creating, or endeavouring to create in the musical world. Operas in general, and certain Italian operas in particular, consist of little more than a series of airs and songs strung together by any convenient machinery which may come most readily to hand. Wagner, on the other hand, aims at the entire abolition of the air, the duet, and trio, as so many separate and severable pieces of music, seeking to blend the whole opera into one long continuous strain of harmony. The generally received opinion of the functions and final end of all operas, is, that they are nothing more than concerts, for which the drama is the merest pretext. It is this idea which Wagner pronounces to be based on a fallacy, and founded on an utter misconception of musical art, that the great operatic innovator is especially bitter in combating. The several elements of an opera, the scenic, the poetic,

and the musical, should be in perfect equality and fusion.

Scientific criticism of the principles of musical art in general, or of Wagner's music in particular, is not our purpose. There is quite enough to interest and amuse in the life and character, sayings and doings, of the man without any forced efforts at instruction. That the belief in Wagner which his partisans entertain is enormous, has been already said. He is regarded by them as little less than divine, and he has certainly achieved an influence over them which is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. The stories which are related of the great man through the length and breadth of Germany are sufficiently entertaining, and probably sufficiently little known to bear repetition here. Richard Wagner is scarcely more than a middle-aged man, having been born at Leipsic in 1813. Unlike many great musical composers, he is possessed of high literary powers and very varied literary knowledge—endowments for which he is probably indebted to the fact that he was educated at Dresden when that University was in the zenith of its renown, and could boast of a staff of professors not to be surpassed in Europe. His genius was emphatically precocious. He is said at one time to have contemplated the enforcement of certain metaphysical tenets by operatic effects; and there is still extant the rough musical score of the harmony with which he proposed to illustrate the episode of Aristæus and his bees in the Georgics. Victor Hugo, with that glaring disregard of actual facts which is characteristic of all his magnificent abstractions and splendid generalization, has declared that in the development of the world's poetry there are three stages of progress—first comes the lyric, then the epic or historic, then the dramatic. As a rule of general application, there is no truth in this dogma; the Psalms of David were penned long after the book of Genesis, and Homer was dead and buried before Anacreon twanged his lyre. In the case, however, of

Wagner, Hugo's theory would accidentally prove correct, for his earliest efforts were on the lyric stage. In 1835, when its composer was only twenty-two years of age, the 'Novice of Palermo' was produced. Unlike most first pieces of young and ambitious authors, who, though they fail at first, are destined afterwards to prove distinguished, it was a success. Henceforth, farewell to literature as a career. It must be confessed that Wagner was somewhat indebted for his success in starting to good fortune. There was an opening in Europe for an entirely novel species of music, provided that music was brilliant. Wagner saw the opportunity, and prognosticating a career took advantage of his opportunity. He was appointed musical director of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, and it was while he held this post that the opera which has introduced him to the English—'Der Fliegende Holländer'—was composed and put upon the stage. A magnificent, comprehensive, and unlimited ambition has been the distinguishing mark of Wagner's career. He wished to be great, and he realized the truth that the greatest man is he who can influence his fellow-men in the greatest number of ways. From the successes which he had already achieved in music, he knew what he could do with the instrumentality of harmony. But this was not enough, and there is reason to believe that Wagner at this period of his life looked forward to combining the triumphs of the statesman with those of the musician. However this may be, he identified himself at an early period very closely with the interests of the liberal party in Germany, and rendered them, on more occasions than one, assistance of the most material kind. His presence was at last considered dangerous to the state. During the general political tempest of 1848, which found an echo even in Saxony, the feeling against Wagner was so strong that he was compelled to seek refuge in Switzerland. It was in the course of this period of what was practically poli-

tical exile, that he allowed literature again to attract his attention, and wrote and published several books which considerably augmented his fame—'The Theatre in Zurich,' 'Art and the Revolution,' 'The Art of the Future,' 'The Opera and the Drama,' and, we believe, a whole host of minor pamphlets. Subsequently he went to Munich. In 1855 he undertook the direction of the concerts given by the London Philharmonic Society. To his native Saxony he has never returned. Most of his days have been passed in Switzerland or in Bavaria, whose king, 'the fairy prince,' is his intimate and admirer.

The mere fact that King Louis II. has won this popular appellation may give us some notice of the nature of the man. Of all sufferers from what has been spoken of as the 'Wagnerian fever,' the monarch of Bavaria has assuredly experienced it in its severest form. His education and training may certainly be considered to have predisposed him to it in no small degree. Given a temperament to the highest degree romantic and poetical, suffered in early childhood to indulge to the utmost each one of its most fanciful whims, to choose its own intellectual food, and its own imaginative recreations, and we shall scarcely be surprised at any result that may ensue. When this young and princely dreamer was called to the throne, it is not wonderful that he should have seen an opportunity rather for the unbridled gratification of each fantasy and humour than for the display of administrative power or executive skill. To music he had always been madly attached, and to the delights of music, instead of to the cares of state, he determined wholly to surrender himself. How far the various stories which are related touching the Fairy Prince are actually true, it is impossible to say, but the mere facts which would give colour and plausibility to the fictions, supposing them to be such, must be of a very exceptional character.

The king was one of the earliest

of Wagner's admirers. He was enraptured with the music; he decided that he must know the composer; Wagner was brought to his majesty, and his majesty went into ecstasies over the composer as well as over his music. The friendship and intimacy which at present exist between the two, certainly form one of the most curious leagues on record. When he was first called to the throne it was the utmost pang to King Louis II. even partially to abandon his devotion to the art of music. Even now, whatever hours he can steal from public affairs are wholly absorbed by his favourite pursuit. State papers may want to be signed, ministers may knock at his door, but ere the monarch will attend either to state papers or ministers, he will drink his fill of ecstatic harmonies. Whether or not the Bavarian sovereign is a believer in the divine right of kings, he is certainly a believer in the divine right of Wagner. He does homage to him himself, and exacts from all those round the deepest measure of respect towards 'the God-made master.' There are times—and they are not infrequent—when King Louis will disappear altogether from palace, parliament, and each 'cold formality of court.' But his ministers know where to look for him. They search, and lo their sovereign is found playing and singing in the company of Wagner near some murmuring waterfall or in the shadowy seclusion of some woodland work. Only a few years since, so runs the story—and there is no reason to disbelieve it—the royal signature was imperatively essential to a certain document, on which hinged a state transaction of the profoundest importance. As usual, the king was invisible. At last, the ministers were obliged to make their way *vi et armis* to the private apartments of their monarch. The king had locked himself up with Wagner, and the ministers standing outside the door could hear the noise of instruments and the sound of voices. Axe and crowbar had at last to be applied, and the ministers were at last in the

royal presence. The sight was sufficiently startling. There, in full theatrical costume, stood King Louis II., singing a leading part in one of Wagner's operas, utterly unconscious of the quest that was being made. The wheel of Ixion stood still under the influence of the melodies of Orpheus, but the Bavarian courtiers refused to remain stationary or to ignore their business under the influence of the melodies of their sovereign.

To scenic effect his majesty, as the true disciple of the Wagnerian school, attaches the utmost importance, and upon all points of scenic effect he is accordingly fanatical. But it is not enough for him that at the Grand Opera at Munich everything is planned and executed upon a scale of colossal splendour. The decorations of the stage, as well as its poetic accompaniments, are introduced into the every-day life of the king. In Wagner's opera of 'Tannhäuser,' certain scenes were gorgeously illuminated by a most perfectly contrived artificial moon. With the effect of this the monarch was so enraptured that he straightway incontinently ordered a similar moon of exactly identical construction to be provided in his own sleeping apartment for himself, ready for immediate use whenever required. Unlike the spoilt child, his Majesty did not cry for the moon in vain, and the order was immediately executed. Thus, whenever the veritable planet failed, through neglect of duty, to pour her silver rays upon the couch of Louis II., a lime-light transparency, outrivalling in shape and splendour the veritable original Diana, is at once ignited. It is well to know that the effect is said to be 'entirely satisfactory.'

All this sounds extravagant and improbable enough, but it is simply rationalistic when compared with other instances and achievements, actual or fictitious, of the Fairy Prince. No doubt the mythical overlies the real; but when we have made all due deductions on this score we get a surprising substratum of what there is every reason to suppose to be truth. Amongst other anec-

notes that are currently related and universally accepted of this marvellous monarch, it is said that he conceived not long since the idea of ascending real mountains in the same fashion that in the scenes of a pantomime fairies and elves are represented as hovering in mid air over imaginary summits, canvas rocks, and oil-painted grottoes. On or near the top of a certain hill, close to the royal palace, stands a fantastically-decorated cottage, whither Louis II. is in the habit of betaking himself for peace, quiet, and solitude when he is over-dazzled with the garish splendour of the world, or when he has suffered himself to be over-burthened with the desperate anxieties of state. Pondering one afternoon in this tranquil retreat he became possessed with the idea that to mount to it after the fashion of ordinary mortals, by the stern route of pedestrianism, was altogether unworthy of the dignity of a king, much more of the chosen associate of Wagner. He had seen on the stage the celestially facile manner in which the angels of air are wafted through the heavens. Why not emulate their sublime example? A stage mechanist of great repute was immediately summoned and consulted. Could he suggest any plan by which his Majesty could transport himself aloft as cherubim and seraphim? or, failing that, might he not be shot up the mountain on the same principle that the clown is shot down the trap-door in a pantomime at the most appropriate moment? The story is an excellent one in its way; but it fails in one particular—the mechanist pronounced himself entirely unable to devise the desired means of locomotion.

It would be possible to multiply in endless succession such anecdotes as these. We will content ourselves with one or two more. When Wagner was occupying a certain particular residence in the neighbourhood of the palace, the king frequently found it convenient to cross a lake. An ordinary ferry-boat or even a gilded gondola, it occurred to him, was decidedly

commonplace. There was no doubt that it would be very much more poetical to transport himself across the waters in the same way that theatrical Neptune conveyed himself across the muslin billows of the opera stage. King Louis at once called for a cockle-shell chariot and sea-horses to match. It was a sufficiently easy matter to construct the former, and a little ingenuity served to provide the latter. The only objection was that anything like spontaneous action was found an impossibility. A pair of steeds, manufactured of cork, were provided, drawn along by ropes, which men walking along the shore dragged.

Nero fiddled while Rome was on fire. Given the company of Wagner, and there is not the slightest doubt that King Louis of Bavaria would suffer every brick in Munich to be consumed while he sang. Heliogabalus fed his favourite charger out of a golden manger on gilded oats; it is a fact that Wagner's royal friend is in the habit of having his horse led into his dining-room, stationing him at the right hand, and feeding him from his own plate. It may seem difficult to credit these stories; yet they are nothing more than what are currently reported and believed by the subjects of his eccentric majesty. In view of these facts—and facts they are—it will scarcely be considered wonderful that the Bavarians are, as a rule, becoming somewhat dissatisfied with their abstracted and inattentive monarch. Still the personal popularity of the king is considerable: his youth is extreme, and these two facts are accepted as an adequate excuse for an unlimited amount of monarchical folly. It is also perhaps somewhat of a fortunate accident that the Bavarians happen to entertain a special enthusiasm towards the royal family. It was the father of the present king, who, among other demonstrations of an analogous character, received the strangest and most probably the strongest proof of devotion that was ever given to a sovereign. The particular regiment of the Grenadier Guards known as *Des Deux Ponts*

was hyperbolically proud of its whiskers. The fact was notorious. And their pride was naturally the measure of their spoliation. To ascertain the devotion of the regiment you had but to suggest the deprivation of their whiskers. Insensibly in reading this anecdote one is reminded of the gentleman in one of 'Punch's' pictures, who exclaims to the highwayman, 'Take my life, but spare, oh spare my collars!' This, however, is a record of grave facts, and we have no right to impress the moral of our story by trenching upon the realms of caricature. Well, the luxuriant whiskers of the soldiers were shaved off, carefully collected in a silk bag, and sent to the king as a novel species of pillow. The narrative may seem mythical, but it chances to be historical.

So much for the Fairy Prince. It remains to speak of the illustrious individual who may fairly be regarded as having inspired these eccentricities, and dictated these extravagances of fatuous folly. In the private character of Wagner there is much to remind one of Victor Hugo. He is arrogant, overweening, and thoughtlessly, cruelly vain. Against the 'sweet singers of Israel,' as Mr. Disraeli poetically characterises Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and other distinguished masters of song, Wagner is atrociously severe. He launched against them a pamphlet which was the soul of bitterness and the essence of abuse. Like many others, the great composer of the *Junkunfts musik*—'the music of the future'—has been the victim of his success, and has been always at the mercy of his own magnificent ambitions. To be contradicted in his opinions or to be thwarted in his success—these are things which Wagner cannot and will not tolerate.

In Paris there lived a young and unknown poet, Edward Roche, of great talent and of the highest education, but totally unknown, and without a friend even to give him a helping hand in the career of letters. Despairing of literary success, Roche obtained an insignificant post in the Custom House.

To all appearance he was likely thus to protract a miserable and inglorious existence with no opportunity of exhibiting the talents which he undoubtedly possessed. His luck seemed to have left him, and he was despondent accordingly. One day while Roche was working in the Custom House office that happened to be close to the railway station, his attention was aroused by the tones of angry expostulation and loud remonstrance heard just beneath his window. An irascible German passenger was loudly declaiming against the absurdity of the rules with which he was troubled by the shortsighted wisdom of the railway administration. Roche went out and heard the stranger, whose passion culminated in a strong vein of soliloquy, address himself as Wagner. The young man seized the opportunity. He stepped forward, bowed to the stranger, and speedily made by his intervention his vexed path straight. Wagner was profuse in his thanks; Roche was delighted that he was able to render even the slightest service to so illustrious a man. Wagner's enormous and soul-controlling vanity must have been touched; Roche fancied he saw his opportunity, and commenced to hum some of the melodies from 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin.' 'Oh!' said Wagner, 'that is a splendid omen for me. The first Parisian I meet knows my music and admires it. Liszt shall know this. Sir, we must see each other again.'

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance that was destined to be eventful to both, tragic to one. Wagner grew to entertain a high opinion of the ability of Edward Roche; and when he looked for a translator of 'Tannhäuser,' he thought he could find none better than the young man who had proved his saviour in the railway episode. Wagner offered Roche the work, and Roche, in an ecstasy of joy, it is needless to say, accepted it. But the poor fellow little knew what he would have to encounter. He gave a whole year to the work, sacrificing many a night's sleep, and devoting to the task every instant

of the day which was not employed at the counting-house. Roche soon found that his illustrious employer was, to use his own words, 'a dreadful man.' Never was taskmaster of the Egyptians so remorselessly exacting. Capable of prodigious exertions, Wagner measured the ability of others by himself, and Roche fairly had not a moment's rest. When the young clerk contrived to obtain a holiday from his office, every moment was absorbed by the demands of the author of 'Tannhäuser.' On such occasions as these Roche thus describes the programme of the day's proceedings: 'At seven o'clock in the morning we sat down to work, and without rest or pause we went on till noon. There I sat over my desk—stooping, writing, blotting, correcting, searching painfully for the syllables which accorded best with particular notes. Meanwhile Wagner, with flaming eyes and angry expression, now strode up and down the room impatiently, now sat down to the piano, and striking a few chords shouted impatiently, "Forward! forward!" At twelve or one o'clock, wearied and sick, faint with hunger, and with aching fingers, I would let my pen drop, and sink back in my chair. Then would the master ask me, in tones of indignation and surprise, what was the matter. "Oh, I am hungry," I would mutter. Generally he would reply, "Very well. I did not think of that: we will

eat something quickly, and continue again." I was suffered to swallow a few morsels, not more, and then I was spurred on to resume my toils, and continued there till night. I grew exhausted, but he cared not: my head glowed like fire. I became driven to desperation at this ceaseless hunt for appropriate syllables and words. It was impossible to please him. As for Wagner himself, he was still fresh as ever. Nothing seemed to tell upon those exhaustless energies. Still he strode up and down the room, or, striking the notes of the piano, shook his head, and swayed his body in such a manner that his pointed shadow on the wall, nervous and weary as I was, actually terrified me. It seemed like one of the evil spirits in a fairy tale, screaming forth strange words and phantom notes.'

Here this pathetic narrative ends. The translation was at last finished, and 'Tannhäuser' was produced. The first night it was an equivocal success; the second it was received coldly; on the third it was an unmistakable failure. Wagner's hopes were wrecked, and his ambitious dream destroyed; and with the destruction of these there vanished also the last faintly-glimmering promise of good fortune for poor Edward Roche. Wagner, indeed, recovered from the mortification of the failure, but Roche did not: the poor fellow was simply killed by the collapse of 'Tannhäuser.' He died in the following December.



RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MORE CONSEQUENCES OF THE FÊTE—A RECOGNITION AND A HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE.

SIR NORMAN and Mrs. Beltravers re-entered the ball-room. Had they gone into the refreshment tent—which, pending serious supper, was abandoned to frivolous restoratives—they would have found a few of our friends engaged upon ice and conversation. There were notably the Mantons and May Pemberton—the latter having, happily, recovered from the agitation caused by her meeting with Cecil—that unfortunate man who was destined to cause discomfiture in more than one direction.

There were other groups similarly engaged, and in one of these, composed entirely of gentlemen, the conversation was conducted in so animated a manner that nobody in its neighbourhood could well avoid overhearing it. Among the number were Windermere and Milward; and in their capacity as new arrivals they were being appealed to on various London topics, including the latest novelties at the theatres.

‘Did you see the new piece at the Imperial that seems to have made such a great hit?’ asked a man of Milward.

‘No,’ replied that gentleman; ‘it was withdrawn before I had an opportunity; but Windermere here will tell you all about it. The new actress turned his head at the time—so I was told—but I dare say he is sufficiently sane on the point now to be intelligible.’

The remark escaped the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Manton, who were telling some people who had just come up all about their plans and prospects in Rangoon; but May heard it distinctly, and her confusion may be imagined. She felt the blood rush to her cheeks, and her immediate impulse was to leave the tent; but the Mantons were so engaged that she could not attract their attention. Meanwhile the conversation proceeded.

‘Pray do not talk in that way,

Milward,’ said Windermere. ‘I admired the piece and I admired the lady; but that is no matter for ridicule. It would be impossible for any man, I should think, not to admire Miss Mirabel.’

‘I meant no harm,’ said Milward, ‘so don’t be offended, my boy.’ And he added, in allusion to a remark made by one of the group, ‘Yes, her retirement was very sudden, and you may be sure that there was some special cause for it. An actress would surely never leave so splendid a position as Miss Mirabel had made in those three nights without some strong temptation. One story is that she ran away with Lord Arthur Penge, under the impression that, being an earl’s son, he must be rich and reputable, and in happy innocence that he has already a wife, whom he has married on the sly. In that case I wish her joy.’

‘I must seriously request you, Milward,’ said Windermere, who was getting angry, ‘to cease this offensive kind of commentary. You are talking about what you do and can know nothing. There is no reason to suppose that there is the smallest foundation for such a report, and its repetition therefore becomes unfair.’

‘Nonsense, my dear fellow! an actress is public property.’

‘Granted; but public property of other kinds has the protection of the law. Individuals are not allowed wantonly to damage it and detract from its worth. But it seems to be a popular impression that a person raised above the level of ordinary society by the attainment of any distinction—and in particular one who personally amuses and delights the said ordinary society—becomes public property, not to be cared for and respected, but to be pelted at for the personal amusement of the mob. The story I have heard—and have every reason to believe—is, that the lady in question is a person of position in society, who, impelled by her

undoubted genius, adopted the stage as a profession, and afterwards saw reason to change her determination.'

Such a rumour had indeed gone about London, despite the exertions of Mr. Mandeville to conceal the fact—which he thought would be too flattering to a lady who had chosen to break with him.

Milward admitted that there was something in Windermere's view of the case, and expressed his regret if he had hurt that gentleman's feelings. Windermere accepted his excuses, and added—

'But, apart from anything I have heard, I would wager my existence that Miss Mirabel, as she is called, is not only a lady, but one who would in every respect do honour to the proudest family in England.'

At this instant Windermere heard a voice behind him saying—

'Do take me out into the air, Mr. Manton, the tent is too hot for me.'

He had surely heard that voice before—and in a scene that was at that moment vividly before his mind. He turned and beheld May, who had risen from her seat and, accompanied by the Mantons, was making a movement towards the door of the tent. She wore on her neck a diamond necklace that he well knew. It was the first object that caught his eye—before even it had taken in the form of the wearer.

It was as if the woman who was in his thoughts had fallen from the sky. He stood motionless, unable to articulate a word. He asked himself—was he dreaming, or could he be deceived by an accidental resemblance? He was certainly not dreaming, for there were the Mantons, palpable in the flesh, and he heard the hearty tones of the ensign, who remarked in passing that it was a capital ball. May meantime scarcely dared to look at the man whose conversation she had unintentionally overheard; but she felt that he had recognised her, and the fact added not a little to her confusion. She had passed out with her friends before Windermere recovered his presence of mind.

When they had gone, Windermere turned to Milward, who was still

talking to his companions. Drawing that gentleman aside, he said—

'For heaven's sake, tell me who is that lady—not Mrs. Manton, but the one in white satin, with the roses, and the diamond necklace! I think I recognise—an—an acquaintance.'

'That is Miss Pemberton—her father is, or was, in the army—gone up country. She is staying with the Mantons. Is she not a magnificent girl? I wonder you have not heard the men raving about her.'

Windermere would not trust himself to answer the question contained in Milward's speech, and, making some excuse for his abruptness, turned away.

He found himself a minute afterwards outside the tent, in the cool air, among the lights and flowers.

His situation was not one of difficulty. He had been ready to give his life to behold his heroine again. That he should not only behold her but should make her acquaintance, would be in the natural course of events. But he was in a cloud—in a maze—and people in clouds and mazes are not always adepts in practical modes of action. So this sane and sound man went wandering about very much like an idiot—beyond the range of the coloured lamps, in the shade of the broad-leaved trees, among the fire-flies and the flowers. But it came to the same thing in the end as if he had conducted himself in a sensible manner; for before he had been long on his vague errand he was stopped by Manton.

'What are you doing here?' said that young gentleman. 'We saw you pass from where we were sitting—there, on the seat near that bank of flowers, under the feathery palms. Come back with me. My wife wants you to know Miss Pemberton—the lady I told you was to stay with us. You saw her just now—beautiful girl, isn't she?'

It was like an invitation to Paradise. Of course Windermere went, and the next moment he was in the realms of bliss!

It was a charming spot on which our friends had taken their rest—beside the bank of flowers and under the feathery palms. It was beyond

the influence of the coloured lamps, but the moon revealed every object almost as clearly as by day.

May received Windermere with much graciousness, though she was not a little embarrassed on remembering the part he had taken in the conversation of which she was the subject. She hoped, however, that he had not recognised her, and she fancied, as he made no allusion to her former self, that this was probably the case. But the fact was that Windermere, with instinctive delicacy, took it for granted that when Miss Pemberton chose to assume another character and another name, she had reasons of her own for doing so; and as she did not communicate these reasons, nor explain why she reverted to her proper condition, she had reasons of her own for silence, which it was not for him to invite her to break. So Windermere talked upon indifferent subjects, as far as he talked at all; for he preferred rather to sit by her side in silence, and surrender himself to the soft enchantment of the scene, while drinking in deep draughts of love. And so it was that after the first commonplaces of conversation there was a little embarrassment on both sides, and it was some relief to May—not to Windermere, who would have sat there all night—when Mrs. Manton, noticing that the band had ceased playing for some little time, remarked that supper seemed to be served, and it would be as well perhaps to return to the tents.

Windermere did not immediately notice Lucy's suggestion. He was thinking how glorious it would be if he could render some great service to May—save her life, perhaps, by some act of heroism—so that he would for ever after have a claim upon her gratitude and respect. What a pity, he thought, that they were not at sea, where there would be a chance of an accident! And his imagination at once conjured up the scene of a terrible storm, a ship striking upon a rock—the boat in which May is escaping being swamped—her insensible form sinking to rise no more;—then on a sudden himself plunging to her aid

—rescuing her just in time—sustaining her at the peril of his own life—and bringing her at last triumphantly on shore.

The events would have occupied some little time in action, but presented as they were to him, his mind embraced them all in a few instants; and then he rose with the intention of following Lucy's suggestion. He had been seated on the left of May, who had not yet risen, and as he gained his feet, with the idea of his position as a guardian still in his thoughts, he turned involuntarily to offer the very unnecessary assistance that men offer to ladies upon such occasions.

May at the time had half turned round, towards her left, to regain her bouquet, which she had playfully placed among the growing flowers on the bank. Her attitude was a little constrained, and to preserve her position, she had lain her right hand, ungloved, upon the arm of the rustic bench. She did not see what Windermere now saw to his horror. An enormous cobra had glided upon the seat of the bench between herself and the rail, half hidden in the folds of her robe, and attracted perhaps by the white hand, was erecting his head threateningly in its direction. How hideous the reptile looked, with his black beady eyes shining in the moonlight, ready to direct the fatal sting! Any sudden movement on the part of the girl would probably—inevitably as far as human calculation can divine—have sealed her fate. Windermere, who knew by experience the necessity for rapid decision in such cases, determined at once upon his course of action. He had no weapon, but Manton, who wore uniform, was standing close by. Windermere saw there was one chance. He would not hazard a word of apology; but seizing the scabbard of his friend's sword with one hand, he drew the weapon from its sheath with marvellous rapidity, and the next moment the snake lay writhing on the ground with a deep cut in his neck. A moment after Windermere's heel was upon the wounded part; the reptile, not being able to turn its head, was

powerless to sting; and this advantage gained, the sword was sufficient to despatch it on the spot.

The peril had come and gone so quickly that it was unknown to all save Windermere until the snake lay dead upon the path. Manton, whose attention had been so effectually called to the event, was the first to perceive its nature, and was loud in congratulations and praise of Windermere's promptitude and dexterity. Lucy, now that there was nothing to fear, screamed for assistance; while May, on realising her providential escape, fell fainting upon the bench in the midst of expressions of gratitude and thankfulness. Her condition brought Lucy to a sense of discretion; and her best efforts were directed to the restoration of her friend. After a while May opened her eyes, but it was only in looks that she could at first thank her deliverer. Windermere, who was as modest as he was strong and brave, would not hear of too much 'fuss,' as he called it, being made about what he considered a very natural piece of service.

'It is a help that everybody renders to everybody else in India,' he said, 'just as in Russia, a passenger in the street will stop a stranger whom he sees freezing and rub his face with snow.'

I am afraid that Windermere took advantage of the griffinage of the party to exaggerate the tendency of our countrymen in India to risk their lives for others in encounters with snakes. However, his easy reception of the honours of heroism had the effect of restoring the shattered nerves of the rest of the party, and even May smiled as she reiterated her thanks, and said that she should always regard Mr. Windermere as the preserver of her life.

But they were all unusually thoughtful when they entered the supper tent; and they thought it a very small matter when they heard the people complaining that the Maharajah, the guest of the evening, had been rather sulky, and had not shown himself about so much as he was expected to do; and that the Viceregal party had left, and were

by that time safely on the other side of the river.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT THE FÊTE STILL — CONSTANCE RECEIVES A WARNING — ALL IS LOST.

It is now time to see how some of our other friends had fared earlier in the evening. Constance, you may remember, had been lost sight of both by Mrs. Beltravers and Sir Norman. She was not found by either that night. After completing her dance with the friend for whom she had for the first time left her betrothed, she was taken back to the seat where she had last left Mrs. Beltravers. That lady was not there; so Constance, dismissing her partner, whom she had found a very tedious companion, waited alone, with the certainty of soon seeing either Mrs. Beltravers or Sir Norman. While thus engaged she was approached by one of the native servants belonging to the refreshment-tent, who, wearing as he did the Government [House] livery, might be considered an authorized person even in the dancing tent. He appeared, however, anxious to avoid observation; and watching, apparently, for a time when there were but few persons about—as happens sometimes between the dances—and creeping close to the side of the tent, at the back of the benches, he suddenly placed a note in the hand of Constance, and then as suddenly disappeared.

What ought a lady to do when a note, instead of being sent openly to her address, is furtively placed in her hand in a public assembly? I suppose she should show it to everybody about her, and vindicate her own position by exposing as far as possible the designs of the writer. Or she might, at any rate, receive the missive without attempt at concealment, and acquaint herself at once with its contents. But I doubt if many ladies, so circumstanced, would do anything of the kind, however honourable their intentions. There is a charm about a mystery that is irresistible to nine

hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the sex, and Constance was evidently one of the larger number; for, surprised and discomposed as she was by the note being placed in her hand, she instinctively entered into the views of the messenger by covering it for a minute with her handkerchief, and then, when she thought herself unobserved by passers-by, concealing it in her bosom.

Constance slightly blushed as she did this; and as blushing was not a habit with her, she must have thought that there was something wrong in the action. But to the best of my knowledge and belief she was innocent of any other impulse than curiosity—and that is a motive quite strong enough to lead many people, men as well as women, into very equivocal situations.

Conscience makes people cowards very unnecessarily at times. Constance felt like a murderer with the head of his victim secreted in his coat-pocket. She fancied that she was the unique object of attention to the now rapidly thickening crowd. She dared not look anybody in the face; and a horrible fear came upon her that she would meet, if not her own party, some chance acquaintances who might compel her to conversation. She could not remain where she was; she must fly, and hide her guilt. A dreadful idea, too, forced itself upon her mind, that she might lose the letter, and stand convicted before all Asia of—she knew not what! Impelled by an irresistible impulse, she quitted the tent, and sought security outside. But she was still in a blaze of light, and more observable than she had been before. Where should she turn? A quiet nook a short distance off invited her. It held a seat, and was lit by a single coloured festoon. Thither she went; and there, in apparent security, she bethought herself that she would read the letter.

With trembling hands she unfolded the paper. It contained but the following brief communication—

'A friend desires a short interview with Miss Beltravers by the orange-

trees near the Maharajah's tent—immediately. He has important intelligence to communicate, in which her future happiness is concerned.'

Then came another conflict in the mind of Constance. Should she accept the invitation?—did she dare? There might be danger in meeting a stranger in such a manner—who could say what were his designs? But, on the other hand, to miss an important communication concerning her future happiness! Such a denial was hard to demand from herself. While deliberating between the danger and the temptation, Constance sought with her eyes the indicated spot. She could see it from where she sat. It was in the shade, and sufficiently secluded to be free from observation; but, on the other hand, it was close to the crowd, and at least within call of assistance, should such be required.

The result of her observation determined her; she would go. And she had gone before she could give herself time to change her mind.

There was a person waiting under the trees—but a person of an unexpected description. He was a Native, and apparently a gentleman,—that is to say, he was dressed like one of the educated writer class, who are the natural allies of the Europeans in Bengal. But the natural instincts of her race and sex made Constance shrink from an interview with a Native alone—and she took it for granted that this man must be her correspondent. She was about to retire; but the stranger had noted her arrival, and followed her footsteps with swift but stealthy tread. Then he addressed her—in English, which he spoke with apparent ease, but with a characteristic mixture of simplicity and ambitious phraseology.

'It is wrong to fly from me, young lady. You should hear—I have a communication of extreme importance for you.'

Constance's curiosity triumphed over her fears without further persuasion.

'Tell me, then, quickly,' she replied, 'what you have to say; I ought not to have come here.'

'There is no occasion to have

fear of me,' returned the stranger; 'I am a Baboo of high character—you know the name of Ramchunder Nellore?'

The fame of that appellation had not reached Constance, but she knew that the Calcutta Baboos were usually respectable people, and she felt more confidence than at first.

'That is of no consequence,' she said; 'what have you to tell me?'

'You know the great English Baronet, Sir Norman Halidame?'

'I did not come here to talk about him—I will go.'

'Not yet, not yet; I will tell you quick. You mean to marry him: you must not; he is a very bad man, and a criminal—a murderer.'

Constance had no power to move now. She was chained to the spot by the sudden charge made against her betrothed. But a moment's reflection roused her indignation.

'I will go,' she said; 'you have no right to bring me here to hear these things. I believe nothing that you say: Sir Norman is an honourable gentleman, and without stain.'

'You think so,' replied the Bengalee, with a malicious chuckle; 'but I can tell you that which will make you think that which is the contrary.'

Constance was fairly committed now. She could not choose but hear. And the tale which she heard was one that thrilled her with horror.

'It is more than twelve years past,' said the Baboo, 'that Sir Norman loved the wife of an English officer at Barrackpore. He made her his own and took her away to Calcutta. The English officer followed; found the great baronet at an hotel; but the great baronet shot him dead, so he could tell no tales. The baronet then escaped on board of ship with the lady—a beautiful lady who had the hearts of everybody. There were no witnesses to the tragedy, and the guilt could never be fixed upon the great baronet, even so far as to bring him up to the high tribunal of justice. But there were those in Calcutta who had their suspicions, and I know them to be true. It has even been said—and I believe there are those living who

will swear this is true—that Sir Norman Halidame is not even the great baronet he pretends to be—that he keeps a brother from the rights that belong to him—a brother that he hates and wishes dead. I can prove his guilt whenever I make the denunciation before the magistrate on the bench. But I have never made the denunciation; for Sir Norman has been good to me, and given me much money while in England; and he seemed so happy with his wife and his beautiful young family.'

'His wife!' cried Constance; 'surely, Sir Norman has no wife.'

'He was a just man; and he married the beautiful lady whose husband he had killed.'

'And she still lives?'

'She was alive the other day. It was to warn you of the danger you have in your path, if you marry the great baronet yourself—for your English law makes one wife of two no wife at all.'

Nothing but the deep indignation with which Constance was inspired could have supported her during this painful interview. Was it possible that Sir Norman, whose kind, amiable nature had won her against her will—had melted the ice in which she had determined to keep her heart—could be the monster that the Baboo depicted him? She could not believe it.

'And how am I to know,' she said, almost fiercely, to the man, 'that what you have been telling me is not all lies—as I believe it is?'

The Baboo smiled sarcastically.

'I have not my witnesses here,' he said, 'though I have them if wanted for the magistrate on the bench, and the judge of the higher tribunal. But I can show you some of the great baronet's writing which will give you assurance that all I say is not base falsehood.'

And the Baboo placed in the lady's hand some letters which he had received, as he said, from Sir Norman, of whose handwriting, indeed, there could be no doubt. In one of these the writer said:

'I feel myself in such a position that I must again agree to purchase your silence. But will nothing less

than the sum you ask suffice? I enclose a cheque which will, I hope, be sufficient inducement to you to hold your tongue.'

Another contained the following:

'You torture me with your persecution. Will nothing satisfy you? I am already much impoverished, and cannot meet your continual demands. If I send you the sum you ask, am I to understand that you will leave me free?'

There were other allusions of a similar kind. Constance read them all. They gave cruel force to the blow already dealt by the informer. She had no doubt now of Norman's guilt; and her sense of deep, irredeemable injury roused a demon in her heart. But she was too proud to confess to the informer that he had triumphed. So returning the papers to him with such composure as she could assume, the wretched girl remarked—

'They are very good imitations of Sir Norman's writing; but I do not believe them. You have been imposed upon; but you mean well, I dare say, and I am much obliged to you for your warning.'

Saying this—she could not trust herself to say more—Constance gave the Baboo a haughty salute and left him. He did not follow her this time—he knew that his work was done.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONSTANCE TAKES HER REVENGE.

Constance was Constance no more. She was a wild, wicked Fury, burning for revenge. She could not control herself sufficiently to resume a conventional demeanour, so dared not return immediately to the tents. And she could not rest in the shade, where she sought refuge, but wandered about, making purposeless protestations against her fate, and crying impotently for vengeance upon the man who had humiliated her. So engrossed was she with the passion within her, that the noise and the glare of a great pyrotechnic display, which was the object of general attention, came upon her eye and ear unheeded. She noted it

no more than she noted the moon and stars; nor did the fact occur to her that the conclusion of the entertainment must now be close at hand.

She remained an hour, it might be, in this state of agitation; then she calmed by degrees, and arrived at a resolve as to her future course. She was planning in her own mind how she might put her scheme into action, when she saw a gentleman approaching her retreat, in the shadow of some trees near those under which she had met the Baboo. It was an officer, as his uniform indicated; and as he approached nearer, looking about on every side as if in search for some one, she recognised Milward.

He was the subject of her thoughts at that moment, and she hailed his appearance as a deliverance. She was by his side in a moment.

'Milward,' she said, forgetting customary forms of address, *'will you protect me?'*

Milward started at the request.

'Miss Beltravers, I was searching for you. Mrs. Beltravers asked me to find you. She is half frantic at losing you for so long. I am very glad that you are safe. I will take you back, of course, with great pleasure.'

'No, no, do not mistake me,' cried the wild girl. *'I will not go back to her—to him. I will never see him again. He is a fiend, a monster, a murderer!'*

'Miss Beltravers, you cannot know what you are saying. Of whom do you speak?'

'Of the man they call Sir Norman Halidame—of that smooth, soft, amiable, handsome man—my husband who might have been, but never shall be now that I know all.'

'Know all? You are surely dreaming.'

'I am not dreaming, and I am responsible for all I say. I know Sir Norman to be a man steeped in crime, and a serpent—with all his soft ways—who would have lured me to destruction.'

'I scarcely know how to speak to you on such a subject. You must be under some mistaken influence.'

Would it not be better to let me take you to Mrs. Beltravers—to go home, and let Sir Norman know in the morning that you will see him no more?’

Milward was really under the belief that Constance had taken leave of her senses; and the responsibility of having a mad young lady to take care of, in the middle of the night, was repugnant to his practical ideas of the proprieties.

‘I tell you, Henry’—she had never called him Henry before, and he was not insensible to the concession—‘that I well know what I am doing. I will not go home. I have good reason for not doing so. Once under the roof with Mrs. Beltravers, I shall have no rest until I have received that horrible man once more, for Mrs. Beltravers is devoted to him. She has been so from the first. My only chance is to fly elsewhere—where I know not. But I will trust to you, Henry; and if you love me, as you have led me to believe you did, you will save me from the fate that, without your assistance, I see before me. You relent—I see you do. You will be my friend—I know you will. I have no one besides—I am alone in the world. Even Mrs. Beltravers—but no matter; I will tell you more one day. I will tell you enough now about Sir Norman to justify myself in your eyes for the step I am about to take.’

And Constance briefly recounted to Milward the tale that had been told her by the Baboo.

Milward was startled, as you may suppose, by the narration; but he no longer doubted the sanity of the narrator, though she looked so wild,—there in the moonlight, with her scornful, determined eyes, her dark hair breaking from its bonds and falling about her pale face, her dishevelled dress, and her unheeded gestures—that he might well have been excused for the suspicion he had entertained. But Milward, cold and cynical as he might be, was a man of honour. He was reluctant—even though tempted, as he was, by a beautiful girl in the moonlight—to gain an advantage, which otherwise he would dearly

prize, through a possible mistake. To him the conduct imputed to Sir Norman seemed incredible; yet while considering the question a certain memory came upon him.

As if she knew what was passing in Milward’s mind, Constance asked, ‘Did you ever, Henry’—Henry again—‘hear a whisper of any such story connected with the person I refer to?’

‘I cannot deny’—Milward said this in all conscientiousness—‘that when I first came to Calcutta I heard of some scandalous affair with which Sir Norman’s name was connected.’

‘And the circumstances were the same?’

‘I did not hear particulars; but they were certainly of the same nature. But I am bound to say that nothing of the kind has reached me for years past; and if I ever thought upon the matter at all, it was to dismiss it as mere idle gossip—and there is plenty of that going about in India.’

‘You tell me enough to confirm me; and I respect the generous reticence which will not allow you to impeach even a—a rival. Henry, I have been unkind, perhaps cruel, to you. I will not affect to have reproached myself with my conduct before—I have been in a dream during the last ten days. I was deceived, as others have been, by that open, frank manner—those clear, candid, *honest* eyes, that I thought were signs of character. I have been deceived, wronged, cruelly insulted, and—and—I owe you reparation. I must fly—fly from influences which I should have to resist—which would only increase my store of misery. I must fly, and—why do you not ask me, Henry?’—and Constance stamped her little foot petulantly upon the ground—‘I will fly anywhere with you.’

Milward felt that he could go to the ends of the earth with the fair creature who thus gave him her confidence; but he had scruples, and, if the truth must be told, he would have preferred that the offer had been made him *before* Sir Norman had proved unworthy. He had not quite forgotten the slight cast

upon him at the tiffin party. Moreover, there were practical difficulties in the way. It is very inconvenient to 'fly' indefinitely with a lady in a low-necked dress, from the midst of a ball. And in his own case there was an equal objection. An officer in uniform is a helpless being; he cannot act as a private individual, but must remain an officer in uniform, with all the responsibilities attached to that character. It was clear that they could not fly very far under such conditions. So once more Milward—though not altogether displeased at the turn that events had taken—enjoined Constance to be prudent, while assuring her of his good wishes, and, even more, of his forgiveness of her conduct towards him. But he was still cold, and not prepared to return the ardour of her original appeal. Constance saw this, and her mortification made her half mad.

'Then you reject me,' she cried; 'I am to be scorned by you also? I have not deserved this. But I will trouble you no more—I will go.'

And the girl was rushing wildly away; but Milward seized her hand, and forced her to remain.

'Constance,' he said, with an air of authority, 'you must not, you shall not act in this frantic way. Return with me to the tent. You will not meet Mrs. Beltravers or Sir Norman there. They are waiting at the landing-place to see if you go across by the steamer; it was their last idea, finding that you were nowhere among the people. You must get your mantle, or whatever you wore coming over, and I will wait for you and take you across in a dinghy. I can leave you with some friends for to-night, and in the morning we can arrange what is to be done next. We have no time to lose, for, see, the lights are being lowered in the tents, and everybody seems to be leaving. If we delay we may not be able to get a boat.'

Constance was humbled by this time, and felt the need of a protector, even though he scorned her.

'You are very kind, Mr. Milward,' she said, in sorrowful accents; 'and I have not deserved your kindness. I will do as you bid me.'

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So they returned to the tents, which were now nearly deserted; Constance regained the light equipments with which she had crossed the river, including, fortunately, a mantle whose hood effectually shielded her from recognition; and a native boat being at hand, the pair were soon on their way back to Calcutta.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A PASSAGE ACROSS THE HOOGLEY.

The steamer which left the landing-place a quarter of an hour after the departure of the dinghy had on board the last of the visitors to the Viceregal fête. They were few in number compared with previous convoys, and there was sufficient space on deck to allow of their distribution in groups. Nobody was much fatigued, as it was only two in the morning, and the conversation was animated in the extreme, the general verdict being that everything had gone off wonderfully well, and that the fête was a decided success. What a charming ball—what beautiful decorations—what splendid illuminations—what lovely fireworks—how well the band played—what a capital selection—such a good supper too; nothing like it ever known at Government House—first-rate champagne, not a headache in a hogshead—danced every dance—no want of partners for anybody—graceful hospitality—thoroughly enjoyed it;—such were the interjectionary exclamations heard on all sides. They sounded like a dismal satire to some on board, to whom the festivity had brought nothing but sorrow.

Sir Norman and Mrs. Beltravers sat together as far apart as possible from the crowd. I need not tell the subject of their thoughts. They were both so astounded by the loss which had befallen them as to have but little power for the discussion of the event. Even the vaguest speculation as to Constance's destination soon exhausted itself. There were several possibilities. She might have met with an accident in the gardens, through the bite, perhaps, of some venomous animal, but in

such a case the search for her, it was supposed, would have had some result. Some of the Maharajah's people might have carried her off against her will—such things had been heard of. There was a chance that she had gone to the banks of the river to find her friends, and fallen into the stream. These and similar ideas were freely suggested. But both Sir Norman and Mrs. Beltravers, when they came to investigate their instinctive suspicions, inclined to the belief that Constance had 'run away;' and this they each confessed to the other on board the boat.

'Constance is a strange girl, as you know,' said Mrs. Beltravers; 'she was wayward and capricious to an unmanageable degree even as a child; and all my care and counsels have had but little effect upon her since. But she never meant ill, and required only such influence as I had hoped to find in you, to be all that we could wish. And if she has designedly left us, the question remains—what cause could have impelled her to take such a step?'

'And the consideration must also be included,' returned Sir Norman, 'what person could have induced her?'

'Ah! there I know not what to think,' cried Mrs. Beltravers, despairingly; 'she was devoted to you, as has been apparent from her conduct during the last ten days. There is nobody whom I can suppose her to have cared about in the least.'

'Not Milward?'

'But we saw Milward not long ago, hours after we missed her; and the gentleman with whom you left her—her Mofussil friend—you have also seen.'

'He told me that he took her back to her place.'

'Speculation is useless, it seems. There is one chance—that feeling ill, and not being able to find either you or myself, she got somebody to take her home. In that case, I shall find her there on my arrival.'

'I will accompany you in the hope.'

But Halidame said this mournfully, as if he did not think the hope very hopeful.

Meanwhile, in another part of the

little vessel, a conversation of a very different kind was proceeding.

The Manton party were returning in high spirits, and Windermere, who had not quitted them since the adventure with the cobra, was taking especial care of May, who had recovered from the shock caused by her peril and escape, but was embarrassed for other reasons. Windermere's attentions were so marked that she could not mistake them. They were too marked, she thought, for a stranger; but he had saved her life, and she owed him at least gratitude—what was she to do? And to add to her confusion the Mantons seemed purposely to keep apart.

In allusion to some discouraging remark of May's, Windermere presently said:

'Ah, Miss Pemberton, I am afraid that after all you regret that we have met.'

'After all—that would mean after you had saved my life at the peril of your own. Can you conceive me capable of such ingratitude? But you must remember that we are—at present at least—almost strangers.'

'But my name was known to you before, ever since I committed what I fear you hold to be the unpardonable offence of writing you that letter.'

Windermere's intended reserve upon a particular subject was fast breaking down, you see.

'You amaze me, Mr. Windermere; I never received a letter from you.'

'Not in London?'

'Not in London, nor here; you are surely under the influence of some delusion. Was your noble service to me in the gardens really performed under the impression that we were old acquaintances?'

'Not quite that; but I had hoped, and I had good reason to believe, that by name at least I was not unknown to you.'

'And you speak of a letter—perhaps we can bring the question to a test. If you tell me to what address you sent it, I shall be able to tell you if we lived there or not. It seems to me that I have been taking some other person's place in your thoughts.'

'I did not send the letter to any address at which you would be likely to live, except in the hearts of those who saw and heard you during those three nights.'

Windermere, you see, was fast overcoming his natural diffidence.

May understood him at last; at least she had gained a clue to his comprehension. But she was terrified at hearing what was now evident, that he was acquainted with the secret of her dramatic adventure. Why she should be terrified does not seem very clear. But now that she had abandoned the intention of devoting herself to the public, the idea was repugnant to her in no ordinary degree. As Miss Mirabel—inflamed with enthusiasm for art, and teeming with conscious power—she could be brave as a lion before the largest audiences. As Miss Pemberton, retired into private life, she was timid as a mouse at the mere mention of her triumph. She could be *Bianca* over again, even under certain conditions; but she could not talk about her talents, and now that the theatre was no more to her she desired to be unknown. All she ventured to say was this:

'You know my secret then?'

'Can you doubt that I should recognise you anywhere on earth?'

'Ah, then others may do the same! How unfortunate—it was such a foolish mania of mine.'

'No doubt others would recognise you too; but the chances are small that many of the people composing those three audiences will meet you in India, even if they should come to this country.'

'Ah, truly; I should have been more likely to have been recognised in society at home. But you spoke of a letter. I can assure you that I never received one from you.'

'Then it must have been intercepted, which was unfortunate for me, as I had no intention of doing anything so invidious as to pay anonymous homage. But, however, I am happy in the end if Miss Pemberton will allow me to see her again, and not consider the present as the end of our acquaintance.'

May did not know what Windermere meant by 'anonymous homage,'

and was deliberating whether or not she ought to ask him, when the vessel stopped at the ghât. There was a general movement on shore, and, as soon as the Mantons' carriage could be found, leave-taking became inevitable.

All that May could do was to add her assurance to that of the Mantons that she should always be glad to see Mr. Windermere during her stay in Calcutta.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEWS FROM CONSTANCE—SIR NORMAN'S NARRATIVE—AN UNEXPECTED REVELATION.

Sir Norman Halidame accompanied Mrs. Beltravers to Garden Reach after landing from the steamer; but Constance had not arrived, and, as may be supposed, nobody in the house could throw any light upon her movements. By noon, after seeking rest, but not finding it, Sir Norman betook himself again to Mrs. Beltravers' abode, with the vague hope of news, or at least of something arising from further consultation. The events of the night had evidently preyed upon his mind. You would scarcely have credited the fact that the pale, hollow-eyed man who rode down to the Reach, and seemed to communicate his gloom to the horse he bestrode, was the gay, comely baronet who crossed the river in such high spirits the night before.

He found Mrs. Beltravers in the drawing-room, her happy beaming face showing marks of anxiety almost equal to his own. It was the same story that he heard—nothing was known; and the unhappy pair were abandoning themselves again to vague speculations and vain plans, when a letter was brought to the lady—the charge of a peon who was waiting in the verandah.

Mrs. Beltravers saw the handwriting outside, and at once communicated the welcome news—

'It is from Constance—thank Heaven that she is at least preserved to us!'

Sir Norman felt an instinctive sense of relief; but he waited, mis-

trustfully, to know more. Meanwhile Mrs. Beltravers had torn open the letter, and eagerly engaged herself with its contents. With the conclusion of the last page she gave way, and sank insensible upon the sofa.

Halidame's first duty was now to shout 'Qui hai!' to the servants, and bid them summon Mrs. Beltravers' maid, while he busied himself in administering water from a serai which was promptly brought from the verandah. His efforts were successful; Mrs. Beltravers recovered before the maid arrived, and then, dismissing that attendant—an officious English girl—she pointed to the letter lying on the floor, and bade the baronet read for himself.

The letter was to this effect:

'MY DEAREST, KINDEST FRIEND,—more than mother to me—do not blame me for the step I have taken. Believe me I have good cause for separating myself, for a time at least, from you. I heard, on undoubted authority, so much about Sir Norman Halidame last night that I determined to break off my engagement with him, and to place myself out of the reach of his influence at once. He is not the rightful baronet, it seems. I care nothing for that, though he has no right to assume to be what he is not. But it *does* concern me to find that he is already married—and to somebody whom he ran away with, and whose husband he killed. After hearing this account of his early life—accompanied by *proofs*, remember—I felt that I could meet him no more, and would not risk even the chance which must have awaited me at home. I am now with kind friends, who will protect me from any possible advances on his part; and I tell you their names with the assurance that you will respect my confidence. Mr. and Mrs. Manton have given me shelter, and are very kind to me; and I am also indebted to another friend, who took me across the river and to their house. It would be better that we should not meet until Sir Norman Halidame has left Calcutta; for I dread the influence he has over your trusting

nature, and the persuasions with which he might assail you. I am, in my own resolve, beyond the reach of any inducements which might be offered me to hold any intercourse with him—even apart from my impossible relation to him of *wife*.

'My dearest—more than mother—do not attempt to defeat my purpose. When I am safe from *him* we will be together as of old. In the meantime send me such clothes as you know I must require—not forgetting that the weather is getting warmer—my dressing-case, and *all* the things on my toilet table.

'Ever your fondly attached,
'CONETANCE.'

Sir Norman read the letter with no apparent fear, nor any approach to anger, but with a sad look of despair; and it was with an appearance of mournful resignation that he placed the epistle upon the table beside Mrs. Beltravers, as if willing that the lady should have the advantage of anything it contained. Then he bent his gaze firmly upon the pale—not reproachful—face of his companion, and said:

'There has been some monstrous villainy at work, and Miss Beltravers and myself are its common victims. I owe you an explanation on my own part. Are you in a sufficient state of composure to listen to a short story?'

Mrs. Beltravers made a gesture of assent.

'There are painful matters to recall,' began the baronet, 'but the pain must be borne. I have a twin brother—wonderfully resembling me in appearance and manner—so much so that when apart we have been frequently mistaken for one another. He hated me from our childhood in consequence of the accident of birth which made me his elder. I have always been to him what a brother should be, but could never obtain from him even outward affection. After I succeeded to the title and estates, I added much to the small fortune which fell to his share, and, indeed, impoverished myself for life to benefit him and avert his unreasonable envy. He would never remain on even nominal

terms of friendship for long together, and at last resorted to falsehood—with no practical object, I believe, at first—in order to induce the belief that he was the elder born instead of myself, and that I was aware of a fraud having been committed in the matter. I could have stopped these pretensions by appealing to the law, but could never persuade myself to injure him, and, through him, to bring disgrace upon the family. We were both travelling—I for my amusement, and he upon service in the army, as well as upon occasions when on leave. We never met abroad, but he frequently compromised me by the wild reckless life he led. And this was notably the case once in Calcutta——’

Mrs. Beltravers seemed much agitated at this point: but recovering herself, she motioned Sir Norman to proceed.

‘The occasion to which I refer in Calcutta was one of the instances in which I was made the sufferer. I was about to embark for England, and having sent my luggage on board the ship, was waiting on shore until the time came for sailing. It was evening. I dined in a private room at the hotel—one that I had occupied for a few days before. During dinner my English servant mentioned to me, incidentally, that two travellers had just arrived, and had engaged the adjoining apartment. I heard them enter soon after, not together, however. The first I knew by the voice to be a woman, and the second was evidently a man. The first words that the man spoke assured me that they were spoken by my brother Cecil.

‘I had no desire to make my presence known, and remained, therefore, in my room longer than I had intended. My brother and the lady had no sooner arrived than they were joined by a third person. There was a sound of angry voices, and the cry of a woman echoed through the corridor outside, into which she seemed to have fled. My first impulse was to rush out and interfere. But second thoughts urged me to remain. I knew my brother’s character too well to suppose that his quarrel would pro-

bably be one with which I could identify myself, apart from the light in which he would probably regard my proffers of service. And, supposing him to be in the wrong—which was the most probable supposition—how could I take part against him? So I contented myself by sending my servant to watch, and to let me know if there was likely to be violence. But the man returned in a few minutes, and said that he believed the parties, as he called them, had arranged their quarrel; and his supposition seemed to be well founded, for I heard nothing more from the adjoining apartment for the space of, it may have been, ten minutes. Then on a sudden came a sound that startled the whole hotel. Two pistol shots were fired almost simultaneously, and a heavy fall was heard upon the floor, followed by the wild cry of a woman.

‘I lost not an instant now in rushing to the scene of the encounter. But I was only in time to be roughly pushed aside by Cecil—who recognised me, however, and gave expression to something like a curse as he dashed past me through the corridor, and, as it afterwards appeared, out of the house.

I had no object in following him, and at once entered the room. Its only occupant was a gentleman who lay on the floor, wounded in the arm by a pistol-shot. The woman whose cry I had heard was apparently in the adjoining chamber, the door of which was locked. This fact I ascertained immediately on my entrance; for my first impulse was to seek the woman’s aid for the sufferer. But several persons, servants and others, now rushed into the room, and I was glad to be relieved from further interference, after helping to place the wounded man on a sofa, and seeing him cared for by a doctor, who was, fortunately, among those whom the noise had brought to the spot. My presence there, however, led to an awkward inference—that I was the person who had inflicted the wound, and some of the Englishmen present were for detaining me on that ground. Appearances were certainly against me,

as two pistols, both of which were lying on the floor, had evidently been discharged ; and, indeed, the double report had been heard by everybody in the house. The difficulty was, however, but of short duration. The people of the hotel knew me well, and knew, of course, that I had been staying there for some days before the arrival of the man and woman, and of the other man who had followed them. Moreover, my own servant was able to bear testimony that I had been in my own room at the time when the scuffle took place in the adjoining one. But the few persons who had seen the traveller during his few minutes' stay in the house, declared the resemblance between us to be remarkably strong. You may guess that I did not add to what knowledge they had on the subject, and lost no time in making my way on board ship.

'I learned afterwards that my brother had induced the wife of one of his most intimate friends to meet him at the hotel, whence they intended proceeding to England by the same vessel as that in which I had taken my passage. This is nearly all I know of the affair ; though I was afterwards on intimate terms of friendship with the wounded man in England, and am aware that he and his wife have since lived apart by common consent. He never saw her after his encounter with Cecil—who, I should mention, wounded his antagonist in what was admitted to be a fair manner, according to duelling ethics, although they fought without witnesses. And duelling ethics were more respected in those days than they are now ; though I fancy that Cecil's was the last duel fought in Calcutta. The husband was advised by many of his friends to take back his wife, whom there was no reason to suppose actually guilty. He did not believe such to be the case himself, indeed ; but he was an acutely sensitive man, whom some people thought cold, and he said that he could never be happy with her again. So he returned to England as soon as he had recovered from his wound, taking with him their only child, a little girl of five or six years of age. I

never saw the wife, but have heard her described as a person of great beauty. She is said to be somewhere in India at the present time.

'I really know nothing more about this unhappy matter ; but my chance appearance on the scene of the encounter has been the cause of my persecution for years past by a native baboo, who heard something of the story, and always threatened to represent it to my disadvantage in England. I could easily, of course, have refuted his accusations, but you know at what a cost ; so I have yielded to the baboo, as I did to Cecil, from tenderness to my brother, and to save the honour of the family. I am a very weak person, I suppose, but I do not care to be strong in such a situation. I have told you enough, however, to assure you of the utter falsity of the charges made against me—which have had so unhappy an influence upon your daughter.'

Mrs. Beltravers had shown marks of deep emotion several times during Sir Norman's narrative. At its conclusion she wept bitterly.

Sir Norman did not interrupt her grief, which was but natural, considering the unfortunate course taken by Constance. But he was not prepared to hear her say, when, by a strong effort, she had recovered her composure :

'I am the last person in the world who ought to blame you for weakness which has arisen from tenderness to your brother ; for I—I confess it with pain and shame—I also have loved Cecil !'

CHAPTER XLIX.

MRS. BELTRAVERS TELLS HER TALE.

Sir Norman could only *look* his astonishment.

'I will tell you all,' continued Mrs. Beltravers, 'and I ought to have told you before, though I persuaded myself that the confidence was not absolutely required. I was married very early in life to a man older than myself, though the difference was not so great as to be disproportionate even then, while in these days it would be scarcely re-

markable. If a girl marries before she is seventeen her husband is sure to be in advance of her in age, and even ten years is not much in such a case. The real difference between my husband and myself was in our respective temperaments. He was old for his years, and I was young for mine; and although there was the sincerest affection on both sides, we had but little in common as regarded our ideas and pursuits. He was grave in his ways, I precisely the reverse. He read a great deal, I scarcely ever opened a book. He was fond of his profession, that of a soldier; I quarrelled with him when he went away on duty, as I could not understand that a soldier was meant for something more than to wear gay uniforms and amuse ladies. He must have had a thousand things in his mind of which I was quite unconscious. I loved him dearly, as I have said, but perhaps mine was more the love of a sister or a daughter, or a cousin perhaps, than that of a wife. He was a man of scrupulous and punctilious honour, and I respected him for the nobility of his nature, which had not one mean thought. But he was, as I have said, grave, and I thought at times cold; and while he did not amuse me, he seemed sometimes to tire of my companionship. Such were our relations together when your brother Cecil was first quartered at Barrackpore. My husband and he were intimate acquaintances, and he was a great deal at our house. What a misfortune it was for us both, for us all! But for him I should have become more used to my husband's ways, and—loving him sincerely as I did—we should have been happy together doubtless to this day. But Cecil, unhappily, was all that my husband was not—all that I wanted him to be. He never talked seriously, was never dull, never read—at least in my presence, as you may suppose—and never troubled me with advice or remonstrance. Moreover, he always amused me, and I was such a light-headed girl that I thought anybody who amused me the greatest benefactor that could possibly be. Had he been my husband I dare say I

should have soon found how impossible it is for any person to play such a part as this for every hour in the day and every day in the year; but this consideration never occurred to me at the time, and I thought Cecil just what a man should be to make a perfect husband. He loved me, too, as sincerely, I am afraid, as his nature is capable of loving, and I had not the heart to be otherwise than grateful for this. So it was that—with the aid of those fascinations which you know him to have at his command—he gained an influence over me which increased day by day. All this time I loved my husband as much as ever, my affection for him never wavered, but it was different from the sentiment I had for Cecil, which was *only* sentiment, and I have since learned, on knowing myself better, that I never *really* loved him, though just now I called my feeling for him by the name of love. But his influence, as I have said, was strong, and when he came to me one day and told me that he had obtained leave to England for a year, and asked me to leave my husband and fly with him, in a weak, wicked moment I said yes. The result was as you know.'

'You were, then, the lady who joined him at the hotel in Calcutta?'

'I was that unhappy woman, but as innocent, in one sense, as I have remained ever since. He had no sooner joined me than my husband arrived, and I immediately repented of the step I had taken, and resolved to retrace it. I flew into the inner room, the door of which I heard locked upon me. I should have returned and implored my husband's pardon; but they bore him away, and he, with his stern will, refused to see me again. I was too proud—I confess it with pain—to write to him, or he might have forgiven me; for he was far from implacable in his resentments, and there was real warmth at the base of his apparent coldness. I made up my mind then to suffer the punishment I knew myself to deserve. Some kind friends to us both, after trying to bring about a

reconciliation, arranged that we should live apart, and they arranged also for an allowance to be paid to me, proportionate to his means, but this I refused to accept. I was fortunately not without some immediate resources, having a small sum of money of my own, and for the rest I determined to work for my own support. I did not dare to return to England, where I should meet former friends, nor to stay in India under his name. So I assumed the name I bore before my marriage, and, through the influence of the friends who had already rendered me service, obtained a situation in the upper provinces as a governess. You will say that I was not a fit person for a governess, either as regarded my character or my conduct; but my character sobered wonderfully after that horrible night, and my conduct—was not known. My pupil was a beautiful child, who was without a mother, and I endeavoured, by the utmost possible devotion, to supply her place.'

'Is it true, then, that you are not the mother of Constance?'

'It is indeed true, and my conscience has rebuked me continually for not telling you this before. But there was no misrepresentation as to Constance's position, and I persuaded myself that in marrying her you could not be concerned with mine. But as our friendship increased, I felt more and more that I ought to have been frank with you; and I was waiting, at last, only for courage to unburden my mind. Of Mr. Beltravers I had made a confidant years before his death.'

'Mr. Beltravers! How came you to bear his name?'

'I will tell you. This is how my confidence to him was brought about. He had been a widower for several years when I took up my abode in his house, and I had not been long a member of the family before I found that he loved me. I would not allow myself to credit the fact at first, but after a time he actually made me an offer of marriage, and then I told him all. I was quite prepared to be dismissed from the house with disgrace, but he received my confession in the most charitable

spirit. Poor, good man! he was nearly heart-broken; but he respected my humiliation and believed in the sincerity of my repentance. He promised never again to renew the subject of his attachment for me, and he religiously kept his word. For years afterwards, while Constance was growing up, I lived in his house, and received from him no sign of any sentiments towards me but those of the warmest respect and friendship. Nor did he reveal my secret to anybody, Constance herself being unaware to this day of my real position. He never married, though I more than once urged him to do so, and it was perpetual pain to me to know, as I could not but know, that it was for my sake he remained alone. There are few such men as he in the world, and I regarded him with the love that I should have given to a brother. He died at last, before his time, a saddened but cheerfully-resigned man, and on his deathbed he bequeathed his daughter to my care, and made me promise to obey the wishes expressed in his will, that I should bear his name and take the place of the mother of Constance. The desire was accompanied, too, by a provision—from his immense wealth, made as a merchant and planter—fully equal to that which I should have enjoyed as his wife, and Constance of course has the rest of his property. What could I do but comply with his wishes? And I had, and have, no hope of ever being with my husband again. I know not even where he is to be found. For years past my main object in life has been the care of Constance, and to make her worthy of the father who left her to me. The blow that my hopes have received from the event of last night I need not tell you, and I scarcely dare ask you to suspend in her favour any determination as to the future. Constance is wayward and self-willed, but she is a good girl at heart, and the step which she has taken ought not to be irretrievable. That she is safe in the care of friends is a consolation to me; but—but—I cannot expect that you can forgive her cruel treatment.'

'It has been cruel indeed,' said Sir Norman, bitterly; 'and I cannot conceal from myself one fact which it reveals—that she cannot have loved me as a woman ought to love a man who is to make her his wife. She speaks, too, of "another friend" who took her across the river—what am I to think?'

The allusion had already given Mrs. Beltravers uneasiness, which she vainly endeavoured to ignore.

'No,' continued Sir Norman, 'it is too late. I have loved Constance as man has seldom loved a woman,

but she does not love me. I will not trouble her, nor you on my behalf. I shall leave Calcutta to-morrow and go up country, where I have an excuse to go upon business affairs; but I shall always appreciate your friendship, Mrs. Beltravers, and it would be at least one source of consolation to me at any time to know that you were—were more happy than you are.'

Sir Norman could not say all he meant, and Mrs. Beltravers was too wretched to help him; so the pair parted.

OUR SERVANT GIRLS.

OF all the questions of sociology which are keenly debated at the present day, none surpasses in practical interest and importance the great question which is raised about our servants. It is very true that in affluent families with large establishments the difficulty is hardly felt; and, generally speaking, we are a long way removed from that prevalent state of matters in America which induces families by the hundred to abandon house-keeping, and to betake themselves to boarding-houses. On every side we hear peevish complaints about servants; and as peevish complaints are frequently unsubstantial, those who have many and good servants may be disposed to think that there is not very much in such querulous language. But such an idea would be a very mistaken one. A vast social organic revolution is accomplishing itself throughout the country. The character of servants and the conditions of service are being modified in every direction, and especially in the direction where the shoe chiefly pinches the employer's feet. In wealthy families, where the wages are high, the family small, the work moderate and light, the servant nuisance is chiefly felt in the way of increased dressiness and exaggerated demands for holidays. So great, however, is the nuisance, that I know a celebrated physician who very gene-

rally asks, when ladies come to consult him, whether they have been at all put out by their servants. I have made a good deal of inquiry into the matter, and I believe that this social trouble comes most severely on the tradesman class, and is extending vertically and laterally in every direction. The saving, struggling tradesman, who used to be content with one servant, is now really obliged to have two, and similarly, he that kept two must now have three or four, and cannot have their work done with fewer. This is one of the causes that have operated towards the general rise of prices in every direction.

I cannot say that I am at all dissatisfied with the general movement that has come to pass in favour of the increased wages, comforts, and recreations of servants. This is part of the general tendency of our times, and it should be a matter of sincere gratulation that a class which both wanted and deserved great alleviations in its condition should receive such to an ample extent. I think it a good thing for a servant that she should be able to wear a silk gown, have some notion of social intercourse, go now and then to a place of amusement, and read her penny paper regularly. But of course the great thing we want is that the servant should be a good servant; and all these things

may be compatible with her being a good servant, and if they help her to be more intelligent and thoughtful, will help her to be a better servant. One now and then meets with servant girls who are an ornament to their class. Good girls who have been in good families for years, who lead quiet, regular, useful lives, with an instinctive taste for propriety and love of knowledge, often acquire great refinement, and do not linger far behind the young ladies of the household. Such not unfrequent instances are full of promise and encouragement. There will never be a time in which there will not be mistress and maid; but we may hope to see the time in which the asperities of difference will be smoothed away, and the common ground of womanliness, culture, and Christianity will deepen and not disturb the relationships of service.

It will be seen, then, that I take a somewhat democratic view of the subject, and think that much else is to be seen in 'servant-galism' than that sordid vulgarity that has been familiarised to us by Mr. Leech and his school. I know a servant who goes up to town for the Royal Academy; another, being extremely partial to Mr. Dickens's works, used to go regularly to hear him read when time and money could be afforded; another, who gives hard mental study to subjects well worthy the attention of any 'person,' however superior; another, who, when the head of the household was away from home, would gather in the servants to prayers. The other day an old servant, knowing her master to be in pecuniary distress, entered his study and begged him to accept all the money which she had saved in his service. There is a house close by where all the servants are old, and the youngest of all, a light, giddy housemaid, has only had the place seventeen years! In cases, some of them very notorious, in which a servant maid has married a man of high station, they often make excellent fine ladies. As a rule, however, as a friend tells me who notes them closely, these elevated young persons seem a little

too haughty and reserved! I have simply been speaking of cases which have fallen within my own observation. With a little inquiry the list might be easily increased, and I am sure that most observant persons will testify to the fact, that persons of much understanding and culture are at times to be found in the homely ranks of servants. I think very favourably of English servant girls as a class, although there is a particular section of them, to be presently discussed, which presents extremely unfavourable features.

There is no doubt but the change in the matter of servants has been of the most complete and extraordinary kind. Formerly, servants wanted places, but now the places want servants. Once there were a dozen servants competing for a single situation; it would now be more correct to say that there are a dozen mistresses competing for a single servant. The servant who is most sought after in the small tradesman's family—the 'general servant' who can do plain cookery—is now well nigh a domestic treasure of an unpurchaseable kind. In most country towns there is some small respectable shop—toy, fancy wool, or stationery shop—which serves as a registry for servants. I have sometimes talked with the worthy people who have kept such shops. They seem quite astonished at the changes which have taken place in their time. Once their back-parlours would be full on market days; but now they have only occasional stragglers. Once, if a servant got the promise of a good place, they would be content to take a poor lodging and live as humbly as might be until the place should become vacant. This might even happen now in those very good places which are the prizes of servant life. But, as a rule, nothing is more illustrative of the class than an exaggerated and thoughtless independence. They give or take warning without a thought. I have heard of some who have given warning before they have been an hour in the house, because they did not think,

from the look of things, that they should be comfortable. I have known of others who have deliberately put on their bonnets and walked out of the house, refusing altogether to abide by their engagements. In some parts of the country it is not unusual for servant girls to levant during the night time, as they are quite satisfied that their mistresses will not choose to encounter the scandal and annoyance of taking legal proceedings against them for their conduct.

It will therefore be easily understood that not only are servants fewer, but in some of them, in some points of view, there is a great deterioration. But I am afraid that we have all deteriorated. There is a spirit of unrest abroad, a desire for novelty, a strong taste for getting as much amusement as we can, and doing as little work as we can. Some one has truly said that in these days we are not content to sit under the shadow of our own vine and our own fig-tree, but we are deliberating whether we had not better pull up the vine and fig-tree and plant something else instead. The whole serving class now insists upon a certain amount of holiday making; and I think it must be allowed that if they get too many holidays now, there was a time when they got a great deal too few. The desire to get all the amusement possible out of life, and the fixed disinclination to do any hard work which can be avoided, is certainly not peculiar to servant-maids. It is the main origin of all the shoddy that goes on in the world, not only the shoddy of manufacturers, but the shoddy of barristers who do not get up their briefs, of writers who do not take pains with their books and articles, of parsons who preach sermons not their own, and members of parliament who act simply in accordance with their party whip. We have all got to learn the unpleasant lesson that to make any mark in the world, for any real happiness or real good, there is no solid basis other than hard work. It is rather unfair to drop down heavily on the servant lass who has been unable to make

up her mind in favour of this repellent aphorism. It is sometimes said that the progress of education has unfavourably interfered with the condition of service. I make no objection to this if you extend the remark to mistresses as well as maids. If there are servants who are unfit to be servants, there are also mistresses who are unfit to be mistresses. It is a case of *Arcares ambo*, the incompetent mistress and the incompetent maid. The mistress herself has received only that half education which is no education at all. She has not acquired those moral habits of self-restraint, kindness, and consideration for others which are absolutely requisite for domestic management. She has no taste for household affairs, and has never acquired any experience in them. She has no knowledge of the nature of a servant's business, of the time it takes, and of the necessary allowances which ought to be made for a servant's condition and wants. Such a young inexperienced mistress is often harsh, dictatorial, impetuous, fickle—one who would spoil a good servant, and of course utterly breaks down with a bad one. A girl may come to her physically incompetent for her duties. She may be only fit for a light place, but from stress of circumstances she gets into the hard one that comes first to hand. Her very hands are unfit for rough work. Perhaps she has done well and has been petted at school and has got into sedentary habits. She has been ill-trained at her cottage. As is too often the case in an English cottage, the hardworking mother is the common household drudge, and the handsome grown girl of the family is allowed to wander and gossip about. At last she takes a place, and, with mind and habits unsettled, she has to conform to the regular order of a family. Food, shelter, wages, perquisites, holidays are all very much to her mind, but work she absolutely hates. When a servant hates her work and tries to abbreviate it, and shirks it as much as she possibly can, she must evidently be a very

inefficient servant. Under such circumstances she would be inefficient even if she knew her work; but she is often ignorant of her duties, and in no way is up to the mark to discharge them. With such reasons for blame, either from above or from below, there arises a constant system of changes of servants. I know of a house through which there has flowed a succession of about four hundred servants, in the course of not many years. In this matter of change an almost equal responsibility rests upon both sides. Many girls leave even good situations where they are very comfortable for the sake of novelty. A silly girl has been known to say that she has now been a long time in a place, and she thinks that she should like to exchange into another. If she had only continued to stay she would almost have been as a daughter of the house. It is a true proverb that a good servant acquires an inheritance in a household. It frequently happens, also, that mistresses change their servants in an abrupt and precipitate way. In the fashionable towns of England there is an extraordinary system of migration, the full effect of which has hardly been noted as it deserves to be. It is indicative of the settled unsettledness of a considerable section of English society. People go to a fashionable watering-place like Brighton and furnish a large house, or, more commonly, take a large furnished house for a term. They engage a staff of servants, giving high wages; indeed such people are often perfectly indifferent what amount of wages they give, provided they get the sort of servant they want. But these 'wandering Christians' are quite unable to settle down. They discover that Leamington will be the better for their health, or that Paris will tend more to their amusement. Their various servants summarily receive a month's wages or a month's warning. The servants are suddenly thrown out of place, and are frequently thrown upon a written character, which is generally received with some degree

of suspicion. The question about a character must often be a very anxious one to a conscientious master and mistress. The written character, where it is genuine and not forged, as is sometimes the case, generally gives whatever can be said in favour of a servant, and altogether passes over the objectionable points. It is best to ask a set of categorical questions, and, better still, to have a personal interview with the last employer. Cases have not infrequently occurred of an action at law being brought when an unfavourable character has been given in black and white. It is not a bad plan to decline to give a character, and only to do this when you have nothing really favourable to say.

Something, however, should be said on what may be called the lowest stratum of all in servant life. There is a large class of girls in whom all the Arab instincts are strongly developed. Railways have especially equalised all conditions of things for servants. For a few coppers they can find their way by parliamentary train from the most secluded hamlets to the nearest big town. They are utterly destitute of training, and have thrown away every chance of obtaining any. Sometimes they have characters; just as often they have no characters. If you inquire into their histories, you will, perhaps, find that they have only been at some very inferior place, and have only kept it for a few weeks. A girl of this kind will cling to her little bit of a character as long as she possibly can, but at the same time she does not greatly care for the contingency of being characterless. There are a whole set of places which will receive her without a character. When the watering-places are quite full, and help is urgently wanted, the landladies are much too busy to be particular on the subject. Many poor tradesmen are also perfectly willing to receive a girl without a character, the circumstance being atoned for by the lowness of the wages. Such girls will often prove admirable servants for a few days, or even a few weeks, doing all their

work heartily and well. Then there will suddenly be a change for the worse. The inherent defect, or the nomadic habit, will burst forth. I have read of Indian girls who have been thought to have been thoroughly reclaimed to the uses of civilised life; but when they have been affronted, they have painted their faces, squatted on the floor, let down their back hair and howled: even so it is with this description of servant. They speedily revert to all the most unfavourable habits of their class. There is a town in England which has a lane called 'Nowhere Lane,' concerning which its primitive inhabitants tell the following simple and unvarnished legend:—Once upon a time there was a certain alderman, who had a servant-girl, who was fond of slipping out at the back door. When her absence was discovered she was asked where she had been, to which she replied, 'Nowhere.' But being tracked to a rural lane, to which hitherto no name had been given, the lane was forthwith called 'Nowhere Lane.' So runs the local chronicle. I imagine that there are few towns or villages which have not a 'Nowhere Lane.' I do not object to girls sauntering now and then to 'Nowhere Lane' with their sweethearts. That is a barbarous rule which declares 'no followers.' But I think that the mistress has a right to make her own rules and limits in the matter, to know all about the young man, and to insist that the approbation of the girl's parents has been obtained. But sometimes the servant rivals the most periodic of young ladies in the matter of flirtation. She is not content with an allowable sweetheart, but likes to see the kitchen half full with her conflicting followers. You will see such girls when they have a holiday get away to some public place—let me say the Volunteer review on the Brighton Downs, for there I noticed the circumstance last Easter—'larking' and even drinking with soldiers in a highly disreputable way. Such girls become excessively dressy. I remember a lady being at the Botanical Gardens one day, and, while looking

at the swans in the ornamental water, she accidentally touched the foot of another 'lady' similarly employed. She immediately apologised, and the stranger, turning to bow, revealed her own housemaid. The girl was really elegantly dressed, better-dressed and better-looking than her mistress. The latter commenced a severe and angry lecture; but the housemaid took it very calmly, and told her mistress that she might provide herself with another housemaid by the end of the month. I believe there are certain houses in town to which servant girls resort to doff their ordinary attire and don their lady-like raiment. I know a Frenchwoman who told her mistress that she meant to stay at home for a time to 'compose herself and get her hands white.' To gratify this inordinate taste for dress, and at the same time help their followers, and in many cases, it must also be said, their poor struggling mothers and families, they avail themselves of every opportunity to extend their gains. So far has this been carried, that many families have absolutely docked all the cook's customary perquisites, because they have been so much abused. There is an institution known, I believe, as 'the melting pot,' which is a source of continual terror to young housekeepers, since it confiscates so many household goods that can be made subservient to its purposes. The pilfering often amounts to positive robbery. There is reason to believe that a number of those burglaries which at times alarm society are really 'put up' by servants in wealthy establishments. In some places they have, perhaps, only incautiously given information; in other cases robbery has often been effected with their full assistance and connivance. I remember once being informed by the police detectives of a fashionable watering-place that there were constant complaints among the visitors of the system of pilfering that went on, in consequence of the low-class servants employed by the lodging-house keepers. When watches and bank-notes are abstracted, the police are

often called in, and, by a little wholesome terrorism, they generally succeed in getting back the property. Masters and mistresses are very slow to prosecute, and they did quite right when the penalties threw the girls into bad company and entailed inevitable depravation of character. But perhaps the present silent system in our gaols would not be the worst kind of treatment for many of this class. Of course this kind of servant is eminently untrustworthy in all matters that require trust. Those who can read take a lively interest in the correspondence of the family. I know a family who were extremely annoyed by some piece of unpleasant family news becoming circulated in the neighbourhood. They were careful people, and took pains either to lock up or destroy their letters. But it seemed that they tore up their letters into 'spills,' which they put into a vase on the drawing-room mantelshelf, and a servant had actually sewn together these 'spills' and read off the contents of their letters.

It is a painful subject to touch upon, but there is no doubt that this lowest class of servants, or the better servants who have descended into this class, form a considerable proportion of that unfortunate class that makes up the great social evil of our cities. A frightful amount of the infanticide which is the reproach of our country may be traced to this source. Sometimes these girls take to vicious courses under circumstances which call for the deepest commiseration. A much more fertile source of evil is the habit of young girls accompanying their sweethearts to objectionable places of amusement, such as the London music-halls. Complaints against the strictness of mistresses are very general, but servants fail to consider that this strictness is in the main intended for their own preservation.

Let us return once more to the deserving members of a class on whom the comfort and welfare of our English homes so materially depends. A great effort is made at the present day for the bettering of

the condition of servant girls. Emigration is the great panacea for servant girls' difficulties, and I am myself the heartiest supporter of emigration under certain conditions and limitations. Emigration is the defined cure for over population. But it does not meet the condition of things as respects servants. We have not a surplussage of servants, but a deficiency. The present problem is not to get rid of servants because there are so many, but to get more of them because they are too few. In face of this scarcity it is not the interest of employers to promote the emigration of servants; but, rising beyond a class interest, I should be quite willing to do so if emigration were really better for them than servitude. Many reasons might be given for the scarcity of servants. Many young women have a dislike to the very idea of service. On this point, however, local feeling often curiously varies. In Cornwall, for instance, there is a strong feeling of personal independence, and girls prefer field-work, or any kind of hard manual labour, to the subordination of service. In other districts, however, young women think that domestic service is the most creditable way of getting a livelihood, and do not care for any other. There is no need for a good servant to go to Canada or Australia in search of a situation:—there are plenty of such at home. They will do very well at home if they stay, and do their best. If they are idle and unintelligent, and unconscientious at home, they will be idle, unintelligent, and unconscientious abroad. If they cannot get on here they will not get on there. If they cannot succeed at home, I do not know why they should succeed abroad. The only argument in favour of the emigration of bad servants is the argument that holds good in favour of paupers and criminals,—a class whom it is good to send out, but not good to receive. The argument is that you are subjecting them to an entirely new set of conditions, which may give them a chance untried before. People who are reduced to a dilemma

between starving and working, will ultimately elect to work. Even under these circumstances, they will be remittent and untrustworthy in their work. A really good servant in a really good place generally gives up far more in England than she can obtain in the Colonies. Of course, this reasoning must be considerably modified if marriage is her object, for though we greatly require at home good men of a corresponding class, still it is very likely that these might materially mend their condition by emigration. I should not be at all surprised if the demand for servants slackened by-and-by, and there should be a reaction in favour of service. I have known of girls who have obtained employment in the telegraph offices, and after a time have deliberately returned to domestic service. As a rule, the respectable servant, though forced to live entirely in attic or basement, has an immunity from care beyond the conscientious discharge of her duties, is well-housed, and even luxuriously fed, has many modest means of relaxation and enjoyment, and if she can save a little money, and secure the esteem of her employer, she may be tolerably safe from care for the future. Of course we are taking the best selection of instances; but any servant girl, if she is honest and industrious, may fairly make this mark her aim, and be pretty certain of attaining it in the long run.

Much depends on the view which heads of households can be induced to take of their relations towards their servants. There is now an utter decay of feudal feeling, which is perhaps not to be regretted, and also a decay of family feeling, which is greatly to be regretted. All the relationships of mankind are becoming more and more matters of simple contract, to be arranged on a mercantile basis. I cannot persuade myself, however, that the connection between employers and servants is simply that of the performance of work, and the receipt of wages. I do not wish our servants either to expand into 'helps,' or degenerate into 'hands.'

The letter which a great apostle wrote to Philemon respecting his runaway servant ought for Christian people, if there is any meaning in their Christianity, to indicate the true point of view for their position. The servant girl puts herself under this guardianship, and appeals tacitly to the protection and generosity of her master and mistress. The connection approximates not remotely to that of the children of the home. I think that employers ought to show great circumspection before they accept servants on such a footing. Better change again and again after the trial-month, than be plagued by a bad servant; but mistresses of some wisdom and experience will before long find the test of a month's trial unnecessary. They are entitled to receive steady and substantial work, and to maintain the strictness of their own rules. But when once they are satisfied of the honest intention of a servant they will bear and forbear very much. They will seek to teach, comfort, and guide. They would not turn away from their doors the child who has committed a venial or even a wilful sin, and they should seek to be lenient and considerate,—a leniency and consideration which most masters and mistresses may sometimes require for themselves. Some sixty years ago, in the district where I write, they used to give the best servants four pounds a year, and the servants would spin their own raiment, which would last for years. There may be something pleasantly Arcadian in this, but our wisdom lies in adapting ourselves to the new necessities of our days. We should not grudge our servants the means of self-improvement, as much leisure as we can give them, and the best wages we can afford. It is this generous and kindly spirit which will elicit the best service, and prove the truest economy in the long run. I think those servants do best who quietly make up their minds that in all probability this is to be their permanent calling in life, who, perhaps, begin, when little, at some little place under the parson, or Lady Bountiful

of the district, and so learning the art and mystery of their calling, become, in time, the honoured and trusty servants who really belong to the family. At least this is the most favourable type which has happened to fall within my own experience. I think, too, that it is good that good servants should marry; but there are an enormous number of women who, in the struggle and squalor of married life, first learn to appreciate the comparative comfort

and freedom from care which they enjoyed in good situations. I have witnessed the fair sight of aged servants rejoicing that they had found a home, in age and infirmity, where they gave the best services of their best years, and of aged mistresses tearfully thanking God that, in their declining years, He had given them that rare prop of 'a good and faithful servant,' which is in truth the highest title that He confers on any of the human race.

F. A.

A LETTER FROM THE WAR.

A COUNTRY home: the tranquil air is laden
 With perfumes wafted from the linden trees;
 Her tresses golden in the sun, yon maiden,
 Companion meet of gentle dove-eyed Peace,
 Bends o'er the page a dear, dear hand has written,—
 May Heaven protect him, noble, true, and strong!—
 Murmuring the while, with sore misgiving smitten,
 'Oh, God! how long—'

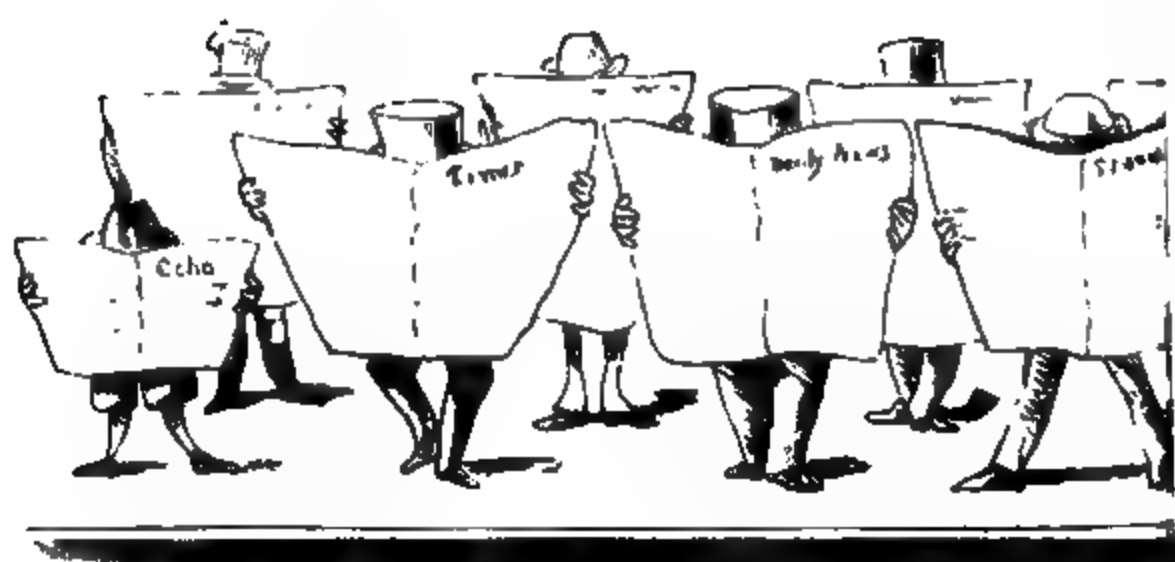
'How long from me shall war's grim labour hold him,
 True to his friend, and noble to his foe,
 Heaven with thy grace encompassing, enfold him!—
 He plucked these flowers, he says, two days ago
 On that dread plain ensanguined now and sterile:
 Great God of battles, in the steel-clad throng
 Keep him, restore him safe amid war's peril,
 God,—ere how long?'

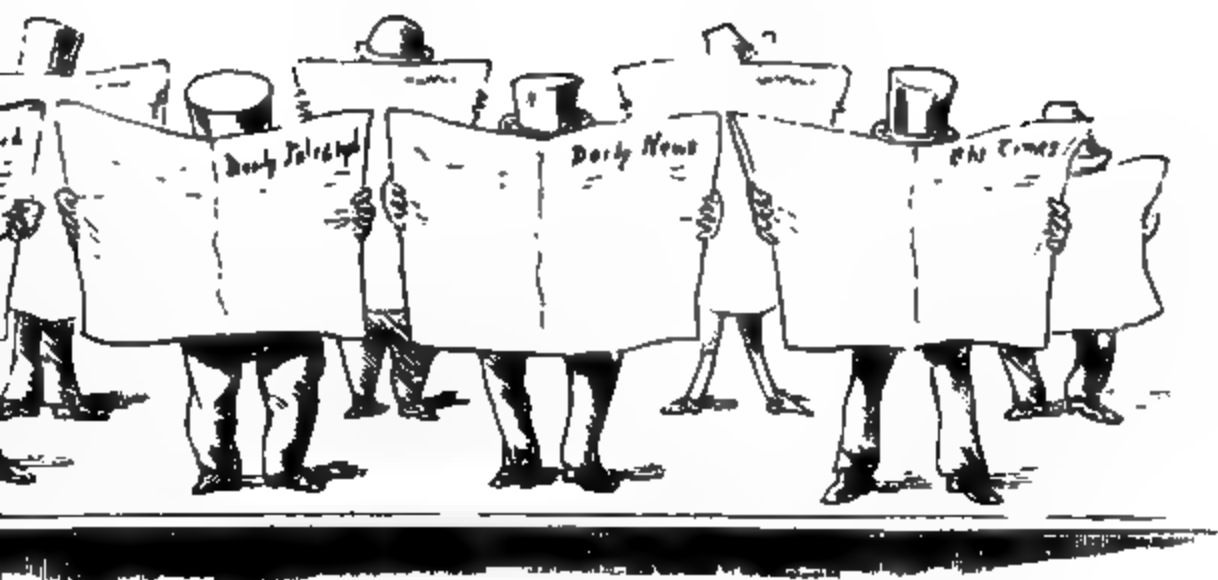
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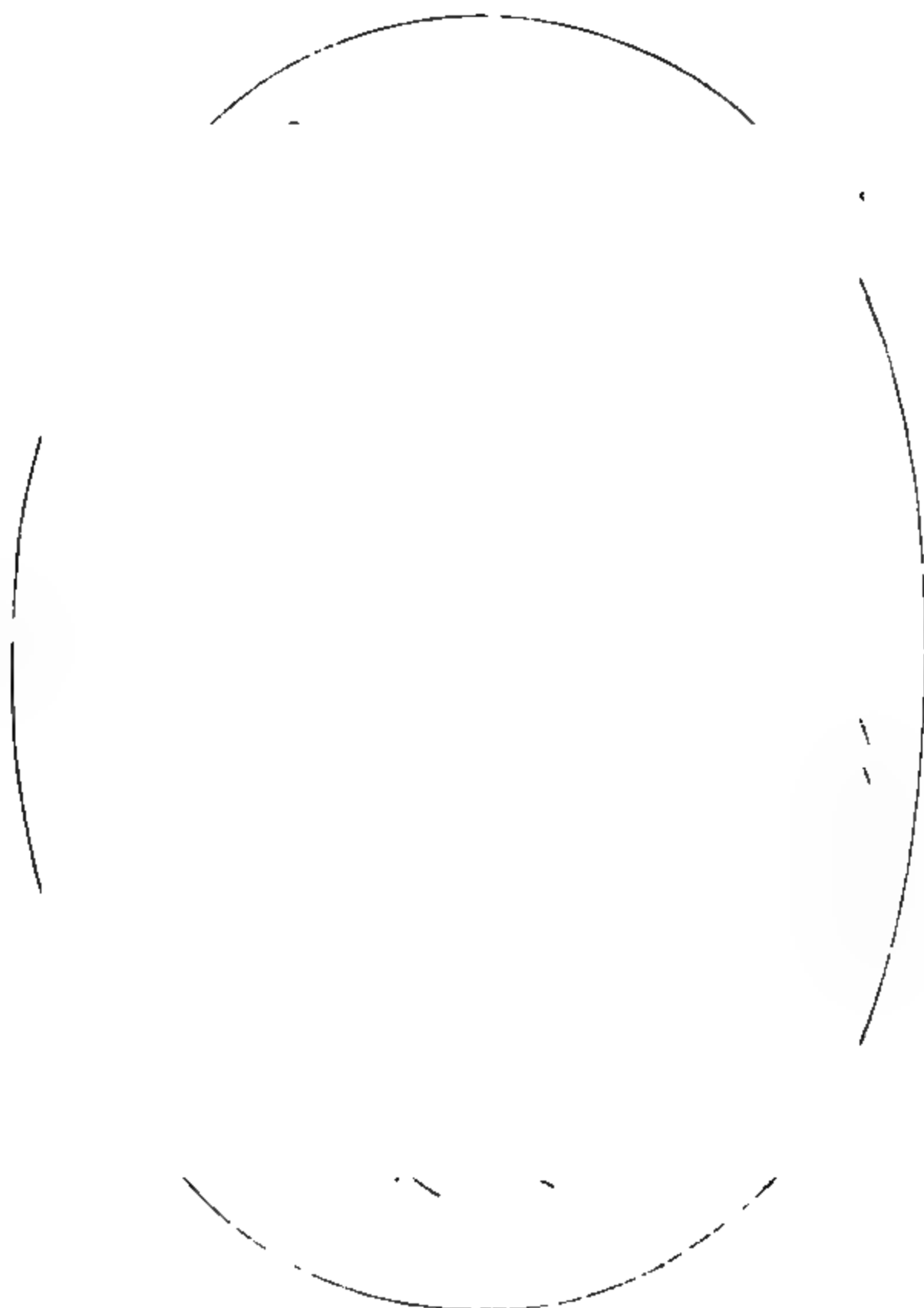
On that dread plain—beneath the dead and dying,
 Above, the sun scarce through the smoke-clouds shone,
 The souls of murdered men for vengeance crying,
 Their cries ascending up to God's high throne—
 There, there he lies, cut down in life's first glory,
 He who was noblest, best his peers among,
 His death was worthy of his life's brave story,
 Fit theme for song!

The heavens are darkened: anguish, woe, and weeping:
 Mothers are mourning o'er their dear ones dead,
 Brides newly made their grief's lone vigil keeping,
 Are widows, and will not be comforted.
 How long, O God, shall thy sublimest heaven
 To speed a monarch's cruel lust and wrong
 With battle's thunder, human shrieks be riven,
 O God, how long?

E.







VON MOLTKE.

'It is well known that General von Moltke and his subsidiary captains had been occupied for years in considering how Paris was to be invested, attacked, and taken.'

SKETCHES OF THE WAR.

NO. I.—VON MOLTKE.

LOOKING at the career of this great strategist through all its grim lessons of war, we may discern many elements of human interest, many facts of an instructive and elevating character. We see that the guiding principles of that career have been no love of popularity, or even high-toned ambition, but honour, self-denial, and patriotism. We will first give briefly the leading facts of this career. Von Moltke was a poor man, and the son of a poor man. It is a mistake to suppose, as has been sometimes stated, that he was a native of Holstein. The estate of Samrow, near Pilnitz, belonged to his family for centuries. His father had served in the Möllendorf regiment, and was resolved on giving a thorough soldierly education to his children. The bias which he received from his father, Von Moltke has transmitted to his children. He has two sons serving with the army: Count Bismarck has also two, of whom one has been dangerously wounded, and General Von Roon has four.

Von Moltke was born the 26th of October, 1800; the years of his age are always the years of the century. Soon after his birth his father bought land in Holstein, and there he passed his childhood and youth, acquiring among Danes those military tastes which he turned against them in the passage of the Alsen, and the investment of Düppel. When he was only twelve years old he was sent with an elder brother to the Land Cadet Academy at Copenhagen. When he was twenty-two he entered the Prussian military service, after a severe examination. He was the youngest second-lieutenant in the eighth regiment of footguards, then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The corps was commanded at the time by General Von Marwick, whose wife was by birth a Countess Von Moltke. This circumstance

would be a fortunate event for the young second-lieutenant. And, indeed, he needed any adventitious help which he could obtain; for his worldly prospects, beyond his profession, were at the very lowest ebb. His parents' property was nearly all lost through the war, and a long series of misfortunes. They were not able to allow him the slightest addition to his pay. Yet he was most anxious to learn modern languages, and to do this he had to save out of his scanty pay. Truly poverty is a hard mistress, but the lessons which she teaches are invaluable. He saved enough to enable him to learn modern languages, and has made himself a very remarkable linguist. He is a man of great taciturnity, and it has been humorously said of him that he knows how to hold his tongue in eight languages. From the military school at Berlin he passed to the direction of the somewhat insubordinate School of Division. He discharged his duty so well that he was attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen, under General Von Müffling. Every one loved and respected Von Müffling. Even in his admonitions there was a vein of kind pleasant humour. One of Von Moltke's companions introduced into his plan an impossible mountain, and would not acknowledge his error, even when the General pointed it out. The General only observed, with a quiet smile, 'Well, then, I congratulate you on having enriched science, and provided the province with a new mountain.' Soon after this he was promoted to the rank of captain, and ordered to serve on the staff, on which, through the influence of General Von Kranseneck, he received an appointment two years afterwards.

It has been asserted on high authority that Moltke has spent his

life studying the art of war seated in an arm-chair before a table. 'Von Moltke is the man who learned the art of swimming before going into the water; he is the conventional German mentally enclosing the abstract idea of a camel; he is the doughty little bonnet-maker in Scott's romances who practises the soldier's art by hacking at a wooden figure.' In all this there is much pleasant exaggeration. He has profoundly studied the whole subject of strategy. So far as war is an art, it is an art of which he has made himself a master. But it is a mistake to say that he has been wholly absorbed in the theory of war, and that his triumphs are the triumphs of a theorist. He saw whatever was to be seen of war, but happily for the human race and for the Vaterland, there was very little war to be seen between 1815 and 1864. He had an opportunity, however, of seeing some foreign service, which to a mind so singularly thoughtful and observant must have been fertile in results. During the seven years that he was captain—for promotion on the staff was by no means rapid in those peaceful times—he passed no less than four years in Turkey. He took a journey through Roumelia under Sultan Mahmoud, by whom he was commissioned to prepare plans of Varna, Schumla, Silistria, and other places on the Danube. This led to his historical work, 'The Russian-Turkish Expedition, 1828-9.' Von Moltke has himself spoken of this work as a *fiasco*; but it has been pronounced by so competent a critic as Colonel Chesney to be a thoughtful and scientific history. After that remarkable campaign, he was entrusted with the care of Prussian interests in Turkey. He was employed also, with the assistance of four Prussian comrades, Captains Lane, Von Mühlbach, Fischer, and Von Vinke-Olbendorf—to organize the Turkish army on the Prussian model. The five went to work vigorously, but with very disappointing results, which gave little promise of future successes. At the battle of Nisil, the entire Kurd army, which had been disciplined, organized, and power-

fully recruited, dispersed, and in a few days' time the fleet deserted to the enemy.

Von Moltke had, however, other duties to discharge. He traversed Asia Minor on horseback, to the extent of some four or five thousand English miles of travel, doing much to explore a province about the condition of which we have had so little exact knowledge in recent times. He did very much to amend the imperfect maps which then existed. He made a great number of sketches supplemental to his valuable drawings of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and Constantinople. The great geographer, Ritter, has used these sketches, and has compared them with the accounts of Alexander the Great's campaigns, with the travels of Marco Polo, and with the Crusades. Last month we noticed Captain Milligan's work on Kurdistan, who claimed to have been the last European military observer since Xenophon who had examined the region. All other European explorers had been most monotonously murdered. The Briton, however, ought to have named an illustrious exception in Von Moltke, who has made, and with greater accuracy, precisely the same claim. Like Xenophon, he observed the rise of the Euphrates among the mountain ranges of Kurdistan. Like Xenophon and his men, he sailed down the river on inflated sheepskins. Like Xenophon and his men, when he first saw the blue sea after a weary journey, he broke out into the cry of 'Thalatta! Thalatta!' This close observation of the country must have materially assisted in the development of his military genius. A large element of strategical art consists in quickly seizing the configuration and natural features of a country. Even in an unpromising country, a skilful eye will detect the natural earthworks or even the natural fortresses. It was this faculty which made Jomini hazard his marvellous guess, weeks before the event came off, that a great battle would be fought on the field of Jena. In every campaign a knowledge of all the possible theatres

of war operations is indispensable, and the strategic eye is prepared to seize all points of vantage. Not only is Moltke a great map maker himself, but he takes care that the proper men are well acquainted with the proper maps. The Germans knew French geography better than the French. German *geist* proved stronger than French *élan*. On no point has Moltke proved stronger than on his 'information.' It has been not altogether alien to the taciturn nature of the man that he should employ a whole army of spies. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a spy is necessarily something dishonourable. It is often a branch of military service as perilous, and far more distasteful. The American Cooper's conception of a patriotic spy is substantially accurate. There have been astonishing feats of daring and address performed by spies. Men have been known, refusing all fee or fame, to devote themselves to this arduous work, making even the supreme sacrifice of untarnished soldierly fame. It is by his 'information' that the great strategist has been enabled to lay his plans. Of course the subtlest or most splendid combinations would fail if the *data* on which they rested were inaccurate. After all, the great test of a good general is that he should make as few blunders as possible. Turenne used to say that he who has made few blunders has not made much war. It has hitherto been the great glory of Von Moltke that no demonstrable blunder has been proved against him. While his vast plans bear the stamp of a profound and original genius, every movement seems to have been based on accurate knowledge and every detail attended to with extreme caution.

It may be said that Von Moltke has amply vindicated the grand science of war. For after all there is such a thing as a science of war. It is built mainly and chiefly on the deductions furnished by a critical examination of the great campaigns of celebrated commanders. The leading rules are simply based on the suggestions of common sense.

The leading principles are simple enough; the whole difficulty lies in the application of them. It is all very well to say 'Go in and win;' the question is *how* one is to 'go in and win.' It is all very well to say 'Secure a safe base for operations—keep up your own communications and destroy your enemy's—leave no vulnerable point—concentrate vast masses of men and cannon at the critical points; and especially during those critical ten minutes which Napoleon used to say generally decided the fate of battles;'—but the supreme difficulty which affords scope for supreme genius is *how* to do all this. Sometimes the most astonishing successes have been obtained in violation of every known military principle. Napoleon at times encountered the greatest risks to achieve his objects. His successes were enormous, but his ultimate failures were enormous also, and after Austerlitz he retrograded rather than improved in his science. It has been the aim of Von Moltke to reduce the possibilities of blundering to a *minimum*. You may have books about war, as you have books about chess; both will tell you how to open your gambit and put out your front men to be slaughtered. But there is still a wonderful gulf between theory and practice, and the pre-eminent merit of Moltke is that he has bridged the gulf. He has succeeded, too, where even Carnot failed. Men of theory are always apt to find their results practically falsified. A calculation in dynamics is never found to be mathematically correct, because an allowance has to be made for friction. Moltke is a theorist who has learned by experience to allow for the full force of practical difficulties; but he has always thoroughly relied on whatever science of war there may be. He is said to have remarked that the Algerian camps had injured far more than helped the French army, as it had discredited all the regular operations of war.

We resume the simple narrative of his career. He returned from Lesser Asia into Europe in 1839. He was soon major in the 4th *corps d'armée*. In 1840 he married

Fraulein Von Burt, from Holstein. In 1845 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia. This prince was the uncle of the present King of Prussia. He had turned Roman Catholic and lived for many years in Rome, a hopeless invalid, and then daily expecting death. After leaving Prussia it was long popularly believed that he was dead. In his leisure hours Moltke carefully studied Rome and its vicinity, and made some drawings which have been engraved.

It became his duty to bring back to Prussia the dead body of Prince Heinrich. In the great storm of '48 he was ordered to Magdeburgh as chief of the general staff of his corps. His promotion was now rapid: in 1850 lieutenant-colonel; in 1851 colonel; in 1856 major-general; in 1859 lieutenant-general. In this year, having received the appointment of aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, he accompanied him to Balmoral, and was present at his betrothal to the Princess Royal. He was with the Crown Prince in Breslau for a year, and accompanied him twice to England, first on the occasion of his marriage, and next on the occasion of the funeral of the Prince Consort. He was appointed chief of the general staff. In that position it fell to his lot to inspect the whole of the northern coast, to arrange a system of defence which might be applied to all states bordering on the sea. Nothing, however, was done at that time. The German Diet voted against every Prussian proposition, and were especially averse to the idea of a German fleet being put under Prussian direction. In the Danish war he was in command of the general staff, after the storming of Düppel, and he projected the attack on Alsen and the occupation of Jütland. His reputation was now considerably extended; but few men even in Germany knew that in 'the man in spectacles' the country possessed her best general and highest strategist. On the merits of the Danish war we shall not here enter. Most Englishmen felt acutely, many feel acutely

still about the war. But we never met with any German who had any doubts about the justice of that war. The question was far too complex for general discussion. Most Englishmen asked whether Denmark wasn't a little state and Prussia a big state, and also whether a princess of Denmark was not also Princess of Wales? and having given these questions their obvious affirmative, they also gave their sympathies to the side of Denmark.

We now come to the great epoch of 1866. 'It is a beautiful thing,' Moltke is reported in the 'Daheim' to have said, 'when God lights up the evening of a man's life as he has that of the king and of many of his generals. I am sixty-six years old too, and have received as glorious a reward for my work as perhaps few men in *this* life. We old people who have come out of this Bohemian war can still call ourselves the favourites of fortune, however hard the struggles of our earlier life may have been.' In the Danish war Moltke had been fully satisfied respecting the needle-gun, the new arm that was to be used with terrific effect against the Austrians. It was the first occasion on which the breech-loading weapon was used, which was to be employed with such deadly effect at Sadowa; which the Austrian government, despite warning admonitions, had treated with contempt. In '66 the Prussians used the new arm. In that year the Prussians showed that they had not watched unattentively the Italian campaign and the American war. In that year they brought into use the new military organization which M. de Bismarck, in a high-handed unconstitutional way, and against the wishes of the Chambers, had brought to perfection. Von Moltke afterwards, in a speech made in the Chamber of the North German Union, showed that the grand total of men called to arms was 664,000. Then, as now, Prussia had the preponderance of men, as Austria was obliged to keep large forces south of the Alps. Nearly the whole of the *regular* army, eight and a half of the nine *corps d'armée*, amounting to nearly 300,000 men, were placed

at the disposition of Von Moltke. All the lines of railway were simultaneously used for the transport of the great army. What Moltke aimed at was the *distribution* of his forces over the different theatres of the war, and their *union* on the battle-field. The problem was to bring this great army over the mountains, and to unite them before the enemy. The territories were overrun of Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and Nassau, all favouring Austria, and which, being interposed between the Westphalian and Rhenish provinces, might cut off communication between the Lower Rhine and Berlin. The commencement of the war was made by advancing the armies of Breslau and Berlin through the enemy's country, and effecting their combination by forcing the enemy back. Moltke's characteristic tactics were seen on the field of Sadowa. His army had a front of four miles—so wide a front that he could not withstand an attack; but he turned this disadvantage to an advantage, by making an aggressive onward movement, by which he was able to concentrate all his divisions on the battle-field and surround the enemy. Only once did Moltke appear in the front at Sadowa. He had fully mastered the lessons afforded the staff by the American war, of combining the most distant field operations by the means of the electric telegraph. Seated at his desk in the rear, he received through the field telegraph a stream of intelligence from all the corps, followed their movements on the map, transmitted his orders through the wires, with such masterly strategic power that not a movement failed, and all the combinations were made at the right moment.

At the conclusion of the war Von Moltke was appointed, together with Count Bismarck, a Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia for negotiations with the South German States. After the preliminaries of peace with Austria were signed, he was decorated with the highest honour which the King of Prussia has to bestow, the Order of the Black Eagle. Nothing during the war had been more remarkable, no-

thing more helpful to the Prussians troops than the absolute quiescence of the French during the deathful grapple with Austria. For the time being, the banks of the Rhine had been absolutely denuded of troops. Such a statesman as M. Thiers, who with an immoral patriotism thinks every gain lawful for his country, would have seized the opportunity afforded by Prussia's danger to strike a blow for '*les frontières naturelles*.' Napoleon was not perhaps ill-pleased to see the two German powers wearing out their strength. He thought, probably, that he would have that compensating slice of territory, or at least connivance in seizing Belgium. But the astute Bismarck had overreached him. Not an inch of German soil was to be ceded to the Frenchman. A great Prussian power was now on the flank of France. A collision was almost unavoidable. The whole political heaven was charged with electricity. It was evident that Von Moltke was studying the whole possible campaign of the future; all the defences, fortress by fortress; all the resources, fact by fact; all the territory, mile by mile. The triumph over Austria was only a point in the field of political vision. There were demands for funds in the face of possible emergencies. Von Moltke vigorously opposed the demand for reducing the term of service from three years to two years. He said in the Chambers in 1867, 'During the last year we made some 50,000 prisoners. Our own loss in missing amounted, on the other hand, only to 3000 men, of whom probably but a small proportion were taken prisoners. How are we to account for the enormous difference? I can only ascribe it to the duration of the service. . . . The instinct of hanging together under all circumstances cannot be *drilled* into a man; it must be the *habit* of his life.' Of course Von Moltke carried the point, especially since he had the king's opinion on his side.

The war broke out. Von Moltke only prayed for a fortnight, and everything would be ready. He declared that if the Emperor did

not see the Rhine by the 23rd of July he would never see it at all. The prayer was granted. In fourteen days he had put 350,000 men on the Rhine. He is accredited with the whole vast plan of the campaign—a scientific game of chess without a flaw. We obtain just a glimpse of Moltke on the field of battle. According to the '*Vossische Zeitung*,' on the night of the battle of Gravelotte the King of Prussia was sitting on a ladder near a garden wall at Rezonville. Around him were Bismarck, Von Roon, princes and grand dukes; all very silent, and waiting for news. The hour was come for decisive tidings. Presently Moltke, much heated, rode up to the King: 'Your Majesty, we have conquered. The enemy is driven from all his positions.' A vigorous shout was raised, and the whole party plied their flasks. The King drank from a broken tulip glass, and Bismarck munched a bit of ammunition bread. It is evident, on looking over the history of the campaign, that plan after plan has been devised, with flexibility in the formation of each plan and iron resolution in its execution. The first plan was how to resist the French in their supposed onset into Bavaria; then the plan of forcing their lines; then the plans of campaign and of invading march. The great strategist is no rigid theorist, but ever admits a new idea, proves himself equal to a new emergency, and adapts his plans to a new combination. It is also reasonable to expect that when this war may have ended there will be imposed

on Von Moltke many of the duties of peace. To settle the conditions of a permanent and honourable peace will doubtless be a glorious termination to his labours which he will highly value. Nothing has been a happier feature in the German army than the absence of jealousy and divided councils. Bismarck knows where to yield to Moltke, and Moltke where to yield to Bismarck. The dominant idea that has now seized upon the Prussian mind is that of the rectification of the frontiers. This idea is not prompted by any lust of territory such as has been the cause of Gallic aspirations for glory. It is no mere wish to re-annex Alsace and Lorraine, not even to get back Strasburg, of which Germany was robbed, two centuries ago, in a time of peace, by an act of political burglary with violence. But it is truly felt that imperial France need never fear any unprovoked aggression; that she is only suffering now, by a sort of poetic justice, the invasion which she sought to inflict. The belt of fortresses on her western frontier was never truly necessary for her protection, but was always an iron threat to Rhineland. So to rearrange the frontier that these fortresses may cease to be engines of terror and unrest, and form fortresses in the Vosges to command the wide eastern plains of France, will be, we may reasonably expect, the great strategical feature of the future peace. That probably will be the final good service which Von Moltke will render to the Fatherland.

F. A.

GEORGE KARR PAYS HIS DEBTS.

CHAPTER I.

SOME MEN IN KARR'S ROOMS.

IT was a night towards the end of Summer Term, but the weather had been cold, and there was a fire blazing in George Karr's rooms. Very pleasant rooms they were, especially when the crimson curtains were drawn and the shaded moderator was burning. About the room on various easy chairs and sofas a dozen men or so were lounging. George Karr's rooms in an evening were always full of men; for whosoever was idle, whosoever was dull, whosoever loved tobacco, or burgundy, or high play, or beer, whosoever had debts and was wretched, whosoever had money and was bored, fled to this modern Oxford cave, and no longer lacked tobacco or sympathy, beer or amusement. And Georgie Karr, so all men agreed, was the best fellow going. If you wanted a livelier brain to compose a letter which was to appease gubernatorial wrath, he would do it for you whilst you smoked one of his weeds; if you wanted money, Georgie would empty his despatch-box for you, or, if that was empty before, would borrow for you, on his own recognizances, from any one who would lend, even from the accommodating Twister, a disinterested Israelite in the town, who sacrificed a small private fortune in loans to needy undergraduates, at the moderate rate of fifty per cent. or so. Twister would also make you modest bets on a forthcoming race, laying you the market odds, or would insure your life and lend you money on the policy. Such a nice fellow he was, and gave you a capital glass of dry sherry.

George was a clever fellow too, and would quote you biting sarcasms from Juvenal, or lazy epicurean sentiments from Horace, or from the Lotus-Eater's Song; yet no man asserted with any confidence that he had ever seen Georgie with a book before him.

The amiable Israelite Mr. Twister had made himself very useful to

George, and had gradually spoiled the Philistine of all his goods, leaving him in the thralls of many tradesmen, tailors, bootmakers, horse-dealers, vendors of prime havannahs and expensive wines; for Georgie had a fine taste in Cubas and Olos de Vougeot, and was open-hearted and generous withal; so that his friends in the university who assisted him to consume his substance were numerous and affectionate. He was very handsome, moreover, tall and strong, with great dark grey eyes, and fair hair and a complexion like a girl's; and, some two years ago, a pretty girl up in Yorkshire had fallen in love with him, and they were engaged. But since then Ellie Foster had come into five thousand a year, and had been persuaded that she did not like George's goings on at Oxford, and the engagement was broken off.

His rooms were now full of men, all smoking, and for the most part applying themselves to the consumption of brandy and soda. An undersized, pale, handsome man was sipping some of the famous sherry—a few dozen of which the obliging Mr. Twister had supplied at the beginning of term. This was Harry Bruton, who had not only won much of the prodigal's money at loo and 'van,' but was said to have supplanted him in the affections of Miss Foster.

A short stout man, with heavy black whiskers, stiff wiry hair, a sallow face, and an extraordinarily weak moustache much twisted at the ends was seated at the piano. Jack Hullan was known in college as a 'rum fellow whom nobody could quite make out.' He was the essence of mystery, and it was currently supposed that he knew less about himself than even other people did. He hated a straight road to the attainment of any object, and in general preferred circuitous routes and bye paths. You left him at nine o'clock in the morning at

breakfast declaring that no power on earth should draw him out of his rooms, yet two hours afterwards you met him in a pony carriage five miles out on the Abingdon road, muffled up to the eyes, and apparently as much astonished as yourself to find himself there. No man had ever alleged that he had ever heard Jack tell the truth about anything. His chief and only delight was 'scoring off dons and proctors, when it could be done without danger to himself. If a don was screwed up and his 'oak' painted an elegant sky blue: if an unpopular undergraduate was 'drawn'; if the chapel bell-rope was cut, or the door of the sacred edifice blocked up by a snow mountain—eager youth being thereby prevented from their morning devotions—Jack was the man always suspected, but never, as he elegantly expressed it, 'nailed.' It was enough that a don objected to a thing, to make it very popular with Jack. The dons hated dogs. So did Jack, like poison; but as a heavy fine was imposed on the owner of any dog that presumed to pass the college-gate, he purchased a ferocious bulldog, at a fabulous price, and every day hauled it up into his rooms through the window. Yet he was often zealous in the cause of friendship, especially where no great sacrifice on his own part was required. Finally, it gradually came to be understood that Jack Hullan was the greatest 'joke' in college.

Besides these two there were many others, tall men and short men, men in pea-coats, men in flannels, men in extraordinary garments composed of wonderful stripes and checks, men in purple and fine linen with fine incomes, who fared sumptuously every day, and men in the same glorious raiment with incomes the reverse of fine, but who also fared sumptuously every day, though they were even now wondering 'how the deuce Forster was to be paid,' or 'what the governor would say to Purdue's wine bill.'

A giant clad in flannels, with a quart pewter of beer beside him, a black clay in his mouth, and his feet elegantly reposing on the mantelpiece, called out—

'I say, Jack, where's Georgie?'

'Gone to Cheltenham,' said the pianist; 'drove away in a cart and pair at five this morning with Curly, Billy, and Winterton, and lots of champagne. Wish I were with him.'

'Thought he was "gated,"' said Bruton.

'So he is,' replied Bruizer, the big man 'with the beer-tankard. 'But I don't suppose he ever thought of that. Never saw such a reckless beggar.'

'Owes a pot of money, don't he, Jack?' said a good-looking, thick-headed man in a coat of blue-and-green checks, who rejoiced in the name of 'Rags.'

'About twice as much as you do, Rags; so he's in a bad way, poor beggar. Let's have one of your weeds, Rags. Who built that coat, old fellow?—looks as if it were made out of a turkey carpet. I say, Bruizer, you know Georgie best—has he got any money? Who'll pay his ticks?'

'Hasn't got a penny, poor old fellow! No father, no mother, no nobody. What property he had—a tumble-down house, and a bleak Yorkshire moor—is all gone long ago, and he was awfully in debt to the Jews, and that sort of thing, at Eton.'

'Why don't he marry Bob Foster's sister?' said Rags. 'Heard they were engaged.'

Bruton broke in—'I prefer not having Miss Foster's name discussed here.' And the blundering Rags was attempting an apology, when a rush of feet was heard on the stairs, the door was burst open, and George Karr came in flushed with the night air and handsome as a god. He was followed by a man with close curling hair, a frank honest face, and enormous shoulders.

'Hallo, you fellows, how awfully jolly of you to wait up for us! I'm glad you found something to drink. Behold two victims to a government which neglects to provide lights to lighten the nocturnal traveller's lonely way. Come in, Curly, my lamb, don't be bashful. There——'

Both men were covered with mud

distributed impartially in splashes and smears. Curly's hat was gone, and, as far as shape or usefulness went, George's might as well have been gone too, and innumerable rents and abrasions hardly added to the beauty or value of the remaining articles of apparel.

' Sit down, my friends ; let me fill my calumet with fragrant cavendish, and my steaming glass—and thine, my innocent Curly—with fire-water. Draw round the camp-fire, listening braves, and hear me recount how sorely we have been discomfited this day. Ye know all, how jocund we did drive the team a-field, this morning—how two of the four devoted friends were “gated” by the dons, and how we mocked at bolts and bars and at the fifth hour as the moon was just sinking to rest, and “the morn with rosy fingers tinged the saffron east”—translation, Rags, from a heathen poet whom, of course, you have never heard of—consult Bohn on the subject. Talking of colours—where *did* you get that coat, Rags?—we—where was I?—oh—yes, we started on our way—Curly sat by me; Billy and Winterton were on the back seat, and presided over the liquor. We arrived at Witney, and there breakfasted and changed horses, and then we were obliged to wait about an hour till Curly finished his flirtation with a rustic maiden who officiated as waiter—don't deny it, Curly, you deceiver! “It's an amiable weakness,” as I believe the senior Mr. Weller once remarked. At Cheltenham we dined at the Plough. “Why did we go to Cheltenham?” did you say, Jack? Hanged if I know—but a fellow must go somewhere to dine, and why not to the Plough at Cheltenham? The dinner was long-protracted, and, from the present state of my purse, I am led to believe that it was expensive; but, as Curly and the divine Byron have both remarked, “Come what will, we have been blest,”—Curly said, “Hang the expense!” but perhaps the meaning is the same. We drove out of Cheltenham, singing the patriotic but extremely mournful ditty of the “Death of Nelson,” remarking, in chorus, with the gallant hero, that “England expects—

Eng-land expects, every man to do his duty.” About three miles out, the mare on the near side amused herself by kicking over the traces, and Curly took the opportunity of rest to enter into a violent altercation with a burly and insulting rustic, which ended in a fight and the signal defeat of the bucolic swain. Billy, with a bottle of champagne, stood in the ditch, and acted as second to both parties most impartially, whilst Winterton restrained the eagerness of Curly's bulldog, who made violent and affectionate attempts to take the enemy in flank. This little difficulty being settled we proceeded on our way, taking up the “Death of Nelson” where we left off, and with renewed vigour. An attempt made by Winterton to strike up “Captain Jenks,” was at once contemptuously quelled. At Witney we partook of a light and elegant supper of devilled kidneys, broiled bones, cold beef and brawn, starting about twelve with fresh horses, no lamps, and the thickest darkness it has ever been my lot to see—that is to say, if darkness can be seen, which, by-the-by, is problematical. We proceeded, gentlemen, with the patriotic strains of our favourite song, but our innocent mirth was soon to be extinguished by a catastrophe terrible and dire. The malice of the natives of those parts has constructed a barrier known unto men as a turnpike gate, attached to which has been erected a house, and a hireling has been placed therein who demands base tribute of all who pass that way. Gentlemen, the night, as I have said, was of supernatural darkness, and a parsimonious county government had neglected to place adjacent to this barrier any luminary to show the casual wayfarer that the gate was closed. It is unnecessary to say that my high-spirited steeds went straight through the gate, carrying away lock and post, and just as we were remarking “England expects—” we were involved in terrible and unexpected ruin. “What a fall was there,” my Curly! You and I and all of us fell down, whilst the broken chariot flourished over us. But you will be gratified to hear, gentlemen, that, even whilst we lay in the ditch

covered by wide-spread desolation, Winterton's fine tenor voice rang out "every man to do his duty." And now behold us, my friends: Curly, the noble-hearted victor over bucolic strength, and myself, the baffled charioteer! Behold us returned with safety, though "with shattered arms and ensigns"—to wit, two coats grievously torn and disfigured, and two, or rather one hat, the noblest work of Christy, reduced to the flat, stale, and unprofitable state you see. "How came we here, and where are Winterton and Billy?" I will resume. Our two friends who so nobly stood by us in the crash of the trap and "Death of Nelson," now lost heart, and, leading one steed, retraced their way to Witney. Myself and Curly—"truest friend and noblest foe"—(a toast, in which I suppose myself joining with the vanquished rustic) mounted the remaining horse and set out for the groves of Academe. The animal was a great trial to us both, the harness was hard, and the buckles thereon were irritating in the extreme. When he amused himself by trotting, the torture was unbearable. I am bound to say, however, that trotting was not his favourite amusement; he seemed in general to prefer sauntering slowly back to Witney, or cropping meditatively the tender herbage by the roadside. Gentlemen, our rein was attached to but one side of the bit, and so long as we were on his back we were powerless to prevent his wayward and highly objectionable proceedings; so that we were fain to get off and lead the playful creature even unto the village of Ensham, where we got another trap, and, as I said before, behold us! Now, who says loo? You, Bruton? you, Jack, Rags, Bruizer, Trevor, Curly? No—going to bed. Well, "Refit your shattered bark and prepare for the tempest to-morrow." The Master's compliments, &c.'

'I think you'd better go to bed too, Georgie. You're too excited to play loo.'

'Nonsense; well, good-bye, old fellow, if you will go. Now, you fellows, pound unlimited, and club law to get the pools up.—Where are you off to, Bruton?'

'Only to my rooms to get some coin,' said the pale man, who had roused himself and become animated when play was announced.

'Hope he won't come back,' said Trevor. 'I don't seem to care to play with a man who always wins.'

The men were discussing this peculiar attribute of Bruton's when he returned, and play began and went on far into the morning.

With the exception of Bruton, who was 'pony' and shuffled the cards, every one lost—Rags and Karr heavily: suddenly Bruizer rose up from the chair. His great height towered above the table, and he looked very stern and sad. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a low voice, 'I shall not play any more.'

'But you must play this round,' said Bruton. 'The king of clubs turned up, and club law you know.'

'I am perfectly aware of that fact,' said Bruizer, still speaking very calmly; 'and I am also aware of another fact. You low cad—you have the ace between your knee and the table.'

There was a dead silence. Bruton's very lips were white. Georgie said—

'Perhaps you are mistaken, old fellow.' Bruizer raised the table in his powerful arms and sent it crashing against the door. There was the ace of clubs. Every one saw it. Bruton got up. The other men turned away and gathered silently about the fire. Georgie said, 'I am sorry, very sorry about this—but—I think you had better go, Bruton.' And the man picked his way out amid the broken fragments of the table, and closed the door behind him. Honest Rags said it was a 'rum go.'

Jack had suspected him all along; so had Trevor. Bruizer said nothing, but watched Georgie, who puffed out great clouds of cavendish, and seemed intently absorbed in divining what figures the clouds made; but he was thinking of a fair face far off in Yorkshire—a small fair face with soft brown eyes and a great wealth of dark golden hair, and of the rumour that she was engaged to the man who had

just been found cheating at cards. At last all went but Bruizer.

'I saw her to-day, Georgie.'

'Saw who?' said Georgie, not very grammatically, smoking fiercely so that the blue clouds hid his face.

'Miss Foster; I saw her in "the High." Good-night, old fellow—I thought I'd better tell you.'

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE KARR'S DEBTS ARE PAID.

'The Master wishes to see Mr. Karr immediately,' were the first words which saluted George Karr's awakening senses next morning. Mr. Karr would do so at once. He looked at his watch; it was close to one o'clock, and he wondered how he could have slept so long. He dressed, seized his cap and gown, and called on the Master, who rose when he came in, and remained standing with his back to the fire.

'Good-morning, Mr. Karr. You "knocked in" last night at half-past one.'

George explained that he had driven to Cheltenham, and his trap had broken down nine miles from Oxford.

'Did it never occur to Mr. Karr that he was "gated"—that is to say, confined to college for the day.'

George had forgotten.

'We shall find means to improve your memory,' said the Master, drily, and then proceeded oratorically, 'In our Common Room meetings, Mr. Karr, where we have found it frequently necessary to discuss your proceedings, you have been likened to Catalina, the arch-conspirator for the destruction of the Republic. Doubtless, in your varied reading—for I am informed,' said the Master, sarcastically and parenthetically, 'that you are a constant and profound student—you have perused the history of that abandoned man as given by the elegant historian Sallust, and as set forth in the polished Orations of Cicero. You have surrounded yourself by a corps of abandoned young men, whose whole energies seem to be directed to the subversion of established authority.' The Master was very

much pleased with the turn which he had given to this sentence, and he repeated it with much complacency—'the subversion of established authority. Among your lieutenants we suspect several, particularly Mr. Hullan—but he is difficult to lay hold upon, and unfortunately, unlike the consul Cicero, we have no Allobroges.' The Master sighed gently at this mournful, thought, and resumed—'It has also come to my knowledge, Mr. Karr, that your debts contracted in Oxford amount to something incredible. Here again you will notice your resemblance to that most abandoned character in the history of the Roman Republic to whom I have ventured to compare you. If further accusation were necessary to justify the course we have determined to pursue, I might mention the fact that you are seldom within the precincts of your tutor's lecture-room, and the Dean informs me that your attendance in the college chapel is of the meagrest description. Assembled in the Common Room, we have agreed that the quiet of rural life for the space of one year will give scope for the expansion of your high spirits, will perhaps render you more amenable to discipline, and will dissipate the baleful influence which you have established over the minds of your fellow-students. Good-morning, Mr. Karr. You will have the kindness to depart by an early train to-morrow. Good-morning.' And George went back to breakfast.

His interview with the Master had not been of the most pleasant description, and a pile of blue envelopes with suspiciously good writing lying beside his plate did not tend to raise his spirits. He opened them all, groaning in spirit the while. From money-lenders they came, from tailors, horse-dealers, wine merchants, saddlers, bootmakers, vendors of dogs and rat-catchers, jewellers—from every tradesman and handicraftsman under the sun.

Nothing for it but New Zealand or Australia, and pay the poor beggars when he could. Suppose

he were to read hard during his year of exile and get a first. What good was a first against all those blue envelopes? He wondered why ticks always came in blue envelopes. Then the duns would be down upon him in the country; and how was a man to read with a dun dropping in every ten minutes? No; nothing for it but New Zealand. Knew a fellow who went out there, who made lots of money in a few years—drove cattle, he believed, or kept a 'store' 'up the country.' Wondered where 'up the country' was, and how he should like keeping a shop. Rather jolly, he should think—and fancy dunning instead of being dunned! Curly rushed in, clad in flannels.

'Come along, Georgie; we ought to be down at the river now.'

'What for?' said George, still looking at the bills.

'Oh, you can't have forgotten the procession of boats, and you captain, you know.'

'I don't think I shall go down,' said George, gloomily.

'But you must. Bruton steers, you know, and swears that bow and stroke shall keep their oars in the water opposite the 'Varsity barge, and you know we had agreed to toss all eight. He can't swim, and the water is awfully high.'

'Of course we toss them all. Wait till I dress, and I'll go down with you.'

And they went down to the boats together.

The day was wretchedly cold for the end of May. The sky was filled with driving clouds, and the wind swept across the river in gusts, clashing the great branches of the huge elms together. The river, usually so low in summer, was swollen by heavy rains, and almost covering the banks, rushed in a yellow, whirling, angry stream past the barges and under the 'Long Bridges.' With the gusts of wind came often grey columns of wide-spreading mist, which seemed to shroud the lower river and distant hills. The flags flaunting from the barges from their creaking poles in all their glory of blue and purple, white and crimson, orange

and green, only served to make the scene more dismal; whilst instead of the gaily-dressed crowds of ladies on the tops of the barges, only a few who had brothers or sons, or forms more dear in the boats, ventured to face the storm. The river was empty of boats, except one solitary sculler far down the river, who like a great spider toiled up the stream.

Curly and George walked down arm-in-arm and silently. 'I saw Miss Foster going down to the river,' Curly had said; and George wondered what she looked like—whether she was changed, whether she despised him as much as she had said. And he told himself that he had deserved it all—that a wild, dissipated, useless fellow like himself was not worthy to touch the hem of the garment of a woman so pure as Ellie Foster. He remembered the last time he had seen her—how she had hung around his neck, and with great tears coming up into her brown eyes, had begged her dear Georgie not to go on at Oxford as he had begun. Then he had asked her who had informed her of his life there, and she had mentioned Mr. Bruton. Last of all, he remembered that cold letter from her, telling him that she could not see him any more.

And pretty Ellie Foster from the top of the barge saw him coming who had once been her hero and her idol, and she thought how tall and handsome he looked, and wondered whether all that Mr. Bruton told her could be true of a man who had such frank, honest eyes. Then she heard the dispute between George and Bruton about tossing oars, and heard George say, if Bruton was afraid to trust himself in the boat they must find some one else to steer. And Bruton replied that after that they might toss as many oars as they chose, he should go with the boat. Then she saw the men get into the long and slender eight-oar. Last of all came George, who was stroke and sat facing Bruton, and she contrasted them, hardly to the advantage of her future husband. Her old lover sat in the boat strong and beautiful as a

young god, and honesty and truth seemed to shine out of his glorious grey eyes, whilst Bruton cowered in the stern, his pale handsome face disfigured by fear, and sullen from shame at last night's exposure.

'I wish he would look at me once,' she thought. And George did look up, answering the thought of her heart, and met the look of her kindly loving brown eyes. Then they pushed off down stream, but soon 'eased' to practise tossing oars, so that there should be no bungling about it when they came opposite the leading boat, anchored off the 'Varsity barge. Most of the crews were satisfied with tossing the intermediate oars between bow and stroke, allowing the latter to rest in the water to steady the boat. But the crew had decided to toss them all, and Bruton's opposition only rendered them more determined. The word was given: one—two—three, and up went the oars. But they did not all go up at once. The boat rolled over to stroke side—Nos. 4 and 6 dropped their oars, and in a moment the boat was bottom upwards.

George was striking out boldly for the shore, when he heard Bruton's shriek, and remembered he could not swim. He turned and seized him as he went floating by. 'For God's sake, Bruton, let my arms be free! put your hands round my neck.' And Bruton, though paralysed from fear, obeyed. The yellow flood came seething by, and swept them fast down stream. George could make little head against it, with Bruton clinging to him; his clothes, too, grew heavy as lead, and the long weedy grasses which grow thick and strong in the Isis bed in summer wreathed themselves, snake-like, around his legs. Once they sank, and Bruton seized him wildly. He fought himself free, and again besought him not to touch his arms. And once more he struck out for the shore. But his strong limbs grew weaker, and the pitiless stream swept stronger, and the lithe long weeds

still dragged him down. And he thought of Ellie on the barge, and of his strong love for her, and of his unworthiness, and a deadly film gathered over his eyes, and he wondered who would pay his debts. Then his head struck something, and he sank like a stone in the yellow water. It was Harvey's punt that he had struck against, and Bruton was dragged into it, speechless from fear. George was hauled in after him out of the weeds, insensible and white as death.

Rapidly they bore him up the tow-path. Rapidly and sadly they bore him, those friends of his, Bruizer, and Curly, and others, who themselves had gotten safely ashore. For they thought him dead, and they loved his bright strong, sunny nature, with the love that strong men bear each other. Wildly did Ellie, on the top of the barge, strain her brown eyes to see what thing the men bore into the room beneath. Soon she heard the whisper that went about among the thin crowd, that handsome Georgie Karr was drowned. Curly was kneeling by him with a flask of brandy in his hand, when Ellie burst through the line of men standing around, and she gazed upon his face, his glorious god-like face that she had loved so well, and it seemed to her 'white with the whiteness of what is dead.' She fell on her knees beside him and chafed his hands and kissed his lips and eyes. And the men wondered—she was so small and beautiful—and some thought it must be Georgie's sister; but others knew that she once was to have been his wife, and they drew back respecting her grief.

'Oh, Georgie!' she cried—'oh, my darling—darling Georgie, do not die! I love you, Georgie—you must not die!'—and his eyelids quivered, and a soft colour came into his cheeks, and slowly the beautiful grey eyes opened.

'Ellie!' he said—and she kissed him again—and—George Karr paid his debts.

L. A. K.

AFTER THE SEASON.

A True Story.

WE had had enough of London, and I had got back to Cornwall once more, glad and thankful for the change, but with a terrible fear in my breast which was worse than pain, just as the dread of an impending woe is often worse than its certainty. It was not my own heart that was breaking with the life-sickness of a dead hope—it was worse than that, it seemed to me—it was my darling Ethel Denton that suffered; whose wan face, and eyes from which the light had fled, haunted me. If only my own heart had been wounded I think I could have bound up my injuries for myself, and borne the pain without either words or tears. But it was Ethel's heart that had been wrung, and by one whom I would have trusted with my dearest and best, as, indeed, I had trusted him; for Ethel was the joy of my life, and I loved James Malafont like a younger brother. It was a mystery as well as a misery, and for the evil done I could see no cure.

I, myself, had had a strange life. It had not been like the lives of the generality of women in my own rank of life. Perhaps it was because of the strangeness that had belonged to my own early days that I had never had, nor indeed had ever sought for, human sympathy; and so, now, when I grieved and was angry, and felt my heart heavy and sore for Ethel, I could neither act nor speak. I could only suffer and wonder, sitting alone by the river-side, where the beeches grew, on a bank of moss, with blocks of granite sparkling in the sun's rays at my feet.

The water went its way with a hundred pretty little intricacies, and I felt rested, if not consoled; for the bright insects flitted about and interested me, and the spotted ladybirds closed their red wing-sheaths with a click by my side. There, as I sat, the scenes of my old life, to which James Malafont's first appearance belonged, came

back to me—my old life of business, of constant work—not of toiling for bread, for we were in affluent circumstances, but still of work, never-ending, always-coming work. A full life, a life of requirements that I had had to meet; a life too full for romance of any kind, I think, but a wholesome life, nevertheless.

I had only one near relation in the world, and that was my sister Caroline, with whom I lived in a village which, for the purposes of this story, I shall call Tregarth. We had a nice little odd granite-built house at the corner of a street, and a wide road that passed our door was shaded with huge elm-trees, so that when we occupied our sunny upstairs drawing-room we had the rooks cawing among the ruby-coloured buds, and making most countrified music.

A great water-mill was at a short distance, and as a background there was a rising hill covered with apple-trees. Such a gay orchard sparkled there, all pink and white blossoms, in the spring, and in the russet autumn the rich colouring glowed there of the ripened fruit. Some such scene, with the lowlands through which the mill-stream ran, must have been in Jean Ingelow's mind when she wrote—

'A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly,
Forward, backward, lo! their dark shadows,
Flit on the blossoming tapestry.'

In the village of Tregarth we were usually called 'the ladies.' My sister was distinguished as 'Poor Miss Caroline,' and I was Mrs. Malafont. People generally thought that I was younger than Caroline, but I was, in truth, a year and a half older, and she, from having been unable to walk from very early childhood, had formed part of the cares of my life. It had been my business to look after her. She was only five-and-twenty—poor Caroline!—and her

face was of extraordinary beauty. It was so full of intelligence, so overflowing with feeling; so quiet, nevertheless, under the discipline of wisdom and education, that no words of mine could ever describe that magnificent loveliness. It was as if all the expression that might have been shared with motion had got centred in her face—as if all life dwelt there; but elevated, purified, restrained—and people's eyes wandered from her beautiful countenance and her perfect face to the crutches by the side of her long couch, and turned away to hide their tears.

It was extraordinary to find a person thus afflicted so full of interest and knowledge as to the lives that were being lived around her. She was a *confidante*, an adviser, a consoler. People thought that one dwelling apart could see more clearly than they could; and that, placed by her misfortune beyond the battle-field of life, she would judge unbiassed by selfishness.

Selfish she certainly was not. In my life I never heard her say one repining word; but *my* peaceful consolations would have fretted *her*. She loved active life and all that belonged to it; she understood it too; she had managed our worldly affairs, corresponded with our stockbroker, and the family lawyer would only speak to her. If she could have moved as I did she would not that morning have sat and sighed under the beech-trees by the river's edge. I was sure of that as I stayed there.

Yet, while Caroline had done the arrangement, I had done the work of life; and how completely life had been a matter of business to me I must try to make you understand.

We had lived, *not* in our loved and adopted Cornwall, but in a distant county, in a place called Woodleigh Manor. I may say that our lives there had been parts of an indescribable solitude. My father was a great invalid, and my mother's time was spent in nursing him. People said that he had let Caroline fall, and that the calamity of her life had been of his causing. Undoubtedly we were never

talked to of the cause of her affliction. My father seldom went beyond the garden; he was tenderly fond of Caroline, and a very silent man, a great sufferer in body, and, I think, in mind. Then came a really serious illness, and the dull suspense, which was only broken by the coming and going of our only friend, the doctor.

It grew to be impossible to live without the doctor; and once when my father got suddenly better, and this good friend said pleasantly to me, 'I shall soon take my departure now, Miss Woodleigh,' I cried out, 'Oh, what shall we do without your visits!' in a sort of despair. It had been so pleasant, in spite of grief, to have a daily visit from an educated, benevolent man. He was writing when I spoke so sincerely. He looked up and fixed his eyes on my burning cheeks. I had waked up to a confused sense of having betrayed a want of good feeling for our sick father. I had not an idea of love. I had never thought of being married; to entertain such thoughts had never formed any part of the business of my life; and so completely had its routine schooled me to take all events with composure that my face grew no more rosy when the good man stood up and said, 'I wonder if you would marry me, Mary?'

I did not speak. He took me by both hands, and looked kindly at me. 'I think,' he hesitated a little—'I think it would be well for—for us both.' And then I said, with reverent eyes fixed on his kind ones, 'Yes, Doctor Malafont.'

He kissed me, just as he had done twenty years before when I was four years old. So I was actually engaged to be married.

Dr. Malafont was sixty, handsome, strong, in health, and in good circumstances. He was to be my husband. My father blessed me very quietly, my mother appeared to be thankful, and Caroline expressed the liveliest pleasure. She grew busy; ordering, managing, and arranging life, as she had the knack of doing. In six weeks I went to church with my mother



and my father's cousin, Mr. Denton, who had come to give me away, and I was married.

My husband took me to Southsea. We were there three days, which was all the time that he could then spare from his professional duties. He had fixed on Southsea because his only relative, a nephew, the James Malafont whose name I have already mentioned, was at Portsmouth with his regiment; and as they were going immediately to India, this was the only way in which he and I could get acquainted. I liked James Malafont very much, and found with pleasure that my husband loved him like a son.

I came back to my father's house; my husband living there with me. While he had been away I had learnt a terrible truth—that my mother's days were numbered; that she was bearing up bravely under an incurable disease; that my husband had been for some time in her confidence, and that I was more wanted than ever in my father's house. Dr. Malafont kept his own house in the neighbouring village, where his patients sought him; saying that was the best arrangement, and that there would be more than one change at Woodleigh before long; which was true; for when my mother was gone my father's death seemed to follow naturally, as if he had nothing more to do, and must go after her as a matter of course. Such was the beginning of my married life, and I was too busy for sentiment.

Mr. Denton was the heir to houses and lands—to all, in fact, except the thirty thousand pounds put aside for division between Caroline and me. Mr. Denton came to the funeral. He had made a pleasant friendship with my husband on our marriage, and now I seemed to have time to find out that he was a man of a sterling character, and quite young enough to be companionable to Caroline and me in an elderly, protecting kind of way. He had married a Cornishwoman, and was a widower, with one child—the child who was to become, in but a few years, my own darling

Ethel, for whose sake I should grieve so sorely.

I feel that, after my parents' death, I had a year of wonderful happiness. I was finding out what happiness meant, and my life had a solemn sort of excitement about it, the excitement of discovery. Caroline lived with us, and was made happy by watching me. I was giving my whole heart to my husband. I was worshipping him with a woman's devotion when he sickened of a fever which was raging in a village not far off, and died. Again Mr. Denton appeared, kindly and uncalled for; and it was then that we promised to go into Cornwall, and live in the village of Tregarth close to 'the great house.'

I was only twenty-five years old, and I was a widow. I was left very well off in the world, people said. Dr. Malafont had bequeathed a property producing two hundred a year to his nephew, James, and I had a jointure of four hundred a year, which was to go to James on my death. I was very glad that I had seen Captain Malafont. He was all that the world held that could remind me of my husband.

His constant letters had been one of the pleasures of our life, and I had often written to him. So on my husband's death I poured forth my sorrows to James, and I got from him just the letters that my heart longed after.

We were within a few days of being exactly the same age, having been born in the same year and in the same month; but James had been, in heart and spirits, a mere boy compared to the sober-minded bride to whom his uncle had presented him: so differently had life acted upon us.

We sent Dr. Malafont's old servant Kate into Cornwall to receive and store away the various possessions reserved from the sale of all that we did not care for; and we talked of following Kate to Tregarth, but I could not.

I told Caroline that the light of day seemed to be too much for me—that the business of life had grown burthensome. I said that I disliked all companionship but here.

I asked if she could not hide me somewhere.

So, once more, she did all the thought, and the arrangements, and, with Jane Blake, Caroline's maid, we went off to Normandy. The strange country, people, manners, and language were just what I wanted to revive and strengthen me. We stayed away more than a year and a half, and then we were in London, and Caroline was having me dressed in the greys and the lavenders which time had given me the right to wear. In another month we were at Tregarth. And now perhaps you can understand how, after the passage of a year or two, and the second trouble that had come upon me, it was restful to find myself in the midst of still life, sheltering in sunny Cornwall, 'after the season,' when

* Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.'

Mr. Denton was the squire of the parish, and a maiden lady, called 'Aunt Anne,' generally by the whole connection, his lost wife's elder sister, took care of Ethel, and wisely taught her how to be a blessing in her father's house. Ethel had a brother, three years older than herself, called Walter. He was one of the lieutenants in James Malafont's regiment. From Walter's letters to Ethel I learnt how James valued me. His uncle had always called me, when writing to James, 'your friend Mary;' and in one of Walter's letters which Ethel brought to me I read, 'Malafont says that his "friend Mary" is as perfect a specimen of patient goodness as ever was seen.' Then Ethel answered, 'I do not know what Captain Malafont means by such a description of our cousin. She is the most lovable woman I ever knew.' Thus we grew into great affection for each other, and so commenced a sort of flirtation with James through the merry messages and smooth sayings that passed in Walter's letters. I know I talked of James and praised him; I know that I could hardly overpraise his blameless character and honourable life; and I know

that by all that passed James and Ethel must have been prepared to love each other.

Ethel had been cast in a rare mould; she was altogether of a fragile and exquisite sort. Her great beauty lay in the luxurious quantities of her bright chestnut-coloured hair, in her fair skin, the perfection of her form, and in her soft, strangely-large hazel eyes; fond, half-fearful wonderings trembled up out of the clear depths of those marvellous eyes, as if she were speculating as to how much you might possibly like her; and I think she possessed every expression that could sweeten and dignify a woman's face. It was a new pleasure to love Ethel, and a new joy in my life to know that Ethel loved me.

One day Ethel met me as I was going to my haunt by the river side. 'Oh, cousin Mary,' she cried, 'Walter is coming home; and Captain Malafont has got his majority, and he is coming too.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I had a letter this morning also.' Then the girl flung herself into my arms and wept for joy because Walter was coming home; and then I, for the first time, boldly said in my heart, 'She shall marry James.'

We walked away under the beech-trees, and I did not listen to her prattle, for I was fancying how happy I could be in living through a love story, not my own, but longed for, striven for, because I had learnt the blessing that wedded love could be. From that hour this marriage became the object of my desire. I loved James for his uncle's sake; I wished him the best gift that time could give him—Ethel. Their devotion I pictured to myself as pure as mine had been; their previous joy greater, for I had found what wedded happiness was without knowing one emotion of the previous passion which people call *love*. I had gone calmly into wedlock, but my heart had waked up to something more than mere love—to a devotion. In my heart I determined on this for James and Ethel, with all the additional joys of falling in love, and with the blessings of matrimony prolonged through a lifetime of many years. This idea

took possession of my mind and subdued me. I said that the thing should be if, by any possibility, I could compass it.

But the return of the young man had to be postponed. Walter had had a serious illness and James had nursed him, 'saved his life,' the youth said in his letters to his father. This made a new tie between myself and the Dentons, a tie with which Caroline had nothing to do, for she had never seen my nephew, James Malafont—my nephew, of my own age—my nephew, scarcely a year and a half older than herself.

Time wore on and the travellers were near home at last. They had made the overland journey; they were in Paris, and to be in London on the Thursday following, and 'the season' was reaching its height. 'I will take Ethel to town,' said Mr. Denton; 'we will meet the young men. You must go with us as Ethel's chaperon, cousin Mary.'

My heart throbbed to go; but there was Caroline and there was Ethel's 'Aunt Anne.'

Mr. Denton, however, was not a man to submit to the frustration of any scheme he had been bright enough to make, and on his calling Caroline into council all difficulties vanished. She and Aunt Anne wished for nothing so much in the world as to go to Newquay together, and there, facing the most glorious sea and treading the most enchanting sands, they would enjoy themselves while we were away. The next time Mr. Denton saw me after this arrangement he said, 'Tell Caroline that my horses and carriage are at her and Aunt Anne's disposal. They may as well be there as here; the driving about may do her good, though she looks as if she had more life, as she has more loveliness, than any woman I ever saw.' Then he went on and spoke of Caroline's submission to the calamity that 'separated her life from the lives of other women.'

I had grown accustomed to Caroline's bodily incapacity: I had never heard it talked about. I had *felt* her influence in the strong managing head and quickly-acting hands, but I had never calculated the loss that

was hers till this time when Mr. Denton spoke of it. I was planning for Ethel's marriage and I had been married myself; but my sister, whose capabilities of enjoyment and of giving pleasure were extraordinary, must contemplate the happiness of other people's lives and submit to be a looker-on to the end. Suddenly I felt that this was sad; suddenly I wondered how Caroline could have borne the long prospect of her peculiar loneliness without ever speaking of it; and then I wondered if this silence was not more eloquent than speech.

'So young, so beautiful, so gifted, so condemned,' said Mr. Denton; 'never to stand upright. To have perfect health, as it seems, but never to raise that wonderful countenance to heaven except from the support of crutches—from the prostration of her wheel-couch. To require a nurse for life. Such a contrast to the strength of her countenance and the perfection of her features.' Mr. Denton had a good deal of the artist about him. He could talk with great effect of beauty of form, feature, and colour; but I was in no humour to hear him descant on Caroline's loveliness, especially as he seemed inclined to contrast her with Ethel, and enter deeply into the causes, effects, and varieties of beauty. I stopped him in a hurry that day and wandered home full of thought. Had Caroline ever guessed how happy those few months of married life had been to me? Could she, who saw so keenly into other people's lives and interests, guess that the secret in my heart was a memory too tender to be spoken of, too precious to be shared? How near we were in relationship and love, and yet how apart in memories and experience!

I walked into our bright-looking sitting-room, and up to the couch on which Caroline lay, making a beautiful picture with the sunlight about her face, brightening the dark hair that lay in great thick coils on the muslin-covered cushion. 'Why so grave—are you thinking of your *nephew*, Mary?' with a droll emphasis on the word, and her laughter-loving eyes fastened on my face.

'No,' I said. 'No! Why, I think of him perpetually. It is almost a hardship to know that he will stay in London with you, and that I may never see him at all.' 'He must come to see us both,' I said, 'after the season.' 'Promise me that and I shall be more contented by the sea while you are away,' she said. Then I began my packing up, and on the third day after I was with Mr. Denton and Ethel at Reeves's Hotel.

In London Mr. Denton had many engagements, and much to do, during the first week, and Ethel and I were left very much together. We talked of Walter, who was to have two years' leave, and then of James, who had exchanged into another regiment, and who would have plenty of time to get acquainted with us before joining. Imperceptibly I was led to talk to Ethel of James's uncle and of my married life, of the whole singular story, and, at last, of my great love. What I could never have said to Caroline I found myself saying to Ethel, who listened with a sweet, still, solemn sympathy that made her *willing* to love James Malafont for his uncle's sake, even before seeing him.

Then they came. Walter, like the younger one, all impetuous joy; James, as became him, gentle, glad, feeling his way almost timorously; stealing into our hearts with occasional little merry triumphs at his own success. He was handsome, wise, educated—just the man for a girl to fall in love with.

Walter Denton worshipped James Malafont. He wanted to exchange into the same regiment; he declared that he could not guide his life without James's help. He made him the hero of his conversation, and he infected his father with his hero-worship. Before we had been three weeks together, going everywhere in each other's company, and meeting James at every friend's house, he had got to be first in the thoughts of each one of us. I do not know how Ethel could have helped falling in love with Major Malafont. Her brother told her to do so in all the merriment of boyish advice, but with the earnestness

that made one think of the truths that are spoken in jest. All day long, one way or another, her father distinguished James as a person especially to be approved of, and James acknowledged all this by a thousand little marks of respect, that made us admire him more and more. In the midst of London gaieties we yet led our own lives, the secret of every one's heart being the same.

And here let me say that if you ever greatly wish for anything to come to pass, never tell your wishes. You lose concentration; power is lessened by division. A wish, well acted on, and never told, is like the gift of becoming invisible at pleasure; but if you betray yourself the power of invisibility is lost, and you grow weak and perhaps useless.

One day Mr. Denton said to me, 'This is rather a dangerous position for Ethel. Major Malafont is an extraordinary man. Has he fixed on his wife yet? What are his means?' I answered, 'He has his heart in his own possession; he has told me so. He may marry as he pleases; if he falls in love with a penniless girl I shall dower her with my jointure. I intend James to be happy.' 'A very pleasant decision,' laughed Mr. Denton; 'I hope that falling in love with Ethel may not change his luck.'

I was surprised out of my secret. 'Heaven only knows how I should like it!' I exclaimed. But the sound of my own earnest words startled me, and, in truth, Mr. Denton started also. 'I wish I had not said it,' I blundered forth with a troubled voice.

'Oh! never mind,' he said, offering me his hand, which I took, helplessly looking into his face, with tears gathering in my eyes. 'Never mind. There! Thank you.' And he left the room. Alas! I had betrayed my secret, and I had not learnt anything of *his* mind. I was sadly vexed. Mr. Denton would now be on the look out, watch me, and judge me. I had said enough to make Ethel like James, and now I had to desert her and him, and leave things to chance, lest Mr. Denton should think *this*, or sup-

pose *that*, and despise me as a schemer.

James said that a change had come upon me. He missed the naturally-spoken observations, the invitation, the inquiry as to when he was coming again. Mr. Denton was out more than ever, and had long interviews with sculptors and portrait-painters, following his favourite studies, and adding to the picture-gallery at Tregarth.

The position of affairs visibly worried James. He so chafed under it that one day he spoke to me. Coming into our sitting-room with a bundle of choice flowers in his hand, he said, 'Friend Mary, are you suspicious of me?' 'No,' I said eagerly, wondering as to his meaning. 'Are you afraid of my falling in love with Miss Denton?' and his face glowed, and he looked supremely happy. 'No, I am not afraid.' He gave a joyous, ringing little laugh, and asked, 'How many lovers has she?' 'One,' I answered, trying to still the glad beatings of my heart. 'His name?' 'Your own.' Ethel walked in. For the first time I was vexed to see her. James left the room hurriedly.

Once more I had a secret of my own, and this time I was determined not to tell it. I returned to the old gossiping talk with Ethel, and then came such a brightness on her beauty as could only be accounted for by the old story—*l'amour avait passé par là*.

We repeated to each other the praises that reached us of our hero: and when Walter joked his sister with provoking perseverance she surprised him by accepting the situation; and she threatened and quizzed again, till the boy-soldier, surprised by her merry audacity, grew silent because he felt that his prophecies were becoming true.

We remained for many days in this atmosphere of love and praise. James almost lived with us. He and Ethel were often alone together, and I began to wonder why he did not speak to her. Then, suddenly, one morning, James came to us and said that he had got to go to Plymouth to see an officer, who was a friend of his, on business.

He did not intend to go till the mail train at night. He was to spend the day with us. Mr. Denton said he had an engagement till dinner-time; Walter was packing all day for a journey into Scotland; and I was left in charge of Ethel, with the full knowledge that James was to spend his last day in London with me.

I was sure of what Ethel and James felt for each other; I had a right to presume that Mr. Denton, by thus leaving them together, was approving of it; I knew my own mind and rejoiced—oh, *how* I rejoiced over the fulfilment of my hopes. I now say, therefore, that I behaved as any right-minded chaperon would naturally behave under such circumstances.

Just before James's departure Mr. Denton walked in; with smiling approbation on his face he looked at one and the other, and rested finally his look of intelligence on me. 'Good-bye,' said James. 'We shall see you again soon, I suppose?' said Mr. Denton. Ethel's face flushed from pale to red. James looked at her as only a lover, and one who knew of his success, could look, I think. Mr. Denton almost laughed aloud. I was vexed at James for making no answer. I said, 'I shall go to Newquay very soon after our return to Cornwall.' 'And when do you leave London?' asked James, eagerly, of Mr. Denton. 'Whenever Ethel pleases,' he answered with mock ceremony: 'she has had plenty of gaiety, and spent, of course, plenty of money. I have had enough of London myself, but I could not deprive a young lady of the possible advantages of a London season against her will.' 'I have had enough of London, too,' said Ethel, briefly. 'Then when are you going home?' again asked James. 'This week—two days hence, probably,' said Mr. Denton; 'we shall be happy to see you in Cornwall.'

Then came the parting. It was very quickly over; and that night Ethel began her packing up by putting away some flowers which James had brought her, very safely, in a box. 'You have as good at

'Tregarth,' I said, with a little touch of triumphant malice. 'Oh, *no!*' she exclaimed, looking round with a glowing face, for her secret was softly raying from her wide-open eyes. Then I kissed her; and I whispered, 'He has spoken.' She grew a little pale, and trembled. 'Not so. Only—I know.'

We got home safely after a few days more in town, and I slept, the night of our arrival, at the 'great house.' The next day I walked through the grounds to our own house in the village with Ethel by my side. When Ethel and I entered our sitting-room it was all ablaze with sunlight, bright with gay old china, and perfumed with flowers. I went to the writing-table, where a heap of letters were waiting for me. Edith came close to me. I felt that she expected news of James. A sudden chill ran through me. I looked up. Her eyes were fixed on the heap of unopened letters. Her face grew very pale, and there was a little nervous twitching of her hand against her dress. Even at the moment of the sudden pang that I had suffered I had been struck by a remarkable increase of beauty in the girl by my side. The passing of the stream that divides the girl's life from the woman's had made some visible change in my darling. It struck me with mingled admiration and pain.

I turned the letters over quickly, telling aloud the names of the writers. There was no letter from James. It was now five days since he had left us in London. Ethel turned away. I thought there was a perceptible heaviness in her step; and when I caught a glimpse of her face, it was thoughtful, and very pale.

I could not speak, because there was nothing to say. But after such things as we had said to each other, silence said too much.

Looking at some green and red jars, Ethel said, 'Your china wants dusting. I should like to help you when you do it. Shall I come to-morrow?' 'Oh, yes! pray come,' I answered, for I guessed that she wanted to know what the next morn-

ing's post might bring. 'Good-bye now, then,' she said; and so left me with my wondering, wishful heart.

The next day, and the next, Ethel turned over the letters on my breakfast-table; but there came no letter from James. This suspense went on for three days more, when I saw his handwriting with unutterable gladness. I read it quickly.

Then I said, 'I wonder if your father has heard from James?' 'No,' said Ethel. I think that one word was all she was able to say.

'Here is a note from him,' I went on; 'you may read it.' So I tossed it across the table to her. It was a short note, dated Newquay. 'Here I am,' he wrote, 'because I hoped to find you here. Write, or come directly, if you please.'

'Newquay!' exclaimed Ethel. 'What shall you do?'

'I shall go immediately,' said I, getting up. 'Will you stay here, and come again to-morrow, and help Kate with the china?' She laughed gaily, promised all care and diligence, and in an hour I was gone.

I got to Newquay late in the evening. It was not *then*, indeed it is not *now* at all like what the frequenters of Scarborough or Brighton might expect. It was a place made up of scattered houses; and sometimes families had to divide, sleeping in one habitation, and meeting for sociable meals at another. Indeed, the broken habits, the scrambling life, and the odd luxuries that got within cottages with sanded floors and whitewashed walls made a part of the charm of this delightful, health-giving place. Then there was a magnificent sea; a glorious coast; sparkling sands and shells—the two last not being the common accompaniments of the sea-beaches of Cornwall.

I got to the cottage where Caroline and her servant, Jane Blake, lived. I knew that 'Aunt Anne' lived under another roof, but spent most of her indoor life with my sister. I expected to find them together; and so they were, in the small square room, with Caroline's couch, work-table, and easy-chair

forming the smartest part of the furniture.

It was late, as I have said, and candles were lighted, and merry voices came from the room. When I entered I saw my beautiful sister bright with the renewed life that the sea-breezes had brought her. Tears filled her glad eyes as I kissed her; Aunt Anne greeted me warmly—and there stood James! I gave him my hand. He grasped it firmly—fiercely—painfully; and I felt, in a strange uncomfortable way, that there was something in Caroline's face that I had never seen before. She was lying as she usually did, even with the same green shawl about her feet, but there was *that* about her which betokened something not then to be understood.

Tea, eggs, and cold meat came in. But why had the whole world suffered some great, indescribable change? Why had Caroline become so much *more* than really beautiful? I had felt all my life the contrast between her wonderful face, and her almost helpless form; but why had all the singularity of self-assertion which had, till now, characterised her, gone out of her face?

She had been as much separated from other women by her genius, her hard independence of sympathy, and her seeming want of pity for herself, as she had been by her great misfortune—but now, what had happened? She was a woman among women. The one thing that her perfect beauty of feature had wanted had come to her—the light of a great sympathy was upon her face. If she had been cured by a miracle she might have looked as she then did. What had happened?

Soon Aunt Anne left us. I had to sleep that night at the house that professed to be the Newquay Hotel. There James was lodged, and we were to walk to it together. 'I shall take a turn outside on the sands,' James had said; 'do not hurry on my account.' And then Caroline and I were alone together. I spoke of what I saw immediately. 'Is it all Newquay, Caroline; or has anything happened? You look so different.' 'Do I?' she said, with a

flood of beauty overspreading her features. 'Everything that is not Newquay I will tell you to-morrow. Please to go. I should not like Major Malafont to think that I was telling you all to-night.' And she looked at me with an expression of tenderness that was quite new.

She, with her strong, clear, managing mind—with a spirit that had never repined, and a soul that had never once been known to stoop to the consolations of self-pity, had shown constant endurance, and unwavering love, but never any of the special tenderness that is one of a woman's natural gifts. But now—*now* that gift had fallen upon her, and I was surprised and afflicted. I could not help being sorry; I kissed her with a full heart and went out of the house to James.

He came to meet me. He, too, was changed somehow. 'Well, friend Mary,' he said, 'do you love or hate me now?' 'What do you mean?' 'You know what I mean,' he said; 'be sincere, if you please.' 'Oh! I can be sincere easily enough,' I answered with vexation, for Ethel's gay laugh at hearing where this man was, and that I was that day to see him, was echoing in my ears—'I can be quite sincere. You won Ethel's heart; you let her know that you loved her, and you have changed your mind.' 'I proposed to her father for her, and he refused me—even insolently——' and James stood still, and, in the broad moonlight, struck at some great sea-worn pebbles that lay in our path with vehement vexation. 'Impossible!' I exclaimed, 'you misunderstood him.' 'He wrote it,' he said, 'and put my name at the foot of the page to make it sure.' I was going to speak, but James stood still. 'Now, stop,' he cried. 'I declare by every experience that man ever had that no one was ever used so basely. I would not have Ethel now if they begged me to marry her on their knees. I would not save her heart from breaking even if I could. If the temper of the times in which we live allowed it, I would take the life of the man who has so shamefully used me. There! enough! I am mad, you see. Let us change the

talk. What a wonderful woman your sister is!

'Yes;' I could say no more. We were walking up and down now, in the sweet, peaceful night air, and I looked out on the great sea feeling as if life had become some great pathless objectless desert, with which that great ocean might sympathize, with its ruined hopes and buried treasures. I could not speak. But I felt oddly when he went on about Caroline. 'She has the clearest judgment,' he said, 'and the most powerful way with her. But for her I should have been already on my way back to India again. She held me back. I could not help obeying her. She has been everything to me for a week. I have talked all day. She kept me here. She made me write that note to you. God bless her! She has saved me from half a dozen insane schemes. She has taught me patience. By heaven, she is the best soul in the world, and in all my life I never saw such beauty. I love her with all my heart! Oh, friend Mary, I never knew my mother; I never had a woman to care for me except yourself, and only the other day we were nearly strangers—but your sister! she is the most perfect of creatures. I told her so yesterday. I asked her to forget her helplessness, and give me leave to love her. And I could love her with as much devotion as a husband ever gave to a wife. And for my part,' said James, talking with a truly frantic earnestness, 'I cannot see why she should not marry, when she has found a man like myself who would marry her to-morrow, and bless his stars, if he could. She had her spine injured when an infant, they say. Providence has compensated her for that misfortune by endowing her with unexampled beauties of mind and person. What is it to me that she can't walk?'

'Where is Mr. Denton's letter?' I said, wishing to stop James, and to withdraw his mind from Caroline—'Let me see it.'

'I tore it to pieces. I ground it in the dust,' he said. 'And now,' he went on, wringing my hand, 'having had my love-affair with

that pretty soulless flirt, I will humbly thank heaven for Caroline, if she will marry me at once. Don't forget that, for I am in earnest.'

I lay awake all night. The thought that banished sleep, and even made me forget Ethel, being *he is mad about Caroline*. I rose early and went to my sister. She was up, and radiantly beautiful. It was without one moment's pause that we began to speak of James.

'He tore up Mr. Denton's letter,' she said. 'But I recollected every word of it, and immediately wrote it down. Here it is.'

I read it. It was as coldly worded a refusal as ever was penned. Then I told Caroline all that had happened in London. She knew both sides of the story now, and she said—'Let us act.' 'But how?' 'Write to Mr. Denton and say that we are returning instantly, and shall cease to be his tenants. We will give our notice at once. Say that we shall only stay long enough to arrange our affairs. Give no reason; but do as I say. This may bring Mr. Denton down here, so we will send Major Malafont away.' James started that morning for a walking tour to the Land's End.

I went out after this conversation, and I met Aunt Anne on the sands.

'I have been posting a letter to Ethel,' she said, 'and telling her how much Major Malafont is taken with your sister. He came in while I was waiting, and he bade me say that he so valued true-heartedness in woman, that if Miss Woodleigh could be persuaded to become a wife, he would marry her. Then he laughed. "All the world," he said, "would say I had married for money; they are both of them good speculations, but, you know, I could not marry my aunt." But I almost think he was sincere, and really meant what he said.'

'Oh, nonsense!' I answered. 'How lovely the sea looks to-day.' But I felt sick with vexation, and of course took refuge with Caroline, telling her simply all that had been said.

The tears trembled in her eyes, and she lifted her head a little as with a gesture of thanksgiving.

'And so James would marry me?' she said, firmly. 'And I am restored to the rights of woman by this hero who has come into my cruelly enchanted life and given me back my birthright. You know we have scarcely been parted an hour for the last seven days, and when he spoke to me of love yesterday I felt surely that I could rise up and walk.'

'Oh, Caroline!' I exclaimed, with a wail of regret in my voice that I could not prevent.

'No, no!' she cried, shaking the tears from her eyes, 'you must not feel for *me*. You must win Ethel for him, and make haste about it, too.'

'How?'

'Why, by *having it out* with Mr. Denton. It is your business more than mine. He is your nephew. Oh, go back to Tregarth to-morrow—*do*.'

I said that I could not go—that after such a letter as Mr. Denton's to James no one could speak to him.

'Not to plead, not to entreat, but certainly to upbraid him, and give an opinion of his conduct—that you have a right to do,' urged Caroline; 'and if you do not use the right that is yours, I will claim a woman's liberty of speech and make him ashamed myself.'

So Caroline spoke, and she conquered as usual. The very next day we were both at Tregarth.

The following morning, after breakfast, she said—

'Do not wait for Mr. Denton to come here. Go to him. We have been insulted, and are very angry and are not going to admit him, perhaps,—you must ask to see him alone.'

So she sent me off merrily, with smiles to give me courage. But I did not go at once to the 'great house;' I wandered away to the beech-trees by the river side, where the reader, during that very hour, found me, in the first pages of this history of what followed on our London season.

For the misery caused by the evil done, and which I had helped to do, I sorrowed, but I could see no cure;

and the mystery grew greater and greater. I never thought that Mr. Denton would refuse James Malafont. I felt with real indignation that had such an intention been in his mind he ought not to have behaved as he had done. He had ill-treated his daughter, my nephew, and myself; and that such a man as Mr. Denton could have so cruelly used us was the strangest part of the mystery. Under the beech-trees, where I had so often found refreshing peace and consolation, I found no rest now. Not a word of explanation could the murmuring water suggest. The river flowed away, like life, never stopping for sighs or tears, never condescending to explanations.

I could bear the loneliness no longer at last, and, like a coward, I wandered back to Caroline.

'I have not had courage to go yet,' I said, as I walked into the room.

Her answer, with a glance at the window, was—'There is Ethel coming up the garden.'

I threw up the window and she walked in. She looked pale, even haggard; the picture of disappointment. But she tried to smile, and she greeted us kindly. In her hand she held Aunt Anne's letter.

'Is it true,' she asked looking at Caroline, 'that Major Malafont has said this?'

'He has said it to me, dear Ethel. It is true.' And Caroline's eyes glittered with tears, and the two beautiful women looked at each other steadily.

'It is more than Major Malafont ever said in words to me,' said Ethel. 'But I had misunderstood him.'

What could we say? Even Caroline was at a loss, as I saw by a glance she gave me. Could we tell Ethel that her father had coldly and insolently refused him? No. We sisters exchanged the question, and the answer too. No. It was impossible to speak of the father to the child.

'Good-bye,' said Ethel, and she gave one sad glance at Caroline, and left the room, walking down the garden, and disappearing in the

road under the shadow of the trees.

'Now, go at once—or, stay; take a glass of wine and a biscuit. That will do for luncheon, and it will allow of her getting home before you arrive.'

I quite stared at Caroline, talking of luncheon, and still so determined on my going. Then I took the food as she had suggested, and still stood with my grey hat in my hands, listless and sad. I can see myself now, and the hat hanging by the string with the long black feather, and the trailing veil.

It was more than Caroline could bear; she raised herself a little from her couch.

'Oh, it makes me desperate to see you—you, who *can* stand, and walk, and get to that man! Oh, the woe of being a cripple—I know it now!'

And her face was a grand picture of helpless despair. I was greatly disturbed, but I so disliked the idea of an interview with Mr. Denton that I resisted still—a little.

'I do not see any good in going now.'

She pulled the bell hastily by the string that was always within reach of her hand.

'I will be wheeled there,' she said. 'I will see him myself.'

'My dear Caroline,' I said, soothingly, 'I will go. But tell me—do you love James?' I trembled as I spoke.

'Yes; well enough to break my own heart to heal his if needful. But it is not needful. I will have Ethel won for him. Go, and tell Mr. Denton to come to me.'

So I went away on my errand, going more willingly because I had a message to deliver. I got to the green door in the wall that surrounded the shrubberies. I had the key, and I entered the grounds. I heard the sounds of saws and axes at a little distance, so I turned in that direction. I saw Mr. Denton busy with a hatchet in his hand, working himself, and giving directions. He came to meet me, and I stood waiting for him where a path came down from the house.

'How can you cut down those old thorns?'

'Oh! we all do just what pleases ourselves, I suppose.' He was very angry. 'Pray did you mean this?' And he took from his pocket the letter in which I had given notice of our removing from his house. His anger made me brave.

'Yes,' I said. 'And I am here to tell you why, if you wish to know.'

'I *do* wish to know.'

'Your treatment of James Malafont makes it impossible to live near you with pleasure.'

'Well, this out-Herods Herod! he exclaimed. 'You have been cleverly taken in by the Major, my poor cousin, as I was too.' And then he broke out into angry words.

'Stop, Mr. Denton. James proposed for Ethel, and you refused him, insolently.'

'The man who could so cruelly deceive one woman would lie, to save his character, to another; and that is what Major Malafont has done to you.'

'How dare you?' I cried. 'Listen—or quick, look at this; there are people coming from the house.'

Then I held out the copy of his note to him, and he quailed under it, I saw. It was just this:—

'DEAR SIR,—I feel the compliment you have paid my daughter in the proposal for her hand; but it is not quite the thing that either of us would like.—Yours faithfully,
'GEOFF. DENTON.'

He quailed indeed, and I felt triumphant in the midst of my wretchedness. He laid hold of a great laburnum bough that was hanging over us, and steadied himself, for the shock had made his limbs tremble. He was pale and speechless. The sound of steps, and men's voices drew near, and down the way from the house came a stranger with one of the men-servants. Mr. Denton recovered himself.

'Signor Barnardino! You remember this gentleman, Mrs. Malafont; and the pleasant hours I spent in his studio, this season, in town?'

I paid my compliments, and said I had not forgotten having had the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

'But now I want your permission

for doing what I proposed to do,' said *il Signor*. 'I am sorry I could not come earlier. Here is your note.'

And taking the note, Mr. Denton read aloud—

'MY DEAR SIR,—You have gratified me very much, which I say with all a father's pride. Come to Tregarth as soon as you can.—Yours ever,

'GEOFF. DENTON.'

'And you wish?'—said Mr. Denton.

'To do as I petitioned—to take the model of Miss Denton's hand, just to above the wrist, if you will allow me. It is the most exquisite hand and wrist in the world. It shows your true appreciation of art to make no scruples. I am obliged to Miss Denton and to you—eternally!'

Mr. Denton looked at me with a face which the strife between laughter and vexation made ludicrous to the highest degree. He had refused Edith's hand to Signor Barnardino as a model, and had addressed the refusal to James Malafont. In exchange, the note, accepting my nephew's proposal, had gone to the sculptor.

I possessed myself of both the documents, and rushed off to Edith. She came down to Signor Barnardino, all beauty and blushes; and submitted hand and wrist to his manipulations with a charming willingness. I comforted Mr. Denton with a promise that it should all be

made right, and went home to Caroline. Can I ever forget her?

'No one is to be sorry,' she said, 'no one, because it has given me my love story. A good man loved me for myself; and even I might have been married.'

She spoke lightly, and made a little gay story out of all that had happened; and in my heart I believe that her spirit was less lonely ever after, and her life complete. She herself wrote all about it to James, and one evening he came in, tired, and travel-stained, and stood before her.

'What am I to say?' he asked.

'You are to say to me that I am your dear good friend for not letting you, in the anguish of disappointment, do anything more desperate than flatter me.'

He stooped down suddenly and kissed her. She coloured crimson, but smiled easily.

'Thank you,' she said, laughing. 'I have liked my little experience very much. For the future I shall watch you and Ethel, and your happiness will be mine.'

On my writing-table, chiselled in purest marble, is an exquisite model of a lovely little hand, braceleted at the wrist, with a lace ruffle falling back from the narrow gold band. It was Signor Barnardino's present to Mr. Denton on Ethel's marriage; but as he 'could not bear the sight of it,' he gave it to me, and I use it for a paper-weight.

G. P.



ONE O'CLOCK P.M., SUNDAY.

A Seven Dials Sketch.

WE have—'tis fated—poor or rich,
 It doesn't make a difference which—
 Our troubles and our trials.
 But then we have, when they are done,
 Our little glimpses of the sun—
Exempli gratiâ, Sunday, one
 P.M. in Seven Dials.

The darkest clouds are silver-lined—
 'Tis 'neath a rough outside we find
 The jewel that is rarest.
 And in the very self-same way—
 I know the truth of what I say—
 He best enjoys his holiday
 Whose holidays are sparest.

The wealthy o'er six courses growls—
 He doesn't care for truffled fowls,
 To jellies cries *Jam satis!*
 The poor who seldom flesh can eat
 Considers a most glorious treat
 A sometimes Sunday bit of meat
 Baked over six small taties!

But then—'tis strange—I really think
 My lord might—though from fowl he shrink—
 Enjoy the poor man's dinner.
 And I'm inclined to think if you
 Our poor friend offered truffles to,
 He'd turn his nose up—ask for stew,
 The miserable sinner!

What's the conclusion? That the poor
 Fates better than the rich secure—
 Such words would meet denials.
 So with the argument have done,
 But come with me and see the fun
 Of dinner-time—on Sunday—one
 P.M. in Seven Dials.

ENGLAND DURING THE WAR.

ENGLAND, in this present month of September, is in the midst of war. Happily not fighting her own battles, but the battles of other nations—through the medium of electricity and printer's ink. As regards information, indeed, the people of London have been more in the midst of war than the people of Paris. For intelligence of the most important events of the campaign has been received in Pall Mall long before finding its way to the Boulevards; and it was frequently via England that the news first reached the French public. This was of course before everybody knew the worst, and, there being nothing to conceal, the Provisional Government were enabled to tell the honest truth.

Not only as regards leading facts contained in the telegrams, has London been ahead of Paris, during all the terrible time since the declaration of war. Our journals have published far fuller and more comprehensive accounts of the course of the campaign than those of the French capital. Seldom, indeed, has the English press been indebted to the French press for even incidental information. Between the correspondents with the several Prussian armies, and the correspondents who, unrecognised except in the character of spies, took their chance on the French side, the London journals—and the principal provincial journals also—have been wonderfully well supplied with details of the military operations, as well as descriptive accounts of the leading events.

The quality of these communications has not been quite equal—that would be too much to expect. Some of 'our own correspondents' would be sure to write better than some others under any similar conditions; others, who would have had an equal chance in a fair field, have suffered a disadvantage by being exposed to unusual difficulties. Some, who would have made excellent use of facts, had no facts to make use of. Others, to whom

material was of comparatively little importance, were overburdened by opportunities to which they were not quite equal. Men of varied capacities, in fact, were subjected to uncertain tests, and exposed to the influence of circumstances beyond their control.

The only apparent exception is that of the born correspondent—*nascitur, non fit*—who made his fame in the Crimea, lost it a little in India, and has now every advantage that he can possibly have at the Prussian head quarters. Dr. Russell, at least, has had fair play for his powers, and he made a magnificent justification of his preferment in his account of the decisive battle round Sedan, which culminated in the submission of the French Emperor. Very different is Dr. Russell's relation of the events of that great day in history, to the flippant narrative, published in London an evening earlier, of another gentleman not hitherto known in the same field. The latter was not unappreciative of the military operations, as far as he could see them; but he encumbered his narrative, in a far from independent spirit, with particulars of what General Sheridan and General von Roon said to him while the fight was proceeding; how General Sheridan used his (the correspondent's) opera-glass; how these and other great men made suggestions to him—in very familiar and very strong language, according to his account—as to the prospects of the encounter on either side; how, when Napoleon's letter came, with the Emperor's sword, the bearer of the flag of truce was received contemptuously; how the actual flag was offered to him (the correspondent) as a *souvenir*, and was refused by him because it was a 'duster' and too much like other dusters to be of interest; how he, and the King, and Bismarck afterwards drank beer from the same bottles to celebrate the French defeat; how they were all quite familiar together, and how the correspondent

took the opportunity of asking Bismarck his opinion upon important questions of state, and received answers in a similarly candid spirit. The writer's contemptuous allusion to the unhappy Emperor and his son 'Loulu' seem intended to reflect the tone of the society in which he was temporarily placed; but Dr. Russell's narrative leads us to form a very different conclusion. According to the account of the latter gentleman, Napoleon's sword and letter were received with the same respect as Napoleon himself, when Bismarck, with uncovered head, insisted upon treating the fallen Emperor as he would his own royal master.

Some of the best pictures connected with the war have been those of Mr. George Augustus Sala. This gentleman does not care for facts. He is all the better without them—certainly in relation to other gentlemen writing under the same condition. Nelson declared bad weather to be a point in his favour in battle—Mr. Sala has the advantage in what may be called no weather at all. When nothing is to be said he can say it better than any of his compeers; and although ferreting out news is not his forte, he supplies service which is frequently more acceptable to the public through his keen powers of observation, facility of description, and the wonderful range of illustrative material at his command. Mr. Sala has upon former occasions described battles and battle-fields with force and effect; but his best letters are those in which he has leisure to be discursive, and during the present campaign they have been entirely of this character. He went with the French army as far as Metz; and his sketches by the way were frequently finished pictures of that enthusiastic advance. Not that he shared the enthusiasm, though his sympathies were evidently with the brave men who have been so terribly beaten, and who never fought better in success than in this gigantic failure. Who will not remember that grim remark with which he followed up the description of the Emperor's departure from Paris? He had never before, he told us, seen Napoleon looking so ill and

anxious; and he added: 'The Emperor is going on a long railway journey, and *he has not taken a return ticket.*' The writer himself italicised the concluding words, thus indicating the significance which he meant to give them. How prophetic they have proved we all know!

When Mr. Sala shared the fate of the other correspondents, and was obliged to leave Metz, he returned to Paris and concentrated himself upon the capital. Thence some of his best letters have proceeded. They always treated passing events from a picturesque point of view, and were rich in the usual resources of the writer. It is to be regretted that he had no opportunity of describing the great events of the 2nd of September. On the previous Saturday night he was arrested as a Prussian spy, and was imprisoned until two o'clock on Sunday—the day of Revolution. When released he was suffering so severely—at the hands, it seems, of his fellow-prisoners—as to be placed *hors de combat* for some days. It might have happened to anybody, however, to miss a revolution of so sudden a kind. A little extra sleep on the Sunday morning would have been sufficient. Many persons, probably, living in quiet parts of the city, went to bed under an Empire and woke up under a Republic.

It has been said that the correspondents of the London journals differ in qualifications for their office; and in nothing is the difference more marked than in the matter of judgment and discretion. No amount of caution, probably, would secure safety under the circumstances; but some of these gentlemen seem to have invited suspicion and met interference half-way. A foreigner is necessarily in a false position in a country fighting for its life. What is he doing there? The French of all other nations cannot understand the spirit which leads Englishmen and Americans to follow armies for their amusement, and to take—as they so frequently do—an interest in a contest for its own sake, apart from any partizan feeling. And when they find strangers indulging in independent criticisms at public

tables upon the conduct of their ministers and generals, they are naturally led to regard such persons as enemies—an influence which is still more pardonable when the said strangers are found prowling about among fortifications, and taking comprehensive notes. Even when such persons prove to be nothing more formidable than correspondents the situation is not quite satisfactory. Rightly or wrongly, it is considered that the agents of the press may, with the best of intentions, do the work of spies; and added to this is the jealousy of the press which is felt wherever the press exists, by large classes always, and by everybody whose interests may happen to be affected by publicity. There are many occasions when a chiel among us taking notes and, faith, determined to print them, is far from being a welcome visitor; and there are few of us who, from time to time, do not find cause to rail at the newspapers. In the current chronicles of the present war there have been some exaggerations and misrepresentations; but the representatives of the English journals have performed their task wonderfully well considering the difficulties involved; and few instances have occurred in which it would be fair to say that there was not an honest desire to get at the truth.

The results of these gentlemen's labours are certainly enormous as regards bulk. Our principal journals have been teeming for weeks past with accounts from the battle-fields, which may well be, considering the large number of correspondents employed—a considerable plurality for every paper. From Paris alone we notice in one journal letters published on the same day from 'Our Special Correspondent,' 'A Special Correspondent,' 'An Occasional Correspondent,' and 'Our Own Correspondent'—the latter being the regular representative of the paper. And these are in addition to the several correspondents with the French and with the German armies, and those stationed in outlying places where information is most likely to be obtained. A London newspaper in these days

has, besides, from three to six articles about the war, daily. The three or four leading articles have been, and still are, devoted to different branches of the subject, almost to the entire exclusion of domestic matters, which at the most get a column or so two or three times a week; and there is always the regular 'headed' article, following the course of the campaign, interpreting the telegrams, and weighing the probabilities on either side. This at least was the process while there was more than one side actively in the field.

The war, too, has raised an immense amount of discussion upon our own military system; upon the state of the Army, the Militia, and the Volunteers; upon war generally; upon warlike implements generally and particularly; upon political considerations affecting ourselves; upon international duties devolving upon us; upon the duties of the sovereign and the ministry at the crisis. Then there are the money articles, which are influenced by the war from beginning to end; the commercial returns of all kinds, and the shipping intelligence—all affected by the war. The lists of subscriptions in aid of the sick and wounded occupy a larger space every day; and we have besides the interesting accounts of the contributions in kind, made to the Committee in St. Martin's Place, and the exertions of the benevolent ladies there engaged.

These ladies at their labours furnish a subject for an admirable engraving in one of our illustrated papers—the latest in the field. But this is by no means all that the illustrated papers have contributed towards the records of the war in this country. From the first artists as well as writers have been on the scene of strife; and amidst all dangers and discouragements they have plied their pencils with great success in the public service. With the pictorial added to the literary records which surround us on every side, it would be strange indeed if we did not feel ourselves 'in the midst of war.'

But if not satisfied with the record and the delineation of the

events of the campaign—have we not the maps to help us to understand them? Not merely the maps in our old atlases, but military maps, made expressly for the occasion, with the strong points and the communications marked, and the strategical combinations made clear to all who choose to follow them. The majority of these maps—which may be had by the score at every library or printsellers—are admirably suited for the purpose; and the bird's-eye views are especially interesting to the eye. The French first adopted the plan of marking with the little French and Prussian flags; and here in England we have followed them with great enthusiasm. Paterfamilias will of course fight out the latest operation upon his breakfast-table before going to office, with the aid of the cruet; explaining to his wondering family the extraordinary way in which the mustard holds out, and how the pepper must fall into the hands of the Prussians, who are making a flank march upon the salt. But, after dinner, when the labours of the day are over, Paterfamilias tests his calculations with the aid of the evening paper and the map, which he carefully posts up, according to the latest telegrams; and he would not think of going to bed until he has placed all the flags in their right places, and made the combatants comfortable for the night. He has tired of this, however, of late; for it is fatiguing to note the progress all in one direction; and the seat of war looks sadly monotonous with little else than the Prussian colours.

Very valuable assistance to the comprehension of the campaign may be gained by a visit to the Egyptian Hall, where there is a map occupying almost the entire floor of a large exhibition room, models of the battalions composing the two armies being placed in their positions every day; and at certain hours, beginning at twelve o'clock, an excellent explanatory lecture is delivered by a gentleman of much military experience, and in every way competent for the task. A similar record upon a

large scale may also be seen at the Crystal Palace.

In current literature—apart from the newspapers—the war is everywhere. Books are promised upon every subject more or less relating to it—the Rhine question, the German campaigns of the first Napoleon, the personal history of the Bonaparte family, new principles of warfare, improved projectiles, breech and muzzle loading, the military systems of the Continent, our own military system, the army, the militia, the volunteers, military maxims as laid down by distinguished commanders, &c., &c. The monthly magazines, of course, contribute their quota to the literature of the war; they are already deep in the 'question,' and will follow up immediately with personal experiences. The forthcoming quarterlies will also pronounce on the subject. Meanwhile collections of patriotic songs, translated from the French and German, are finding a ready demand. The 'German Fatherland' and the 'Rhine Watch' are everywhere; so is Alfred de Musset's celebrated defiance; while the 'Marseillaise,' 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' and other popular Republican productions are printed on sheets and sold for a penny.

The war is, of course, made the medium for considerable satire. The comic journals live upon it, as a matter of course; but the opportunities for effective illustrations of the subject are not many, and they have already become fatiguing. One week two, certainly,—and we rather think three,—of these pictorial jesters produced cartoons quite identical in idea, and almost in execution. As a rule we usually find that they sufficiently vary the representations of King William and the Emperor Napoleon or the Emperor Napoleon and King William, as the case may be; and, it may be presumed that they take turns in presenting us with pictures of the conventional young lady with a cap who represents France in so many moods, of the other conventional young lady with a helmet who does the same duty for England, and in 'entering into the feelings' of the Empress of the French. One of our

comic contemporaries, we are sorry to see, has ceased to exist, in the midst of all the excitement. This is the more to be regretted as its artist seldom drew a cartoon without a skeleton in it, and the war would have given him every opportunity for the development of his peculiar talent.

Some independent squibs have also appeared. One, apparently very popular in the shop windows, represents the heads of a file of soldiers on the march, looking very gay and gallant, and inscribed 'Going to Weissenbourg:' on the opposite side are the same designs turned upside down, by which process the heads become those of donkeys, the inscription being, 'Returning from Weissenbourg.' A coarse jest this, and not quite consistent, since, if there was any foolishness in the case, it must have been for going to Weissenbourg, not for returning from it. None of the English squibs, by the way, have been so good as the French one, which may now be seen everywhere in London. I refer to the character map, representing the attitudes of the respective countries at the crisis. It is very cleverly conceived, albeit especially uncomplimentary to England, who is represented as an old woman quaking with fear and rage, and holding by a string Ireland, in the shape of a little dog, who evidently wishes to get loose and fight. A 'Comic Map of Paris,' sold by way of companion, is not nearly so good. The sketch seems to be the work of a French artist, but the verbal jocularities are evidently English.

Some of the chief personages of the war are already added to the collection at Madame Tussaud's,—that last test of fame or notoriety,—and they are all of course at the photographers. The Prussians here are more largely represented than the French, in honour, it may be presumed, of success; and every fresh portrait of King William looks more fierce than the last. The versions published before the war had an air of severity which was only military; but ever since Weissenbourg his photographic appearance has grown more and more truculent. I have not noticed any portrait taken since

the capitulation of Sedan; but that ought to be ferocious indeed. Let us hope, if the face be indicative of the moods of the man, that his next *carte de visite*—taken, perhaps, before the appearance of these pages—will convey the idea of diplomatic magnanimity, with something of human pity. At present the countenance says, as clearly as scientific art can portray, 'Two milliards of francs, half your fleet, with Alsace and Lorraine.' The Crown Prince, who has shown himself such a wonderful warrior, has a mild and amiable appearance, curiously contrasting with that of his father—a thoughtful face, but not essentially that of a soldier. There are Englishmen of far more ferocious aspect than either the Crown Prince or Prince Charles Frederick, who are clerks in banks, or hold harmless appointments in the Inland Revenue.

There appear to be no new portraits of Napoleon. There is a very triumphant-looking one in uniform, and a very thoughtful-looking one in civilian dress, which are most prominently before the public. And in allusion to these I may mention a little anecdote of the Emperor illustrative of his kindly courtesy, a quality not denied to him even by his enemies. A few months ago a young English lady, instinct with a courage which is a characteristic of young ladies in these days, wrote a letter to Napoleon, dated from the residence of her family in Paris, enclosing a copy of the civilian portrait, and requesting the honour of his signature appended thereto, in consideration of her expressed admiration of his character. By return—not of post, but of special messenger—there came a communication in grand official form, through the private secretary, conveying a very handsome acknowledgment of the tribute, and enclosing not only the civilian portrait with the autograph signature appended, but a copy of the military portrait, of which the Emperor begged her acceptance.

The war is being illustrated at the Agricultural Hall by a moving panorama of its principal scenes; and also in some public gardens at North Woolwich, where there is an

al fresco painting of Weissenbourg, and a representation of the battle, with real fire—the personal part of the exhibition being furnished by real volunteers. The latter arrangement is not perhaps in the best taste; but her Majesty's soldiers have 'gone on' before now at some of the London theatres in support of military dramas, and the popular excitement in the present case seems irrepressible.

It pervades all classes. In Pall Mall the 'war news' held its own against the grouse, and it has to some extent been proof against the partridges. There are certainly many more people in town than is usual at this time of year. A few carriages may be seen in the Park in the afternoons; and one morning in 'the Row,' between twelve and two, I counted eleven riders, five being ladies. But this to be sure was early in the month. You will, of course, not meet many men at the clubs. The club man, as a rule, has an abnormal development of the usual instincts for escape soon after July; and it would be a very clever war that could keep him long after Parliament and the grouse were on the wing. Still, even at the most orthodox clubs, at that interesting period of the twenty-four hours which is known on the Boulevards as 'the hour of absinthe,' there is a little run after the evening papers; and within the last few days I have seen at one of the sternest of these institutions a group made up of at least six members who have been eagerly discussing the chances of peace. The sight is cheering to those whose lot is more or less cast in town during the Long Vacation; but the manifestation is a mere farce compared with the agitation of the latter days of Parliament, and the first week or so afterwards. Then the clubs were thoroughly alive from two in the day until two on the following morning. When it was found that there was at least no immediate probability of armed interference being required on the part of England, the excitement lessened in political circles; but among the general public out of doors it is as keen as ever. It

sets in in the streets as soon as the evening papers begin to appear. In the leading thoroughfares—east and west—nearly every man has a broad or a narrow sheet in his hand, perusing it on the pavement, and occasionally communicating its contents to a passer-by in whose face he reads the common curiosity. I saw a very excited gentleman the other day in High Street, Kensington, with an open journal in his hand, who stopped a couple of strangers and, in tones of great agitation, communicated to them the news of the surrender of Sedan and the Emperor. He almost screamed his sympathy with the fallen, but added, with tears in his eyes, that there was one consolation—it would stop the carnage. He was an Englishman, he said, but his heart bled for poor France. In railway carriages and in coffee-rooms strangers talk on the common topic as to intimate acquaintances, exchanging their papers, comparing the latest news, and freely deciding questions of strategy and policy that are puzzling generals and prime ministers. I heard a hansom cabman the other day—who was resting his horses, and himself, outside a house of refreshment, where I dare say the war is discussed from morn till (mountain) dewy eve—enlightening an obtuse four-wheeler and a policeman as to 'what he should have done had he been in the place of Lewis Napoleon.' It seemed clear from what he said that in such a fortuitous event the disaster of Weissenbourg might not have been prevented, but Wörth would not have been lost to the French arms, and that we should have seen the tide of Prussian success stayed in time.

There are a great number of persons of more pretension as authorities, who know all about the arrangements of the Imperial family from the first; the precise amount of money they have invested in English and Dutch securities; the houses they have had for years, in London and other parts of England, in constant readiness for the reception; the exact amount of property in plate and jewels which has been

sent over from time to time; the stern determination of the Emperor, the hopes and fears of the Empress, and the precocious prescience of the Imperial Prince. So at least they tell you, and it is your own fault if you do not gain at least amusement from their information. The same men will inform you of wonderful things about the Prussian spy system, and delight to assure you, with the air of an oracle, that 'organization has done it all—the French have no organization, and never had.' The journals are of course responsible for cramming their readers with these vague generalities.

To hear continental opinion in London you must go to the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Soho. There are restaurants, especially in Soho, frequented almost exclusively by Germans—and Prussians more especially—where the talk, the tears, and the general enthusiasm, are unbounded; the convives embrace one another with fervour—'Vaterland' is on every lip—and bursts of song are heard occasionally, particularly the one in which France is warned that she shall not have the German Rhine. These scenes were more pronounced at the first outbreak of the war, since which large numbers of Germans have left London for the army. The French are more mixed, principally with Italians and Poles; but you may be sure that the discussion of the war does not lose with them for want of words. If Karl and Otto can sentimentalize, depend upon it that Jules and Gustave can declaim. They grow more fierce with every fresh reverse; and the greater the losses the more confident are they of the glorious day that is coming for France. The Emperor has fared among the Republicans of Leicester Square much as he has fared among the Republicans on the Boulevards. When he was supposed to be leading the army to victory they gave him at least outward toleration. *Now*—well, we know how a Frenchman of extreme opinions can talk when he wishes to say uncomplimentary things of persons in high places, and has no dread of interference by the police!

When a Frenchman and a Prus-

sian meet in a café or the street, there usually comes a tug of war, throwing the proverbial meeting between Greek and Greek completely in the shade. The war, indeed, is said to have broken out in England before a shot was fired in France. Just after the news of the declaration, it was reported at the time, two clerks—a Frenchman and a German—fell to words, which developed into blows, and had a good set fight with rulers; the German, if I remember rightly, getting the mastery, and shutting up his opponent in a cupboard. Only a few days ago I was a witness to an encounter between two of these conflicting elements of society. They bullied and cuffed one another all the way down Southampton Street, Strand, and were separated in that thoroughfare only by having to go in different directions. But they paid compliments at parting highly suggestive of the animated character of their next meeting.

The French and Prussians in England are naturally not so demonstrative against the English as their countrymen at home. But representatives of the two nations of a very different class from the frequenters of Leicester Square will each speak of England in sorrow if not in anger, and profess to feel injured at her hands. That France should be disappointed at the inaction of her ally is comprehensible enough; but it is difficult to see the cause for complaint on the part of Prussia, considering the strong preponderance of the press in her favour. It may be that offending both sides is the natural penalty of neutrality; but the same bitter feeling is not evinced towards the other neutral powers. The cause of Prussia has been especially advocated by the liberal press of England; but the proclamation of the Republic has already had its effect upon the party of 'the extreme left' in this country, as is evidenced by the popular demonstrations in favour of the new state of things. The sympathies of the public are indeed curiously divided. Prussia, though thoroughly aristocratic in her political system, has hitherto received a large amount of

Liberal support, while the principal Conservative organs in the press have been strong partizans of France. Now that France is separated from the empire and its policy, there will probably be considerable modifications of opinion on both sides; and it may be possible to gauge the real opinions of the nation with some approach to accuracy.

With the commercial influences of the war, in their broad sense, most people are conversant. They are in the main, of course, injurious, and principally beneficial to exceptional speculators. To certain branches of business war must always give an impetus; and one in particular should be in a flourishing condition, if it be true, as reported, that the Prussian authorities have given orders for no less than two hundred thousand wooden legs. A demand of this kind is a horrible realization of the butchery that has been at work, even though the amount may be over-stated.

The war, however, has many minor influences, to judge by the advertisements in the newspapers. Thus we find several persons who are not apparently indisposed to gain a little advantage for themselves from the efforts made in the cause of the sick and wounded. One tradesman makes a very handsome proposal. He prints, it appears, visiting cards at the remarkably low rate of one shilling and sixpence a hundred; and he announces that he is prepared, for every one shilling and sixpence so received, to place threepence in a box which he keeps on his counter for the purpose, the collective threepences to be devoted to the fund for the sick and wounded. He, of course, points out to the public that the more cards they order of him the better will it be for the cause of charity; and he expresses his readiness in that sacred cause to take orders to any extent. I dare say there are many generous persons who would undertake, out of every sovereign sent to them as a present, to devote five shillings to the same noble purpose. Another tradesman advertises that, by way of securing peoples' 'mites' for the sick and

wounded, without giving unnecessary trouble to the donors, he has arranged to send boys into the streets with money-boxes, in which the passers-by may drop their pence—more important coins, of course, not being refused. These boxes will be brought to him daily, emptied, and sent out again; and he pledges himself that the sums so received shall be devoted to the object in view. A British tradesman is, of course, above suspicion; but I should think it very possible that an occasional boy might, in a weak moment, fancy himself sick and wounded, and therefore a proper object for relief; and a little deception might be put upon the public by amateur collectors among the ingenious juveniles of this city. A money-box with a neat inscription would be a cheaper investment than a stock of newspapers or vesuvians, and has the advantage of not wanting renewal.

Only a few days after the news of the battle of Wörth, a man with only one arm was found begging in the streets of London, and seeking sympathy on the ground that he had lost the limb in that disastrous engagement. Some sagacious persons calculated that he must have been wonderfully expeditious in recovering from his loss and getting over to England to tell the tale; the result being that he was taken into custody as an impostor.

A tradesman advertises that he is obliged to sell off his large stock of silks 'on account of the war.'

A lady advertises that she is 'willing to let her furnished villa during the continuance of the war.'

Another lady announces that 'having a larger house than she requires, she is willing to receive a single gentleman or a young married couple, with whole or partial board, during the war.'

A gentleman, we are informed elsewhere, 'having, in consequence of the war, no use for a Shetland pony, will be happy to dispose of him a bargain,' &c. &c.

The war, in fact, is made a pretext for—or a means of calling attention to—all kinds of wants and wishes. Some of the demands, however, are

of course genuine, as in the instance of surgical instruments, which are said to be required in Prussia almost as much as doctors. Among other signs of the times are the martial character of children's toys, as seen at a well-known establishment in Regent Street and elsewhere; and games relating to battles—for children of all ages it may be presumed—are also prominently advertised. Some children, however, conduct their contests without arbitrary rules. Two small boys were seen the other day, in the garden of a London square, who were making the popular topic the means of gratifying their private animosities. 'I'm French,' said one, giving his companion a buffet in the face; 'I Prussian,' said the other, with a responsive kick on the shins: and so they went on until their governess came up, and in a very practical manner showed that she was a neutral power who would stand no nonsense.

Not being engaged in the war ourselves, we are spared the infliction—and the pain to many—involved by the devices of puffing tradesmen when our army was before Sebastopol. It was then no uncommon occurrence for a family to be disturbed after they had gone to bed at night by a loud double knock at the door, followed by the delivery of a large envelope with a printed inscription, 'Telegram from the seat of war.' The missive, after sending a nervous lady or two into fits, was found to be a circular announcing—not the death of a husband, a son, or a brother, but the fact that, in consequence of the war, Meesrs. Raff and Rowdy were selling ten thousand ladies' bonnets at fifty per cent. under cost price.

A sudden change came over London just before the closing of the gates of Paris, in anticipation of the siege. The streets of the West-end presented—albeit later than usual—the usual signs of the 'silly season' in their comparatively deserted appearance, as far as loungers were concerned. But one afternoon Regent Street was found to be as crowded as it would be in May or June; and each day

since a similar appearance—more or less—has been observed. A glance at the additions to the ordinary patrons of the pavement was sufficient to announce an invasion from abroad. There are some Germans, but a great many more French; and both have doubtless come from Paris, where they waited until the last moment, hoping that the dreaded crisis at the capital would be averted. They are generally seen—not in ones or twos—but in whole families together, the younger children being under the care of *bonnes*. Our new visitors are apparently highly respectable people, of the bourgeois class. The heads of families have probably considered that there are plenty of men left to fight, and that their first duty is to take care of their wives and children and spare them the horrors of the siege.

I here refer to the French; the Germans have of course still better reasons for abandoning Paris at such a time; and they are more fortunate than some of their poorer brethren, who, leaving at the last moment, have not been allowed, it is stated, to bring away their baggage, which has all been left in what is called 'the charge of the railway authorities.' This cruel prohibition is greatly to be deplored. Scarcely any sum of money could compensate most persons for the loss of the whole of their personal baggage; but the deprivation is the more felt when there is no money with which to make the attempt; and this must be the case with the majority of the unfortunates who are the latest arrivals among us. It is to be hoped, if there really be urgent wants of the kind, that they will not be forgotten by the benevolent.

I believe that the number of foreigners who arrived in England, during the last few days preceding the closing of the gates of Paris, is very great. The majority have probably come to London, where the increased number of strangers is a marked feature in the streets. The Imperial Prince, as everybody knows, went to Hastings, where

he was joined by the Empress. The newspapers have circulated several reports of their removal elsewhere, founded upon the statements of persons who have 'recognized' them in railway carriages. The public imagination seems prepared to meet the wishes of any lady with a thick veil and a delicate-looking boy to be mistaken for the Empress-Regent—which is still the status of the unhappy wife of Napoleon, according to diplomatic etiquette.

If the war has not kept many people in the capital it has prevented large numbers from quitting the country: and all over the three kingdoms London looks for the 'war news' as eagerly as it did in Pall Mall or the Strand. Everywhere on the English coast, on the moors, in lake-land, far in the Scottish highlands, across the Irish Sea, by Lough Neagh or Killarney, in the Isle of Man—in all parts

of the three kingdoms, from the Orkneys to Penzance—is the 'war news' eagerly demanded, and the keenest interest taken in the fortunes of the combatants. The majority among us have been—as we have seen—somewhat confused in the bestowal of our sympathies; but we have at least one wish in common—the wish for peace. Peace while I write is being recognised as possible even in hitherto irreconcilable Paris. Neutral nations are endeavouring to teach submission on the one side and forbearance on the other, which shall be compatible with the honour of the losers and the satisfaction of the gainers, in this terrible appeal to arms. If England's hand can be made effective in the work great, will be the satisfaction of all Englishmen; and then perhaps the nation will be spared the reproach which seems at present attached to her—of showing partiality to *both* belligerents.

S. L. B.

THE DEAR TIME PASSED AWAY.

WRINKLED with age, but not as yet
Sapless and lichen-gray:
Tell me, old tree, can you forget
The dear time passed away?

When I was in my early youth,
And you scarce reached the prime,
And ere had felt upon your growth
The mossy touch of time.

The zephyrs play among your boughs,
As long ago they played;
Soft as the sighs and whispered vows,
Once breathed beneath your shade.

My love in all her tender charms,
Found here a cool retreat:
Shall e'er again your leafy arms
Lull maiden half so sweet?

Your waning shadows touch the hall,
In the sunny hours of May;
Tell me, old tree, can you recall
The dear time passed away?

W. J. J. WARNEFORD.

A MESSAGE.

'After the battle of Fohrbach a French officer of Cuirassiers was found dead, with a letter, which we copy, crumpled in his hand.'—*John Bull*, Sept. 3.

IT was only a crumpled letter,
 In a careless, girlish hand;
 It was only a childish message
 From the sun-kissed, southern land.
 It was only a brief memorial
 Of the tears the absent shed;
 It was a trifle from the living
 But a message to the dead!

'Father; dear, you are gone to battle,
 But I think incessantly,
 As I miss your morning blessing,
 What your sufferings must be!
 So she wrote, and so held it,
 With a blessing on her head—
 When the token of the living
 Was a message to the dead!

'I'm so good, dear—oh, so steady—
 You would wish me to be so;
 If I'm quiet half your dangers
 Dear mamma need never know.
 So, Good-bye, papa! God bless you!
 Guard and keep you ever more:—
 See! I send you fifty kisses
 From an ever-ready store!'

It was only a crumpled letter
 In a dead man's hand that day,
 Just to show how hearts were aching
 In his own land far away.
 It was only a loving message
 From a loving child that sped,
 But the words the living pencilled
 Were a message to the dead!

Take it not from his fingers—
 Lay it with him in the grave—
 If it be a consolation,
 'Tis the latest he will have.
 For I think the bullet reached him
 As the tender words were read;
 So that when the angels told it
 'T was *no* message to the dead!

F. B.

HONOURS AND LITERATURE.

A GREAT deal of nonsense is written upon most subjects, but upon no subject more than upon the position of public writers, and their relation to the rest of the community. The remark is suggested by a report which obtained circulation the other day, that a certain great novelist* had been 'sent for' to Windsor, and was to be sent back a baronet. It transpired, however, that only one part of the story was true—the fact of the visit to her Majesty. Whether or not there had been any foundation for the other part of the story did not appear. But several commentators in the press jump to the conclusion that an intimation of the Royal desire to honour the gentleman in question had been conveyed to him, and that it had been met in an unfavourable spirit. It was said, indeed, that the great novelist had refused a baronetcy, and then came a chorus of congratulation upon his alleged conduct, which I venture to think unreasonable and even absurd.

The affair is none of mine. I have no professional connection with literature. I am what you call a 'swell.' I have a title which has been in my family for some generations, and neither that nor any estates have I gained by any exertion of my own. I do not mention these facts in any spirit of spurious pride, nor in any still more spurious spirit of abasement—for a man cannot help being born a swell—but to show how entirely I am out of the coach as far as any personal interest in the matter is concerned.

The report of the Royal intention in the case of the novelist may or may not have been true. But there

* It may be here explained that these pages were written, and intended for publication during the lifetime of the great novelist referred to. The present writer has—as he trusts will be apparent—the highest respect for the supposed scruples in the individual case; his remarks having reference only to their general application to literary men, and to some absurd commentaries upon the subject made by the press.

was nothing strange or improbable about it. What can be more natural than the desire of the sovereign to bestow a baronetcy upon our greatest writer of fiction—as the gentleman in question is—notwithstanding the superior accomplishments and versatility of a certain great rival? Apart from the abstract question of honour to genius, precedents mark the gentleman in question for the selection. The great novelist of that day was created a baronet early in the century, on account of his literary merits. The great novelist of a later date—the rival already alluded to—who had preceded his literary brother in his appearance before the public, received a baronetcy, partly, at any rate, upon literary grounds, and has since been made a peer, not entirely on account of his statesmanship. The elevation of a late essayist and historian to the peerage could scarcely have taken place had not the recipient of the honour enjoyed a reputation beyond that gained in political life. There are no conditions in these examples which do not apply in the present case. The supposition connected with a certain visit to Windsor was, therefore, the most natural thing in the world.

What I complain of is that writers in the press should have written such egregious trash as they did in support of the alleged refusal.

It is unfortunate for persons who are popular with the press that they are sometimes made ridiculous by laudation. There is a lady of great genius and courage still among us, who has been unfortunate in her relations with her husband. She can help herself wonderfully well, and, when she has had occasion to intrude her domestic troubles upon the public, always got the best of the battle. She would never have failed to come out of such an encounter with dignity, but for gushing writers who made her the subject of sensation articles, and dropping the courtesy designation by which

ladies are addressed, insisted upon calling her Caroline. In the same manner certain journals have brought the present premier into ridicule by dropping his proper prefix, and writing of him affectionately as William, to say nothing of assigning to him so many virtues as to inspire incredulity, and suggest the ironical remark—ascribed to his great opponent—that he is ‘without a single redeeming vice.’

This kind of help is dreadfully damaging, and of a similar kind is the laudation given to the great novelist on account of the baronetcy business. A baronetcy, as has been said, would be a very proper honour to bestow upon that gentleman, and I confess that I cannot see why he should refuse it, if offered. Enthusiastic writers argue otherwise, apparently, upon the ground that public writers are a class apart from all others, superior to all selfish considerations, above all conventional influences, and even all earthly rewards. I must confess that I have never seen, among the many distinguished literary men whom I have known, and am still proud to know, the smallest trace of these uncomfortable excellences. I have invariably found that according to their training, or their tastes, or their pecuniary fortunes, they have always taken up the place in society to which they are by nature or circumstances assigned—exactly like men of other pursuits or professions. It has never, indeed, been my lot to meet with a writer who, on account of some churlish idea of virtue, has been content to take up a humbler station in life than that to which he was entitled, or to disdain any social favours in the smallest degree. Some by temperament may be less inclined to or fitted for society than others, and some, for particular reasons, spend more time among their books; but I know of no recluses, except on account of health; and although we may occasionally meet with a Diogenes upon paper, the social tub is not a favourite residence of the literary man.

As far as I can see, the literary man takes his share of most of the

pleasant things in life that he is able to obtain. It is not his habit to refuse invitations to the grandest of dining-rooms, and the most gilded of saloons, on the score of any supposed superiority to worldly vanities. At festive boards, and in glittering throngs, he seems thoroughly to enjoy himself. Nobody knows better than he a good dinner from a bad one, or can be more spontaneously appreciative of a *menu* as it should be. Nobody is more discriminative in the matter of wines. And as for his appreciation of society, his writings, if they be of the social order, show that he has all of its most subtle characteristics at his fingers' ends. If he goes in to be a fashionable author, you find him fastidious to a fault—showing up the vulgar ways of dukes and duchesses as if they were so many common councilmen and their wives. He takes his colouring, in fact, as other people do, from the society in which he lives, and is more sensitive of impressions than other people through his peculiar class of talent, and the habits of observation which he has cultivated. If a wealthy man, as he sometimes is, he brings the same ideas to bear upon his manner of entertaining other people; and in whatever gradation of the social sphere he may ‘move,’ his instincts at least are equally perceptible. His wife and daughters have the same feelings in common, and in a greater degree, as everybody's wives and daughters have, where social aspirations are concerned. They like good society—the best that their opportunities can afford them—and the literary man, like the legal man, or the medical man, or the military man, or any purely professional man, who cannot command the world apart from his profession, has frequently to push them on a little more than he would care to push himself. It seems to me, in fact, that the literary class crowd upwards in society with as much determination as any other class, and aspire equally to the elevated regions. Among most people there is no concealment of the fact. Men who

have 'made their way' in commerce take big houses, and try to get in among big people, bidding for parliamentary honours, very frequently only as a social stepping-stone. Members of the services equally know the value of 'connection.' So do barristers, whose 'rising' powers are proverbial, and who push themselves concurrently into legal and social importance—their wives and daughters having the greatest possible regard for the latter development. Even the clergy have been known to avail themselves of such advantages, and scandal says that bishoprics before now have been in the gift of ladies. Why blame literary men, then, if they are not always superior to similar ambition? and there is really no reason why they should be. Literature, though not taking a regular place, is really a profession; and it is utter nonsense to insist upon its being a sacred calling or anything of the kind. A few—a very few—great thinkers may arrogate to themselves a peculiar vocation, in which case we are always made well aware of the fact. But the mass of popular writers have no claims of the kind, and, to do them justice, it must be said that they make no pretence thereto. They have original faculties which everybody should honour; and if they are masters of their art, they have usually had a severe training to make them so, and for this they should have honour in addition. But I deny that they have, as a class, any claim to such moral superiority as should place them above social distinctions which they seldom fail to cultivate.

In insisting upon these facts, remember, I am making no reproach to men of the pen. It would be absurd to suppose that because a person is born with certain faculties, and has developed them by culture and exercise, he should be denied the fullest extent of social enjoyment and social respect within his power to obtain. If he prefers a quiet life among his books, that is another matter. But if he feel a taste for society, he has as much right to gratify it as other people.

And if he cares for society at all, he must be a fool if he does not prefer the best society that is open to him. He may have his dearest friends who are obliged, for personal reasons, to confine themselves to a modest sphere of life—who have large families and small means, and so forth—who cannot do as the great world does, and are unable, therefore, to live habitually among it. He need not lose sight of these. A man with more advantages is a snob if he avoids friends because they have less. But there is no necessity for this; and without any meanness or want of dignity, the fortunate man may reap the benefit of his fortune. It is certain that in the best society there is far more enjoyment to be gained, from a worldly point of view, than in any lower degree. The best society includes picked people of all pursuits; it enables you to know everything at first hand; it leaves you free from miserable pretensions; it surrounds you with a social atmosphere, for which there is no substitute. It may be vain, frivolous, and fatiguing; it may be cold, artificial, and heartless; it may be encumbered with forms which seem vexatious and unnecessary. But, surely some of these drawbacks exist in humbler spheres of life. Are 'genteel' circles immaculate in all or most of these respects? And are they not open to other charges besides—those, for instance, of preposterous pretension and vulgar mimicry of the manners of the great? As for the forms, they are made by society for itself, are voluntarily observed, and are generally founded upon convenience, proved by experience—otherwise you may depend upon it that they would soon fall into neglect. Much enjoyment may be obtained by social intercourse which has no relation to society of any conventional standard. Among old college friends, and congenial companions of all kinds, you may pass the pleasantest days and nights, in which talk and tobacco reign supreme—in a club, in a private library, or in some unpretending home whose inmates are 'not in

society' for reasons already suggested, but who are as cultured and refined as any other ladies and gentlemen, whatever their rank in life. There are many professional 'sets' in which this kind of pleasure is to be obtained; and a man who has the admission to any of them would be unwise to neglect the opportunity. But if a literary man—whether through his more extended social tasks, his sense of the value of connexion, or the pressure of his wife and daughters—desires something besides in the way of society, something more varied and conspicuous, he has as much right to gratify that desire to the full extent of his means as any other professional man; and there is no necessary reason for calling him a snob on that account. He may, of course, be a snob upon general grounds, but that is another matter; and he is a snob, no doubt, if he tries to push himself into society to which he is not entitled by the extent of his talents and his fortune. Such a man, however, is never allowed to disport himself in this manner without being duly denounced. He is surrounded by detectives of his own order—the Pollakys of the press, who make perpetual 'private inquiries' and have references to plenty of Paddington Greens. By these he is sure to be pilloried, in jest or in earnest, in public or in private, in social sketches from prolific pens and social sarcasms from tongues of equally large powers of publicity. Indeed, the legitimate rights which I have distinguished from the illegitimate are not unfrequently made the subject of similar scandal.

I have said 'detectives of his own order.' I should have said, perhaps, detectives who also write for the press. It is difficult to see how there can be any literary 'order,' considering the different kinds of men engaged in the common pursuit. Surely you would not place a gentleman who writes indecent tales illustrative of the supposed immoralities of kings and courts—who makes money out of imaginary marquises in a high state of profligacy, and countesses of erro-

neous life evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness—with the workers in our highest departments of fiction? And the same distinction must be marked in most departments of literature. Princes write and peasants write; the learned and the unlearned equally practise the pen. People in society and people out of it appeal equally through the press to the public. Men and women of the best birth and breeding are on common ground with elaborate nobodies; men and women of the highest culture are in the same comprehensive boat (it is a craft of a great many tons burthen) with men and women who, were they to write by ear, would spell education with an H. Of these thousands, hundreds never meet with other hundreds, and of those who *do* meet, one half will not speak to the other half, for social if not intellectual reasons. I have frequently admired a book or an article, and have asked a literary friend to make me acquainted with the author. In reply, I have received the assurance that he is the wrong kind of man—'not known, you know,'—and occasionally I have heard worse of him even than this. I dare say I have been sometimes deceived by an unfair representation, made from not the best motives; for great men are capable of doing little things, and great writers among the rest.

I said just now that one man has as much right as another to get into the best society if he can; and there can be no reason to exclude literary men from the category, since the best society is continually being recruited from men of other classes who have not hitherto belonged to it. But the fact is, that the leaders of literature gravitate towards the inner circle as a matter of course, like the leaders of anything else, and their exclusion is out of the question. Some are more society-men than others, but all may command their place if they please. Now it is only to the leaders of literature that I have alluded as regards honours. There is no reason why distinctions of an academical or a chivalric nature—

they have both in France—should not be conferred upon the chosen of the followers who may not have sufficient fortune to support what are called 'handles' to their names, though it would be hopeless to advocate anything of the kind just now. But in the case of the leaders whose fortunes are generally sufficient for such dignities as are usually considered appropriate, the question is, what is there in their social and intellectual relations to the community which should make it becoming in them to refuse such recognition? A leader in literature is necessarily brought more or less into the great world, and he may live among it as much as he pleases. He usually does please to a certain extent, and conforms in most things to conventional usages. He dresses, he drives, and he dines like other people; he lives in the same kind of houses, and is surrounded by the conventionalities common to gentlemen of position. He complies with the customs of society in accordance with natural instincts, is a superior citizen in town, and is sometimes a place beyond that of a visitor in the country. He is more among his books than most people, but is not more engrossed in his pursuits than professional or parliamentary men must be. Why, considering all these natural conditions, should it be proper for him to spurn the honours that other men seek? Is he superior or inferior to the rest of society? Neither position can be accepted for a moment. Supposing him not to be an exceptional recluse, he is in the world and considerably of it; and with a certain eminence and independence a title is surely not an incongruous association. The gushing writers referred to say that he is above worldly honours—that as plain John Smith he will always reign in the hearts of his countrymen, with rant of the like kind. But gushing writers always go crazy when they have a hero in hand. Do you remember the nonsense they wrote when the Duke of Wellington died? One of them actually proposed, as a tribute to the victor of Waterloo (who was

pelted by the public not long after his great triumph), that his successor should waive his right to the dukedom and let the title die out, in order that there might remain only one Duke of Wellington in history. And equally preposterous proposals were made in honour of the late Prince Consort by writers who seized the opportunity to travestie the real grief of the nation. Of the same class of writing is this about plain John Smith reigning in the hearts of his countrymen. A man who follows literature as a profession may be considered one of the intellectual representatives of his countrymen; but he does not belong to a higher order of beings. He is not necessarily a saint or a hero. He is not expected to rule his life by a higher standard of ethics than other educated men; and even when he towers above his fellows by force of his genius, there is no reason why—representing the public as he still does—he should disdain his position as a citizen and hold himself superior to distinctions conferred by the state.

It is sometimes objected, in the case of a baronetcy, that the descendants of the person so honoured may not be able to maintain the dignity; but this consideration may be carried too far: we are not expected to deal with more than probabilities, and more than these are not considered in the case of, say, judges who get peerages—and a peerage, by-the-way, was talked about in the particular case alluded to. But I am not now dealing with practical matters, but to supposed reasons why literary leaders should not accept honours granted to be appropriate. If such reasons exist I fail to find them in any valid force. Some persons seem to suppose that the acceptance of honours destroys a writer's independence; but they fail to point out how a writer would lose his independence thereby more than other people. What is he to be independent of—what must he be always wanting to assert? He is as much a master of his mind, his opinions, and his actions after as before their reception. If political opinions be in

question, the same may be said. Men of the highest rank have held the most advanced views, and do so still. For the rest, there is no cause why a literary man, recognising social ties and obligations in every possible way, should reject social distinctions which give him what is, after all, only his proper place in the community. By refusing them as unworthy of his position—and this is the only logical ground for refusal—he casts a censure upon every man who accepts them. And I should like to know whether our gushing friends who write about plain John Smith wish to cast a slur upon all the soldiers, the diplomatists, the capitalists, the men of law, of medicine, and of science who allow themselves to be made peers, baronets, or knights? Even artists are allowed to take such honours as are bestowed upon them without cavil; why should a literary man be considered compromised by a similar recognition? Knighthood, we all know, is held in small esteem, practically because it is a common honour paid to aldermen and provincial mayors. But if it be given to them, it should, for the stronger reason, be more generally offered to literary men, and by them accepted. You will never make a city magnate believe that a trading knight is not superior to a professional esquire; and it is well that dignities which have a certain value in social currency should be proportionately distributed. The professional recipient may not think much of the honour, considering the miscellaneous people with whom he shares it; but he assumes dignities on his own account of which he thinks as little, and there is no occasion to make knighthood an exception. I am sure that a certain apportionment of honour—even of this class—to literary men, would do good to literature by giving it a more recognised position among the professions. You cannot make all its members equal, and there is no need to do so. There are as many classes among writers in France as among writers in England; and writers in France are independent enough, as we all know;

but most Frenchmen of literary distinction are decorated, unless they openly declare themselves 'irreconcilable' with the State. The practice is one which I should be glad to see adopted in this country; and it is certainly not likely to be brought about by a refusal of honour when offered, or the depreciation of such offers by gushing writers who applaud the bestowal of dignities upon men of every other calling except that with which they are themselves associated.

It is inconsistent, too, on the part of writers who deprecate the reception of honours as compromising the independence of literary men, to advocate the bestowal of pensions, and to claim, as such writers frequently do, a larger provision from the civil list for pecuniary rewards to authors. One would fancy that honours might be taken with more dignity than pensions.

I have no personal concern with the matter, as I have said; but I love literature, and write in its interests. One word before parting in reference to my use of the term 'literary man' in preference to 'man of letters.' I think the latter a little affected, and it is certainly of foreign extraction. We do not say a man of law, or a man of arms, or a man of medicine. Why say a man of letters? Moreover, 'literary man' is a more generally applicable term. He may be literary without belonging essentially to letters. As regards a man who is entirely devoted to literature, the term 'man of letters' is doubtless appropriate. Nevertheless, it is a comparatively new name, and not necessary for adoption, upon the score of taste. The description of 'literary gentleman' has been objected to by some writers, but if it is creditable to be literary and creditable to be a gentleman, there is no apparent reason for objecting to the conjunction. But, as I said at starting, a great deal of nonsense is written upon subjects of this kind. I do not care to publish my real name, but will take one which the Poet Laureate has made symbolic, and call myself—

VERE DE VERE.

PARTING.

An Incident of the War.

DEEP is the hush that hangs around her soul,
 Far down the agony that brings such tears,
 Love's memories around her spirit roll
 In all the glory of the phantom years.

Pale Grief's transfiguration-veil is thrown
 All o'er the tender beauty of her face:
 Fain would she seek to pierce the dark unknown
 And read the dim-drawn lines that Fate may trace.

One lengthened gaze into her warrior's eyes,
 While burning tears flow down each pallid cheek;
 One silent prayer ascends the listening skies,
 And yet no whisper do those pale lips speak.

All has been said that loving souls can tell,
 And now their heart's are on their nation's shrine —
 And war's loud clarion sounds its thrilling knell
 Above a sacrifice that's half divine.

Her little jewelled fingers clasp the hand
 That oft has lingered in her golden hair;
 But now must strike for Truth and Fatherland,
 And work the answer to a nation's prayer.

What hidden depth is in that vacant gaze?—
 Say, does it linger 'mid the years gone by?
 Or does it look far down through future days
 On one dear form amid the battle-cry?

Perhaps, again, she hears those evening chimes
 That filled with holy sounds the quiet air;
 Or sings again the grand old German rhymes
 That breathe of warriors bold and maidens fair.

Her soul has buckled on Love's sandals bright,
 And it has taken mighty wings of prayer:
 Now it will plead amid the realms of light,
 Now it will tread the field and watch him there.

One long embrace, and then the quivering lips
 Unite, and seal eternally that love
 That can out-live a war-doomed world's eclipse,
 And look beyond the golden gates above.

Say, will proud Victory's final clarion-call
 Bring back her warrior to her soul's delight?—
 Or will the triumph of heaven's glory fall
 Full on his brow upon the field of fight?

Ah! God knows best!—Behind the sulphurous veil
 That blots the beauty from the summer skies
 There sounds a voice above the nation's wail—
 'Strong in thy glory thou shalt yet arise!'

Then strike, brave soldier, for the Fatherland!
 With her warm kiss upon thy lips, away!
 The sword will truer be to thy right hand
 That she remains behind to love and pray.

A. L.

THE DOG WITH A NAME.

GIVE a dog a bad name'—and we all know what we may as well do with him. It is rather hard upon poor Ponto that he should be made to suffer so inexorably for being in ill-repute; but men with bad names are apt to fare no better, though men have the compensating advantage that they may make a great deal more out of good names than they possibly deserve.

The man with a bad name, too, has a chance denied to the dog. He may suffer some inconvenience from the mistrust of society; but this happens mostly when his name is not bad enough. He has a bad name, say, for not paying his creditors, and is so hunted about that getting a good name becomes out of the question. But let him boldly become a bankrupt—even under the new law—and no man dare be more severe upon him than the Court has been, and his credit is probably restored—certainly, if he belong to the trading class. Supposing him to have made a slip in honesty: the fact will turn up against him again and again, and he will be thoroughly damaged for his future career. He is not sufficiently innocent to avoid suspicion; he is not sufficiently guilty to become an object of interest. Prudent people avoid him; philanthropists find him not worth powder and shot. But let him stand forth a determined villain, and he will be surrounded by benevolent persons anxious to reclaim him. It may be that he has subjected himself to the penalties of the law, but even these will fall lightly upon him in the end if he only consents to become a deserving bad character. At the present moment hundreds of small offenders are undergoing their terms of punishment with no hope of mitigation; but only the other day the cheerful intelligence reached these shores that two criminals on so large a scale as Mr. Robson and Mr. Redpath—each armed with a ticket-of-leave—have set up in business together. So sympathetic a partnership must surely lead to success.

If a bad name may be turned to such good account, a good name, you may be sure, may be turned to a better. But it is one thing to deserve a good name, and another thing to get it. To be practically useful, your merits must be trumpeted forth, advertised, paraded and puffed. A great deal of this may be done—and with some success—without justification for the trumpeting, advertising, parading, and puffing processes—upon false pretences, in fact! But, however acquired, a good name may be made a mine of wealth. To say nothing of profits and honours, it brings privileges; and one of the most useful privileges of a good name is that its owner may deserve a bad one with a very good chance of not being found out. It is by persons of good character that most great crimes have been committed, and most of the mischief done in the world. They have opportunities denied to their less reputable brethren, who are soon discovered and pulled up in their career.

The Dog with a Name—among men—has thus considerable advantage over his four-footed prototype, whether the name be a good or a bad one. But the name that he gets is for the most part neither good nor bad essentially. It relates simply to qualifications or characteristics that society gives him credit for, whether justly or not, and very frequently against his will.

A professional character, for instance, is frequently given to a man without cause. There is my friend Frank Fairlight. He is a barrister-at-law, but as little like a lawyer as the most fastidious person could desire. He has a very fair practice, which he fortunately is not dependent upon; and he never fails to throw off the profession with his wig and gown, taking as he does the keenest interest in ordinary ways of life. But whatever Fairlight does, and wherever he goes, he is always regarded as a lawyer, inspired upon every possible occa-

sion by professional prejudices. In society people will talk 'shop' to him, which he detests. He was in Parliament for some time, but left it in disgust; for whenever he made a speech—which he never did unless thoroughly interested in the subject—the newspapers always referred to it as 'an ingenious piece of *nisi prius* argument,' or said that he 'talked very well to his brief, but failed essentially in practical points,' and so forth. When he engaged in discussions out of doors—as his ardent character has led him to do a great deal—the same writers would sarcastically allude to his 'retainer.' It was assumed, indeed, according to the popular estimation of lawyers, that he had a natural turn for lying, and never believed in the cause to which he gave his advocacy. Fairlight, in fact, is established as a Dog with a Name, and he will never lose it to the end of his life.

Another professional instance is that of Charley Snaffles. He has retired from the army with the rank of captain, and wants to take to some other pursuit. He has scarcely reached the middle period of life, and has a great deal of work in him which might be developed in many ways. But what work to get, and how to get it, are questions that perplex him. Fifteen years of the military service are considered a disqualification for most civil pursuits. Were he inclined to literature or art, like so many of his cloth, he would find his professional position rather a recommendation than otherwise; or, at any rate, he would be judged by what he could produce. But he has not talents, nor perhaps tastes, in these directions: the employment he requires is something with a more personal connection. He has a vague idea of managing somebody's estate, or becoming an agent or secretary to—he knows not what. But his previous training is considered to unfit him for duties in which special exertions are required, and he can find nobody to give him credit for capacity beyond the observance of technicalities and routine. It would be a grand thing, he thinks, if he could

get a patent of some kind to 'push;' but where is the patent, and where are the persons to believe in his powers of pushing? Reliant upon his own energy and industry, he makes a sacrifice of a slice of his small capital to set up as an army agent, and engages a couple of rooms in a west-end thoroughfare—at the cost of an entire house elsewhere—for his official purpose. He has a brass plate and a clerk, and he is convinced, at the outset, that his name will do the rest. No man can have more friends in the service, where his popularity has been especially great. They will come round him, he is sure, and support Charley Snaffles to a man. But he soon learns from experience that they will do nothing of the kind. A few particularly unsafe men very handsomely offer to put a little discounting in his way; but this kind of business, by itself, is beyond his scope, apart from the unsatisfactory nature of the particular proposals. What he wants is regular business, with deposits, commission, percentages, and similar pleasing accompaniments. For these he waits patiently for a time, and impatiently for a further time; and during the latter period he is found to fall off in his originally regular attendance at office. If a friend drops in—probably only to gossip—he is told that Captain Snaffles has just stepped out to keep an appointment with a gentleman from Aldershot. 'Doing a stroke of business,' thinks the visitor. If he had said a stroke of billiards he would have been nearer the mark, for Snaffles at that identical time is so engaged at a neighbouring club.

The habit grows upon poor Charley, as he finds that attendance at office is a mere farce. For he awakes to the fact by degrees, that however willing some of his friends may be to accommodate themselves through his agency, they prefer Cox for all business which would be likely to accommodate *him*. Or, when it is not Cox, it is Grindlay, or some of the Indian agents. In despair he at last takes off the plate, dismisses the clerk, pays up his rent for the office, and retires a con-

siderable loser from a field in which he has found no favour. Then his friends justify themselves for not having entrusted their affairs to his hands. 'Charley Snaffles, very good fellow, you know, but not a man of business—how could he ever expect to be one?'

There are several courses open to men of his training and tastes, and these he faithfully follows. He tries wine—he ought to know something about wine, as a gentleman always does. But a knowledge of wine is not quite the same thing as the capacity to trade in it; and even capacity is of no use without certain other advantages. He sets up a business on a strictly 'gentleman-like' scale as regards appearance, and with immense resources in the way of wine in bond belonging to other people. Now his friends will surely come round him, and he has Alnaschar's visions of the custom of clubs and messes. The result is that he gets a few orders from individuals; but these are precisely the kind of persons who were willing to help him in his agency, and money is by no means their strong point. The connections worth having say, 'What can Charley Snaffles know about wine? Always best, my dear fellow, to go to the large merchants—save five-and-twenty per cent. and know what you are drinking.'

Charley tries cigars with a similar result. Then he tries to promote a public company, with the same result also. Men who know him have made up their mind by this time that he is unsafe. They know that he is adventurous and cannot have much money left. They shake their heads and say to one another, 'What a pity poor Charley (it is *poor* Charley by this time) will go beyond his tether. Why did he leave the service? Good officer, with fair chances of promotion; he knew what he was about, at any rate, in the profession.'

Charley is lost sight of for a little time, and then he turns up on the turf. He is now shy of his friends who are of the 'best form,' and, for reasons of his own, has taken his name off the books of his club. He makes a few hits—or misses—in

betting upon his own account, and then does a little business on account of others. When I last saw him he had lost his old open, careless manner, and wore the abashed air of a man who has fallen in the world, and feels that it is an open question how he is likely to be received by former familiars. I fear he is getting no better very fast. But there was little chance for him from the first. He was probably as well fitted for some of his speculations as other men, and might have been successful had he commenced life in one of his several pursuits. But the world would not let him get out of the old groove—he was a Dog with a Name.

Another professional victim is Jack Mummery. Jack's father was a favourite actor—a thorough spoiled child of the public, who had everything his own way with his parents. He had only to walk on from the wing, and look at a theatre packed full of men, women, and children, to set them screaming with laughter. When he opened his mouth to say the most stupid thing ever invented by dramatist, they were in ecstasies of delight. His popularity was so great that his life became a burden to him. When he walked abroad he was followed and mobbed. If he entered a public conveyance he was stared out of countenance and whispered about; and once, at a railway station, an elaborate cad said he should feel 'honoured if such a great public character as Mr. Mummery would take a glass of wine at his expense.' You may see how popular he was, by his being exposed to this kind of thing. Well, the elder Mummery made money; but he died before he had time to give Jack a profession. And meantime Jack—who had in the course of a university career been spending money almost as fast as his father made it—owed a good round sum. They call a large sum a round sum, I suppose, because it is so difficult to square. Jack found it so—he might as well have attempted to square the circle itself. His father would not do it, 'upon principle;' and when people will or will not do a thing 'upon principle,'

there is no arguing with them, so strong are they in their unreasoning position. However, people who act 'upon principle' sometimes change their mind; and Mr. Mummery changed his so far that he agreed to compromise with the rascals—they are always rascals who let you owe them money. So a composition was proposed to an extent calculated to let Jack off very easily, though the amount was more perhaps than that of his fair debts. It was on the point of being accepted on the part of the rascals, when the elder Mummery died; and then, as Jack inherited all his money, the rascals insisted upon being paid in full. There was nothing for it, of course, but to yield; and Jack soon found that paying them in full meant paying himself empty, or something very like it. So there he was—the inheritor of a small fortune, and with nobody but the rascals much the better for it.

Then it was that the unpleasant conclusion forced itself upon Jack that he must 'do something.' Had the father lived he would, sooner or later, have made a Secretary of State laugh so much as to secure for the son a pleasant place in the public service. But now Jack's friends took the matter in hand, and with one voice they insisted upon Jack going upon the stage.

So Jack went upon the stage—and with what result? What could be expected, seeing that he made a very indifferent actor, and had not even any love for the art, while the calling he regarded rather with contempt? The public treated him very well. They were quite prepared to place the paternal mantle upon his shoulders, but the difficulty was to make it appear in its place there. And a still greater difficulty was to keep up the warmth of approbation to the desired degree. You may pretend to disapprove with some success, but ecstasies are difficult to simulate; and after a time the fact became unpleasantly apparent that Jack had made but a moderate success. It was a painful fact for Jack, and he would willingly have left the stage. But what other pursuit was open to

him? An actor is worse off than a soldier in this respect, unless he have marked talent for some other branch of art. A Dog with a Name for the stage may 'turn his attention to coals,' like Mr. Micawber, or he may do something in wine, as so many retired officers try to do; but he will seldom settle into any permanent pursuit. In private life the glare of the footlights is still upon him. People think they trace the hare's foot, though there are no signs of it. The more earnest he is the better they think he is acting. Thus it was with Jack Mummery. He soon found that he was only a mediocrity in the theatrical profession, and tried repeatedly to get away from it. But it held him fast by the throat. He was a Dog with a Name—not only his own but his father's. There was no escaping the double bond. So Jack remained on the stage, and abandoning, after a very short trial, the pretensions of a star, took up a modestly useful position, confining himself very much to the provinces, where his name was something in his favour. In London, though connecting him inseparably with the profession, it was, after a time, rather a disadvantage to him than otherwise.

There is many a Dog with a Name, too, in literature, who, meeting with only partial success, would gladly exchange it for a name in some other pursuit. But here the same difficulty arises: when once your avocation seems thoroughly determined you can never get people to believe that you are fit for anything else. Professional writers get public appointments not unfrequently; but otherwise they very seldom change their pursuits.

And not only is it difficult to exchange literature for any other pursuit, but it is difficult to exchange one department of literature for another—to gain laurels in any field not occupied by you from the first. For this difficulty the critics are to a great extent responsible. Some of them are said not to read the works upon which they pronounce opinions; but those opinions are at any rate guided, however unconsciously, by the previous impres-

sion of the peculiar qualities of the author. Let a journalist write a novel, for instance, and he is sure to be told, in more than one quarter, that his work is 'too newspaper-like in its tone,' or it is still more boldly declared to 'read like a collection of leading articles.' It may be that the author has never taken congenially to journalism, that his real forte lay in fiction. But he must take the consequences of not having discovered, or acted upon, the fact in the first instance. He is a Dog with a Name, and the critics will take care that he does not change it if they can prevent him. Again: let a poet strike out in some practical direction of ideas, the critics will surely be down upon him, and will insist on seeing in his solid reasoning nothing but pretty sentimentality. How sadly Violet Smiles used to complain of the critics for their treatment of him. Violet Smiles, as you of course know, holds a legal appointment not unconnected with the Bench; but his duties sit easily upon him, and he never took the trouble to distinguish himself in connection with them. He is principally known as a poet, and it is as a poet only that he can obtain recognition. Yet he patronises his poems—speaks of them as his 'little pastoral pipings,' his 'warblings,' and his 'frailties'—and regards them as the ebullition of the weaker side of his nature. And what do you think he considers the stronger side of his nature? Nothing, you may be sure, connected with the duties of his office. He is well paid for performing those, so treats them contemptuously as matters of course. His great subject is the currency. He has written pamphlet after pamphlet about the silver standard, the gold standard, the double standard, the relative values of the two metals as affected by the drain of the one or the other to or from the East, and all the intricacies of which the subject is capable. But he can never get a hearing upon the currency, and, if his own account of himself is to be accepted, the world knows nothing of one of its greatest men in the department where he is most calcu-

lated to shine. Dogs with Names, I need scarcely say, sometimes get the names that properly belong to them; and I am inclined to think that Violet Smiles is more of a poet than he is anything else.

There is a great deal of aspiration to be what they are not among literary men, as, indeed, among men of most pursuits. While referring to actors I should not have omitted to mention the Dog with a Name for farce, who has an idea that his vocation is for tragedy; who is condemned to be Box or Cox, or Slasher or Crasher, with the firm belief that he is born to play Hamlet. Mr. Byron gave us a happy illustration of such a character the other day in Mr. Fitz-Altamont, which he represented so admirably himself. There are many such men on the stage—mute inglorious eminent tragedians, who are certainly, in physical respects, cast in a facetious mould, and have been born—as most people would suppose—under a comic star. Some of them are, doubtless, Dogs with wrong Names; but we must not believe every man when he tells us that he can play Hamlet, notwithstanding the fact that the greatest actors have generally had a place like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy.

It is difficult for the Dog with a light literary Name to get a reputation among the heavier. Who does not know Julian Gay? He was the lightest of the light, not only in his writings but in his manners and conversation. Dull people set him down as abandoned to frivolity and flippancy—they would as soon expect anything earnest from him as anything sound. To do him justice, it must be said that he never played the fool either in social life or upon paper; but he played the harlequin very frequently. His mental agility was something wonderful; and nothing delighted him more than to approach a serious subject in the style of a dancing master, and transform it to its humorous or satirical aspect by a touch of his wand. Julian Gay, indeed, seemed born to the spangles, and skipped about profound questions in the spirit of an

acrobat. You might almost see the fillet confining his long hair; the flesh-coloured tights forced themselves upon your mind's eye; and the fancy was keenly alive to the little piece of carpet upon which he seemed to perform his literary evolutions. He was a Dog with a very decided Name for all that was volatile and insincere. He would tell his friends, when taking his rest from his favourite feats, that he was not quite what they thought him—that he was in reality a seeker in the fields of philosophy and science. 'But,' said he, 'I can't persuade the fellows to believe me to be a big-wig—though I am a big-wig for all that, as you know.' The fact was not quite apparent, perhaps, and it may be that the friends only laughed. But Julian Gay was really all this time pursuing very serious studies. It was found after an interval that both in science and philosophy he was a high authority; and he has since obtained thorough recognition for his services in either branch of inquiry, which he has popularized in this country as no man had done before. He is still light in his moods—and, indeed, he treated his favourite studies with an engaging familiarity strongly characteristic of his genial nature; but nobody denies now that he is a big-wig, and a far bigger wig than many rivals in the same path who thought themselves profound when they were only dull. Julian Gay is an example of a Dog with a wrong Name, who got rid of it.

There are Dogs in literature—as in other pursuits—who get names, not exactly of an inappropriate nature, but to a degree which may be far beyond their actual merits, or obtained upon insufficient grounds. A man may be writing industriously for years, and not succeed in obtaining for his works even the honour of publication. Through a chance hit—or a hit, at least, in which chance seems to have played the principal part—he is suddenly found to be a very clever fellow. One of his productions—probably by no means the best—finds an acquiescent editor, takes with the

public, and becomes a great success. He finds himself famous on a sudden; and then comes his opportunity. He is a Dog with a Name—with a good name—and then he may treat the public as he pleases. Out come his rejected manuscripts. One after another they are presented to his legion of readers. These kind credulous people fancy that the first work they happened to light upon was the first work he had composed. As its successors make their appearance they say, 'What wonderful power, what wonderful versatility!' The fact being that their author has only just found his chance. It may be that his works have been published and read for years past without the discovery of their merits. Charlotte Brontë's best work went begging for a publisher because its author was unknown. Thackeray wrote for years and years, and *was* known, and had written some of his best things, before the public came round him. Mr. Robertson had written many plays before 'Caste,' which was the first to see the light. Some of the best of its successors on the stage were among those which he could not previously get produced. These are examples of names obtained with difficulty, but surely deserved. There are other names with which popular delusion has principally to do; and it is wonderful what bad writing may be thought good when the public is once favourably inclined to the author. It is the same with publishers. An eminent member of a publishing firm said to an eminent author, years ago, 'That is an admirable article of yours in the magazine this month.'—'I am glad you like it,' was the reply.—'Oh, no, my dear sir,' rejoined the publisher; 'it is not *I* who like it, I only *hear* it to be admirable; when once I know that a gentleman can write I would not insult him by reading another line that he produces.' A delicate compliment to pay to a Dog with a Name—was it not?

There are Dogs with Names, apart from professional pursuits, which are gained under equally contrary conditions. I knew one who had a

name for being a fool. He happened to be one of the most sensible men of my acquaintance. But people had not found out the fact, and treated him as if he were an idiot. The consequence was that his cleverness in certain business transactions took people unawares, and gave him such an advantage over them that he made a fortune before they found out their mistake.

Another man I knew had the name of a liar. He did not get it for nothing, for he was one. He cultivated the reputation, I believe, and delighted in telling the truth occasionally, so as to put people out of their calculations. He tried to get rid of the name after a time, and adhered to scrupulous veracity. But it was too late; and the only consolation that remained was that of causing mystification.

It is curious how the reputation of riches or poverty will cling to a man in spite of all appearances. Old Christopher Spare was an example of a name for wealth. He was always known as *old* Christopher Spare—he was presumably young once upon a time, but not within the memory of the present generation. He was never known to make any money; but there was a great deal of it ready made in his family, and he was supposed to possess more than the other members. He had never said so. On the contrary, he always spoke of himself as a poor man, and the extent of his personal expenditure might well have warranted the supposition. But clever people of the world will always tell you that a man who is poor—supposing him to be a man of position—cannot afford to proclaim the fact, and especially to intrude it at every turn. So the more old Christopher complained of being poor, the more rich he was supposed to be by the clever people of the world. And there was at least this justification for their belief—that Christopher had never been known to ask anybody for anything, and had evidently enough for his own requirements. The profession and the practice combined might have been made a

mine of wealth to him. Were he really a poor man, people said, he would at one time or another be wanting money. The idea was contemptuously repudiated; and Christopher Spare's credit was so good in consequence that he might have drawn to any extent on his neighbours, and the requirement would have been set down only to his eccentricity. 'Old Christopher must be good for any amount,' said the clever people of the world, who would have been delighted to have the privilege of accommodating him. Some designing persons among his relations went so far indeed as to force favours—not in money, but in money's worth—upon his acceptance; and Christopher, had he so designed, might have made a little fortune by encouraging their generosity. 'He must leave his money to somebody,' they said; and all cherished the idea of being at any rate among the selected number. As he grew older, rather more saving than before, and more profuse in his professions of poverty, they became more assured than ever of his opulence. 'His money must be accumulating,' they considered, 'and one of these days we shall find out the fact.'

One of these days came at last—the day when old Christopher died. And then the fact was found to be—that he had sunk the little he had in an annuity for his own life, and left literally nothing behind him. Nobody got so much as a mourning-ring, with the exception of his housekeeper, to whom he left his modest household effects. There was consternation among the acute members of the family; but they could not complain of being deceived—they had simply deceived themselves. Old Christopher was a Dog with a Name, which they had chosen to bestow upon him, and it was not his fault if he had failed to deserve it.

Reputation for riches can seldom be obtained merely by pretension to their possession. The acute people are sure to find you out before long—their tendency no doubt leading them in this case to

a right conclusion. So Dogs who desire this Name must give substantial proof, or at least resort to ingenious artifices, of a more or less dishonest character, intended to deceive. By a judicious attention to appearances on the part of pretenders clever people of the world are continually taken in, but only to the extent of particular transactions. Miles Fathomby—whose true character as an adventurer was so unpleasantly exposed last year—had lured many men into his apparently sound speculations. His victims were gained by dint of a prosperous personal appearance, the profuse employment of a cheque-book for incidental purposes, and the maintenance of a domestic establishment which looked very flourishing until it had to be paid for. But a couple of years brought Miles Fathomby to the end of his tether—he ‘smashed,’ and caused a great many persons to smash with him. He was not in a settled position in life like Christopher Spare, so the profession of poverty would not have availed in his case—to say nothing of the self-denial involved, which was not exactly in his way. He had a name; but it was a name he gave himself, and he enjoyed it but for a brief period. He has now a name, but of a very different kind, and one by no means smelling so sweet as in the delusive days of his prosperity and profusion.

The Dog with a Name for energy and industry enjoys an enormous advantage over many possessors of those qualities, who somehow cannot get credit for them. His energy may be mere fussiness, his industry exist only in appearance. But it is wonderful how such a man is frequently trusted in the affairs of others. Quiet fellows, who do their work and say nothing about it, are held to be altogether inferior beings. It is pleasant, however, to know that, *en revanche*, there are not a few men going about who assume the appearance of thorough idleness and indifference, and are in reality hard and earnest workers. In independent positions this concealment of strength is frequently

found a great gain. Lord Palmerston was a man of this class. Those admitted to his sanctum—official or private, as the case might be—never found him in a hurry. He seemed as often as not merely dawdling, and would talk in the most careless manner upon common subjects. But he got through an amazing amount of work, and was always found fully and accurately informed upon the bearings of any subject that might arise. There are Palmerstons in private life. Who has not known Tom Carmine, for instance? A more gay and light-hearted fellow never stepped. He was one of the best-dressed men in London, and was seen wherever there was lounging, or feasting, or fashionable fooling of any kind, and the only work to which he seemed to condescend was in the cause of amusement. But there was a great deal in Tom Carmine, as his friends found out from time to time. He must have made immense use of the hours which his friends spent in recovering from the fatigues of pleasure. He was always producing a book, sometimes a novel or a poem, sometimes a political or philosophical treatise; and he originated several practical schemes in the way of what is called social science; and what is more, took care that they were properly carried out. When he travelled—often in the most easy-going society—he always returned with an idea, and gave the world the benefit of it without loss of time. He had a name for idleness once; but it could not attach to him for long; and Tom Carmine is an example among men who have stolen a march upon all the clever people who profess to give reputations. Such men as Tom may have their secrets of success; but we may assume that they have certain qualifications to begin with—that is to say, sound health, strong nerves, and an energetic cheerfulness that leaves them no time to dwell upon the sad side of life.

Did you ever know a Dog with a Name for being good-natured? If so, you have probably found him to be one of the most heartless and selfish men of your acquaintance.

There are good-natured people—let us be liberal and admit the fact—but they are seldom of the ultra-demonstrative class who gain the name. Occasionally they are surly, ill-conditioned brutes, as far as appearances go. Such people are not to be applauded. It is not pleasant to receive a caress which has too great a resemblance to a kick; and there is a well-known point at which dissemblers of their love should draw the line. But even these persons must have a preference over dissemblers on the other side, and get the reputation of being good-natured under false pretences. Some men, by the way, dislike to be thought better than they are, or at least profess to be so when they find they are becoming bored with praise. Douglas Jerrold used to wax very impatient of the people who were always flattering him for his philanthropy, and declared that he would kill a child to get rid of the reputation.

Experience—of which a few results have been here sketched—points to the conclusion that there are Dogs with Names who deserve them, and Dogs with Names who do *not* deserve them, besides a third class who partly do and partly do not, and so take up a middle position. Some men doubt the possibility of a reputation being obtained for personal characteristics—mental or moral—for which there is no foundation. They say there can be no smoke without fire. This is quite true as far as the physical fact is concerned, but is the physical fact necessarily applicable to the moral question? I suspect that there have been many Dogs with Names, good or bad, whose names have been given to them without the smallest foundation in desert. Appearances point to falsehood as often as to truth, and popular delusion is capable of anything.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

NAPOLEON AND PARIS.

AND has it come to this? I sorrowfully, wonderingly ask myself, often in the day, often in the night watches. 'Paris, which I know and love so well, the fair Athens of the West; shall the golden city cease, the daughters of music be brought low, that girdle of battlements, those crested fortresses, be unavailing to resist the Teutonic horde of invasion?' Already, while I write these lines, the beauty of Paris has vanished, its Emperor a discrowned prisoner, the Empress and her child fled, and the billows of adversity are rolling in fast and dark whose blackness no keen vision can fathom. I know Paris well; I can hardly count up how many times I have visited the city, explored all its alleys and streets, sat in its boulevards, wandered in its woods and gardens, found home, friends, associates within its bor-

ders. That glorious avenue of the exile Empress, stretching from the proudest of proud arches of triumph to the beautiful gates of the Bois, where I have a hundred times lingered watching the incessant roll of chariots to and from the glorious city; those gardens of delight with their islands and waters which seemed to evolve the very scenes of fairyland—already their beauty is gone, the gardens trampled down, the waters disturbed, and fairyland has become a huge victualling ground for the city in its state of siege. And that enthroned Cæsarism, in which the imperial Gallic spirit seemed to find its highest embodiment and expression—which seemed to permeate all provincial France, which so dazzled the minds of men that the glorious vision of Liberty seemed but a mere dream—is discarded by the city

which can forgive everything but failure, and in her fickleness and pride passes from change to change with passionate vehemence.

I say at once that I feel deeply sorry for the Emperor, albeit my hatred of Napoleonism is deliberate and deep. I know that for many years Napoleon has been our ally; but I have always felt that the alliance only lasted while it might be subservient to his own ends. I recal this moment a conversation which I once had with a highly-cultured and far-sighted Prussian one long summer evening on the bank of the Moselle. There was war in the Emperor's heart, he said, but he could not divine whether it was against England or against Prussia that war would be first declared. In any case our turn would assuredly come. He believed in his star, it was said, and his destiny would lead him to make war against England, even though the same destiny should finish him off with a cannonball in the streets of London or make him die in a London lodging-house. There is something infinitely presumptuous, something like the old Greek theory of fate in a man setting up his star or destiny as that which even controls the operations of Providence. At the same time we are not to believe all that we hear about the Napoleonic belief in destiny. I remember being told by an old peer of France, one of those who had tried him for his attempt on Boulogne, that there was no truth in the statement that he himself had asserted that it was his destiny to avenge Waterloo. It was characteristic of Napoleon that he never showed the least kindness to my old friend and others who had taken the mildest view of his case, but that he had given great honours to the two men who had voted for his execution. Let me, however, say that I have known many people who knew the Emperor more or less during his stay in England, and not from one have I ever heard any story of meanness, or cruelty, or ingratitude. On the contrary, there is hardly one but has his trait of amiability and kindly remembrance to relate. Towards English people

he seemed ever to show a peculiar graciousness, as many known and unknown anecdotes would abundantly prove. Many people liked the man, many were fascinated by him, but hardly any who carefully studied the man and his system could fail to join in its condemnation. We need not believe all the furious pages of Mr. Kinglake, but his famous assertion is true that the Emperor 'carried strategy into politics.' This public immorality is believed to have been accompanied by a throng of private vices. Personal rule reached its acmé and its retribution when, with the insolence of the professional duellist, he caused torrents of blood to be shed in an unrighteous war. The same personal rule crushed the spirit of liberty and would not tolerate the expansion of those constitutional liberties which might have saved the empire and the dynasty. The same personal rule introduced the degradation of the Lower Empire, fostered favouritism and corruption, and destroyed the integrity of the army and the state. It was impossible to argue with the master of three hundred legions. The army stood between the empire and all the thought, culture, and better aspirations of France. Now, in the unsearchable judgment of heaven, that army is annihilated; and History working, as she is wont, in her cycles and parallels, brings round again the era of an invasion and a Committee of Safety.

What a stormy, chequered career has that been, lustrous with exceeding light, dark with exceeding darkness! There is no prince of ancient or modern times that might more truly be called the tennis-ball of fortune. Even the first Napoleon had not that infinite variety of change and adventure that belongs to the nephew. His history almost seems to resemble a series of dissolving views. We see him in tranquil days with his mother on the shores of the Lake of Constance. Then he is early immersed in Italian adventure, intrigue, and war. Then comes the mad attempt on Strasburg, in obedience to that inward whisper which, he declared, dragged

him on. The scene changes, and he is tossing about under the Equator, relegated as an exile to America. Then once more comes the episode of Boulogne and the tame eagle—that satiric tame eagle which seems to typify the touch of bathos that has always clung to his career—and the long captivity at Ham, those silent, anxious years in which he matured his thoughts of war and policy, rounded the cycle of the Napoleonic ideas, and arrived at that dark, inscrutable character which ever seemed to retain a tinge of the fortress gloom. Then we see him in every variety of English life, on the one side literary, thoughtful, scientific, writing to Faraday, chatting with Landor, haunting the London Library; then again hunting with English squires, visiting in English houses, and once more associated with all the dissipations and frivolities of London life. We see him as deputy, as president, as emperor, but the glory of those days is tarnished with the black memory of the *coup d'état*. The 'Man of December' will prove to him a title more lasting than any other—remain when all other titles are gone. For a time he seemed the arbiter of Europe; the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof seemed his. There are pleasant beneficent gleams in that career; glorious wars, triumphs no less glorious of peace; a navy constructed, commerce extended, new towns created and old ones enlarged; nor was severe literary study wanting, as evidenced by the 'Life of Cæsar.' So long as he kept to his programme that the Empire was Peace it was well with him; so long as war was dignified by something of an Idea, it was not ill with him; but when war recalled the most unrighteous of his uncle's deeds—wanton, purposeless, murderous war—his good genius, his better angels forsook him. Was there no warning dream, no fancied sound of shriek or wailing, no vision or phantom on the night of that morning at the Tuileries when he resolved that Prussia must give further guarantees of the renunciation of the Hohenzollern? If the dead could revisit the scenes

of earth, would not some of the torture which the first Emperor inflicted return to him, when he saw his line, which had had such a marvellous resurrection, again hewed down to the roots? Then we see him brushing away his tears with his glove when he meets the Crown Prince as a captive, and hurries away from Sedan to his castle prison, none so poor as to do him reverence.

And Paris disowns and deposes him; petted, spoilt, beautiful, imperial Paris, whose river he had quayed with marble, which he had adorned with gardens and fountains, with new palaces, new boulevards, covered, even as Pericles did Athens, with a mantle of imperial splendour. But what shall be our thoughts of Lutetia and her children, Lutetia Obsessa now? Is the deposed Emperor alone, and is Paris no partner of his guilt and shame? Were they not accomplices, each to each? Was he not a ruler fit for such a nation, and was not the nation fit for such a rule? Did he not bend to her pride and love of glory, and did she not almost make his subservience a condition, if she would gratify his dynastic dreams? Has he not received in part his retribution, and is not that retribution come horribly anear her now, the bitter cup tasted by Napoleon and passed on to Paris, even if the new hopes of peace come to fruition? Alas for the beautiful city! Alas for the genius and the art, the glory, valour, wit, eloquence, and loveliness! Her enemies are upon her—those who are burning with the recollection of present wrongs and the six years' iron despotism of the first Napoleon; those who have shown by the treatment of their own Frankfurt, four years ago, and of Strasburg, almost their own now, how well they understand the fierce science of the requisition and the bombardment! The King of Prussia, unlike most conquerors, at least acknowledges and owns a God. Happy will it be for him and his own kingdom as well as France if he tempers judgment with generosity and mercy. Happy for Paris if—having sounded all the depths of glory, all the

depths of woe—she attain at last to that supreme conquest, the conquest over herself, which will give her back whatever has been best in by-gone supremacy! Happy for Napoleon if, in the wild sad sunset of his life, he shall learn the last lesson of abdicated and deposed monarchy, and find that there is still room for pardon and repentance left!

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.*

We shall venture to couple these two important works together, although they are separated from each other by the space of a generation, and Lord Malmesbury's work, while it includes much diplomatic correspondence, has also a wider scope. The Conservative ex-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has already done good service by the publication of the political correspondence of the first earl, a publication which will naturally insure a favourable reception for the present work. The founder of his family was James Harris, the scholar and the metaphysician, whose writings are still studied at the University of Oxford. The idea obtained from his writings is that he dwelt in a region of abstractions and was not devoid of pedantry. But such an idea would be a mistaken one. He was fond of music and art, of society and politics, and appears to have been one of the most admirable characters of his age. His son, the first earl, obtained his peerage through his great diplomatic services. He has the credit of having been the first to call attention to the great political talents of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Canning. The second lord had good abilities, and held office under Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland. But he did not much care for fame or political position. We find him telling his father that he meant to

resign office and occupy himself with literature and the pursuits of a country life. Whereupon the old lord addressed him a letter of solemn objurcation. He was naturally amazed at the idea of that renunciation of office and parliament which had made the fortune of their house. Lord Fitzharris yielded for a time, but in a year or two he gave himself up to a retired life at Heron Court, devoting himself to field sports, study, and the education of his children. He died in 1841. We have no doubt but his son, the present earl, is as valuable a correspondent as any whose letters we see in this work. We have always thought that full justice has not been done to his administration at the Foreign Office in the critical time of 1852. He is now probably enjoying a long lease of leisure from politics, and we trust we shall find some further results on the neutral ground of literature. We observe that Mr. Dallas, in his 'Letters,' pays a high and deserved compliment to the character of Lord Malmesbury.

The volume commences with some pictures of the old cathedral town of Salisbury in days when such cities were centres of provincial life. We are taken back to the revolt of the Highlanders in 1745. There are many descriptions really brilliant of court life, but we shall endeavour, on the present occasion, to limit ourselves to the political and diplomatic departments of the work. It is curious to see in 1782 how the House of Commons was occupied for several nights on the question whether the army should consist of 12,000 or 15,000 men. We are constantly reminded how little the nature of society shifts; the same expensive Opera, the same scandal-mongering, the same difficulties at court presentation. Mrs. Harris keeps her son extremely well informed on all fashionable events, we should almost have thought with greater freedom of speech than became a wise mother. There is a Dr. Deans who writes the elderly Mr. Harris a great many sensible letters from Paris describing the festivals at Versailles: 'I am

* 'A Series of Letters on the First Earl of Malmesbury, his Family and Friends. From 1745 to 1820.' Edited by his grandson, the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury. Two vols. Bentley.

'Letters from London, written from the year 1856 to 1860.' By G. M. Dallas, then Minister of the United States at the British Court. Edited by his daughter Julia. Two vols. Bentley.

glad that I have assisted at these entertainments: it will be a subject of reflection for the rest of my life . . . having seen the French court in its utmost splendour.' It was destined, however, that the French court should supply him with very different subjects of reflection. It is curious to read such notices as these: 'In spite of age and infirmities Voltaire still preserves his brilliancy of wit and elegance of expression.' 'Gibbon carries me to Twickenham.' 'The Queen [Marie Antoinette] gives life to all public amusements, and is very familiar with those who are in favour. She has a remarkably fine hand and arm, and admires that perfection in any other person. We have a Russian lady here who excels in that particular, and was accidentally placed in a box at the Opera opposite to her Majesty. The Russians decorate themselves very much with diamonds, and it was observed in the house that this lady, with her fine hands and finer bracelets, attracted the queen's attention. Presently a gentleman, very richly dressed, came into her box, with the queen's compliments, who praised her arm very much, and begged to have the pleasure of seeing her bracelets. The lady thought herself much honoured with the queen's notice, and readily sent them. The joke was carried on so well that the sharper got clear off with the diamonds and has not since been heard of.' Again we hear of the dismay that spread through the country in 1779 when the allied French and Spanish fleets swept the Channel, and fears of invasion were entertained. A part of the beautiful wood of Mount Edgecumbe was cut down to make fascine batteries. 'The Russians declare [1768] that in less than a month they will be masters of Constantinople.'

Mrs. Harris is, however, by far the cleverest and most amusing letter-writer of the first volume, although the gossip of a reverend gentleman, Mr. William Harris, and also of the Countess of Shaftesbury, about the finery of drawing-rooms, will not be despised by those who

care about such things. She makes herself merry with a new Duchess of Norfolk, a country girl; 'She has dined at the French ambassador's, speaks no French, nor could she eat or drink anything at his table, being always accustomed to plain roast or boiled meats, beer and cider.' 'The coughs have made a second visit to all in this house. This season has been a fine harvest for the doctors, as everybody has been ill and nobody dies. I hear several have died in Scotland, but the physicians there said it was only the old men, who ought to have died last year, but the winter was then so mild that they did not go off.' The leading letter-writers of the second volume are the brothers Bowles, of whom the principal writer, General Bowles, still survives. The other brother died Admiral of the Fleet. This volume has also some interesting letters from Lord Palmerston; there are also letters from Pitt and Canning. Lord Fitzharris, the son of the great diplomatist, upholds the seizure of the Danish fleet as 'that masterpiece of bold, and as circumstances developed themselves, of perfectly justifiable policy.' Here is a notice of the French invasion of Prussia: 'Nothing can be more melancholy than all the accounts from Prussia. The wanton cruelties and vexations which are daily inflicted upon the whole country surpass belief, and I believe the king's sufferings are very far from being at an end.' The account of the French camp taken at Talavera reminds us of some tents captured the other day, 'rendered in every respect as comfortable as possible; the windows of most of the officers' huts were glazed, and, on the whole, it was by many degrees the best camp I ever saw. A French captain of hussars who had been left on picket and fallen asleep was surprised in that state by our advanced guard, and appeared rather astonished, on opening his eyes, to find himself with a British picket instead of his own.' We find that so far from Lord Palmerston being avaricious of office, as was commonly supposed, he declined in 1809 the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer on the

ground of inexperience and incompetence in public speaking. He did not consider that he was at all likely to make a figure in parliament. Even when he became War Minister he said, 'The business of the department will, I take it, be quite sufficient to occupy one's time without attending cabinet councils.' This is characteristic of Lord Palmerston's *persiflage*: 'The Persian ambassador was highly pleased with his reception the other day, and, on passing a long stand of hackney coaches soon after leaving his house, he was told they were equipages drawn up ready to follow in his train, at which he expressed himself much flattered.'

The most interesting correspondent of the second volume is General Bowles, whose informal letters are well worthy of collation with the formal military history of the immortal Napier. Like Napier he has some sharp strictures on 'the Duke,' but he would probably re-echo Napier's laconic reason for dedicating to him the 'History of the Peninsula War,' because he 'knew why the soldiers of the tenth legion followed Cæsar.' His letters abound with the details which the grave muse of history omits, but which nevertheless enable us to realize things historically. We will bring together some life-like touches of campaign life: 'Considering that this is a ruined country, we contrive to manage *pretty well* in the *eating way*. Soup, fish, a joint of mutton, and beef, hashes, tarts, custards, &c., is the sort of dinner to which one generally sits down. The art of housekeeping is wonderfully improved during the last two years, and if I wanted to make a good housewife, I should certainly send her to make a campaign in this country.' He was not so fortunate in his quarters, which consisted of 'a stable, out of which I turned the donkey belonging to the inhabitants of the house.' He says of Abrantes: 'One of the Spanish women belonging to Don Julian's corps was very remarkable both for her beauty and her dress, which was a sort of uniform with epaulettes, and a sabre and sash, the latter thrown over

one shoulder. She was attended by two orderlies, and examined *everything* with great attention.' Passing on from Abrantes, he passed the time very pleasantly, 'as there was tolerably good shooting, hares, partridges, and abundance of quails and sometimes wolves.' He gives a vivid account of the Duke's battles, including Salamanca, which Napier considers was far away the Duke's best battle in point of military science. Then followed the triumphant march on Madrid and the occupation of the royal palace. 'It is, I believe, by far the most superb, both inside and out, in Europe, and Lord Wellington, who has seen almost every palace in Europe and Asia, declared himself lost in admiration of it.' There has seldom been a vaster booty than that taken at Vittoria, including a million of money, half of which fell to the soldiers. The Hussars were tossing up gold for the infantry to scramble after. 'The Portuguese boys and our butchers, &c., were for some days going about in French generals' full-dress uniforms, &c. . . . Nearly the whole of the *female* establishment of the French army was captured.'

Subsequently Bowles's narrative shifts to the Waterloo campaign. General Bowles has subjoined an original memorandum respecting the Duchess of Richmond's ball and Wellington's surprise. This, and the letter describing Waterloo, are true historical documents of the highest moment. The Duke owned that he never knew what fighting was before. General Bowles gives a note to the effect that the Duke three times told Sir John Byng to hold Hougomont to the last man. Here is what Lord Palmerston says on the matter: 'I trust the Allies will not be duped by this second rehearsal of the farce of abdication, but will move on straight to Paris and put Le Désiré to bed in the Tuileries, and hang Buonaparte on one of his own triumphal arches. I should be very glad to see the military part of George Bowles's letter, whenever it has finished its family circulation. Wellington said, "The troops behaved most wonder-

fully," and added, "but good God! only think of the Guards!"

We now turn to the letters written by the late Mr. Dallas when he was the American minister at the Court of St. James. They are not despatches; for the publication of despatches would be unauthorized, and what is worse, such a publication would be dull, but they are familiar letters pervaded by a very strong flavour of the diplomatic despatch. Our American cousins do not possess the gift of reticence, and we have often observed that Americans are privileged to know more things about England than the English do. We cannot say that Mr. Dallas impresses us as belonging to a very high order of diplomatic genius, or even as being a very sagacious and wide-minded man. He is always straining after visionary objects on the horizon, and his own mental eyesight is disturbed by prejudice. In 1856 he declares that 'experience has not taught us to rely upon the plausible professions of British statesmen,' and he requests that the commander of the American squadron in the Mediterranean may be prepared for any emergency. Though dazzled by the splendour of Queen Victoria's Court, he considers that it is 'fast being undermined by our republican principles, and before any one of your children reaches fifty it will have vanished, like the hues of a rainbow, for ever. Let them see it before it fades away.' We like Mr. Dallas better in his social than in his political relations. According to our usual mode, we select some extracts from this correspondence:

Lord Lytton.—'The week before this last was spent at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire. A more interesting piece of antiquity I have not come across: spacious halls, picture galleries, ancient armour, old oak staircases, and grotesque monsters innumerable. It is seated within, and domineers over some thousand acres of park, woodland, garden, and farm. No wonder this man writes so exquisitely, on the margin of his own lake, and in a retired cottage, and with all the appliances of comfort, silence, and sweet air about him. I found

him the very soul of hospitality; a republican in his philosophy, a polished gentleman, and yet made by domestic trials peculiar, if not somewhat eccentric. He is laboriously intent on high political fame and position, which he cannot fail to reach.'

A breakfast at Lady Morgan's.—'Close on my right was Macaulay, the fullest and fastest man in conversation I ever met: his only defect an uncontrollable effort, arising from excessive self-esteem, to monopolize the talk. On the left of Lady Morgan were Lord Carlisle, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Morpeth). Then came Hallam (Middle Ages), a most interesting person in appearance and manners, suffering to such an extent from disease as to be unable to walk without help, and perhaps evincing a partial loss of mental energy. There, too, was that most excellent historian of Greece, Grote, whom I like and respect the more every time I see him. Near him, and opposite the hostess, twinkled away the pink eyes of Albino Lowe, the only highly-gifted individual of that species perhaps in being; and we rounded off with Charles Villiers, a true, talented, and uncompromising Liberal, albeit the brother of Clarendon; Monckton Milnes, a poet, politician, parliamentary speaker, and ready converser; and though last, far from least, Lady Combermere.

Sir Roderick Murchison.—'Sir Roderick Murchison now and then walks me through his rich collection of fragments of ores, spars, rocks, &c., and I take it for granted that they are all very curious, very valuable, and very instructive, but, "chacun à son goût," and mine never ran in that direction.'

Mr. Bright.—'Mr. Cobden brought Mr. Bright to see me about a week ago. The latter looks the type of florid health; but I doubt its entirety and permanency. He several times in the course of an hour's talk (for visits here are very prolonged), put his hand to his head, as if to aid the process of thought; once, perceiving that I remarked the gesture, he said that he still felt

a remnant of his complaint in being unable to push vigorously to concentration the course of his ideas; that he was apprehensive he would find it hard, if not impossible, to take his old position in parliamentary debate; that in other respects his restoration was perfect.'

Lord Palmerston.—'I was conquering the conqueror of Derby at billiards, and by outshooting him marvellously during a five hours' tramp after partridges: he in the finished jaunty style of costume of a thoroughbred English sportsman; I under my heavy beaver, in common frock-coat and light thin boots. It was glorious to see how this veteran managed to keep up his animation and brisk step to the very last, dressing and coming to dinner too in an hour afterwards, as if he had been upon a satin sofa all day.'

Napoleon III.—'The Duke of Malakoff is still here, and possibly may linger for several days; but he has left what I take to be his farewell words. He has often said that the Emperor was no general, and never could be one.'

The Queen's Autograph.—'I would personally prefer entering upon a complicated question of peace or war, to manœuvring for the mere autograph of her Majesty. The request, no matter how meritorious its purpose, involves considerations of extreme delicacy. Its gratification would set a precedent of which millions would be eager to avail themselves.'

Napoleon III. again.—'Louis Napoleon has certainly the art of concentrating upon himself the universal gaze. No one else in Europe is just now visible, and everybody intently watches each successive movement. He is another Blondin, whose figure is strongly delineated in the sky, advancing steadily upon a tight-rope over a boiling and unfathomable abyss.... Is it purely the attitudinising of a skilful acrobat—a profound Napoleonic policy—the ultimately fatal thrust of the French rapier into the British cuirass?'

Mr. Gladstone.—'On Monday last his throat refused its mellifluous

force to the eulogy of the Budget. He dared not venture with a croaking voice on a permanent income-tax of ninepence, a one-sided tariff-treaty with France, and an appropriation of thirteen millions sterling for the navy alone! It is announced as possible that he may undertake the task this evening. In the mean time discontent has so accumulated as to be dangerous, if not altogether impracticable.

'The delay has given opportunity to coalition; thence a substantial condemnation of Cobden's arrangement, thence a change in the government, thence coldness or quarrel with France, and thence, finally, a general war. Extravagant as this may seem, I do assure you that the dismal foreboding is seen, felt, and expressed by every kind of politician at the now numerous soirées; and all the series of disasters unanimously attributed to the sore larynx of Mr. Gladstone.'

THE CATACOMBS.*

It is now some three hundred years ago that some Italian labourers, working in a vineyard just outside Rome, came unexpectedly on a subterranean chamber. It was a cemetery adorned with inscriptions, paintings, and sculptured sarcophagi. Multitudes of people crowded to see the sight. Rome discovered that she had other cities unknown to herself buried beneath her own suburbs. The term 'catacombs' is a very arbitrary one. There was a particular cemetery, easily accessible, known from very early days as 'Ad Catacambos,' a barbarous corruption of a Greek term, and this became a generic name for all the cemeteries subsequently discovered. The true Columbus of this subterranean world

* 'Roma Sotteranea; or, Some Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially at the Cemetery of San Callisto.' By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans. 1870.

'The Testimony of the Catacombs, and of other Monuments of Christian Art.' By Rev. Wharton B. Marriott, B.D., late Fellow of Exeter, and Assistant Master of Eton. Hatchards. 1870.

was Antonio Bosio. He devoted himself with the utmost enthusiasm to the investigation of the catacombs. Whenever he saw any reason to conjecture that there might be a cemetery in the neighbourhood of some public road, he would explore all the vineyards in the neighbourhood to see if he could discover any entrance below the soil. He often ran a real peril of his life while exploring the galleries of these subterranean labyrinths. On one occasion he penetrated so far that he could not rediscover his path, and his light failed him. 'I began to fear,' said Bosio, naïvely, 'that I should defile by my vile corpse the sepulchres of the martyrs.' Bosio's great work was received with the greatest enthusiasm by literary and archaeological men. Our English Evelyn was twice led to visit the catacombs. 'They led us down into a grotto, which they affirmed to be at divers furlongs under ground. The sides or walls which we passed were filled with bones and dead bodies, laid as it were on shelves, whereof some were shut up with broad stones, and now and then a cross or a palm cut in them. At the end of some of these subterranean passages were square rooms with altars in them, said to have been the receptacles of primitive Christians in the times of persecution, nor seems it improbable. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the primitive Christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the Younger describes them. Thus, after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean mæander, we returned almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches.' In the present age a worthy successor has been found to Bosio in De Rossi. He has done more than has been achieved during the whole of the last two centuries. He has been the most active member of that Commission of Sacred Archaeology which has done so much for the investigation of the catacombs. He has trod in Bosio's steps with signal success, and with enlarged plans of his own. De Rossi has published two volumes on the cata-

combs, entitled '*Roma Sotterranea*,' besides his contributions to the *Roman Journal of Sacred Archaeology*. His work is a perfect mine of the erudition of the subject, and on it all writers on the catacombs simply subsist.

It was hardly to be expected that De Rossi's sumptuous work could be reproduced in England at the same size and cost. But Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow have embodied in their beautiful book De Rossi's main results, barring the inscriptions on the gravestones in the catacombs, where De Rossi's labours are not yet complete. They bring clearly before their readers De Rossi's wonderful discoveries, which are based not on books but on a systematic examination of the catacombs themselves, which are made to yield their own story. The chief discoveries were made in the cemetery of San Callisto on the Appian Way, which stands to all other cemeteries in the same relation in which St. Peter's stands to all other churches. It is here that the bodies of Peter and Paul are supposed to have lain for many years. It would be beyond our limits to give even an outline of the immense amount of illustration thrown by these remains on ecclesiastical history and Christian art. The subject of symbolism alone would be exceedingly interesting, as in the anchor, the sheep, the dove, and, above all, the Fish, the period of whose use is measured by the ages of persecution. The fish, from the Greek letters which make up the word—letters which are the initials of sacred titles—was the recognised conventional symbol of the Saviour. We accordingly find a multitude of little fishes, in crystal, ivory, mother of pearl, and precious stones, often used in conjunction with a dove, or anchor, or bread, or ship, personifying the church. The biblical, allegorical, and liturgical paintings are described in an extremely interesting way. Most of the great museums of Europe contain objects of interest found in the catacombs—rings, coins, lamps, scourges, and gilded glass. Most of the glasses were

drinking-cups. 'Their peculiarity consists in a design having been executed in gold leaf on the flat bottom of the cup, in such a manner as that the figures and letters should be seen from the inside, like the designs on the glass bottoms of the ale tankards so popular at Oxford and Cambridge.' It seems probable that the art of manufacturing this glass was only known at Rome, and it has even been conjectured, since the subjects were most frequently Christian, that the art was confined to the Roman Christians: their examination yields many interesting results. Similarly the Christian sarcophagi, as opposed to the heathen sarcophagi, show us the tardy development of Christian sculpture. The book has a set of gorgeous plates at the end, and there is a profuse wealth of illustration scattered over the pages.

But these long streets of tombs teach much beyond their lessons in history and art. It will readily be understood that they have a direct reference to contraverted theological opinions. Mr. Marriott, who is so well known at Eton and throughout the diocese of Oxford, has just published some severe strictures on the English interpreters of De Rossi. We are afraid that we cannot profoundly regret the occasion which has elicited another able and beautifully-embellished work on the catacombs. Mr. Marriott charges against Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow that they have departed from the exact impartiality of De Rossi, who states all facts fully and fairly, and have given a Romanised interpretation of them. On the theological aspect of the controversy we have not a word to say; but on the literary and historical side of the matter there are a few words to be said. The zeal of De Rossi's interpreters, transcending his own, seems to have led them rather astray from the safe path of historical accuracy. It is not correct to speak of Bishop Lucius reigning at Rome in the year 252. They believe that the jurisdiction over other churches implied by the Roman pallium was

held up in funeral inscriptions as the consolation of mourners. They claim that the figures of the Madonna are very numerous, whereas those figures are simply the common 'oranti' men, or more frequently women. It is certainly unhistoric to attribute to the earliest ages ideas which were the growth of a later age.

It is more interesting to turn to the constructive rather than the controversial aspect of this literature of the catacombs. This literature would embrace, besides the names before our readers, the names of Mr. Hemans, Mr. Burgon, and others. There are many ancient monuments of Christian art besides those in the catacombs which ought to be collated with them. One of the most famous of these is the remarkable Autun inscription of which Mr. Marriott gives a full criticism and account. It was discovered some thirty years ago in the immediate vicinity of the town of Autun, and according to the authorities of the British Museum belongs to the fourth or the fifth century. It is written in Greek, and Mr. Wharton Marriott explains this by the fact that in the first ages of our era Autun was a kind of Latin Eton, where the study of the Greek language and literature was brought to high perfection. The most remarkable characteristic of the inscription is the use of the symbolism of the fish. Mr. Marriott concludes his set of the readings and revisions with one which Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Lincoln, has recently sent to him. We do not enter into any discussion of the doctrinal teaching sought to be educed from the language used. The two books, however contrasted in their points of view, will doubtless be placed side by side on the library shelf, and ought to be carefully studied for their instructive contents. History is often a somewhat dry and repellent study, but it cannot be undertaken under more favourable conditions than in connection with Christian art and with the story of Christian heroism.

A TALE OF FIVE YEARS.

FIVE years ago we plighted troth
 And parted—though at parting loth.
 They said we were too young to wed—
 Besides, I was too poor, they said.

Five years ago ! My heart was strong,
 The parting did not seem so long ;
 With youthful hope and courage high
 I did not fear my destiny.

Five years ago I left my home
 And journeyed o'er the salt sea-foam ;
 Five years I struggled, might and main,
 Wealth for my promised bride to gain.

Five years of hard and bitter toil,
 Of exile from my native soil,—
 With wasted youth, and strength, and health,
 I dearly bought the longed-for wealth.

Five years I spent in ceaseless strife
 That I might claim her for my wife ;
 Five years I laboured for my fee,
 And then returned from o'er the sea.

Five years of toil and trouble past,
 I came to claim my wife at last ;
 I found her by her mother's side,
 Attired to be another's bride.

Five years ! In five short years how strange
 That woman's love should learn to change.
 I would that they had laid me low
 Within my grave five years ago !



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THE EMPRESS IN ENGLAND.

SEVENTY-NINE years ago a succession of unfortunate accidents in the arrangements of a flight that has now become historical and famous—the flight to Varennes—doomed to captivity and the scaffold a virtuous and illustrious French monarch. Within the last six weeks a succession of accidents as fortunate as those which beset the movements of the ill-starred Louis XVI. were the reverse has enabled Eugenie, Empress of the French, to escape in safety to our shores. That little monosyllable ‘if,’ what a part has it played or not played in the annals of the world! *If* Darius had never received a certain curtain lecture from his wife there would never have been a Persian invasion of Greece; *if* the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the fate of Europe would have been changed; *if* only when King Louis was flying from his capital and his throne there had been no hitch in the execution of his plans, he would never have been arrested at Varennes, Marie Antoinette would never have been the tragic figure in history that she is, and a war which as it was, necessitated a new map of Europe, would never have spread the ruin, desolation, and havoc that it did. For that celebrated flight everything that human prudence could foresee had been foreseen. The royal family of France entered upon it with confident prognostications of safety. The little Dauphin, disguised in girl’s clothes, was exultant and gay, as befitted a French boy. He said they were going to play a comedy, as they were disguised in strange dresses. M. le Comte de Ferron had charge

of driving the royal carriage—a gallant Swedish nobleman, who, four years back, had been inspired with an ardent but respectful and distant admiration, as Lamartine informs us, for Marie Antoinette. These sentiments had been increased in their intensity by absence. The queen, with true womanly instinct, at this supreme moment of peril, fixed upon him as the person who was, above all others, the man capable to take charge of their flight from Paris; and the charge, says the historian of the Girondists, was at once and honourably accepted. At first everything went well. They passed the barrier without being discovered and reached Bondy in safety. At Montmirail, between Meaux and Châlons, an inauspicious accident happened to the royal carriage, which involved, for purposes of repair, an hour’s stoppage. Still no obstruction was offered; and the queen, on entering Châlons, exclaimed, ‘We are saved!’ and fainted with joy. But the fate of the flight was sealed at St. Menehould. Drouet, the postmaster, a stern Republican, recognised the illustrious fugitives, and immediately upon the recognition made up his mind to the course he would pursue. Yet even now all was not necessarily lost. That ignominious ‘if!’ *If* M. de Bouillé, the zealous adherent of the king, had but communicated to Louis that the horses would be posted behind the tower, instead of in front of it; *if* a delay of several hours had not thus been caused, matters might yet have been well. Then came the treachery of Sausse, mayor of Varennes. Yet there was even now, strange as it

may seem, a chance. The French monarch was, it is true, hemmed round by the National Guard. Timely intelligence of the fact was conveyed to M. de Bouillé, and he immediately ordered the regiment of the Royal Allemand to sound to horse and liberate the illustrious captive. Again a delay. M. de Bouillé sent his son five times to accelerate their movements; but an hour elapsed before they started. Twenty-six miles of a hilly road had to be ridden, and the relieving force did not reach Varennes till half-past nine. Too late. An hour before—less than the time spent in that fatal delay under the walls of Staray—the royal family had been arrested, and, under a strong guard, were now *en route* to the capital. A day of triumph for the republic, but one which was destined to become known in after years as that of sublime disaster for France. Twenty-four years, to the very day, after the arrest of the legitimate monarch of France at Varennes, Napoleon, the adored chief of the republic, signed his abdication at Paris.

The escape of the Empress Eugenie to England is not less romantic than the flight of the royal family to Varennes. Every one who can feel sympathy or admiration for the spectacle of undaunted feminine courage will be rejoiced that the sequel has not been as tragic. Various estimates will doubtless be formed as to the personal character of the French empress and her influence upon the nation over which she presided. But there can be but one verdict which history will pronounce as to the nobility of her demeanour in those terrible later days of the Second Empire. If, in the swiftness of the reverses which have fallen upon her, there is not a little that may remind us of the tragic destiny of Marie Antoinette, the unflinching front which she turned to the tide of calamity that rolled over the country of her adoption may well cause the splendid image of Maria Theresa to flash across our mind. Royal personages—perhaps in a special degree royal ladies—are more than any others the creatures of accident. Only imagine had,

the result of the opening battles in the present war been different, the proud position which Eugenie, Empress of the French, would have occupied! Her daily drive in the Bois or along the Boulevards ever partook of the character of a fashionable ovation. *Then*, it would have been a perfect jubilee of triumph. But the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The terrible Prussians, wave after wave, rolled on as if impelled by the hand of irresistible fate. The empress issued an address to the inhabitants of Paris which may take its place in history side by side with the famous, but fictitious, Tilbury speech of our lion-hearted queen. Then came the retirement of the Ollivier ministry, and accumulated arrears of labour and anxiety were thrust upon Eugenie. She denied herself rest; she took her constant place in the daily councils of her ministers. At first she had hoped to save her husband's dynasty. When that was hopeless she devoted all her powers and all her prayers to her country. 'Think nothing of the Empire,' said this gallant lady; 'think only of France.' The storm had commenced with the 'baptism of fire;' it had terminated with the catastrophe of captivity and defeat. Yet with her husband a prisoner and her son a fugitive, with no one to prop her house or to stay her fortunes, the empress still remained at her post—'a queen of men with helmeted hair.' Her ministers exhorted her to fly; they were about to fly themselves. Still she stayed. At last came the fatal 6th of September, and with it the revolution. The situation was simply desperate. The politicians whom she had trusted, and the statesmen whose counsels she had inspired, refused to lift a hand to stay the fury of the revolutionary and seditious mob, who, true to the traditions of imperial Rome, diligently re-enacted the episode of Sejanus, as we are familiar with it in the pages of the master of Roman history. The Tuileries were uninhabitable: her very servants refused to obey her. On the night of the 8th of September what will be known in the annals of the future as the flight to Deauville

commenced. Under cover of the friendly darkness, encircled with a peasant's cloak, and seated at the bottom of a rough rustic cart, the Empress of the French escaped from Paris. Deauville is close to Havre—one of the small watering-places founded in that neighbourhood by M. de Morny. But the illustrious fugitive was at fault. She had already marked her course for England, and, like the deer at bay, had betaken herself to the waters. Regular method of transit there was none. By a lucky accident the yacht of an English gentleman, Sir John Burgoyne, happened to be lying at anchor off Deauville. To him the empress applied in her trouble for a convoy across the Channel, and Sir John enjoyed the distinguished honour of having conducted the empress to England. With the story of the visit of the imperial party to Ryde, and of their progress that day to Hastings, all persons who read the newspapers are familiar. Mother and son, after strange and sudden vicissitudes, were reunited at this pleasant southern watering-place; mother and son are now together at one of the loveliest spots of one of the most lovely and essentially English, in the main features of its beauty, of all our English counties—Camden Place, Chislehurst.

There is scarcely less to be said about Camden Place and its surroundings than about the imperial lady who now occupies it. The whole neighbourhood of Chislehurst is in a manner haunted ground; you cannot, knowing anything of its history, wander through its woods, or tread its sward, of velvety softness, without meeting in imagination groups of the gorgeous dames and gallant cavaliers who once lent it animation and gaiety. It was a favourite pleasure-ground in the days of Elizabeth, and its beauties were sung by poet and enjoyed by holiday-maker when Henry VIII. reigned. Chislehurst—in Saxon, Ciselhyrst, a name expressive of its situation among the woods—was once upon a time the marriage-portion of the 'Fair Maid of Kent,' Joane, daughter of King Edward II.,

and afterwards wife of the Black Prince. Later it passed into the hands of the great Earl of Warwick, the last of those mighty barons who overawed the throne—'the king-maker.' Within the precincts of Chislehurst lived the great Elizabethan statesman, Sir Nicholas Walsingham, at Scadbury Manor. Close to Camden Place is the historical house of Frognall; and if the power of utterance could but be imparted to the walls of Camden Place, or the trees that grow around it were but gifted with the elocutionary powers attributed by the Laureate to his talking oak, many would be the revelations with which we might be favoured personal to the great men who are dead and gone. The house which the empress now occupies was a kind of rendezvous for some of the most distinguished characters in literature and law of the Elizabethan era. It was here that William Camden, 'in the moments of social relaxation which he allowed himself from the severe labours of law and antiquarianism, entertained a select circle of illustrious friends, amongst them Ben Jonson. It was thus that the author of *Cynthia's Revels* panegyrically addressed 'his Camden, most reverend head':—

'Than thee the age sees not the thing more
grave,
More high, more holy, that she the more could
crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou
in things!
What sight in searching the most antique
springs!
What weight and what authority in thy speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt but thou canst
teach.'

The lines themselves are not good, though the reverence of their sentiments is unimpeachable. Their rhymes are otiose, and their prosody halts; but then it is a literary commonplace that all poems written with a purpose are failures; and if the inspiration which Camden's hospitality imparted was only second-rate, we may be quite sure that the hospitality itself was first-rate. When 'the reverend Camden' was occupied with the public cares of state his place at Chislehurst was

the Tusculum of his Sabbaths. Later, when infirmities crept over him, and he felt that the time for the abdication of his office had arrived, he lived there altogether. The last fourteen years of his life he spent entirely at Chislehurst, surrounded habitually by all the celebrities of his time. After Camden's death the 'Place' passed through various hands till it came to Sir John Pratt, who, being eventually promoted to the peerage, took his title from the estate, and was duly gazetted as Lord Camden, Baron of Camden Place.

So much for the antiquity of the present residence of the ex-Empress of the French. Let us glance at the actual appearance which the house and park now present. A glorious plateau of emerald lawn, flanked on either side by a wealth of woodland which gleams with myriad tints in the deep autumnal sun—woodland thick and lustrous as the true Kentish man thinks that the woodlands of Kent alone can be; a long, low, spreading house, with walls of yellow brick, and with windows whose ample margin of white dazzles you in the bright rays of this clear October noon, approached by a splendid avenue of trees, worthy of the gardens of Kensington or the broad walk at Christchurch; gardens laid out with a largesse of gay flowers, and populous with the forms of French and Italian sculpture; in front of the lawn itself a magnificent expanse of park, over which the view stretches away into pleasant Surrey, past the glaring turrets of the Sydenham palace, past the smoky towers of Croydon; on either side you have still the trees, from whose midst there perpetually peeps out a fairy villa or a stately mansion. This is Camden Place. Verily a pleasant place too—a place worthy of its occupant, and as pleasant a seat of refuge for an imperial exile as one could find. On the whole, it is better than the Tuileries. We hold grass to be essential to a perfect dwelling; and the functions of grass are among those things which they understand better in England than in France. The atmosphere above and around

is well suited to the landscape below—fresh, balmy, peaceful, and sweet. Would you see the imperial lady whose temporary home Camden Place is? You may on any afternoon when the weather is moderately fine and the English sunshine not more cynical than usual. At the bottom of the park runs a path which is open to the public, and there, just above, strolling down the park, are the imperial party. A little boy, but upright and military in his gait even as the best-drilled officer of Bourbaki's Guards, clad in a light tweed suit, scours fleetly over the turf. At his heels are a pair of fawn-coloured terriers, enjoying the fun as much as their young master does. This is the child who not three months since submitted so bravely to his baptism of fire. Well, you murmur, he is better employed here. Behind the lively little lad come four ladies, in groups of two, and in the first group you see at once the empress, looking marvellously well, and evidently enjoying the beauties of the scene. A black silk dress, with a series of velvet flounces, a plain black velvet mantilla, a tiny Spanish hat of black straw, and an elaborately twisted and coiled veil of white—there you have in a few words the sum of the costume of the lady who for the past fifteen years has set the fashion to Europe—who has ruled over a territory which is bounded by no gross material frontiers—and whose kingdom no ambitious stranger has ever attempted to dispute. Stop! we have forgotten two things. The empress carries a white parasol—sunshade is, we believe, the approved technical term—and guides her dainty footsteps with a curiously-wrought stick of ebony. The *régime* of the imperial life at Chislehurst is studiously simple. The morning her majesty surrenders to the combined exercises of correspondence and devotion. Then, after lunch, comes the promenade in the park, varied occasionally by drives and rides. When the empress first came to Chislehurst both her own health and that of the prince imperial was far from good. Even the sea breezes of Hastings

had not repaired the effects of the two or three weeks of fevered anxiety and unintermitting care which preceded her arrival in England. What the Sussex watering-place, whose salubrity is proverbial, could not achieve for the imperial patient, that the perfect quiet Camden Place has done. There her majesty has already become quite at home. Her face is already familiar to the humblest villagers, who greet with respectful bows the imperial equipage, and who are indebted to Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, for many an act of generosity and kindness.

And a true friend to the poor, the sick, and the suffering the empress has always been. When the history of this century comes to be written, the influence, and its value, which this royal lady has had upon the affairs of the Second Empire will be variously estimated. There is one point, however, on which no difference of opinion will be possible. It may or it may not be the case that the imperial consort has at times exercised a power in state administration which it would have been better had it been wholly withdrawn. But it will never be denied that Eugenie has done more than any other one woman could do to alleviate the sum of human misery and want clustered together in Paris and in France. If there has been an amount of unnecessary splendour of circumstance and of unwarrantable extravagance of show in the court and the accessories of the Second Empire, there has at least been a correspondingly lavish profusion in the charities of the empress. Nor have her good offices ended with mere charities. The fortitude which she exhibited in tending with her own hands the wants of the cholera-stricken patients at Paris and Amiens is a lesson which many a royal and noble lady may well take to heart. These at least are imperial mementos which no amount of democratic violence can ever obliterate. If in the world of fashion she reigned absolute, unrivalled, and supreme—if of her sway as an arbitress of elegance it

may be said that there were no territorial limits assigned, and that it was coincident with the confines of civilisation, we believe it may also be said that in the main the empress has made a beneficial use of her power. That she should have converted Paris the gay and the thoughtless into Paris the puritanical it would have been absurd to expect, just as the attempt to have done so would have been quixotic. But there were at least several respects in which her example has been in the highest degree serviceable to Parisian society. On one or two occasions did she openly protest against the extremes of extravagance in dress; and not merely on one or two occasions, but always, did she show to the world of Paris that a life of pleasure and fashion was not incompatible with a life in which the claims of duty were systematically regarded and the offices of charity lovingly performed. Lastly, there is one point in the character of Eugenie, Empress of the French, which will never fail to command the admiration, sympathy, and respect of all Englishmen and all Englishwomen. In a society in which family ties are said, or supposed, to sit with more of laxity than is allowed to attach to them in this most decorous northern clime of ours, she never failed to set a perfect example of a true wife and a devoted mother. Whatever view may be taken of much that she sanctioned, whatever may be said of the court in which she moved and the circumstances amid which her lot was cast, the future historian will scarcely be able to help dwelling with tenderness and fondness upon the single-hearted devotion which this lady has exhibited both to her husband and her son—upon her hurried flight to rejoin the first, and upon her perilous trip to assure herself of the safety of the second. Together they now are—together in their lovely home, surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature, and encircled with all that is ennobling in tradition, let us leave them—mother and son.

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER L.

MAY AND CONSTANCE.

THE Mantons, you may be sure, were not quite prepared for the new visitor whom Mr. Milward's prudent policy imposed upon them. There is a certain responsibility involved in taking care of a young lady who has run away from home, or, at any rate, objects to return there for reasons of her own. But Lucy's sympathies were always on the romantic side; and she considered resistance to constituted domestic authority romantic in the highest degree, especially in the case of a youthful and otherwise interesting person, who must, in her opinion, have a *prima facie* case in her favour. As for Manton, he took a more prosaic view of such matters; but had his wife chosen to take even such a monster as an Ojibbeway Indian under her protection, he would have cheerfully acquiesced in the arrangement, and considered that her reasons for the act were sure to be sound, although he could not understand them. Lucy ought to have been very happy in having a husband under such perfect training, and I dare say she was. Her cheerful acquiescence in accompanying him to such a place as Rangoon, to the sacrifice of festive Calcutta, was certainly indicative of contentment. At the ball of which we have heard so much, she hurled back with the contempt it deserved the suggestion made by a friend, that she would find the capital of British Burmah rather dull. 'Dull, indeed!' said she; 'nothing of the kind—five regiments.'

The course taken by Constance was less strange than it had seemed, considering that, as we have just learned from the communication made by Mrs. Beltravers to Sir Norman Halidame, there was not the relation of mother and daughter between them; and young ladies with large fortunes in their own right—as you must have learned if you have ever had anything to do

with such persons—have a wonderful way of acting precisely as they please. But Constance was not quite so assured of the wisdom of her determination after she had sent the note to Mrs. Beltravers as she had been before. I suspect that the announcement of a visitor in the person of Mr. Milward was one cause of her discomposure; for her reception of that gentleman was not quite in accordance with her demeanour towards him a few hours before. Milward, now that the 'situation' was divested of the embarrassment which had threatened to attend it, came as a conquering hero, and was prepared to assume that air of command which was his wont whenever circumstances met him half-way, or even made the smallest advances towards an invitation. The native servant who brought in his card brought it, not to Mrs. Manton, but to Miss Beltravers.

'He is your visitor,' said Lucy, 'not mine; I will leave you.'

'Pray do nothing of the kind,' returned Constance; 'I would rather that you stayed.'

So Lucy stayed, and Milward was ushered in.

He came as the conquering hero, but soon found that his victory was not quite assured. Constance was courteous, but a great deal too courteous to be otherwise than cold. She was so much obliged to him, she said, for having brought her across the river the night before, when she had lost her friends. It was an unfortunate accident, she added; and but for his escort she knew not how she should ever have reached Calcutta. She said 'Calcutta' instead of 'home,' thus making an unnecessary distinction between the Botanical Gardens and the City of Palaces.

Milward expected something more in the way of a reception, even though Mrs. Manton happened to be present; and why that lady did

not retreat he could not imagine. His deportment was not half so much like a conquering hero as when he came in, and he felt rather put down than otherwise. But he was a brave soldier of society, and had a perfect acquaintance with the better part of valour. So he did not run recklessly to the charge, but contented himself with skirmishing. It is all very well to say to men in his position—in the language of aides-de-camp—‘there are the batteries—charge them;’ but when the battery is a young lady who shows great guns, the cannon’s mouth in comparison is a harmless destination. So Milward, under the circumstances, may be excused for not making a charge which—like a celebrated adventure in British arms—might have been *magnifique*, but would certainly not have been *la guerre*. It was right, moreover, he considered, to make allowance for a little pique on the part of the lady, who could scarcely have been flattered by his response, on the previous evening, to what he understood as a general invitation to accompany her flight. And it must be confessed that Constance, in her anger, had said enough to excuse the idea.

The conversation was necessarily somewhat constrained; and when May Pemberton presently joined the party, Milward, thinking probably that he was not likely to gain any advantage by remaining—he was a dreadfully practical person—rose and took his leave. As he passed downstairs he met a lady who was being ushered up; and, with your permission, we will accompany her.

The new visitor was Mrs. Beltravers. Constance, who had received notice of her approach, fled to her room—she was not prepared as yet for the meeting. So Mrs. Beltravers found nobody present but Mrs. Manton and May. Lucy received her with Indian cordiality, but was a little embarrassed when questioned about Constance. She was able to say, however, that she had acted for the best in giving that young lady protection for the night; and she added her hope that Mrs.

Beltravers would not make her responsible for the step which Constance had thought fit to take. Lucy, you see, was beginning to find her romantic view of the position difficult to sustain.

Mrs. Beltravers accepted the explanations in a reasonable spirit, and talked upon indifferent subjects pending the appearance of the young lady. In the meantime May had retired to a window; but she came forward when Lucy, during a pause in the conversation, appealed to her for relief.

‘Mrs. Beltravers,’ said Lucy, ‘let me introduce my friend Miss Pemberton.’

The words were commonplace and conventional enough; but they produced a remarkable effect upon the person to whom they were addressed. The blood came to her cheeks, and she showed signs of violent agitation. Then, as she looked on May—it was a long and searching gaze—she grew pale as death, and sunk upon the couch upon which she was resting as if about to faint.

Lucy was seriously alarmed, and ran to call for water. May meantime approached the visitor, and essayed to rouse her with encouraging words. As May leant over her, Mrs. Beltravers suddenly revived, and raising herself on her seat, drew the girl towards her, clasped her in her arms, and kissed her tenderly.

Lucy’s surprise may be imagined, when, on her return, she became a witness to the scene. But Lucy’s thoughts never waited for words, so she said:

‘How charming, May! then you and Mrs. Beltravers are friends?’

May knew not how to reply; but the elder lady, aroused by the remark, came to her help.

‘No, no,’ said Mrs. Beltravers, still much agitated, and with her eyes full of tears; ‘no, no; Miss Pemberton and myself are—are strangers. But the name was familiar to me, and the resemblance was strong, and both—both brought remembrances to me of many years past. I was overcome—I could not help it. Pray pardon me, Miss

Pemberton: pray pardon me, Mrs. Manton. I knew not what I did.'

And then Mrs. Manton relapsed into tears, and indulged them—what indulgence women find in tears!—until she grew composed. And when she was composed she made her explanation over again; and then, looking at May, she was again agitated, and kissed her once more, and then once more apologised. She was so strange and so sad as to compel sympathy; and Lucy and May soon found themselves consoling her as if they understood her trouble and could appreciate it.

During all the time occupied by these proceedings the absence of Constance appeared to be unnoted; and it was only when a native servant presently brought down a slip of paper on which was written, in her handwriting, 'Come to me in my room,' that Mrs. Beltravers appeared to remember the object of her visit. Then, taking a long sad look at May, as if for the last time, she suffered herself to be conducted to the apartment in question.

It was a new trial to her—the interview with Constance. The girl did not look so wild as had been expected by Mrs. Beltravers, whose imagination had pictured her as crumpled and crushed in her dress of the night before. But Constance had been cared for by Mrs. Manton, and looked as neat and orderly as a young lady could well look under the circumstances, thanks to the loan of a black maid and a white dress—the latter of that delicate Dacca muslin which is almost imperceptible when spread upon the grass.

Constance was the most agitated of the two. She fled to her 'more than mother's' arms, and burst into a flood of tears—it was her turn now to find relief in this feminine fashion.

'Forgive me, forgive me!' she cried; 'I am ashamed to meet you—but I was not myself last night.'

Mrs. Beltravers could not quarrel with the girl—she sought rather to soothe and encourage her. But she could not help saying:

'You did wrong—very wrong—my dear child.'

'But I am not your dear child any longer,' Constance cried; 'you will never forgive me!'

'I do—I do, indeed, forgive you—but I fear Sir Norman will never—'

'Oh, do not talk of Sir Norman! I did wrong to you, not to him. He deceived me, and I hate him.'

And Constance stamped her foot upon the floor in the violence of her indignation.

'This is cruel—cruel, Constance, to a man who loved you as Sir Norman did—your suspicions are without foundation.'

'Sir Norman loved me! Never. My suspicions! I had proofs. That native man showed me his letters.'

'I know nothing of his letters; but I know that you must not believe even what you may consider proofs. Sir Norman is as innocent as I am of any injustice towards you.'

'It is you, mamma, who are deceived. He has deceived you with his smooth tongue and his soft ways. He would make anybody believe him, as I have done.'

'Constance, as you love me, cease to talk in this wicked way. Sir Norman is one of the best of men. I will tell you all about him when you are calm—when you are yourself. You wrong him—wrong him cruelly. You have listened to calumnies cast upon him by people for their own bad ends. Who was the friend, as you call him, who brought you here?'

'I scorn concealment, mamma; it was Mr. Milward.'

Mrs. Beltravers uttered a cry of despair.

'And why not Mr. Milward?' said Constance, indignantly; 'he is a man of honour; he did not take an advantage of me, which he might have taken—for I was frenzied at the time—I was then, I admit, not myself. I do not love Mr. Milward, but I shall always respect him for saving me from a step which I should have regretted to the end of my days. And I wish so well of him—without loving him—that I would give—give I know not what

—if he did not love *me*. But he does love me, and it breaks my heart to treat him as I must treat him if I am true to myself.’

It was useless, Mrs. Beltravers saw, to combat with the idea which had taken possession of Constance; but she was relieved by one part of her avowal—that she did not love Milward. She said:

‘My dearest Constance — my dearest daughter—for I must still call you so!—we will talk of these things afterwards. But one course remains for you now. You must return home with me, and I promise you that Sir Norman will not trouble you. He comes no more to us. He is avoiding you as you wish to avoid him. He leaves Calcutta to-night.’

Constance was again in her ‘more than mother’s’ arms.

‘I will return with you—I will never leave you. I intended, when I came to my senses this morning, to make every reparation to you. Is this enough?’

‘My dear child! quite enough for the present; and now let us rejoin our friends below.’

‘Our friends—ah! I have found a charming friend here, whom you must know—May Pemberton. She is a dear, kind girl, and I wish she was my sister.’

The blood came again to the cheeks of the elder lady, and she mastered her emotion with difficulty.

‘Ah!’ said she, sadly; ‘if I could tell you that she was your sister, as I am your mother, how happy I should be!’

CHAPTER LI.

MAY AND WINDERMERE.

It was arranged that the Mantons should dine with Mrs. Beltravers that evening at Garden Reach, and take Constance with them, May of course being included in the party; so Mrs. Beltravers returned home far happier, for more reasons than one, than when she had set out.

Scarcely had Mrs. Beltravers driven out of the compound than there was the sound of more wheels,

and another visitor was announced. Visitors are plentiful people in Calcutta to pleasant households; and in order, apparently, to make the most of the heat, the formal time for receiving them is from twelve till two o’clock.

The new visitor was a lady—a distinguished-looking lady, in the general if not in the conventional sense of the term. She had beauty of a decided character. She was well-dressed, but would have been dressed better if she had not been dressed so well. There was something about her which made her different from most people who have to do with visiting in Chowringhee Road, and she seemed just a little anomalous at Garden Reach. She did not send in a card, but told the servants that Miss Mannering wanted to see Miss Pemberton, and she was shown in with all respect. May was in the drawing-room—if the reception-room occupied by the Mantons at Spence’s may be so called—when the name was brought up, and the owner of the name followed so soon after that she could not well have been refused. The fact was that the lady was no other than our old friend of Brompton Row—the bounding Leonora, who was whilome the attendant upon Mrs. Grandison, of the Imperial Theatre. How she came to be at Calcutta is easily explained. May engaged her in her domestic capacity, and took her out. But Leonora’s ambitious views of life so developed in the course of the journey that the relations between the mistress and maid soon changed. As far as Suez, Miss Mannering conducted herself with proper submission; but on the other side there was a marked difference in her demeanour. She was certainly a little less than kin to Miss Pemberton, and she was as certainly a little more than kind to people who paid her attention on board ship. She abused the privilege, in fact, which ladies’-maids have, of inclining to flirtation; and May found it rather inconvenient to have as her attendant a young person who considered herself a young lady, and made conquests accordingly—conquests, too, which

were of a demonstrative character, and became gradually a cause for conversation. There was nothing quite wrong in Leonora's proceedings; but they were not such as a lady likes on the part of her maid, especially on a conspicuous expedition like that of the overland journey to India. Leonora, if the truth must be told, had flirted far and had flirted near—that is to say, she had been pleasant to *prétendues* of her own station, and did not disdain being agreeable to persons of superior rank. She accepted the homage of the ship-stewards in a manner which exaggerated affability, and she was at the same time not inaccessible to the attentions paid by passengers even of the first class. She did not meet the latter upon the after-deck, but the latter went to her forward; so it came to much the same thing. One of them—a general officer of affectionate disposition—it was said, had even proposed marriage; but the assertion was not generally credited, as there was no sign of Miss Mannering having accepted him. Her deportment, as you may suppose, did not meet with the approval of her mistress; and before they were out of the Red Sea a decisive intimation was conveyed to that effect. Captain Pemberton undertook the onerous task, and it was well for May that she had not herself conducted the operation; for Miss Mannering had a candid way of speaking when opposed, and proved a very decided person when put to a test. She repudiated her servile position with an inconsistency suggestive of genius, and declared that she would not 'lower herself' by not doing precisely as she pleased. The result was necessarily a separation of interests, and Miss Pemberton managed for the rest of the journey with a share of somebody else's maid.

May had seen but little meanwhile of her quondam dependant, from whom a visit was about the last thing she expected. But she received her with much kindness, and, anticipating an appeal for a recommendation, intimated that she would always be happy to do anything to promote her welfare.

The quondam dependant very soon put their relations on a different footing.

'Thank you very much, Miss Pemberton,' said she; 'but I don't want any welfare now—I'm married.'

Leonora evidently thought, in common with her class, that to be married was to be *sans peur* and *sans reproche*.

May was very glad to hear that she did not require any 'welfare'—an article which Leonora seemed to consider came naturally in the married state—and congratulated her in appropriate terms, expressing at the same time some interest in the identity of the happy man. Leonora answered the question with lofty circumlocution.

'My name now,' she said, 'is Mrs. Horatio Jones.'

May remembered the name very well. It was that of the purser on board the steamer on the Indian side.

'Yes,' pursued Mrs. Horatio Jones, 'I intended to marry him from the first, but I saw there was a difficulty in the way. He did not like my position, so I told him that I was a lady of high birth, and an intimate friend of yours, travelling as your maid for family reasons.'

May felt greatly flattered, you may be sure, at the distinction thus conferred upon her, and admired—from an artistic point of view, but with some moral reservations—the means adopted to bring the purser to the point. They were strictly characteristic of Leonora, with whom intrigue was a natural instinct. Nature probably intended her for an ambassadress, but circumstances made her merely a wild Irish girl. May knew that there was no harm in her, though the material of her composition was decidedly dangerous, and she bore with her peculiarities now, as heretofore, with all consideration. But conversation, under the conditions, was rather up-hill work, and May would soon have broken down but for a sudden idea which occurred to her—to ask Mrs. Horatio Jones about a certain letter which a certain person alleged to have been left at

the Imperial Theatre for Miss Mirabel. She had reason to believe, May said, that a written communication, intended for her, had never reached her, and she thought that Mrs. Horatio Jones might know something concerning it.

Leonora blushed rather deeper than crimson—she blushed irresistibly at a hint or a shadow—but, after a few moments' consideration, said, with perfect self-possession:

'I know of no other letter, Miss Pemberton, than the one that came with the necklace.'

'That came with the necklace!' cried May. 'No letter came with the necklace. You received the packet through the carriage window, but you gave me nothing more.'

'In that case I must have forgotten it,' said Leonora, another deep blush disputing the conclusion. The fact was that the girl had secreted the letter, in obedience to her predominating instinct, and had retained it up to the present time. If you knew Leonora as well as I do, you would understand that the action was quite compatible with the ideas, in which she scrupulously indulged, of perfect honour and integrity; and it was only when occasionally detected in lapses of the kind that her conscience made a suggestion through her cheeks.

'There was certainly a letter with the necklace,' continued Mrs. Horatio Jones; 'and if I did not give it to you at the time it must be in my purse.'

And she drew, as she spoke, from an apparently capacious receptacle a contrivance evidently made to hold a great deal more than money, and after a little search selected a little letter, which she placed in May's hands.

May knew the girl to whom she was speaking too well to make any remark upon her conduct, and was content to take the note with as much carelessness as she could assume. As she did so she glanced at the superscription, and saw that the handwriting was strange to her—it was certainly not that of Cecil Halidame.

Mrs. Horatio Jones stayed some

time longer, talking upon indifferent subjects. Her object in coming to May seemed to be the establishment of her social claims, not only as a 'respectable married woman' in the abstract, but the wife of so exalted an official as a purser in the concrete. This point established, and Miss Pemberton appropriately dazzled, she took her departure, not a little proud of the way in which she was able to 'go about visiting in her own carriage,' as she remarked, with a want of discretion rather damaging to the object in view—more especially as carriages of one kind or another are matters of course among most classes of English in Calcutta, and are by no means reserved for persons of great wealth or position.

Left alone, May tore open the letter—and read the signature first, as you may suppose. It was from Windermere. Its contents were not a declaration of love, but an expression of respect and homage, with the request that Miss Mirabel would accept the gift which accompanied it in that light; and the writer added a hope for the honour some day of a personal acquaintance. There was nothing whatever in the missive which could have offended the finer feelings of May, even in the position which made her what she had heard described as 'public property.' It was a chivalrous avowal of a gentleman's admiration, and the offering associated with it was made scrupulously as a tribute to the art rather than the person. It was a demonstration well worthy of Windermere's simple manly character; and coming from a stranger, as it did, May must have treated it with respect, apart from the gift, which she might well have hesitated to receive. But what course was she to take now? Windermere considered his present accepted—evidently so, from his words on the previous evening, which May could now understand. And it was impossible to mistake the meaning of so much that he had said besides. She knew not how to receive him—and he might appear at any moment. Such were May's reflections as she stood by the open window—how

pleasant it is when you are able to have the windows open in Calcutta!—and recalled to herself the events of the night before. Windermere, too, had claims upon her which gratitude could not disregard. He had saved her life. The more she considered her position towards him the more embarrassing it appeared. And in the midst of all her bewilderment there came the thought of Cecil Halidama. Cecil had gained an influence over her; that was plain. And I suspect that so early as the days at Shuttleton he had drawn from her an avowal which induced confidence between them. She had avoided him since, but I fancy, reluctantly, and in obedience to her father's wish; and her later meeting with him had caused her mistrust. But a certain influence still remained; and now, connected with Windermere's avowal, May thought of Cecil with a kind of dread. This feeling came involuntarily, and she asked herself—was she playing an unworthy part? was she false to two men who loved her? The idea was one which she dared not encounter; and while she was evading it Windermere was announced.

Her first impulse was to run away—only to her own room, for she had not the spirit of enterprise which belonged, as we have seen, to Constance upon an occasion of difficulty. But Windermere was in her presence before she could form her plans, and she could not choose but receive him upon terms at least of friendship. What a grand, noble person he was, she thought, as he entered the room. His handsome open face, beaming with health, and his clear honest eye, inspired her at once with confidence. She could not be harsh to him. And then she owed him such a deep debt of gratitude—that, at least, must be acknowledged. Of Cecil she was now afraid to think—though she did think of him; for his conduct in reference to the necklace was unaccountable, and May could not but see that he had been untruthful in the matter the evening before. On the other hand, there was no mystery as regarded Windermere—there was

no reason for resentment of any kind; and he had earned the right to be a friend.

So May controlled herself, and was to Windermere as she had hitherto been during their brief acquaintance. He came, he said, to see how she had endured the fatigues of the ball; and, as in duty bound, he proceeded to talk a great deal of light and airy nonsense connected with that event. May did the same, as in duty bound also; and after this the conversation flagged; and it is impossible to say what would have become of it but for Lucy, who entered opportunely. Mrs. Manton had a pretty little way of talking to morning visitors when she chose—and she generally did choose, by-the-way. It was 'agreeable rattling' carried to excess, and was principally adapted for the amusement of very junior officers. Her husband called it her 'ensign manner,' and said she did it to perfection. Manton was only an ensign as yet, but he assumed superior airs in consequence of his staff appointment, and looked upon ensigns generally with deep disdain. Lucy played off her 'ensign manner' upon Windermere upon this occasion, and Windermere was too good-natured not to respond to it; but the trial must have been awful to him; for he would have had all the ensigns in the British army cashiered under conditions of shameful injustice for a quiet half-hour's conversation with May; and this, after waiting for nearly an hour, he decided that he was not likely to obtain. So he went on his way, under the impression that Mrs. Manton was not half so pretty as she had pretended to be, and would not bear the daylight, and that May was more charming than ever, but unfortunate in her friends. May was thus spared, for the present, the explanation which she desired, and at the same time wished to avoid.

CHAPTER LII.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

The Mantons, with May and Constance, went that evening to Garden Reach, as previously arranged—

Constance to be once more at home. The party would scarcely have been a pleasant one for strangers, and even the Mantons found themselves ill at ease; for Constance was constrained and thoughtful, and Mrs. Beltravers was so engaged with May as to be neglectful of her other guests; and a small dinner-party is not likely to prosper under such circumstances. So the Mantons and Miss Pemberton returned early to their hotel, but not before Mrs. Beltravers had made a dozen plans for meeting during the next few days. Her feeling for May had by this time manifested itself so strongly that there was no mistaking her motive, and May, on her part, experienced a sympathy with her new acquaintance for which she could not account. Her new acquaintance! Mrs. Beltravers seemed to her rather an old friend; and in her presence May no longer felt the sense of loneliness that had for so long thrown its cold shade upon her home. So she readily agreed that she and Mrs. Beltravers must be a great deal together while they remained in Calcutta, and she found herself already dreading the idea of a separation.

A fortnight passed away, and by degrees reserve on both sides was abandoned. Mrs. Beltravers ceased to consider the Mantons as a necessary medium, but would call day after day at Spence's and take May home with her, and sometimes the young lady would pass the night at Garden Reach. A great friendship, too, was established between May and Constance, and the latter was so sad and subdued all this time that you would never have supposed her to be her former self. Nobody now first making her acquaintance would have believed it possible that she was the same Constance who had so lately resisted an engagement with one man on the ground that it would be a check to her 'in society.' The new nature awakened within her aroused the keenest interest in May, and the two girls grew to have ideas in common to an extent which seemed natural now, but a month before would have been a marvel. But May and Mrs.

Beltravers were still the closest allies, and the younger gradually became accustomed to regard the elder lady as something more than a friend—as a protector. The Mantons still lingered in Calcutta, for the young officer had not yet qualified himself for his appointment by the requisite examination, that check upon the imagination of so many expectants. And while he was 'grinding up,' as he called it, he and Lucy—both of them beginning to take more serious views of life than hitherto—were glad to live a little more to themselves than had seemed at one time consistent with their ideas of happiness. So May gradually grew to be more at Garden Reach than in Calcutta, and at last Mrs. Beltravers made a proposal that May should live at her house altogether during her father's absence. Nothing seemed more natural to May, and she immediately wrote for Captain Pemberton's permission. Her letter could obtain but one response. She had found such a charming friend, she said, in Calcutta, one who seemed to fill a vacant place in her existence, one who was to her more like a mother than a mere friend, and one, she added, 'with whom it is my greatest wish to make you acquainted, for I am certain that you will like her as much as I do.'

So Captain Pemberton wrote back from Dehra Doon—where was situated the principal tea-plantation of the Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company—to the effect that he had the greatest trust in his daughter, and was sure that she would not select friends whom he would disapprove, and that she was free to make the change proposed if she thought fit. To tell the truth, the captain was not displeased at the new arrangement, for he felt uneasy at leaving his daughter in charge of the Mantons, whom he considered rather too young for the office. It came about therefore in the most natural manner, that May took up her abode with her new friends. Only a few weeks before May would have been pained at the idea of leaving Lucy, even though they might still meet

whenever they pleased; and her feeling for her schoolfellow, to whom she owed much kindness, even now suggested that she might be open to the charge of inconstancy. But there was an influence on the one side which was stronger than the scruples on the other; and, after all, Lucy was married, and her relation to May was not quite the same that it was in the old days at Shuttleton. Moreover, the Mantons, as I have hinted, were thinking more of themselves than had been their wont, so the change was made without any reproaches on their part, and no friendly feeling was disturbed.

Meanwhile Windermere had called many times on the Mantons; and while Lucy was entertaining him with her ensign style of conversation—which, with characteristic indiscretion, she was apt to inflict upon all comers alike—he always looked for May, indeed always asked for her, and was always told that she was away. Sometimes he heard that she was at Garden Reach; sometimes, without design doubtless, that particular was not vouchsafed to him. But somehow he was never able to see her, and an idea gradually dawned upon him that perhaps the omission was designed. Once he called in Garden Reach, and it chanced that he also missed her there. His disappointment was altogether accidental, but his sensibility took alarm, and he thought—could it be possible that May was avoiding him? He knew not what to think, and was equally doubtful what to do. Should he write to her, and confide his hopes to the issue? Such would be the natural course; but how many of us, in a difficulty, are able to take the natural course? He was decided enough, but May was mysterious to him, and he could not tell if she was prepared to receive such a letter as he must write if he wrote at all. She had spoken to him with friendship, with kindness, but that was scarcely enough, and he remembered with bitterness that her fair words might come only from gratitude. How unfortunate, Windermere thought, that such an adventure should have arisen. Yet when he thought again that, at such

a moment of danger, he would not have been away for worlds, he was thoroughly bewildered, and being so, did what nine men out of ten are most apt to do, that is to say, he did nothing.

And now, while Windermere was waiting, and hoping, and doubting, and doing nothing, came an order for him to proceed to his district in the North West, to resume the duties of his office. His service instincts saved him from delay, and he prepared for the journey, resolving to write a long letter to May as soon as he arrived.

May had all this time expected to see Windermere, and several times, when she heard that he had called at Spence's, she regretted to have missed him. That she was uneasy and anxious at his absence I am well assured; but her feelings in the matter were mingled, and I am at a loss to describe them. As for Constance, she was still sad and still different from her former self. Milward was still a visitor to the house, but the old confidence was not maintained between them, and Constance grew more and more constrained in her manner towards him after the eventful night at the Botanical Gardens. She treated him, however, with more respect than formerly; and that gentleman, who we know was not apt to be easily discouraged, accepted this as a favourable sign. He was not in a hurry. Why should he be? He was young, and had plenty of time to marry; so he philosophically left events to take their course. He had not the smallest idea, all this time, that Constance was mainly occupied in wondering what had become of Sir Norman Halidame.

CHAPTER LIII.

NORTH-WESTWARD HO!

May had not been long settled in Garden Reach when she received a letter which cast a gloom upon her friends.

The little party were at the breakfast-table when the post arrived; and May, who was not troubled with many communications through the

post, opened her solitary letter before Mrs. Beltravers and Constance had cared to do more than look at the outside of their own correspondence.

'You have some news, May, I know,' said Mrs. Beltravers, noticing the earnestness with which that young lady perused the contents of her epistle.

'The letter is from my father,' answered May; 'and I am always glad to hear from him. But I am not sure that I am pleased with what he says. I wish much to join him, but I shall be very sorry to leave you and Constance.'

'He is sending for you up-country, then?' said both ladies in a breath.

'He says that I must go as soon as I can find friends travelling in that direction who can accompany me. I cannot go alone of course.'

Mrs. Beltravers was much agitated by the announcement.

'But you must not go,' she said; 'we cannot lose you so soon. Pray prevail upon your father to spare you a little longer. You can tell him that you are safe—with—with—the—the most faithful of friends.'

'I have already told him that, dear Mrs. Beltravers, and I have said how happy I should be if we could find ourselves all together at the same station, and that I would make him acquainted with you and Constance—with you especially, who have been so kind to me.'

Mrs. Beltravers came round to May's chair, leant over her shoulder, and kissed her tenderly. It may have been by instinct, to hide the emotion which her face could not conceal.

'And have you said this to him, May?' she asked, with an expression of pleasure strangely mingled with sad anxiety. 'It is—it is—very, very kind of you.'

'My dear Mrs. Beltravers,' returned May, 'I have said nothing more than I meant. I think it would be so pleasant if we could be all together—that you could know my father, and that he could know you. I am sure that you are exactly the kind of person whom he would like on the shortest notice.'

Mrs. Beltravers here burst into tears, and quitted the room. Then Constance expressed her sorrow at so soon losing her new ally, for a great friendship, as I think I have said, had been established between the two girls. They were both saying how sorry they were, when Mrs. Beltravers rejoined them, and, having apparently recovered her composure, proceeded to open her own letters, which had lain all this time beside her plate.

She proceeded to the task in a very unwilling manner, setting aside some ladylike-looking epistles, most unwarrantably crossed, for perusal, I suppose, at her leisure; and at last coming to a missive of business appearance which she was nearly neglecting altogether, it looked so particularly uninviting outside. Mechanically, however, she opened it, while gazing sadly at May; when, on a sudden, as she glanced at its contents, her face lit up with a look of pleasure. It was a look which always became Mrs. Beltravers, whose beauty was not of the description that gains by sadness—and sometimes she appeared kind and happy in spite of herself.

'Here is a happy coincidence!' she cried, holding up the business-like letter in triumph. 'Our manager at Saharunpore wants us to go there at once. He says that all kinds of affairs connected with the estate require to be arranged, and that the trustees, or some people of the kind, wish to consult with us, or with me at any rate, on the part of Constance.'

'And you will go there?' asked May, eagerly; adding, however, with quick discouragement, 'but this place—Sahar—what do you call it?—is not where my father is. You will leave me after all.'

May's ideas of Indian localities were rather limited.

'It is very near, though,' said Mrs. Beltravers, 'and we can travel up the country together, and I can—can at least—send you on to join—to Dehra Doon, that is to say.'

Mrs. Beltravers was evidently thinking more than she expressed, and it seemed that her thoughts were not all happy. But the plan

was a welcome one to all, even to Constance, who did not much care where she went, but was at least glad to have the society of May.

'There is some little difficulty involved,' said Mrs. Beltravers to May, coming to the practical point. 'We cannot travel all the way alone. Time was when ladies needed no attendance beyond that of their native servants, and might journey from one end of the Grand Trunk Road to the other without dreaming of danger. But since those dreadful mutinies last year—when Constance and myself were, fortunately, in Europe—the case is different, and some parts of the country are still disturbed. We are quite safe as far as we can be taken by the railway; but travelling by dāk is impossible without protection.'

It was ultimately arranged that our friends should brave the journey by themselves as far as they could by railway, and then wait until other passengers were proceeding up the road, so that they might have company at least, if not a special escort. Then came purchasing, packing, and miscellaneous preparations; and while these are going on it is as well to leave the ladies alone.

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. MILWARD GETS HIS 'JAWAB.'

The relations between Constance and Milward were, as we have seen, not very clearly defined; and one day before their departure Mrs. Beltravers questioned that young lady on the subject.

'I never much liked Mr. Milward,' said Mrs. Beltravers; 'but I begin to pity him, for he is being treated very unfairly. Apart from the encouragement you gave him at first, you have treated him since with such a decided mark of your preference that he may be excused if he considers you compromised in his favour. You ought to give him at least an answer one way or the other.'

'I know I ought,' cried the girl, 'and that is what distresses me; for I cannot reconcile myself to the

answer he expects, and the one that I ought to give. As for Norman—Sir Norman Halidame—I will of course think no more about him. He has treated me as I deserve to be treated, and all I can hope is that we may never meet again. But—but—I never knew till now how much I loved him!'

And the girl wept bitterly.

'Poor child!' said Mrs. Beltravers, trying to soothe her. 'You are indeed made to suffer for your fault—and from suffering from faults none of us can hope to escape—but Sir Norman being—being gone, you are at least free to answer Mr. Milward as you please, and you ought to do so at once, before we set out on our journey. I do not wish to influence you either way—you know what I should have wished, could it have been; but now all I wish is to see you happy in your own way. If you accept Mr. Milward—'

'But, suppose, mamma, that I refuse him?'

'In that case I am at least sure of this—that Milward is an honourable man; that he will respect your feelings, and give you no pain by making reproaches. Believe me that what I say will prove true.'

'If I thought so—'

'But you must think so. I will answer for him.'

'That would make me—almost—happy. It would at least remove the present weight upon me—a burden that I cannot bear. I will take your advice—why did not I take it always?—and break to him as gently as I can what he is to expect. But I cannot talk to him—I must write.'

And Constance wrote that evening. Her task was a difficult one—and how easy it would have been if performed for another person! Writing for anybody rather than herself, she would at once have expressed exactly what she intended in terms of the utmost propriety—saying neither too little nor too much. But it is a very different thing being the counsel in your own case. So Constance wrote at least a dozen letters before she could write one that would—well,

not satisfy her, but that would sufficiently answer her purpose. It was a very considerate and even kind communication. Constance could no more have written it three months before than she could have taken a flight to the moon. But her suffering had taught her much—she had begun to feel for the first time. She could not have written as she did even, if she had *only* not wished to marry Milward. It was the love which she bore to one man which led her to respect the love borne to her by another. Love is said to be selfish, and I suppose it is so in one aspect; but it is the cause of a great deal of charity. Lovers always treat lovers with tenderness; and when one person is really loved, all the world is loved besides.

I suppose it was for this reason that Constance never cared so much for Milward as when she was casting him off. Once, indeed, when she had finished one of her rejected missives, which she condemned as too cruel, she went so far as to fancy that she had mistaken her feeling towards him, and that she might take him, after all, with a true heart. And then came a whisper in her ear—(whence do such whispers come?)—that Norman had been very quick to condemn her, and might, after all, rejoice at the turn events had taken. Impelled by this idea she began another letter to Milward, assuring him of her love. But this was more difficult than all her previous essays on the other side. Her pen would not record the words she wished to write—the diction got hopelessly wrong—she evidently could not express the state of her mind upon paper. And, seeing this, she thought that her nervous irritation was a decree of Providence—that she was not destined to tell Milward she loved him. So she tore this letter as she had torn the others, and once more essayed to carry out her original intention. This she accomplished at last; and great was her sense of relief when the letter was actually folded, directed, and given out of her hands. She had now nothing to dread but Milward's answer; and

she believed that, if he accepted her decision resignedly and without reproach, her relief would be complete. But she deceived herself. Milward was—much what we know him to be. He was not troubled with strong passion which comes from deep feeling. He had loved Constance as well as he was capable of loving any woman. He admired her beauty; he admired her spirit perhaps even more. She was a prize that he would have liked to win. But he would no more protest against being rejected, than he would have protested against losing a game at cards or his chance upon a horse-race. Some men are honourably warm—Milward was honourably cold. His was the happier lot of the two. It enabled him to write what common people would call a 'gentlemanlike' letter in reply; and to be conventionally gentlemanlike in his position, most of us would have to renounce a great deal of natural feeling. His answer, couched in a spirit of kindly courtesy, with a reserve of friendliness, was well worthy of the delicacy which had inspired Constance to make her avowal. It was a welcome relief to Constance, who felt so grateful to Milward for his consideration that she reproached herself again for having induced it; and her charity went so far that she half persuaded herself to recall what she had done, and resume her former relations towards the young officer. She thought she would never be able to meet him again, after her treatment of him; but Milward, fortunately, thought that his dignity demanded the ordeal as soon as possible; so, a few days after getting what they call in India his 'jawab,' he called in Garden Reach in order to show how unconcerned he could conduct himself. Constance was much agitated on his name being announced, but she could not refuse to see him; and his demeanour soon reassured her, and softened her regrets in a most satisfactory manner. There are few men, I fancy, beside Milward, with which a lady could have broken off an engagement in so pleasant a manner.

CHAPTER LV.

THE JOURNEY—WHAT HAPPENED AT
A DĀK BUNGALOW.

Milward took so composedly his condition as a rejected suitor that he volunteered to attend our friends in their upward journey as far as the railway could accommodate them; and accordingly, one fine morning towards the close of the year, four travellers—three ladies and a gentleman—not only might have been observed, but were observed by a great many persons, to drive from a certain house in Garden Reach to a certain ghāt whence the steam-ferry was to convey them to the railway station at Howrah. In those days, as in these, the river was traversed in this manner, while a bridge was being talked about.

The iron horse in India is very much like the iron horse anywhere else. You cannot orientalise a steam-engine, and the rails and sleepers also persist in retaining their European character. But there are certain differences in detail which are obvious at first sight; and these were keenly appreciated by May, who, unlike the other members of the party, saw an Indian railway for the first time. Like other travellers, whose experience in such matters have been British rather than Bengali, she was not prepared to see the baggage taken into the possession of a dozen or two of nearly naked black gentlemen, all talking at the top of their voices, and bent apparently upon carrying it in different directions. The manner in which the third and fourth-class passengers were driven about by the money-takers and porters was also something new; and it seemed wonderful, after the chaos of confusion which prevailed at first, that order should ever be restored and departure become possible. But Milward was a very good manager in such cases, and he paid the coolies, bullied them, and drove them away with thorough Anglo-Indian vigour, so that in the course of time our travellers found themselves safe in their carriages and prepared to face the destinies to any extent. They are excellent carriages—those of the

first class—on the Indian railways, and admirably adapted for the reception of air, a welcome ally in the 'cold weather,' which description, by-the-way, must be accepted in a strictly comparative sense. The journey was thus made very pleasantly, and the progress was not without novelty to a passenger who has not been accustomed to see tropical trees and ancient temples, and villages which seem made of mud and matting, whirl by the windows, and monkeys and strange birds perching upon the telegraph wires.

But railway journeys are fatiguing whenever they are made, and our travellers were not sorry when, towards evening, they arrived at Shergotty, beyond which place the line was not then extended, and whence they were to submit themselves to the destinies of the dāk. Here they took up their quarters in the staging bungalow, where it was arranged that they should pass the night. Some other travellers were to proceed upwards in the morning, so they might calculate upon protection on the road.

A dāk bungalow is not a cheerful place, and that at Shergotty—I suppose it has no existence now—could not claim to be an exception to the rule. Its exterior exhibited the usual bare building, with the usual thatched roof, standing in the usual desert compound, with the usual cook-house adjacent; and when you penetrated inside there was nothing to distinguish it from any other resting-place on the road; that is to say, there were four half-furnished rooms, each containing a bed without clothing, and destitute of any adornment beyond the printed rules and regulations on the walls, unless we count the little case full of 'serious' little books, deposited for the use of travellers by a benevolent society. Such was the accommodation to which Mrs. Beltravers and her party found themselves committed, and all they could do was to make the best of it. One of the rooms was already occupied by two gentlemen, whose gharries, loaded with luggage, were standing at the entrance, the respective horses having been taken out. Of two out of the

other three apartments the ladies took prompt possession, and Milward, who had agreed to stay until next morning, appropriated the other. There was not too much room, for Mrs. Beltravers had an English maid, and there were also two native abigails, and a man of the class called a 'chupprassy,' included in the suite of the ladies; but the native servants, when not engaged in their duties, confined themselves to the verandah outside. Mrs. Beltravers, being an old traveller, was not unprovided with stores of various kinds, so they were not quite dependent for dinner upon the khansamah's inevitable 'moorghee grill' and curry. It was a clear case of 'roughing it,' however, and luxurious arrangements were not to be thought of; but their absence did not disconcert anybody except the English maid, who wondered that her mistress could 'lower herself' by spending a night in such a place.

When things were a little in order the khansamah belonging to the bungalow gave to Mrs. Beltravers the inevitable travellers' book, in order that she might enter the names of her party. The travellers' book is a great resource to people staying in dāk bungalows, containing as it does the records of the arrival and departure for a year or two back of so many people more or less known to you, with the various opinions expressed of the accommodation, supplies, and attendance. The majority of the entries are simple and decorous, but many are decidedly otherwise, and bear strong marks of the ensign mind. Some gentlemen do not give their own names, but prefer playful *aliases* descriptive of historical personages or public characters of the present day, with sometimes a pleasant mingling of the two. Thus you will read that Mr. Buckstone, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, arrived at the bungalow on a certain day and stayed a certain number of hours, were very much disgusted at the refreshment supplied, and called the attention of the Governor-General to the fact that it was high time the khitmutgar had a clean pugree.

Or it may be that you will find recorded how the Archbishop of Canterbury was entertained at the place, accompanied by Becky Sharpe, Mr. J. L. Toole, Joe Muggins's dog, and other distinguished gentlemen. You may easily imagine the manner in which the changes may be rung upon this kind of jocularly, under the conditions of youth and irresponsibility, for the khansamah of course cannot read a word of the lively commentary, but imagines that his customers have been actuated by a severe sense of duty in making their efforts. Now and then he will look puzzled at a comic pictorial addition, but he usually considers this as a mystic rite associated with religion or caste.

As to understanding the Feringhees, that is an object which never enters into his remotest contemplation. This grave Asiatic, with his venerable beard, will tell lies to you, and swindle you, and it may be would have no objection to murder you if the performance came in his way of business; but he never descends to wit or humour, and would not, were he offered the choicest specimens of those articles. He may be a criminal of the deepest dye—as dāk bungalow khansamahs have occasionally been found to be—but he never loses his dignity, and the high moral tone which he assumes towards a jesting officer and gentleman is that of the late Mr. Widdicombe, the riding-master at Astley's, in his conversations with the clown. I strongly suspect that Jehan Bukhsh considers the average order of educated English gentlemen to rank among the vulgarest human brutes in creation.

There was one feature in the bungalow-book brought to Mrs. Beltravers which was common to most bungalow-books which had not been burnt during the recent revolt. There was a great gap in it, as far as dates were concerned, during which no travellers had been on the road. Up to the latest hour before the blank the succeeding occupants of the bungalow had been making their comments in the old manner, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and the last entry

recorded the fact that two subaltern officers had sought shelter, found everything 'beastly,' and had left indignantly because they could not get any beer. Mrs. Beltravers remembered their names very well. They had been found murdered on the road a few hours afterwards, and so disfigured as to be distinguishable one from the other only through the difference in their hair, that of one falling straight, and that of the other clustering about his forehead in curls. Referring back, Mrs. Beltravers met with the names of many other persons who had since met with violent deaths, and she might have found many more, but that the khansamah came in and asked for the book, in order that the two travellers in the other part of the building might sign it, as they were just about to leave.

One of the gentlemen in question was in the verandah at the side of the bungalow, examining the packing of his gharree, when the khansamah took away the volume, so it was placed in his hands before being conveyed to his friend. As he took the pen which the attendant brought out to him, in order to make his entry, the stranger glanced at the names written above, and the date accompanying them. The sun was setting behind the distant hills, which now, in the cold season, were bright with vegetation; and its deep red glow filled the verandah where he stood. But I think the flush which so suddenly rose to his cheek came from the blood, and you may easily suppose that it did when I tell you that the stranger was no other than Cecil Halidame.

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Beltravers received a message, through the khansamah, that a sahib desired an interview with her, and would come to her verandah in front of the house if he could see her there alone.

Constance was then in the adjoining room, and May was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Beltravers when the message reached that lady, who exhibited a momentary confusion, but said, with composure:

'I suppose this is some Calcutta acquaintance; but there is no reason

why I should see him alone—it must be some mistake of the khansamah's. Come, out with me, May, and we will see who it is.'

So May walked out upon the verandah with Mrs. Beltravers, and a minute afterwards they saw approaching them a person whom they both recognised. He paused when he beheld them, and was about to retreat, when Mrs. Beltravers, with some haughtiness of manner, motioned him to advance, saying hurriedly to May:

'Leave me, my child; I must speak to this man, as he wishes it.'

She was so agitated herself that she did not remark the agitation of May, who ran back into the house and hid herself behind the green jalousies which occupied the doorway. And once there, May was chained to the spot. She had no desire to listen, but an irresistible impulse impelled her to behold the interview. As a spectator, however, she could not avoid gaining an idea of what passed between the two. They spoke in a low voice, so that only a word here and there reached the ears of May, and these she tried not to hear. But it was evident that Halidame was a suppliant, and that Mrs. Beltravers was repressing his advances with indignation and reproach. The interview did not occupy many minutes, and it was being abruptly concluded by Mrs. Beltravers, who was returning towards the doorway, when Halidame exclaimed passionately—and the words reached the ear of May in spite of herself—

'I own that I wronged you about my brother, and you ought to believe me when I tell you what were my feelings towards May. I never loved her for herself—I never loved her at all—it was you who impelled me towards her—I saw in her your own self, as you were when I first loved you. You may tell her this—I will never meet her again.'

May neither heard nor saw more. How she reached the inner room she knew not; but when consciousness came to her she found herself there with Constance, who was comforting her with kindly ministrations. Mrs.

Beltravers was also present, but too much agitated to give assistance; and when May opened her eyes, looked around, and remembered where she was, the elder lady could only clasp her in her arms and cry over her—like a woman. May was herself again very soon, and with her remembrance of the words which she had heard from Cecil came a great sense of relief. She was not indignant with him; she was not humiliated in herself. Cecil had done what no woman who loves him can forgive a man for doing. He had cast her off. He had avowed that she had attracted him only as the reflection of another, and by the light of this avowal his recent

conduct towards her might be explained. It was explained, and May was thankful for the explanation. I suspect that she had never really loved Cecil, and how far she had forsworn herself in her first impulses towards him I am unable to say. But I fancy that she deceived herself during those early days at Shuttleton, and had allowed Cecil also to be deceived. Constance, in her early days, would have felt no scruples in telling any man that she had changed her mind, but May's ideas of honour in such matters were part of her nature; and one girl, as we know, had learned from experience that which was an instinct with the other.

OXFORD AND THE NEW RÉGIME.

THE academical year at Oxford has just begun; the old University town on the banks of the Isis has aroused itself from its annual trance, and is alive once more. One of the most delightful of Charles Lamb's essays is devoted to the charms of Oxford during the long vacation. They are charms in which the Oxford representative of commerce or industry would see little enough. During the months of July, August, and September, Oxford trade stands steadily at stagnation point. Shops are closed, and their proprietors—on the strength of the plenteous harvest of term time—disport themselves on the Rhine in the disguise of foreign counts, or live at their country places in the style of noblemen. The extreme length of the long vacation is, however, a bad thing for Oxford in more ways than one. Oxford, it must be borne in mind, differs from Cambridge in this important particular—it is a town in a University, whereas Cambridge is more of a University in a town. Oxford, it is true, is a county capital, and has lately attracted a considerable number of regular residents. But the residents care little about the University out of term time, and take their autumnal

holiday, after the London fashion, by the seaside or on the Continent. It is upon the University custom and patronage, direct or indirect, that Oxford entirely depends for its commercial and industrial prosperity. The business which term brings with it causes an unnatural strain, and when the term gives place to vacation there begins a period of equally unnatural depression. The effects of this state of things are felt more keenly, and result more disadvantageously among the lower classes of the population. College servants, college retainers, waiters, *et hoc genus omne*, suffer grievously not merely in pocket but in morale from the unequal distribution of labour and holiday, the artificial pressure of term, followed by the not less unnatural torpor of the vacation. Under these circumstances they are compelled to make hay while the sun shines, and so long as the hay is made they care little to what shifts of extortion or dishonesty they are put. A collateral result is also a spirit of improvidence, incidentally fostered, as might be expected, by the business arrangements of the academical year. On the other hand, the surprising changes which have lately, as we shall point out in the course

of this paper, come over the surface of Oxford life have not left certain of the phenomena of the long vacation untouched. At Cambridge the habit of 'staying up during the Long' has always, more or less, existed: at Oxford it is only within the last year or two that anything like it has been known. Certain young gentlemen who are fond of the Heythrop or the old Berkshire hounds, have from time immemorial represented to the home department that the exigencies of their academical studies will compel them to pass a portion of their Christmas or Easter vacation within the walls of their college, and have spent the weeks thus set apart for the prosecution of their classical labours in going to every meet within an available distance of their University; but Oxford in the long vacation has always been a scene of academical desolation. Gradually, however, something like the Cambridge plan is coming into vogue at Oxford; and hardworking tutors anger on, long after term is over, to take assiduous pupils, or come up for the same purpose long ere it has yet begun.

A busy time, in truth, this inauguration of the academical year, and a period fraught with no small importance to the many aspiring freshmen who throng up to Isis to get learning. It is but the first step, &c.: it is the first term which, in nine cases out of ten, decides the colour which the other terms are to wear—which in effect realises, or wretchedly frustrates, fond parental wishes and honourable dreams of youthful ambition. Busy are the captains of the college boat clubs just now, and busiest of all the officials of the University Boat Club. Walk down the river any afternoon, and you will see two keen-eyed athletes watching from the bank the 'form' displayed and the promise exhibited by the various oarsmen in the different college boats. It is in the October term that the selection of the champions who are to maintain the honour of Isis against their rivals of Cam, between Putney and Mortlake, some six months hence, is practically made; and these two vigilant gentlemen, who have a

marvellously happy knack in picking out promising material at a glance, are old 'Varsity oars, as the silver sculls on their blue flannel caps indicate, energetically discharging the duties of aquatic recruiting sergeants. A busy time, too, for tradesmen and their touts; a time when the retailer of goods, such as those in which the heart of the undergraduate delights, places his wares temptingly in his windows, when unfledged freshmen are deluged with cards soliciting patronage, just as in two years' time they assuredly will be with bills soliciting payment. In all these respects Oxford is, indeed, just the same as ever. But there are other respects, some of them obvious, and upon the surface, others more vital and less superficially visible, in which she has undergone, and is undergoing, what is nothing less than a revolution.

A revolutionary air, it must indeed strike any one who knew Oxford as it was a couple of decades, or even one decade, since, and who revisits it now, there is universally prevalent about the place. The old *habitué* of the University who, after such an interval as we have indicated, returns to the haunts of his bygone youth, will find food for surprise in everything around him. It may perhaps strike him that there is a provoking juvenility in the appearance of the undergraduates who parade the streets; every one seems to look, he may fancy, ineffably younger than they did in the days when Plancus was consul. Probably this idea is to be explained by the fact that our friend himself has grown older in the interval. There is another thing which he will certainly notice in the outward man of the academical youth. There is a singularly *négligé* air about their costume—a look, he may almost fancy it to be, of absolute rowdiness—a species of implied defiance to all recognised proprieties of dress. True, he remembers that in his own time there was not a little of monstrosity oftentimes conspicuous in the undergraduate toilette of the period; that monkey jackets of abnormal shagginess were

worn, and cravats of astounding hues; that the nether limbs of students were encased in garments with a pattern so strongly defined that it required—in the language of ‘Punch’—at least two persons properly to show it off; and that various other little eccentricities, more or less strongly defined, were not merely tolerated but were approved of. But all these were extravagances on the side of what may be called dressiness. However *outré* the costume of the undergraduate might be, its peculiarities sprang from a restless and insatiable desire to be well abreast if not in advance of the established fashion of the day. The features which he will now note in their personal appearance betoken an exactly opposite tendency. The peculiarities are not now those of dressiness, but undressiness. It is not that the undergraduate of 1870 exhibits a painful amount of attention to the cut and appearance of his raiment, but that he exhibits scarcely any attention at all. At half-past four in the afternoon it will strike our imaginary visitor that the only costume which young Oxford ever cares to don consists of a rude pilot jacket, a flannel cap, a dirty white woollen comforter, and either flannel inexpressibles of a corresponding hue or else the articles of dress which are known as knickerbockers. In this guise young Oxford musters in great force about the hour we have indicated, patrols the streets, lounges into the Union to write his letters, hangs about shop-windows and college gates. The explanation of the costume, which may be warm, but is far from elegant, is that young Oxford has been indulging in his afternoon exercise upon the river, and declines to take the trouble to doff his aquatic suit during the hour and a half that has yet to elapse before he returns to college. ‘This is a sort of thing,’ remarks our friend to himself, ‘that we knew nothing of in our time. I don’t like it—upon my soul I don’t!’ Quite so, sir; very likely you don’t: only you must remember that nearly five lustra have passed since your time existed, and that in this space Oxford, like the rest of the world,

has seen mighty changes—has, in fact, submitted to a social revolution of which the phenomena that you have noticed in the matter of costume are but to be accepted as the superficial symbols and the outward signs.

What this revolution is can be at the outset very briefly stated. The relation in which Oxford now stands to the nation at large is suddenly and entirely changed. The university which Alfred founded has ceased to be exclusive and has become national; it has lost its aristocratic prestige, and is the property of the people. The first step towards this consummation was of course; taken by the University Commission in 1853, and in the direction which was then indicated matters have since been going at a very rapid rate. It is simply impossible that, so far as Oxford is concerned, she should be more accessible to all classes of people than she is at present. The scholarships and exhibitions of her various colleges have been thrown open with so ungrudging a hand, and the rewards of a like character for deserving pupils attached to almost all schools in the present day are so lavishly distributed, that any lad whom it is a special object to send to the University is quite certain to be able to support himself. In order that there might be no doubt as to the adequate nationalization of Oxford in every possible particular, the unattached student scheme came into force about two years ago, and since that time more than one of a group of the most distinguished colleges now admit as members students who are not compelled to live within the college walls, but who, lodging where they most economically can, and living in a condition of solitude which precludes alike the possibility of extravagance and the discipline of social training, may constitute themselves monuments of the triumphs of parsimony. So long as Oxford was, as a place of education, limited to the sons of parents of the upper and well-to-do-classes, Oxford was in many ways scarcely an eligible resort for lads of very slender cir-

cumstances. But all this is now altered. We live in an age which is every day knocking down the barriers of social or economical exclusiveness, and Oxford in following suite after her manner, is but obeying what is called the spirit of the times. The result of all this? Well, one of the results, a superficial and perhaps unimportant one, our friend who revisits the University has already witnessed. If you were to ask a bigoted country squire what were the consequences of the new-fangled changes which have lately been introduced at Oxford, he would roundly and bluntly reply, 'Consequences, sir; why one of the consequences is that the place is becoming utterly unfit for gentlemen to go to.' This of course is an extreme view: we only place it in the mouth of that antediluvian creature a Tory squire. Yet it is just possible there may be some ground for regret in the fact that the high social training of which a degree at Oxford once used to be the guarantee is fast disappearing from the curriculum of the place, and that the change which has been noticed in the costume and gait of so considerable a portion of Oxford undergraduates is in reality significant of something painfully like what must, we fear, be called a decadence in the social tone of the University. The revolution—for a revolution it is—is one which it would have been utterly impossible to avert. Now that it has come it is well to acknowledge it and to state *in limine* the one broad fact that Oxford has ceased to retain any vestige of being the exclusively aristocratic institution that it once was, and has become unreservedly and obtrusively middle class. Heaven forbid that we should give utterance to any opinion which could convey the impression that we do not hail the extension of liberal learning as one of the greatest blessings of the age: yet there was a charm in the old combination a 'scholar and a gentleman,' and there are after all, be it remembered, two ways of nationalizing such foundations as that of Oxford—you may either bring the new comers up to the old level, or

you may reduce the existing standard down to the level of the newcomers.

The transformation which Oxford is undergoing does not end here. It is not merely the *personnel* of the undergraduate body which is experiencing the change, but that of the body of dons as well. Here again we witness the operative results of the Commission of 1853. By that Commission two important changes as regards the tenure of fellowships were instituted: in the first place holy orders, and in the second place residence, ceased to be in a majority of cases among the conditions which they imposed upon their holders. There is thus at the present time among college 'dons' a large proportion, firstly, of non-resident fellows, secondly, of lay fellows. Under the old régime it was a kind of axiom that a man who participated in the endowments of his society was bound, so far as in him lay, to render that society something of an equivalent return. The career which the newly-elected fellow mapped out for himself was, in most cases, pretty well the same. His hopes rested, first, on the promotion to a college tutorship; secondly, on the promotion at an age when he was acquiring the years which bring the philosophic mind, to a country living. There was no lack of eligible candidates from whom to select tutors, and the consequence was that no tutor was ever appointed to his post who had not had some experience in his duties, and had not acquired a certain measure of dignity in the matter of their discharge. We are very far from saying that the relations between undergraduate and don were under the old system at all uniformly satisfactory. Oxford was doubtless managed much more in the manner and on the principles of a school than of a university. If an undergraduate chose to cut his lectures, or absent himself from chapel, he was simply called up by the Dean and punished with an imposition, just as he would have been a couple of years back at his school. Between the two—the governors and the governed, the undergra-

duate and the don—a great gulf of social and academical difference was fixed. There was little enough of sympathy between the two, and there was perhaps little enough also of good feeling. Still for all that the system did not work so badly. Offences against discipline were much fewer than they have ever subsequently been under the new régime.

What is this régime so far as the relations between don and undergraduate are concerned? So far from college tutorships being the objects of any very severe competition, there is often great difficulty experienced in inducing the college fellow who has the necessary qualifications to accept the post. The young don of the new school is no sooner a don at all than he goes off at a tangent from Oxford. He has secured his fellowship, and he may use its income—some three hundred a year in all probability—either to assist him during his struggles upwards at the commencement of a laborious professional career, or, if he be possessed of other means independently of this, to procure him a few additional gratifications and pleasures in a life devoted to more or less elegant enjoyment. Oxford is the last place in the world at which to look for the Oxford fellow of the new school. The result is, that instead of training for college tutorship, and other parts of college government, as was once the case, men to whom years had brought experience and judgment, the entire burthen of college management, in the great majority of cases, is thrown upon the shoulders of young men from twenty-five to thirty, ambitious some of them, unpractical reformers most, clever so far as the study of mere books can make them clever, but utterly devoid of discretion and wholly without tact. College discipline is at all times a work which makes the greatest demand upon the temper and wisdom of those who conduct it. It is not surprising that the new and young school of college rulers prove unequal to the strain. It is scarcely at all an exaggeration to say that at the present day the greater share of

the government of the University is monopolized by young men who are not removed by a decade from their nonage. Thus it is that we are always hearing of new reforms and new schemes; that time has not been allowed for the effects of one plan to make themselves known, when another plan is thrust upon the top of that; and that the last novelty becomes obsolete long before sufficient space to watch its operations has elapsed. We have indicated what was the method of academical discipline pursued under the old régime. It had its faults—and they were many—but practically it was not a failure. The present method of discipline, however, is a failure, and a failure of the worst kind. Fully experiencing the truth that if between himself and the undergraduate there exists a disparity of position, there is not, after all, much disparity in the matter of years, the young don attempts to govern the race of undergraduates according to the principles of a sort of fraternal scheme of rule. With this end he cultivates undergraduate acquaintances, strolls into undergraduates' rooms at miscellaneous hours, and in that way masters a great many of the secrets of undergraduate existence. At first sight nothing may seem better than this relationship of sentiment between undergraduate and don, and for a while all goes, or seems to go, well. Undergraduates, however, will still be undergraduates; a grave offence against college discipline is at last committed, which requires the instant notice of the college authorities. Now comes the fatally weak point in the new manner of college rule. The footing of familiarity which he has studied to preserve with the junior members of his society materially assists the college tutor in the exercise of his penal functions. He is at once able, if any attempt to shield the culprit is made, to lay his finger upon the guilty person with much greater certainty and ease than he otherwise could, simply in consequence of the opportunity which his past friendly intercourse with undergraduates have given. And thus the end of

the new system is worse than the beginning of the old system, and a feeling of jealousy and suspicion is excited by any friendly overture on the part of don to undergraduate, which ends in the final overthrow and failure of the scheme of college administration upon the basis of brotherly intercourse and amity.

'Sneaking beast, that Jones,' says Smith, who has just been giving a noisy supper consequent upon his success in getting through—the third time of asking—Moderations, in allusion to his tutor, who is also the dean of his college. 'He pretends to be your friend and ally; and then, confound him! he turns round on you and uses all he knows against you.' And Smith the undergraduate does but, in making this remark, constitute himself the organ of the prevailing opinion of young Oxford on the subject.

Other things, too, there are which will forcibly strike the stranger who revisits Oxford, when he compares his impressions of to-day with his recollections of twenty years ago. There lingers even yet about the city of the stately spires a quaint and grateful mediæval air; but modern ideas have lately marched into the place with a surprising rapidity. Young Oxford—that portion of young Oxford which aspires to the reputation of intellectuality—has lately set up for itself an idol to worship, and that idol is mediæval art studied and regarded from the modern point of view. No greater mistake can be made when the portrait of the Oxford don of to-day is painted as a kind of academical troglodyte. He spends his vacation in the art galleries of the Continent, and returns to his college to talk weak artistic twaddle and to decorate his rooms in the fashion that his own chaste fancy prescribes. The Oxford tutor's chambers of to-day are, in the matter of furniture, a kind of curiosity shop, reminding you, now of the boudoir of Phryne, and now of an artist's studio. You will see scattered about on his table French, German, and Italian works on artistic criticism. He reproduces their contents to you at breakfast, and volubly fires off at you, across

the walnuts and the wine, a summary of his own comments upon them at the dinner-table. Dean Gaisford, it is said, once delivered a sermon on the advantages of classical study, in the course of which he introduced this memorable sentence: 'St. Paul has observed, and I, for one, partly agree with him, that the principal advantages of a classical education are these: firstly, that it enables one to look down upon one's inferiors; secondly, that it opens up to one posts to which emolument is attached both in this world and that which is to come.' Dean Gaisford is not alone in his opinion of the superiority, real or supposed, with which a study of the Latin and Greek languages inspires its victim. But the Oxford don of the new type, who has made modern art his hobby, is possessed with far more of a conspicuous consciousness of his own transcendental excellences and merits than was ever the Oxford don of the old type, who is popularly supposed to have passed his existence in the scansion of Greek metres and the study of scholastic logic. The tone of a common room, filled with juvenile fellows discussing their ideas of various continental galleries, their presumptuous dogmatizing, and their arrogant self-sufficiency—all these are things which are positively nauseating.

If the stranger, whose personal acquaintance with Oxford is confined to what the place was two decades ago, passes a Sunday amid the famous buildings which enkindled his youthful mind with an ennobling ambition, he will get further glimpses of the modernizing spirit which are not uninteresting. He will discover that the place is overrun with illustrious visitors from town of the most advanced way of thinking, and the most modern type; he will find artists of the luscious Præ-Raphaelite school engaged to dine with severe professors, and will see the great alliterative poetic geniuses of the day strolling arm-in-arm down the High Street with crack private tutors and with college deans. The truth is, Oxford is aiming to assert her sympathy with the modern

spirit, and with modern ideas in every way. You can offer her no greater insult than to suggest that any of her notions are not quite bran new. She will become inarticulate with indignation if you so much as venture to hint that some regard is possibly due to the opinions of those of her alumni who are non-residents; that the country rector, who a quarter of a century since gained his first-class and fellowship, is not utterly a contemptible creature; and that when Oxford is spoken of as a seat of national education and enlightenment, something else may possibly be meant than the views of those of her beardless young representatives who have scaled the Matterhorn, and who are familiar with the sculpture galleries of Florence. It may perhaps be esteemed a noteworthy thing that young Oxford, claiming for itself a monopoly of the virtues of tolerance and liberalism, should be, in effect, dogmatically intolerant and insufferably illiberal.

The conversation talked by the intellectual circles of young Oxford may strike the ears of the old-fashioned visitor as a curious kind of jargon. But it is not all affectation. There is a good deal of earnestness and genuineness about these superfine young critics. Intellectual coxcombs many of them no doubt are; but there are not a few of them who are intellectual bigots, compassing the heaven and earth of undergraduadom to see if haply they can secure one proselyte. The extent to which the spirit of partizanship is carried at the present day in Oxford, whether in the region of politics, philosophy, or religion, is matter for regret. To such an extent are speculative and theoretical differences allowed to break hard and fast lines of social distinctions, that young First Principles, of Balliol, refuses to meet at dinner or at breakfast young Foreknowledge Absolute, of Magdalen. The Anglican student who hails from St. John's will have nothing to do with the votary of free-thinking who comes from Corpus. He shuns him in the street, and he

declines to speak to him when they meet in Convocation. All this is bad—bad in itself, and worse in the influence which it exerts. And even this is not all. No one doubts that there is in Oxford, at the present day, an immense store of energy—intellectual, moral, physical. What every one who knows anything about the place must bitterly deplore is, that so much of this energy is perverted, is employed for petty, and ignoble, and useless—sometimes worse than useless—purposes. Unfortunately, a great number of vigorous and clever young men seem bent upon sacrificing to mere considerations of cabal and clique what was meant for the common good of the University and its alumni. They will spend nights and days in succession to gain a majority of votes in any University election into which religious and political considerations in any way enter; but they will not fling these frivolous considerations away, and, sinking differences which easily might be sunk, as they certainly ought to be, combine with their opponents, and labour for the common good of all. The extent to which party organization is now carried at Oxford is simply mischievous and absurd; and neither the mischief nor the absurdity could exist as they do if young and inexperienced Oxford was tempered with a larger admixture of Oxford the experienced and the mature. The whole University re-echoes with the notes of controversy; and the spirit of controversy is allowed to reign where it ought not to be known. We will give an instance of what we mean. Not long since, the final examination for classical honours at degree was conducted by a batch of young examiners, well known for the extreme radicalism of their political tenets. As readers may be aware, considerable scope is offered in the examination, as it is at present framed, for the introduction of political opinions. On the occasion to which we allude, it was generally and openly stated in Oxford that no one who was not an extreme radical himself, the examiners being radical, could hope

to be placed in the first class. We simply give the statement for what it is worth. We neither endorse it, nor do we contradict it; but that it should merely ever have been made is sufficiently significant.

The change which has been inaugurated in Rome, the transference of sway which has converted the Eternal City from Rome the mediæval into Rome the modern, is not greater than that which the last few years have witnessed worked in Oxford—in the social, the intellectual, the moral life of the place; in its civilization and its views; in its way of thinking and its way of speaking. Perhaps the real truth is that the process of the transformation of Oxford from an exclusive, classical, and aristocratic institution into a national, educational, and middle class university, is not yet complete; and that whatever may be unpleasant and unwelcome in the present features of the place is simply inseparable from a time of transition and change. To this we must perhaps attribute such escapades as that which gained last summer the absurd title of the Christ Church outrage. A period of transformation or revolution is always more or less a period of violence; and it is not to be expected that Oxford should present any exception to this general rule. The remarks which we have here offered have been made simply in the interests and in the spirit of truth. The nonsense which ignorant essayists and more ignorant novelists write on Oxford is so astounding, that a plain, unvarnished picture of facts is desirable, and that is all that we have given now. But the picture would be partial were it to leave certain phenomena of the social life of Oxford unnoticed. We have already dwelt upon the fact that the *personnel* of the undergraduate body of Oxford has greatly and radically altered. And there is much that is highly desirable in the innovation. We may, indeed, feel a twinge of natural regret when we reflect that an Oxford degree is fast ceasing to be the social passport that it once was, and that there is now little reason to suppose on *a priori*

grounds that the perfect B.A. or M.A. will or will not be a gentleman. At the same time the economical reforms which, in company with the necessity of the recognition of this truth, have made their way into Oxford are highly salutary. The ideal standard of pure living and high thinking which the author of the 'Christian Year' proposed, and in great measure realized, is as yet far from being universally reached. But, at any rate, Oxford is not quite so far removed from it as she once was. With the new band of students who have latterly strayed to the Isis, determined to reap all the knowledge, and with the least outlay possible, there has entered a spirit of considerate and conscientious economy as well, and academical education is attended with far fewer snares and far less peculiar seductions than it once was.

Here we are bound to say a good word for athletic sports. If, on the one hand, it is partially true that these as institutions have done a great deal towards developing a phenomenon of the most unwelcome kind in the undergraduate world—that there is now called into existence a certain class of youths who are nothing more nor less than mere pot hunters, the highest object of whose life it is to win a cup in a hurdle race, or to jump a height that will gain their supporters their bets—it cannot, on the other, be too plainly or strongly stated that athleticism as an institution at Oxford has supplied a want that was much felt, and has neutralized temptations and expenses that were dangerously attractive. Till athleticism assumed its present development at Oxford, there was a deficiency of legitimate physical amusements for lads who neither rowed nor cricketed. True, Charley Symonds's stables were in Holywell, and Charley Symonds let out excellent horses; but the hire of the horses was extremely high, and the incidental expenses of riding at Oxford were always and always will be great. For young men to whom Mr. Symonds and his steeds were irresistibly tempting, athleticism has given

a very desirable resource. Mr. Symonds does not probably think much of athleticism, and is probably the enemy of pedestrianism; but then Mr. Symonds cannot be expected to talk of these matters from exactly the same point of view as the British parent.

Altogether, though there is a good deal in the present state of Oxford which the fastidious and selfish visitor, comparing the place as it actually is with his impressions of what it was a quarter of a century since, might feel disposed

to characterize as very dubiously desirable, there is much there—very much—which is full of honest promise and sturdy hope. The University has become strongly, generously national, if everything that strikes the observant eye is not altogether what some might wish. We are disposed to think that the objectionable element is but skin-deep and transient; and that when Oxford has regularly shaken itself down into its national place it will pass away altogether out of sight.

SITZBAD IN '70.

IT cannot be said that Sitzbad is a particularly fashionable or a particularly well-known watering-place. The British peerage sends there annually but a small contingent, and the British Book of Snobs—that far larger and now-a-days far more important category—a still smaller. If you are economical, two dresses per diem will suffice for all exigencies of fashion, even at the very height and riot of its season, nor is there any fear that the florin or the five-franc piece which is burning such terrible holes in your pocket will be compelled to remain there in spite of yourself, only because the dense crowd round 'the tables' has prevented your reaching them before the utterance of the prohibitory 'rien ne va plus.' Those tables, too, are but seldom rich with crumpled bundles of mille-franc notes, or resplendent with the gorgeous jewellery of what—with a singular non-appreciation of the real meaning of the phrase—we have learned of late years euphemistically to style the demi-monde. Nevertheless—it would be more accurate perhaps were I to say therefore—I have always found Sitzbad a mighty pleasant little place—rather a gem among the watering-places of the Rhine.

It was unusually full this season was Sitzbad. Perhaps the virtues of its waters—deep red with iron, bitter with stinging brine—were

getting more widely known. Perhaps there had been a reaction in the public mind in favour of elegant quiet in place of vulgar glare and glitter. Perhaps its reputation as the unholiest bank in Germany, where those who had lost their money at M. Noir's gorgeous Inferno hard by might be almost sure of recouping at least some portion of their losses, was not altogether without its influence. Anyway the season had begun in an unusually prosperous fashion. Every lodging-house—and they are all lodging-houses in Sitzbad—was full. The tables were almost as inaccessible as those of the great M. Noir himself. The music of the small but spirited band was almost inaudible over the buzz of English, French, German, Prussian, and Italian. The long-winding alleys of the beautiful gardens had no longer a nook in which a hapless couple could hope to flirt secure. Sitzbad was full to overflowing. The overworked visitors grew visibly thinner from day to day. The employés' arms ached with raking in and paying out huge piles of silver and paper and gold. The great men of the 'administration' grew bland and smiling, and broke out in wondrous hats and shiny broadcloth garments, and eschewed the beer of Fatherland for the unpatriotic but fashionable champagne. Even the shareholders began to smile as they

scented in the distance the comfortable dividend that seemed at last almost within their grasp.

Suddenly out of the clear, bright summer sky it thundered heavily. Our papers at Sitzbad reach us in the evening, and as a rule wait quietly enough until the next day before any one cares much to master their contents. But one fine July evening the little reading-room is suddenly filled almost to suffocation. There has been a strange scene, the telegrams inform us, in the Paris Chambers. The long-brooding quarrel between Prussia and France has broken out at last. Already, even as we were gossiping and flirting and throwing away our time so pleasantly at the music we could not hear, and our money—not quite so pleasantly perhaps—at the table where we could never manage to win, the hot blood of France had fired up at the idea of having another Prussia set up on her southern confines, and that almost forgotten word 'war' had been spoken aloud. It was but yesterday that we had almost ceased to remember that such a thing as politics existed to plague the world. Now politics was the only subject on which any one cared to talk. It was a dull night for the 'bank,' that night which brought us the news of the Duc de Grammont's first startling speech.

Unfortunately there was worse to come. We rallied a little at first. We had grown so used to peace that we were really unable to realise the idea of war. Besides, it was so clearly the interest of the Empire to avoid disturbance. The plébiscite had but just been taken then—how many hundred years ago it seems now!—and with it had passed away all necessity for a war to consolidate the imperial power, and every year of peace was so much clear gain to its stability. Some few of the more far-seeing shook their heads and hinted that if France had no need of war Prussia had need, and great need of it. Now and again, too, came ominous signs and sounds of preparation; but we closed our eyes and ears against them, and went back to the music

and the tables, satisfied that the era of peace having come we need have no fear. It was the nineteenth century, was it not? How *could* there be war? And then—well, then came the declaration of war, and the question was settled so far.

It didn't take a week to clear the place. We knew something of the new military system which, since the brief campaign of 1866, had weighed so heavily upon the newly-annexed provinces of Prussia and the little states which, though still enjoying to appearance an individual existence, were really dominated by her, and had heard with sympathetic or inattentive ears, the bitter complaints of those whose breadwinners had been taken away to serve. But the real working and result of that system we knew as little as France herself. Poor little Sitzbad, too, was not a hundred miles from the frontier, and in the direct road to Berlin, and in imagination we could already hear the wild strains of the *Marseillaise*, and see the turbans of the terrible Turcos advancing to the charge. It was a case of *sauf qui peut*. The station was besieged. Every place in every train was fought for by anxious crowds eager to escape from the pleasant little watering-place that was so soon to be filled with such terrible guests. Some would not even wait for the chance of a conveyance by train, and every carriage in the place was soon chartered at fabulous prices, and away for Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, anywhere beyond the range of chassepot and mitrailleuse. Then silence fell upon Sitzbad. The hotels and lodging-houses stood empty, with closed jalousies and lowered blinds. Croupiers and employés sat idle round the deserted tables, drawing maps with their useless rakes on the figured cloths, and speculating more on the chances of the war now, than the personally yet more interesting question, when they would again have a 'gallery,' or when they could again call to 'faire le jeu.'

This silence, however, did not last long. The last straggling fugitives were hardly gone before their places were filled by guests of a

very different kind. No one can have travelled of late years in Germany without having remarked a little inscription on every railway truck and waggon he has passed, and not impossibly wondered what '48 manne 6 pferde' might mean. This piece of information any one who still remained in Sitzbad had now no difficulty in acquiring. The lines were scarcely cleared of the first rush of panic-stricken travellers before passenger traffic was stopped altogether, and then we began to understand the meaning not only of the little inscriptions which had puzzled us, but the military system to which we had hitherto paid so little heed. Suddenly the country we had hitherto looked on as so entirely devoted to the pursuits of peace, proved to be in truth but one vast barrack. Hour after hour the huge trains rolled by, profusely decorated with waving green boughs, each truck and waggon filled with the 'forty-eight men' or the 'six horses' assigned to it long ago in anticipation of the long-desired event. Twelve hundred thousand troops were hurrying to the front, and as each detachment drew up at the little station for a while, the excited crowd swarmed around it, some with huge thick slices of dark brown bread, some with handfuls of strong, coarse cigars, some—and these by no means the least welcome—with bottle and glass, all eager to greet the new comers and speed them on their way to fight for the Fatherland and the Rhine. We had got rid of many of our fears now. Excitement is a great preservative of courage, a wonderful softener of the ills of life, and for a time the worthy citizens of Sitzbad forgot alike the guests they had lost and those they feared would come.

A few days more, and this, too, was over. The troops had passed. The last bough-decorated train had vanished along the long, straight road which leads towards the French frontier, and Sitzbad sat down once more to reckon up the chances of the fight, and calculate somewhat ruefully the inroad their late burst of hospitality had made in their

already somewhat scanty store. But now happily another interest came to help them to postpone for a time this uncomfortable counting of the cost. There would be fighting very shortly, and wounded men to be provided for, and every one set to work to the best of his or her ability to prepare for their reception.

The first thing to be done was to pick out buildings for hospitals. This was soon accomplished. The war, which had taken all the rest of the world so entirely by surprise, had been pretty thoroughly prepared for by King William and his minister; and just as every railway-waggon had been long since labelled with the exact number of men or horses it could help in launching against France, and every civilian official told off beforehand to his work and his station in the war, so were the capacities of the various towns for the reception of wounded and prisoners all carefully studied and classified, and a very short time sufficed for planting the red-cross flag on the buildings in which the damages of war were to be repaired.

I fancy our principal Sitzbad hospital was one of the most picturesque in which wounded men ever laid his aching limbs. A dozen years ago it was the kursaal, a long one-storied wooden building of the chalet type, plain enough in itself, goodness knows, but completely smothered in a dense mass of Virginia creeper—all spring and summer full of wonderful tender greens and purples, and in the autumn such a mass of vivid crimson of every tone and shade, as might have furnished the palettes of the whole Venetian school. Of late years this abandoned building had been used only as a winter storehouse for the numerous bay trees in their huge green tubs, which in summer time stand in long rows along the broad terrace of the new kursaal. Now it was to be turned to nobler uses, and numbers of willing hands were speedily at work, some cleaning and whitewashing the interior, some repairing the damaged floor, some—alas! for the sad necessity—pruning away with unsparing hand

the superabundance of luxuriant creeper which shut out from the tall broad windows the needful supply of light and air. Then came the long rows of small iron bedsteads; the thick green blinds to keep the light from aching eyes; the ominous table with its straps and pads occupying the little room where erst, after the work of the day was done, the money bags of the administration had reposed; and the ghastly array of lint and bandages, and probes and saws, and knives of strange and threatening form. And simultaneously with all this went on the organisation of the 'Hilfsverein,' or Aid Association, including, more or less, all the young girls and most of the young men of the place.

So far as private effort went nothing could be better than the arrangements under this head. I wish I could say as much for the official, or Government, portion of them. But I cannot. For the conveyance and supplying of the army of invasion the organisation was simply perfect; but when one came to look into that for mitigating the sufferings and tending the hurts of those who fell, it was impossible not to feel that the man of 'blood and iron' had looked on that as a very secondary affair indeed. Every waggon, as I have said, was elaborately marked with the number of men or of horses it could convey to the front, and all necessary fittings provided in readiness for the event. But when it came to the question of carrying the wounded home it was at once evident that this was a point which had never been thought worthy of consideration. Private benevolence furnished at every station ample supplies of lint and bandages for dressing wounds; of food for the hungry, wine for the fainting, cigars, fruit, cakes—everything that could comfort or please. The authorities had nothing to do but to provide what no one else had it in his power to provide. The means of locomotion and the provision there was, was in painfully striking contrast with that I have already noticed as being so perfect when the men were

to be conveyed to the front. That wounded men whose work was over should give way to those whose service was still to come was, no doubt, natural enough. But it really seemed possible to keep some sort of time even with them; and loud were the complaints of the cruelty to the unhappy wounded to whom every hour away from bed and surgical care was simply so much additional and unnecessary agony. For two whole days were we in hourly expectation of the first batch, some hundred and fifty strong if 'strong' be, indeed, a fit word to apply to the poor fellows—and then the long-expected convoy turned up at 2 A.M., feverish and worn-out with the tedious journey, and subjected to the torture of a fresh removal just at the time when their vital power is at the lowest point.

That was a curious sight, the arrival of the first batch of wounded at Sitzbad. People had grown tired of waiting for them; weary of hanging about the station in the hot sun, listening anxiously to every distant whistle; hurrying on to the platform every time a train was heard lumbering slowly up among the tall black salt works, only to find that bandages and lint, and sponge, and wine, and litter, had once more been prepared in vain, and that the anxiously-expected hour was, apparently, just as far off as ever.

We are early people at Sitzbad. The 'tables,' indeed, make a show of keeping open till eleven, 'and later should the *chef de parti*' deem it advisable. But, practically, it is rarely much later than half-past nine when the presiding *employé* announces '*les trois derniers coups*,' and declares that '*la séance est terminée*.' So by ten o'clock on this particular night Sitzbad had given it up as a bad job. The tables were closed; the cylinder of the roulette had ceased to turn; the long row of gaslights on the terrace and down the avenue were extinguished, and Sitzbad was asleep as soundly as though no word of war had ever disturbed the serenity of her slumbers.

Suddenly the Frankfort wire announced that the long-expected convoy of wounded was really at last under way, and in half an hour all was once more bustle and eager preparation. First a police emissary hurried round to the houses of all the members of the local 'Hilfsverein,' that is to say, to those of about nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Sitzbad. Then messages were despatched to all the stables, and every carriage was hurried up to the station in readiness for those too severely injured to walk. Within an hour three-fourths of the population were gathered about the station, a large proportion bearing the insignia of the Geneva Convention, the remainder eager at least to see, if not to take part in what was going on. It was not a pleasant night. The long-continued fine weather had broken for a time, and a heavy drizzling rain made the open and unsheltered platform anything but a comfortable waiting-place. But the Sitzbaders were not to be daunted, and at last their courage was rewarded, and the train of wounded drew slowly up to the side of the platform.

It was a curious sight. The light of the station-lamps fell upon the eager faces of the excited crowd as they pressed round the carriages, some offering beer and bacon, and other heavy refreshment, to the weary travellers; some thrusting on them cigars or fruit; some only anxious to get them landed as quickly as possible, and in their somewhat undisciplined zeal rather retarding than promoting the laudable end in view. But the Germans are a docile race, and, after the first outbreak of enthusiasm had subsided, it did not take long to reduce them to something like order, and then the debarkation commenced.

The scene was a painful one. By far the greater number of the new arrivals were of course only slightly wounded, and, as soon as a path was cleared, sprang to the ground without any assistance. Even these, however, looked fagged and worn; and the slings in which the arms of some were carried, the blood-stained bandages around the heads

of others, the dull pallid complexions of almost all, told a sad tale of pain and suffering. A few minutes, however, sufficed to get these out of the way, and then came the turn of those too severely hurt to assist themselves. A piteous sight were these indeed. For hours they had been travelling in horse-boxes, and these horseboxes—carefully supplied, by the foresight of the governing powers, with every necessary appliance for carrying as conveniently as might be their complement of fighting men—had been left totally unfitted with any arrangement for the reception of the wounded. A handful of straw was all that could be provided, and on this they had lain on the hard floor of the shaking waggon, every jolt of which must have rent anew their shattered frames. They looked more like corpses than living beings as, one by one, they were lifted carefully from their miserable lair and carried off to the carriages waiting to convey them to the hospital. It was nearly four o'clock before the last groaning burden was fairly deposited in the little hospital bed, which, hard as it was, must have been something like a foretaste of Paradise after what its unhappy inmate had of late gone through.

Sitzbad had now entered what may be termed the fourth stage of her war experiences. First, we had had the 'stampede,' then the passage of the military, then the interregnum; and now we came to the hospital stage, a phase fated to endure somewhat longer than any of its predecessors, and, so far as the public feeling was concerned, with somewhat different results. Hitherto we had, of course, been all war-mad. The day for which we had been looking forward so long, and for which we had been half content to suffer so grievously, had come at last. We had hated the Prussians bitterly enough, certainly—all the more bitterly since we had come personally under their iron hand, and learned how conquests were prepared for and what was their cost. But, after all, we had hated the French still more; and if Prussia did grind us down some-

what hardly, and treat our remonstrances, and our resistance, and all the little cherished institutions whose abolition called them forth with somewhat unpleasant contempt, still she was going to make France suffer a good deal more than she had inflicted on us, and, what was more, to take and keep possession of those long-coveted Rhine provinces which, once conquered and annexed as we ourselves had been, we might, without any very violent figure of speech, almost call our own. So for the time we grew quite reconciled to the Prussian yoke—winced slightly, perhaps, as the bough-decorated military trains swallowed up our sons and brothers, and bread-winners of various kinds, but comforted ourselves with the belief that they would soon be back safe and sound and with the long-coveted Rhine provinces in their pocket, and even went the length of sewing a black stripe on to our much-loved red-and-white flag and singing 'Ich bin Preusse' with what breath was left us from the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

But now our enthusiasm began to cool a little. The whole interest of Sitzbad soon centred in the old kursaal, and in its long rows of little iron beds, in each of which lay a groaning fellow-countryman, crippled, for the most part, for life. At the grand new kursaal the employées sat idle round the empty *roulette*, the band played patriotic airs three times a day to a deserted terrace or an empty *salle*. Everybody was at the hospital. Not a young girl in the town but carried on her plump, fair arm the white *brassard* with its red cross, and spent the greater portion of her day in assisting at the dressing of arms and legs with an *àplomb* which to English eyes was, it must needs be confessed, at first a little startling. Contributions, too, of every kind poured in, and for the first week or two there was provision of wine and beer and cigars 'galore,' and all went, if not exactly 'merrily as a marriage bell,' at all events as satisfactorily as under the circumstances could possibly be expected. We were very fortunate too at first. Legs and arms disap-

peared freely, but no one actually died under probe or knife, and the abundant supplies of food and wine were fast renewing the blood that had been drained so terribly.

But food and wine are costly things, and people who live pretty much from hand to mouth, dependent even for daily bread on the liberal expenditure of visitors in search of health or amusement, can ill-afford to burn the candle long at both ends. Supplies began to run short, and with their failure came a check in the uniform success of the surgical operations which still followed one upon the other as rapidly as the overtasked medical staff of the little watering-place could bring their energies to bear upon them. One by one the patients who had been progressing the most hopefully began to show symptoms of falling back. Blood, we began to find, was a costly article to produce, and those who a few days since had shouted loudest for Prussia and the Rhine began to doubt if, after all, Alsace and Lorraine might not prove a somewhat too expensive purchase.

We brightened up again, however, for a time. One morning the news ran through the little town that a great lady—one of the greatest ladies Prussia could boast—was coming our way, to try the healthful air and strengthening waters of Sitzbad for her son, wounded in one of the numerous actions which followed so quickly upon the great victory of Wörth. Two days later, and Madame von B—— was safely installed in the best apartments the little town could afford, and close upon her arrival came the glorious news of the three days' fighting at Sedan, and the surrender of the man to whom we were all fully persuaded was due all the trouble that had befallen us, just as to King William and his advisers might be ascribed all the glory we had gained, and all the substantial advantages that were so soon to follow in its train.

So for the moment we all went war-mad once more. It scarcely needed the peremptory summons of the Prussian police to make our

houses burst out in a blaze of bunting of every form and hue. For once in a way the kursaal terrace was thronged, and the 'Wacht am Rhein' pealed out joyously on the ears of the excited throng. The sun had hardly set before a goodly pile of tar barrels was blazing merrily on the summit of the hill. Its light died redly away, and all Sitzbad trooped gaily downwards, singing as it went, to gather in a vast crowd beneath the windows of the great Prussian lady, where the kursaal band was already assembled, and where shouts and music, and the firing of guns and pistols, and the loud pealing of a thousand voices in songs of patriotism and of victory, rang out far into the night. And so the fourth act of the war drama ended in unanimous applause, and Sitzbad went to bed as the small hours drew on, satisfied that all trouble was over, and rather pleased than not with the stern warnings of the Prussian police to one or two weak individuals who ventured to doubt whether the war was even yet over, and who were promptly cautioned that any further expression of such disloyal sentiments would lead to grief immediate and entire.

Alas! it needed but very few days to bring a change over the scene. The great lady was there, but the expected supplies did not flow in. Food and stimulants were as necessary as ever, and every day the burden of providing fell more heavily on the overtaxed population; but help came not, and at length it was decided to take a bold step, and a deputation waited on the great lady with a respectful request for aid. Unsuccessfully. The great lady, it appeared, 'had no more than she wanted for herself.' Not a kreutzer was forthcoming, and the deputation returned crestfallen and sad, and 'Ich bin Preusse' was heard no more.

And so a great gloom fell on Sitzbad. We had set a good many of our wounded on their feet, and here and there among the shady alleys, or on the sunny terrace, or in the great *salle* where the music played, might be seen sturdy,

square-built forms in worn uniforms and rough greatcoats, strange contrast to the gaudy butterfly throngs that were wont to gather there. But the other side of the picture was beginning to show itself now, and one day the painful rumour circulated that three of the hospital patients were dead, and that the funeral would take place the following afternoon.

They made a painful sensation, these first three deaths, in the little community whose interest had so long centred in the old kursaal. There was no music on the terrace that afternoon. The kursaal band was to be at the cemetery to do such honour as it might to those who had gone, and all Sitzbad turned out to follow the funeral train. First came a band of girls, bare-headed and in white, their hands filled with huge bunches and baskets of the choicest flowers the little town could furnish; then the three coffins, surrounded by all the convalescents with strength to face the long and stony ascent to the little burial ground, and carrying, many of them, their heavy 'needle-guns,' for which they had contrived to provide themselves somehow with a few blank cartridges to fire over their comrades' grave. Behind them a long line of the male inhabitants, all in deep black, and followed by a miscellaneous throng of the poorer sort, till scarce a man remained behind. Dense was the throng that gathered round the yawning grave, and solemnly drear the long wailing hymn which pealed out on the still summer air as one by one the coffins were lowered down, and the band of young girls tore in pieces their flowery offerings and scattered them over the grave. Then two straggling volleys broke the stillness which followed as the music ceased, the bells rang out a shrill and irregular peal, and the crowd returned slowly home, talking moodily of the morning's work, and reckoning how long it would be before they had again to tread the same road with a similar sad burden.

That scene has been repeated very often since then. For more

than three weeks scarce a day has passed but one or more coffins have been borne up the stony street and laid to rest in the quiet churchyard; and though the daily lessening crowd of followers, and the long-since silent volley shows that in one way the first solemn effect is rapidly wearing off, there is another respect in which it makes itself felt more strongly still. They are all our fellow-countrymen, those poor fellows whose mutilated forms we are daily bearing to the grave. Some of them are even from our own immediate neighbourhood, and wild sobs are often heard in the lofty rooms that have so strangely changed their destination, as one or other of our neighbours look their last on husband or brother or son. Death, too, who had held his sickle back so long that we had almost hoped it had lost its edge, is reaping his harvest now more and more busily. Our little resources, too, are almost at an end; and our surgeons, who have been providing wine and other stimulants from their own scanty means, have applied in vain to headquarters for the necessary aid, and meeting only with a rough refusal, are compelled to hold their hand. We are growing sullen and out of heart. Even the long-desired left bank of the Rhine,

which we now look upon as ours beyond all fear of restitution, brings with it but a very small amount of consolation. The war, too, is not over, after all—nay, more, it is even now hungering for more men, and bitter is the lamentation as the iron mandate reaches us for the rendering up of some hard-working father of a family, some widow's only son. We hold our tongue, it is true, in the presence of the almost ubiquitous police; but when it does dare to wag it utters bitter things—things ominous for the future peace of Germany, should all not go for the future as well for our masters as it has hitherto gone.

And so, in sullenness and gloom the year closes in, and in a very few more weeks the few straggling visitors who still remain, and whose open purses have hitherto richly aided us in our distress, will have fled, and the deserted watering-place will be left with empty hands to bring her two hundred wounded through the bitter winter as best she may. What the next three months may bring forth no man can tell; but it is more than possible that there are some strange experiences in store for Sitzbad even yet, before the final close of this grim year of 1870.

MAY AND NOVEMBER.

COME, Edith, darling, hither,
 Here, where the sun's warm ray
 With floods of golden gladness
 Bathes the November day;
 Ah me! my prudent preachings!
 Your laugh—I hear it say,
 'The lessons of November
 Can not be learnt by May!'

The warning voice of autumn
 The spring tide will not hear:
 'Tis vain to whisper summer
 That winter storms are near.
 June will not wed December;
 And vainly will essay
 The wisdom of November
 To fix the ear of May.

Easier to turn the current
 That dimpling downwards flows;
 Easier to catch the perfume
 Imprisoned in the rose;
 Easier to bind the sunbeam
 That fleets upon its way,
 Than for November's teaching
 To hold the heart of May.

May, with the heaven above it,
 Cloudless, divinely clear;
 What reck's it if November
 With lowering skies is near?
 Ah, me! my Edith darling,
 For you may life, I pray,
 Never become November,
 But always still be May!

E.

SOME IDEAS ABOUT CRICKET.

DOES the reader remember, in an old number of 'Punch,' the drawing of a woeful Nimrod in spring looking with an expression of intense regret at his boots and breeches, and heaving a deep sigh at the thought that he would not have an opportunity of using them for six months? Something similar is the case of the cricketer now. The season is over, and the player, who has laid aside his bat, may now look back on the past season and criticise.

In the first place, the game is not a whit less popular than before. Its extension has been steadily progressive. The wandering Zingari in England, Na Shuler in Ireland, and Free Foresters in Scotland, have continued their friendly contests, and spread the love of cricket in districts where a bat was not long ago unknown: and numbers know of Mr. Grace's average who never heard of George Parr. Its popularity in the great towns is testified by the throngs at the Oval and Lord's, and by the thousands who delight in seeing Freeman bowl or Daft bat; and not only is this progress shown in great matches, but it is also to be traced in the multitude of clubs which have sprung up, and in the inability of even bi-weekly 'Bell' to chronicle their scores.

This being the case, we may look upon cricket more than ever as a national game, and consider its bearings with reference to the people who play it.

And the first question is, who are those that play it—at least, who make up the Elevens in the greater matches? And here let it be observed that we are going to speak chiefly of the matches played by men who have attained to considerable excellence in the game, under the impression that a game derives its main character from those who are best able to illustrate its good or bad points. The answer to our question will lead us to the point which we are anxious should be considered, not only by

ourselves but by the whole cricketing world.

Those that play cricket much—enough, at least, to attain the practice necessary for excellence—are either professionals who are paid for it, or men whose command of time is for the season unlimited. How many gentlemen are there who a few seasons ago were famous, and who now are rarely or never seen in flannels?

Where does one hear of Lyttelton and De Grey, Daniel, and Benthall? Where are E. Grace, Evans, Voules?

These are names which not long ago appeared in every match list at Lord's, just as those of Burbridge, Lane, and Dowson did in most of the matches at the Oval; and now, if you ask them to play, the answer will probably be, 'I have not time.' Business men can, in season, hunt, shoot, or fish; but cricket is not for them. For who is there who can spare, and cares to spare, three days from his grinding of the great money-making machine to play a big match? The game is not worth the candle; the price paid for exercise is too high.

Pushing this feeling to its conclusion, we ask, Why does cricket take too much time? and the inevitable answer is, *The innings are too long.*

The season has been dry: no rain has come to stop the play; yet how many matches—not perhaps at Lord's, but at the Universities, the Oval, the northern grounds, and elsewhere, where the wickets are very true—have been left unfinished? Few of the minor matches are completed in one day; several of the greater unfinished in three!

Let us start from another point of view. There has been a great falling-off undoubtedly in Surrey and Sussex. Yorkshire and Notts are favoured with unusually good bowlers, and are, for this year at least, exempt from what may be, ere long, equally their fate; but the southern counties fail from the fact that their batsmen are stale or weary, owing to the enormous innings against or in which they play.

Who can bat well time after time, match after match, with the certainty before them that unless their side gets a tremendous score they will probably be beaten?

There is no doubt of it. *The batting has beaten the bowling.*

Occasionally there occurs, as there always would under any circumstances, a reversal of the general rule, and we have what is called a bowlers' match where the wickets fall rapidly and the 'laudatores temporis acti' flatter themselves that the play is, after all, not much better than it was in their day. But fifteen years ago 100 was a winning score for a side to make; now 200 (in matches lasting over one day) is a losing one. A bowler lasts for a time and is successful, partly because he is unknown; then he is found out and comparatively useless. Three years ago 'Grundy and Wootton at Lord's' was a phrase calculated to inspire terror into any batsman. Now where is Grundy? and how many wickets did Wootton get when he played against Marylebone? And yet he is not too old: his actual deliveries are as good as ever; but he is known and played. Freeman and Emmett, McIntyre and Shaw, are in the zenith of their fame, yet who that saw Mr. Green play one couple, and Messrs. Dale and Walker the other, will not say that the bowler is woefully on the losing side, or, in the language of modern youth, has six to four the worst of it?

The batting has beaten the bowling: in some instances the defeat is most extraordinary. In the match between Gentlemen and Players of the South, the Players, last year, made over 400, the Gentlemen over 500; and the first wicket of the latter fell for the enormous score of 283. In Gentlemen and Players at the Oval, this year, Mr. Grace made, in one innings, 215; and in the same innings Mr. Money made 109; in a match this year, against odds, Carpenter and Hayward scored over 300 between them; 500 has been repeatedly reached by a good eleven, and Mr. Hoare in Kent made over 300 off his own bat.

We know what you will say, you revered patron of the game, for

whose hat and opinions we have equal respect—we know what your objections will be; we have heard them many a time. 'They don't do it at Lord's,' you will say; 'they can't do it there. Look at four wickets for one run in the Oxford and Cambridge match, and a Harrow eleven out for a moderate score.' 'They don't do it at Lord's.' We bow before your experience, but we differ from your conclusion. Four wickets certainly fell for one run in the University match, but they were of men not famed for their batting; and even if they had been, the race is not always to the swift; the strongest armies are liable to panic: and it is, moreover, impossible always to get up, under present conditions, the excitement which, in University and Public School matches, paralyzes the powers of many a good player, and gives the bowler an advantage.

And they do do it at Lord's. What was Daft's play like? Who that saw Yardley and Dale in one match, or Dale and Walker, Daft and McIntyre in another, will not say that the batting has beaten the bowling at Lord's as elsewhere?

But even suppose they did not do it at Lord's, why in the most scientific game in the world are you to demand for perfection of its development that one of the conditions should be faulty? Who would ask for a racquet court with an untrue backhand corner to help the server? who approve of a billiard-table with one pocket which 'drew'? Why is cricket not to be played with everything as good as it can be? Why are the bat, balls, stumps to be as perfect as possible, the ground alone incorrect? No; let us have the wickets as true as we can get them, and balance as best we may the difference that exists between batter and bowler.

But it is not only individual batting which has improved. There are twenty good bats now for every one of 1855. In old days the tail of an eleven was nearly always weak, now the last men are often as stubborn as the first, and a side is never all out till the tenth wicket has actually fallen. Not long ago a

zealous reader of 'Bell's Life' used to make annually a list of the highest innings of the year, which he considered to be those above 80. This year how many times has 100 been made in one hands? We should be sorry to say.

Is this state of things as it should be? is the great superiority of one part of the game an advantage? In a perfectly calculated game we hold that one advantage is balanced by a corresponding disadvantage. Thus in tennis the superiority of the service side is counteracted by the benefit which the hazard-side player has in the dedans, which in its turn is modified by the risk which he runs if he plays for it and fails. Again, in whist the benefit of the deal is to a certain extent diminished by the loss of the lead. And as it is in these games so should it be in cricket; no portion of it should be eminently superior to the other. Moreover we are of opinion that the present state of things is not agreeable. You connoisseurs of cricket and paying supporters of the game, we appeal to you, how many times have we heard you say, 'So-and-so is batting splendidly, but still we wish he would get out, we want to see some one else in?' Would you not rather see a match in which every innings was under 150, and a man who made '50 had done wonders for his side, and when every match would necessarily be close, than the sensation matches of the present day, where the batsman often gets out from sheer fatigue, and where the side who gets first innings has such a great chance of making a runaway match? Why do you like seeing Mr. Thornton play, or Mr. E. M. Grace? Is it not that a few brilliant 'slogs' and a short and glorious career may relieve the monotony of correct play? You bowlers, too (and we especially appeal to that bowler who on first coming on to the Oval said, 'Ah! here is a good wicket; here I can make the ball do what I like'), would you not rather have to trust to your own skill than your opponent's mistakes, or the chapter of accidents which makes a ball easy ninety-nine times and get a wicket

the hundredth? Nay, more, we appeal to the batsmen themselves. Do you like getting 150 runs? Would you not prefer conditions under which 25 was creditable, 50 a very large score, to the present state of the game? We have ourselves got large scores, and, to our mind, after the three figures were reached (and even this is mere pride) the rest was all vanity and weariness; and we consider that no part of the game is so enjoyable as getting 25 runs in what we called a bowlers' match.

If, then, the batting has beaten the bowling, and the conditions between the opposite sides are unfair, the practical question arises, How are we to remedy this fault, how give a bowler a fairer chance than he has now?

Several methods have been suggested for doing this, which we propose to examine in order, giving merely the most obvious arguments for and against them.

The first is to increase the size and weight of the ball, which at present measures from 9 to 9½ inches in circumference, and weighs 5½ to 5¾ ounces. And this proposal may be dismissed with brief consideration: the ball is already of sufficient size and weight to do serious damage occasionally, and though a fate like that of poor Summers is happily rare—very rare—in a cricket field, yet we would not advise helping the bowler to get his wickets at the risk of personal danger to the batsman. A heavier ball would be unwieldy, and either not subject to a hard hit, or, if so, then irksome to the fielder's hands. The ball at present is heavy and hard enough to be bowled, and yet not too much so to be hit; any increase in its dimensions would be injurious both to the game and the players.

The second proposal is to diminish the distance between the wickets. Look, it is said, at professional practice bowlers, how much better they bowl at 19 or 20 yards than at 22; look how much longer they can go on at this distance, how much more 'devil' there is in their bowling. Bowlers get tired in a match because the distance is so long and

their balls soon get shorter and shorter pitched, till the long series of long hops comes, which enables a good player so thoroughly to get his 'eye in' as to be able to defy any subsequent change.

This plan is decidedly worth consideration, and is advocated by many good judges. But the tendency of it would be to make, we think, in the first instance the batsman play even more forward than he does now, and eventually not to have very much effect. In practice, when bowlers are bowling at 20 yards, many more balls are driven than cut, not necessarily because the bowling is actually pitched up, but because it seems so. On good grounds the result of the change would not be to alter much the relative forces of batter and bowler; it might perhaps lead to some more catches being sent to the long fields, but the batsman would soon accustom his eye to the alteration in the foreshortening of the ball as it comes to him, and modify his play accordingly; and the sole ultimate result would probably be the negative one of relieving the bowler from part of his exertion without materially improving his position in the game.

The third proposal is one which is upheld by a respected frequenter of Lord's ground who has this year shown that his right hand has not even yet forgotten its cunning. He recommends that the distance between the creases should be diminished, that instead of being 4 feet it should be 3 feet 9 inches, or 3 feet 8 inches. He holds that the advantage given to the batsman by forward play would be much counteracted; that his ability to smother a good ball just after it has pitched would be modified; that he would have to play at the ball itself much oftener than at the pitch; that he would lose considerably his commanding power of driving, which terrifies the bowler into delivering over after over of long hops; that he would have to trust much oftener than at present to the mode of playing a ball so well known at tennis, not quite half-volley, not the instant after the ball has

bounded, but the instant after that (and this is no blind play, but the result of a quick eye and clear judgment, enabling the striker to hit the ball directly that he sees where it is, and can judge for certain the amount of bias which it has got); and that the change, while it helped the bowler, would do much to improve that beautiful part of the game, keeping wicket, by giving an adept more chances of obtaining a success.

The objections to the change which are at once started are, that it would cramp play and take away much of its present beauty, and that it would make the batter run too great a risk of hitting his wicket. The first objection seems just; but the point is, do we wish to cramp the batsman's power or increase those of the bowler? if the former, a considerable means is at our disposal; if the latter, if we desire, without diminishing the absolute advantages which a batter has, to diminish them relatively by increasing the forces of the bowler, let us not seek a means which will, it is averred, spoil much of the elegance of the batsman's art. The second objection is, we think, paltry: in the first place it is open to question; many men (notably a Sussex player named Wells) have stood close to their stumps without hitting their wicket habitually; and, in the second place, if it were true it would tend to the object which we have in view by increasing the batsman's risks.

Another way which is proposed, is to decrease the size of the bat. Consider, it is urged, the enormous weapon which you give the man who defends his stumps. Put a man at the wicket, bid him keep his bat grounded in front of the middle stump, and set to work to try and bowl him out. You can hardly do it except with a twist, and then the ball will as likely as not hit his leg: add to this the advantage given by a keen eye and quick hand, and then see how unfair is the contest. In the early days of cricket this was not the case; matches were played on rough grounds, the ball bounded where it listed and made utterly

impossible any comparison between the angle of incidence and reflection. Most men did not play with a straight bat, and gave away half their advantage by using it as a racquet and thereby diminishing its size: now the case is different; careful teaching and an increased knowledge of the game, backed up by the crushing assistance of the two-ton rollers, have made 'all play ten times as easy as it was in 1850, three times as easy as it was in 1860. Every ball now comes true off the pitch—under the influence, of course, of any curl or bias which may be imparted by the bowler's hand—and is met by a full upright bat, the breadth of which makes it nearly impossible that the ball should hit the stumps. 'Mais je ne vois pas les veckets tomber,' said a Frenchman to whom we once endeavoured to explain the game, and that is now the case of cricket generally—'On ne voit pas les wickets tomber.'

Decrease the bat, it is said, and you will not have this result. Many shooters will be missed which are now 'snicked'; many balls which now 'morally bowl' the man in but just hit the edge of the bat and count three or four runs, would then actually take his wicket; and many a ball which now hits the driving part of the bat would then hit near enough to the edge to make the stroke hazardous. Correctness of eye would be more than ever tested; it would not be sufficient to play or hit a ball nearly correctly: the stroke to be safe would have to be quite exact. The batter, too, would derive some benefit, for the weight taken off in width might be added in thickness, and the driving quality of the bat thereby improved. In schools, it is not unusual for one eleven to play with broomsticks against another with bats, and the superior side playing with broomsticks often make a respectable score, which shows that play is possible with a smaller instrument than is used now. By the change, it is said the style of the batter would not be injured or the beauty of his play decreased; the sole result would be to necessitate

greater accuracy and increase the penalties of a fault. The best player would be even a greater sufferer than an inferior, for he who habitually hits or plays most balls, would most feel the inconvenience resulting from his having a smaller bat.

There are two other schemes which are suggested for helping the bowler in a minor degree at the expense of the batsman, and we will consider these before passing to what we hold to be the most efficacious means available.

First, it is said, let the bowler throw: you have allowed overhand bowling, and have not suffered much from the bumping which you feared; let the bowler throw; it will not be dangerous, and there is more twist and shoot in a ball thrown. Perhaps; but for the first ten minutes it would be dangerous, or it would never be difficult. A man soon gets tired of throwing, the muscles are used with a jerk, not steadily as in bowling, and while one rarely hears of a bowler who has strained his arm, one often meets with the excuse, 'Oh, don't send me long-leg, I have thrown away my arm.' Throwing would either be difficult and dangerous, or if not dangerous then not difficult.

Again it is urged: Change the law of leg before wicket; let the batsman be given out if he misses the ball, and it would in the umpire's opinion have hit the wicket had it not been intercepted by the leg. How often, argue the advocates of this change, does a bowler thoroughly beat a man in and make him put his leg right in front of his wicket, to 'mow' at a straight one, and then hear in answer to his frantic appeal, 'No, sir; she *would* ha' hit the sticks but she did not pitch straight.' Let it be always out wherever the ball pitches which would have hit the wicket. To this we reply that the influence of the umpire and his responsibility is already as great as it ought to be, and that any further addition thereto would add to the discontent which is often felt at a doubtful decision in a critical part of the game. Umpires are but mortal,

and it is quite impossible for them to satisfy every one as it is, and they would be more than ever open to hostile attack if they had to decide such a difficult point as whether a twisting ball would or would not have had quite enough curl to make it hit the wicket. The present law works well enough, the penalty for incorrect play is considerable, and a change would make a stroke correctly attempted too liable to a punishment which it does not always deserve.

The last scheme which we shall consider for modifying the disadvantage of the bowler is, perhaps, more obvious than any hitherto examined, but has been left till the last as being undoubtedly the most important.

It is to increase the stumps in width, in height, or in both. In a long innings of even the best batsman how often is the bowler seen to throw up his hands in despair that the ball which he thought must have hit the wicket has just missed it. On the best grounds every batsman lets some balls go by which are less than half an inch from his wicket, or less than two inches over it; increase the stumps and these balls will all get men out, and the innings be materially shortened.*

There are various objections to this proposal.

To any increase in height it is objected that such a course would cause the bowler to pitch balls short so as to make them bump, and would therefore defeat its own end, because short-pitched bowling must be in favour of the batsman: to this we answer, first, that every bowler of any pretension would find that he lost more than he gained by bowling short; and, secondly, that it is the pitched-up balls which as a rule go close over the wicket. A short-pitched ball, if it rises at all, generally rises enough to pass more than two

* At present the wicket is twenty-seven inches by eight, and though a match was once played between Gentlemen and Players, in which the latter defended abnormally large wickets, this size has been long adhered to. The above match was called 'Ward's Folly,' and was extremely unpopular.

or three inches over the wicket, and their result would not be affected by any moderate alteration; whereas the pitched-up balls which tax a batsman's skill, and being too good for him yet fail to get him out, would then necessitate his retirement.

Again it is said, change in the height of the wicket would spoil wicket-keeping; no wicket-keeper could take balls rising over a wicket so much higher than the present, and he would fear the bails being driven into his face. Not so, we reply; there would be no more danger of that than there is at present; and while a wicket-keeper can and does take many balls that rise high above the stumps, yet he gets most of his wickets by the balls which pass on one side, and these would be just as easy to take were the change we are considering made.

There are more objections to increase in width. The principal is that the batsman would not—it is argued—be able to stand up to the bowling; he would not be able, without putting his leg in front of his wicket, to cover his off stump with a straight bat, and the result would be crooked play and unorthodox hitting; any increase would oblige us to use a fourth stump, and with a fourth stump where are you to stand?

With neither of these objections do we agree; let the wicket be three-quarters of an inch broader on each side; let each stump be half an inch greater in diameter, and two inches higher than at present, and you would have a wicket twenty-nine inches by nine and a half. Now any good batsman can stand to within a quarter of an inch of the line of his leg stump, and it is absurd to suppose that it is impossible to play with a straight bat balls which are only ten inches away from the feet. Many such are now played straight back to the bowler unnecessarily, but were the change effected it would be impossible to play them safely otherwise, and many balls would then be difficult which are now hit safely to square leg. And most of all the good ball whose twist or rise makes it, if it misses the bat, miss the wicket also, would be rewarded by the success which it deserves.

We foresee that an outcry will be raised against us in two directions. First, from those who are moderate players and even now find run-getting difficult; secondly, by the secretaries of those large clubs who advocate three-day matches for pecuniary reasons.

To the first we say that the alteration would tell chiefly in long innings and even almost solely there: the side which now gets only seventy would probably, under altered circumstances, get nearly as many, for such a side is usually, if bowled at all, bowled clean; whereas the side which now scores largely would find the change tell, because the difference would have so much larger a field for effect. Secondly, as regards those who fear that two-day matches would hurt their pockets, we say, you would get many more to come and see a close match than the run-away exhibitions which are now so common; you could have more matches, and your players would not be so wearied and so stale.

These, then, are some of the most obvious arguments for or against the various schemes which have been suggested for re-establishing the equilibrium in cricket, and we think that the attention of those cricketers who have the prosperity of the game at heart ought to be turned during the winter to the desirability of some change. There is no question as to the disagreeableness of long scoring; by common consent monster innings are pronounced wearisome and tedious, and equally universal is the opinion that the excitement caused by moderate scores and a close match is most enjoyable. To the establishment of the latter ought the efforts of those that rule the game to be directed. And this object can be attained only

by some material alteration in the conditions under which it is played. Whether that alteration had better be in the size of the bat or wicket, in the distance which it is necessary to bowl, or in a modification of all three, we have no wish to decide. What we do wish is firmly to point out the advantage which would be conferred on the game if the conservatism of its upholders were to yield to their desire to see short innings and less of the long scores which are now pleasant neither to the players nor the public.

We cannot conclude our remarks without a brief allusion to that which is the most remarkable point in the past season, nay in past cricket generally—the wonderful batting of Mr. W. G. Grace. It would have been open to us to instance his complete mastery of all bowling, in support of the theory which we have put forward, but though what one man has done another can do, we have preferred not to argue from Mr. Grace's play, on the grounds that it is supereminently and unusually excellent. No one has ever batted so well—it is even asserted that no one ever will. His extraordinary scores (tedious even when he makes them) obtained against the best bowling in England prove how safely he can defy all attack. He combines — and the looker-on knows not which to admire most—accurate defence and vigorous hitting with what is still more extraordinary, successful 'placing;' and of him can be said even more truly than the player who was originally intended for the compliment, that it is no difference what you bowl, for

'Whatever style you try
Will be vanquished by the master's
Steady hand and certain eye.'



PARIS FROM A BALLOON.

No. I.

THE OLD WALLS AND THE MODERN FORTIFICATIONS—LEGENDS OF THE GATES AND RAMPARTS.

FROM a balloon that in the sunset hangs poised over Paris like a golden pear in a giant's garden, we look down on an intricate honeycomb of streets. Our cloud ship is neither laden with the letters of besieged people, nor with brittle carboys full of fulminating mercury, intended to scatter Satan's blessings among the Prussian bivouacs. We do not soar in the clear blue sky of Paris, to telegraph with coloured fires, or to observe in what direction the stealthy miners are burrowing, towards Mont Valérien or Fort d'Issy. We have no orders from General Trochu to reconnoitre the twenty-one miles of rampart, or to see if all the seventeen detached forts are where they were before these dangerous Germans arrived; though old Molke is 'rusé comme quatre,' as every one knows, and would as soon steal a fort as a province.

Below us we can see, as a kite could a farm-yard, all Paris—north, south, east, and west—from Clichy to Meudon, from Vincennes to St. Cloud. There, in glittering flow, runs the Seine between its massive quays, making that great looped bend from the broad dusty plain of the Champ de Mars, towards Sèvres, and up again, like the top of a capital P, past the Bois de Boulogne towards Neuilly. And there, once above the centre of the great hive, through the liquid sapphire of this smokeless air, we can still see the two islands in the Seine that were the first fortresses of the wild tribes whom Cæsar found here, fishing and hunting, beside their wattled wigwams, when he came to hold a general council of the Gauls, after having cruelly caused the Belgians, and just before the tremendous insurrection organized by that fierce Auvergnat chief Vercingetorix. There is Notre Dame, the Hôtel Cluny,

built on the site of the old Roman palace of Julian; and yonder there we can see, beyond the square masses of the Louvre and Tuileries, the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, and on the opposite bank the grey dome of the Invalides. A turn in our crimson car, that impends now like a drop of blood over Paris, and we sweep the horizon from the grassy lines of the glacis behind Père la Chaise, crowded with ostentatious dead, to the green plantations of the pleasant Bois de Boulogne; from the gloomy prison of Bicêtre to the breezy heights of Montmartre. Alone in our cloud ship, which floats through the soft, yielding air like thistle-down, our car laden only with quick-coming fancies and thoughts of the past—of Clovis and the Medici, of the Valois and the Bourbons—dreaming of the old splendour we forget the transient misery, and as chiffoniers of the air gather everywhere the old traditions, legends, and anecdotes. Up here, far above reach of steel bolt or Shrapnel shell, beguiling ourselves with day-dreams, we try to forget that Paris is now beleaguered by pitiless enemies, that a thousand cannon only want the word of a stern old soldier to scatter fire and death among two million people. We try to forget that Famine and Pestilence wait only for the dread word that is to unchain and let them forth. We try to drive from our minds the image of that beautiful Fury with the snaky hair and the vengeful eyes of the wrathful Medusa, who, with cruel armour clasping her beautiful limbs, now rushes with hysteric laugh to the combat.

No; these horrors—that may God avert!—are not for the flaneurs of the clouds, who, casting a glamour over the gay city that mightily resembles a London fog, blot out at once, at their imperious commands,

church and palace, barrack and prison, park and street, bright boulevard and crowded faubourg, and leave only the turbid, swollen river that Cæsar saw when he found the Parisii—not lively then, but a poor, gloveless, café-less, sullen people—living between marsh and forest, hunting wild oxen in the Bois de Boulogne, or spearing salmon by torchlight near the Druid temple that Notre Dame displaced. A little more light, a shrinking in of marsh, an avenue or two in the dense fir woods, and Julian, the grandson of Constantine, after striking down seven German chiefs near Strasbourg, comes to Lutetia (Paris), which he loves, and holds court in the Palais des Thermes (Hôtel de Cluny), on the left bank of the Seine. Paris gradually grew into a walled city now with that amphitheatre near the Pantheon people have just discovered—and with forums, temples, and aqueducts.

And a walled city Paris was when the Franks crossed the Rhine, and the Great Clovis, defeating the Roman general, and turning Christian beats down the pagan tribes with his irresistible battle-axe; and after having entered Tours crowned, and scattering gold pieces among the mob, fixed his residence at favoured Paris. Here, in the city where St. Denis had suffered martyrdom (Montmartre), the cruel Frank married Clothilde, built a church to St. Peter and St. Paul (afterwards St. Geneviève—now the Pantheon), and proceeded to spread Christianity by knocking out the brains of rival chiefs, and seizing Verdun and Cologne with a strong hand. Rome, grateful to so convincing a missionary, gave this rapacious king the title of 'Elder Son of the Church.' The walls of Clovis seem to have mouldered on till the reign of Louis VI., the contemporary and deadly enemy of our Henry I. of England. The kingdom of France was but a poor little parish then; it included little more, historians tell us, than the cities of Paris, Orleans, Etampes, Méhun, and Compiègne. On the north the Count of Flanders reared his castles; on the east rose the towers of Oham-

pagne; on the south the powerful lords of Meaux, Chartres, Blois, and the threatening counts of Anjou and Tourraine closed in this little paddock; while on the west came the Norman dominions of Henry, the son of the proud conqueror of England.

Louis the Fat, or Fighter, for he was called by both nicknames, ravaged Normandy, but won little from England but curses, hard blows, and a nominal homage prescribed us by Pope Calixtus. This king, always at war with the De Courcys, and other vassals, who plundered travellers even a few leagues from Paris, was compelled to fortify his northern and southern faubourgs by new walls, to keep the free-lances of rebellious barons from the rich shops and 'hotels' that had arisen round Notre Dame. The city the Danes had three times besieged was now safe from any sudden forays. The buildings round the Palais de Justice, built by the first of the Capets, once sheltered by this stone fence, grew apace. Yet still the city was so small that in the time of Louis le Gros (Louis VI.) the duties of the north gate (where the Rue St. Martin intersected the Rue de Rivoli) only produced six hundred francs of modern money. This same burly Louis rebuilt the Louvre, which was as old as Dagobert, that early monarch of the Franks, immortalised in song; and in the reign of his son, Louis VII., who led the Second Crusade, founded Notre Dame, Pope Alexander III. laying the first stone; in the same reign the Templars erecting their preceptory in the quarter that still bears their name. The walls of Louis VI. began, the antiquaries of Paris prove, on the right bank, near the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and passed by a gate in the Rue St. Denis to their termination on the bank of the Seine, opposite the Place de Grève, for many centuries the Tyburn of mediæval Paris. On the left bank these walls of Louis le Gros started near the Poultry Market, traversed the Rue de la Harpe, passed the Abbey of St. Geneviève, and terminated on the

Seine bank at a spot where there stood the Tower of St. Bernard.

Philip Augustus, 'that expensive Herr,' who succeeded Louis VII., and who joined our Richard the Lion-Hearted in the Third Crusade, was a great benefactor to Paris. Before he set out for 'La Syrie' Philip commanded the householders of Paris to surround the city with a strong wall, which should have turrets and fortified gates; and the obedient citizens began in that very year, 1190. The new wall, which rose while Philip was driving lances into Saracens' bodies, started from 'la Tour qui fait le Coin'—how Victor-Hugoish that sounds—which stood near the present Pont des Arts. It traversed the present court of the Louvre having a gate flanked with low round towers called the Porte St. Honoré—a saint not unknown to us. It then passed by the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Porte Montmartre, and the Porte St. Denis, and came down again through the old street of the Temple, to a river-gate called the Porte Barbelle. On the left bank, south side (the Surrey side of Paris, to use a London comparison), the wall began at the Tour de Nèfle (a tower immortalized by modern glovers), on the site of the eastern pavilion of the present Institute. It took the direction of the Rue Mazarine and the Porte de Buci, Porte des Cordeliers (afterwards the Porte St. Germain), so the Ported'Enfer (afterwards the Porte Michel), past convents and wood yards, to the Rue Fossés St. Jacques, and the fortified tower called Tournelle, exactly facing the Porte Barbelle on the right bank, which is the north side. And these details, though they sound mere scrap facts, yet arouse, by association, many scenes in the time of Saladin, the usurper John, and that glutton at fighting, Richard of the Lion Heart, whom 'Ivanhoe' has endeared to us. The men in parti-coloured hoods and coats of mail, the men who grappled with us English in Normandy, and drove us out of our old conquests, seem to pace again the river's bank, to lie singing or sleeping in the shadow of Notre Dame. This same Philip, who

kept down his nobles with a strong hand, and had always his rope and axe ready for stiff-necked barons or red-handed thieves, was fond of building. The beautiful pointed arch began in his reign; and he built a tower to the Louvre, and barred the river by the Ile St. Louis with a ponderous chain, fastened to piles and supported by boats. This tower kept the little city of the enceinte (La Ville the north suburb, and l'Université, with its brawling students, on the south) safe from any sudden foray from Normandy or Champagne. What this whole wall cost we cannot tell; but the masons' bill for the southern half still exists, and shows it to have been 2,660 yards long: a mere paddock fence compared to the twenty-one miles ring of the Thiers' fortifications, now about to be so sharply tested. Philip's wall had an embattled parapet three feet high, which the archers and cross-bowmen, the preparers of scalding oil and molten lead, the sinewy workers at the mangonels and catapults. The south wall cost 7,020 livres, and each of the six gates 120 livres. The north walls had not more than seven gates, the river towers having no openings from the water. The ramparts had round towers every forty-two yards, but there was no regular series of ditches. The south wall, begun when the north wall was finished, took fifteen years building. The enceinte included arable land, vineyards, and meadows; so that Montmartre then must have been pure country, so small was the nascent city.

Edward III., after his invasion of Normandy, and before Cressy, threatened Paris. Our light horse burnt St. Cloud, Boulogne, and Bourg la Reine (one league from Paris), and King Edward fixed his head-quarters in a nunnery at Poissy. And Froissart says that when King Philip of Valois mounted his war-horse to go to St. Denis and join his allies, the old King of Bohemia, Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Blois, the Earl of Flanders, and all his barons and knights, the people of Paris were alarmed, and coming and

falling on their knees before him, cried out, 'Great sire and noble king, are you about to leave your fine city of Paris? Our enemies are only two leagues off, and as soon as they shall know you have quitted us they will come hither directly, and we are not able to defend ourselves. Have the kindness, therefore, sire, to remain in your good city of Paris, and take care of us.'

But the fierce king, proud, hot, and cruel, would not listen to these supplications, but, ordering all the pent-houses in Paris to be pulled down, for fear of fire, spurred on to St. Denis. The English retreated before the French army, but fording the Somme, fortified themselves on a hill at Cressy. The French, led away by the king's impetuosity, attacked at a disadvantage, were routed like sheep, and our heralds, counting the dead, found ten banners, eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand nameless rank and file.

After the cruel slaughter at Poitiers, where the Black Prince and his eight thousand men, being refused honourable terms of surrender, bore down on the French sixty thousand, slew five or six thousand of the enemy, and took prisoner the French king, and seventeen earls, without stopping to count mere barons, knights or squires — a month after this cruel disaster (almost as crushing as that of Sedan), a strong man arose in Paris in the hour of bitter need, and began to fortify the city in earnest. Except raised at such moments, fortifications seldom seem quite in earnest. This Etienne Marcel, provost of the merchants and leader of the Blue and Red hood factions, was opposed to the Regent, the Duke of Normandy, and friendly to the King of Navarre. The energetic man repaired the walls, and dug moats. He enlarged the northern wall, building at the Gate of St. Anthony, the afterwards celebrated Bastille, as a fort against the English. The wall, strengthened by the Bastille du Temple, ran to the Porte St. Martin and passed over such well-known sites as what is now the

Place des Victoires, the Palais Royale, and the Porte St. Honoré. The Louvre, once, according to tradition, a hunting-box of King Dagobert, was now, for the first time, enclosed within the walls of Paris. The Isle de Notre Dame was defended by the Tour Loriaux and a ditch which divided the island into two parts. The masons' bill for these useful defences amounted to 162,520 livres tournois, a sum nearly equal to 1,170,000*l.* of current French money. The engineers and masons were paid four or five sous a day, the masons' men three, and the porters two. The works, which took four years to complete, were executed at about four sous per yard. On the battlements this master spirit, Etienne Marcel, placed 750 wooden sentry-boxes, which were hooked on to the ramparts. A few pieces of cannon (not used much before Cressy) were mounted on the walls that now boast some 3,000 pieces of artillery. This same Marcel, who defied the Dauphin, and slew his evil counsellors in his presence, was the first to conceive the idea of barricading the streets of Paris by stretching strong chains across them. Eventually, at the very moment of surrendering the keys of the Bastille to the English archers of the King of Navarre, he was assailed by some of the Regent's faction and slain, with fifty-four of his partisans. Their bodies were stripped before the church of St. Catherine du Val and then thrown into the Seine. The King of Navarre, furious at being thus foiled, at once blockaded Paris and tried to reduce it by famine; during which a small barrel of herrings was sold, Froissart says, for fifty golden crowns. Misery now followed; pestilence appeared, and swept down thousands in the starving city, eighty people in the Hôtel Dieu alone being carried off daily. Soon after this (1359), Edward III., still clamorous for the French crown, again besieged Paris; his lances thirsting for French blood. But the Dauphin shut himself up close within his stone fence, and let the English ramp and rage as they liked in the plains of Vaugir; hard and

Montrouge, which they swept and scoured till they had to retreat to a less devastated country. The next year peace was signed, and King John, leaving the Savoy for the Louvre, saw the Paris fountains running with wine, and tapestry glistening at every window as he entered Notre Dame under a canopy of cloth of gold.

John's son, Charles V. — that prince who basely broke his parole to us English — to still more strengthen the armour of Paris, and finding Marcel's walls hastily built and too low for safety, promptly heightened the ramparts, added towers, constructed the Petit Châtelet, and rebuilt and enlarged the Bastille. The ditches were made 36 feet broad and 16 deep, and were lined with turf. These works took seventeen years to complete. The total circumference of walled Paris in the reign of this king was 8,405 yards. There were sixteen quarters in the city, which contained 1,084 acres of ground.

In the reign of Charles VI., who was at times insane, Paris was torn to pieces by the factions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, the Parisians generally siding with the Burgundians. In 1381, the turbulent citizens, enraged at an oppressive tax, put to death the tax-collectors, and sacked and gutted the Jewish quarter; the next year, however, the king seized Paris, threw into prison three hundred of the richest citizens, sent the barricade chains to Vincennes, and disarmed the burghers, who sued to him for mercy in the court of the Palais de Justice. In 1418, the Burgundian faction, maddened by the Armagnac inroads, broke into one of those frenzies which stain French history. They killed eight hundred Armagnacs, drove the rest into the Bastille, savagely sacked the Armagnac houses, and massacred 520 unoffending persons. They then broke into the Conciergerie, the Grand Châtelet, and the Bastille, and murdered all the Armagnac prisoners. During these cruel butcheries the chain barricades were brought from Vincennes and replaced in the streets. A

famine followed these massacres and carried off fifty thousand Parisians from this tormented, sinful, and unhappy city.

The English fifteen years' misrule of France ended when that brave daughter of a shepherd of Champagne, Joan of Arc, bore the *Ori-flamme* through the gates of Orleans. Her mission fulfilled, the Pucelle was about to return to her hut and to her sheep, when the French generals Richemont and Dunois urged her to help drive the English out of Paris. The angel voices that had hitherto led her were now silent to her prayers, and she complied with great reluctance. Even at St. Denis she still hesitated, till at last the ardour of war seized her, and she mounted her war-horse to give the English robbers 'good buffets and wipes.' With twelve thousand men she attacked the wall of Paris between the Porte St. Honoré and the Porte St. Denis (the exact spot was the Rue Meslee, formerly called the Rue du Rempart, between the Temple and the Porte St. Martin). The attack was sharp, but after four hours' wrangle the French were driven back. 'The king,' says the old chronicler, 'had several pieces of cannon stationed near the Porte St. Honoré, upon a hillock called the Porte Matlet. Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was disposed to storm the city, not being aware that the ditches were filled with water. With her lance she sounded the depth, and whilst giving orders for a part of the fosse to be filled up with fagots, in order to force a passage, she was shot with an arrow in the thigh. She refused, however, to leave the spot. The Duc d'Alençon at length went and carried her away.' Brave girl! Poor girl! The next May, in a daring sally from Compiègne, she was unhorsed and taken by the English, who barbarously burned her in the market-place at Rouen. Seven years after that unsuccessful attack, Richemont and Dunois, aided by some of the citizens, obtained an entrance into Paris and put the English garrison to the sword. The next year, 1437 (a year when fourteen or fifteen persons in

Paris were devoured by wolves), Charles VII. made his solemn entry into his liberated city.

In the reign of Francis I., when the Spaniards were besieging towns in Champagne and Franche Comté, the Parisians again set to work to strengthen the city. The German *Lanzknechts*, those savage, drunken swashbucklers all slashes, plumes, and ribbons, whom Holbein has immortalized, were already at the gates. Several of the *buttes*, those vast heaps of filth and rubbish, like the Monte Testaccio at Rome, which had accumulated outside the walls and reached almost up to the battlement-platforms, were levelled. Five hundred men were employed at this necessary work, at twenty deniers a day each, while sixteen thousand workmen were engaged in deepening the ditch on the north side. In 1541, the English in Picardy, and Charles V. again with his German two-handed swordsmen in Champagne, Paris was once more strengthened; and a few years later, Henry II. increased the defences at the gates of St. Denis and St. Martin.

Francis I., who, with all his rash courage and his insatiable vices, had a certain generous magnificence about him not unbecoming a monarch, did almost as much for Paris as the ex-Emperor and M. Hausmann. He pulled down the frowning walls and gloomy battlemented towers of the old Louvre, and replaced them with an airy and spacious Renaissance palace; he also patched up the old battered city walls and rebuilt the Faubourg St. Germain. The Hotel de Ville was begun in the reign of Francis, as the palace of the Tuileries was during that of Charles IX. This same evil young cub of the Medici enlarged the western wall of Paris in 1566 to take in the garden of the Tuileries. A wide bastion then guarded the end of this 'Boulevard,' as it was called, and the water-gate afterwards erected took the name of the Porte de la Conference.

During the wretched wars of the League Henry IV. broke his lance in vain against the walls of Paris.

After the red knife of Jacques Clement had cleared the way to the throne, and immediately after the white plume of chivalrous Navarre had led the army of 'the Béarnais' to victory on the plain of Ivry, the Huguenots came to the capital.

Henry, with his own army and 5,000 English, burnt the suburbs of Paris and blockaded the fanatical town, where the priests and the Sorbonne fulminated curses and excommunications against the Huguenots. Meyerbeer and Scribe, better than even Sully, or, indeed, any historian, have shown us how the furious Catholics chorused their hymns with volleys of arquebus shot, and advanced to the charge waving a crucifix in one hand and a musket in the other. The 220,000 starving creatures in Paris quailed before the 15,000 besiegers. Famine and the plague were shut within the walls. There were horrible rumours that starving people sought food even in the churchyards, and a maddened mother was seen to eat her dead child. Henry IV., always large-hearted, generously allowed the old men, women, and children to depart. He even permitted peasants to carry in provisions, and permitted his own men to sell food for gloves, scarves, and feathers. One day two peasants—surprised driving a cart-load of loaves towards a postern—were about to be hung, when Henry came by. They threw themselves at his feet and pleaded their misery. 'Go in peace,' he said, giving them money; 'go in peace; the Béarnais is poor; if he'd more he would give it to you.' 'I would rather never win Paris,' he said, 'than acquire it by the destruction of its citizens.' Soon after this Farnese, the Duke of Parma (the Parma Elizabeth spoke of defiantly at the camp at Wilbury), forced the French lines and relieved the city. Henry, after Farnese's retreat to Artois, returned to St. Denis, and tried in vain to surprise the capital by means of a band of men disguised as millers. Three years after Paris threw open her gates to Henry IV., and from a window near the gate of St. Denis

the gay king bid a laughing adieu to the Spanish halberdiers who had surrendered to him the Bastille.

In Louis XIII.'s—or, rather, Richelieu's—reign in Paris, the northern wall was rebuilt, and the gates of St. Honoré and Montmartre placed further towards the faubourgs. This was a great epoch for Paris, the Palais Royal being built by the Cardinal, and the Luxembourg by Marie de Medicis, on the model of the Pitti Palace in her old home at Florence.

Under Louis XIV., when war kept further from the capital, sunshine indeed broke out in the long-troubled city. This little man with the big wig, loving magnificence and grandeur, all but rebuilt Paris. He gave it much we now admire; much for which we now feel such pity. He opened more than eighty new streets and built thirty-three churches; he faced some of the quays with stone, and laid out the noble Place Vendôme and the Place des Victoires. He planted the Champs Elysées, and completed the Hôtel des Invalides, the College Mazarin, the Gobelins manufactory, and the colonnade of the Louvre. He also enlarged the Tuileries and planned out the present gardens. But, noblest work of all, in scorn of all possible enemies, he pulled down all the fortifications, walls, and towers, and filling up the ditches, turned them into shady and spacious Boulevards, giving Paris, by this destruction of feudal relics—the old gates changing into triumphal arches—the finest promenades any ancient or modern city has had or could have. The northern Boulevards were finished in 1704, the year after Queen Anne's accession, and the southern works commenced, but these lingered on till the reign of Louis XV.

In this miserable reign Paris covered 3,342 acres. On the very eve of the Revolution sprang up sumptuous hotels in the Faubourgs St. Honoré and St. Germain, the church of St. Geneviève (the Pantheon), the beautiful Place de la Concorde, the Palais Bourbon (now the Palais Législatif), and several of those great street foun-

tains, almost worthy to be compared to those of Rome.

Necker and the ideal economists of that weak but well-intentioned monarch Louis XVI. led to the octroi wall being run round Paris by the mischievous and greedy farmers-general, to catch contraband goods and the better to levy a tax on Parisian land imports. The south wall was begun in 1784; the north wall took in the villages of Chaillot and Roule, and was to have included Montmartre, had not the abbé and villagers of that hamlet noisily remonstrated. The angry Parisians consoled themselves by pelting the ministers who thus chained them in with bon-mots and epigrams, the best of which was the punning line—

'Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant.'

That audacious spendthrift Calonne, who succeeded Necker, and who on his retirement left a deficit in the revenue of 115 millions, built barriers of great magnificence; but in 1791 (the year of the king's arrest) the entrance dues were abolished and these structures became useless. Under the Directory and the Empire, however, the walls were finished and the duty at the barriers again levied. There are fifty barriers. The Barrière du Trône, with columns and pavilions, the Temple, St. Martin, and the pavilions of the Barrière Neuilly, still testify to that reckless waste of Calonne's which, among other causes, helped to accelerate the Revolution.

If to Louis XIV., the patron of Racine and Molière, Paris is indebted for her luxury, it is to the great Napoleon she owes the idea of her fortifications. The Citizen King, zealously aided by Thiers, led to the carrying out the design in 1841. One hundred and forty million francs were granted for the purpose, which it took several years to complete; if indeed it is even yet completed—a question which Prussian cannon will soon decide. With 560,000 men behind them, the seventeen detached forts defending the approaches on the Montalembert system may perhaps keep the enemy

at bay for a dozen days, but hardly for more. According to five or six old official reports Paris had in its walls 2,238 mortars, cannon, and howitzers, 575 rampart guns, 200,000 muskets, 1,500 rocket-tubes, 2,700 gun-carriages; but these were mere paper cannon, &c., for according to M. Gambetta's own proclamation, dated Tours, October 10, the entire enceinte last month only possessed 500 cannon: but now it has—if indeed there be such a thing as official truth in France—3,800 cannon, with 400 rounds of ammunition for each. If this be so, and the men of Marengo and Austerlitz left any sons, the somewhat arrogant Prussians may still have a hot quarter of an hour before the 65 entrances of Paris and its 94 fronts of 355 mètres each be forced. But if it be true that Mont Valérien, the key of all Paris, is commanded by Prussian batteries, forts Charenton, Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, d'Issy, Roucroy, and Vanveres must fall like card houses in the first week's whirlwind of fire.

The history of the one day's siege of the beautiful city by the allies in 1814 is not encouraging to the friends of Paris or those who sympathize with her in this bitter hour; yet in many respects it must be allowed, even by the firmest believers in Prussian forethought and determination, that Paris is now much stronger than in 1814. The modern fortifications enclose the side of Paris then most hotly disputed. On its paralyzed side the river defends it. The attack will be on the strong Montmartre side, as when the Russian grenadiers

struggled with Mortier's men for Belleville and Romainville, now safe from the enemy. In 1814 there were scarcely 40,000 men to be got together to defend Paris from Austrian and Cossack. The cannon were under 200, no barricades were thrown up, the redoubts at the barriers were mere palisaded 'tambours' without ditches. Yet even the unsupported handful did brave battle for a day against the allied force of 250,000 men. There were no twelve leagues of walls then, no sixteen citadels. The wood of Vincennes may now see a sterner fight, and Montmartre look down on a fiercer struggle, than on that day when 6,000 dead Frenchmen, and 10,000 Austrians, Prussians, and Russians strewed the gardens and orchards of Bagnolet, Près St. Gervais, and Pantin.

However we may condemn the Parisians for the levity and rashness with which they plunged (or allowed themselves to be plunged) into this cruel, wicked, and unnecessary war, we cannot but pity them at this crisis, they are so brave, so chivalrous, so hopeful. If in their fierce despair they are not wise enough to surrender, then let them strike a stout blow for life.

'Wave, Paris, all thy banners wave,
And forward with thy chivalry.'

Already the bayonets gather, the drums roll, the German cannon wait only the signal to open the last act of this ghastly drama; and we, standing passive, with pity in our hearts for both nations, can only repeat the cry of the heralds at the tournaments of old—

'God shaw the right.'

WALTER THORNBURY.



MARRIAGE BELLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE.'

RING out, O marriage cadence rare!
 Ring out into the world!
 Now, flag-like, opening in the air,
 Now, flag-like, shut and furled.
*And all the while there meets your tone
 An echo from the distance thrown.*

Pass on, o'er flowers that thickly fall,
 Proud Groom, and happy Bride:
 Through smiling crowds,—a double wall
 Set up, the graves to hide;
*And all the while the Bells ring on,
 With echoes from the distance thrown.*

Drive off, into the wonder-state
 Of the new wonder-life;
 Incredulous, reiterate
 'Husband!'—strange word:—and 'wife!'
*And sweetly while the Bells peal on
 I catch an echo in their tone.*

Then let the strangeness pass; the love
 Deepen, as years steal by,
 As Spring's young laughter leaves the grove
 Half sad, that it must die;
*And through the Bells, with faintest tone,
 The echo-answer still rings on.*

Then joy in the full leafy dome,
 Not torn by every breeze;
 And watch the bits of Heaven that come
 Between the swaying trees.
*—How earnestly the Bells ring on!
 —How full swells up the echo-tone!*

For those unsettling strains and wild,
 Coos the contented dove;
 Or, if it pause, that music mild,
 The silence tells of love:
*Hush! hark! With what a tender tone
 Those old Bells answer, one by one!*

Now years the starry blossoms bring,
 The graver wood to greet:
 I see that emerald hue of Spring
 Gather about its feet:
*—With laugh of children, blithe in tone,
 The echo-bells peal on, peal on!*

—But lo! one day the woodman's care
 Widens the blue above;
 Sadly, though still the nest is there,
 She droops, the mateless dove:
 —*Ah, Bells! had all been once foreboding*
In that deep pathos of your tone!

Yet tender memories thickly spring
 Where the wood lieth bare:
 The young are stirring 'neath her wing,
 And the sweet flowers are there:
There is a music in their moan,
While the old Bells keep sobbing on.

—Why, dear? Nay, fie upon the Bells,
 That come our eyes to dim;
 —Now greetings full;—now low farewells;
 The songs of Seraphim!
Oh, their pathetic, merry tone!
Rain falling while the sun shines on!

Well, those are gone: nor let us stay,
 But, while the glad larks sing,
 Take thankfully our homeward way,
 And leave the Bells to ring:
Glad; for our Bells have never done;
Their echo music still rings on.

MORALS OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

MUSIC Halls have much developed since the days when they disputed with the theatres the right of giving rival attractions. They have now nearly all the privileges they ever asked for, and confessedly as many as they want. With what result? The public are justified in expecting development in a desirable direction as a consequence of the concessions made a few years since, when the plea was put forth that these establishments were compelled to resort to a low class of performances because performances of a high class were the monopoly of the houses licensed by the Lord Chamberlain; and it is not the fault of authority if the entertainments presented are no better than they should be.

Let us see what use the managers of music halls have made of their liberty, and how far the public are gainers or losers by the change. The necessary experience is not difficult to obtain, and a single evening will suffice to visit the principal establishments in London.

I will not ask you to go the round with me. Rather let us suppose characteristics belonging more or less to all these places comprised in one, which shall stand as their representative. Never mind whether the locality be the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, away in the Edgware Road, deep in the City, or over Westminster Bridge in the shadow of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth.

The entrance is all light and life. Attendants in military uniforms of a fanciful character form an irregularly distributed guard of honour. They are evidently intended to keep order among the moving masses of the public who are coming out, going in, or standing about in an undecided manner. There are barriers where you may pay, and beyond these bars where you may drink. The place, in fact, is bristling with bars—revealed as you advance at every turn. The counters are in a high state of decoration, and presided over by young women

in a high state of decoration also. The latter, indeed, are a conspicuous element in the scene, and occupy much of the attention of the drinkers. They occupy the approaches to the central hall, which you have some difficulty in gaining, owing to the numerous loungers who seem to prefer this part of the place, probably for the sake of being out of the way of the entertainment; for they have mostly the air of *habitués* who know the whole thing by heart, and condescend to attend to the performance only when some special attraction is 'on.'

The hall is of large dimensions, and fitted up after the manner of a theatre; that is to say, there is a stage, balconies above, and a pit below. But the seats, whether in balcony or pit—or in the exclusive stalls, which are divided off from the latter—are all associated with convenience for taking refreshment. The pit and stalls are covered with little tables, accommodating some four or six persons, with chairs placed accordingly. In the balconies there are little ledges in front of the seats for the same convivial purpose. Nearly every place is occupied, and it is difficult for a late comer to find room. The audience is composed of about equal proportions of the sexes, varying considerably in age and apparent rank in society, but most of them doing justice to the good things—in which conventional term bad things must be of course included—provided by the waiters, who flutter about and invite you to 'give your orders' at every turn. Beer in bottles and in tankards, spirits or wines with effervescing drinks, spirits or wine with water or alone, American mixtures with all their wonderful names; most kinds of liquids, in fact, are being imbibed; and those among the assembly who incline to such things as cold fowl, cutlets, poached eggs, and similar solids, are accommodated with equal facility. Tobacco, too, is freely consumed: from every

table wreaths of smoke arise from cigars and pocket-pipes, and the upper part of the hall is in one great cloud. The decorations of the place are brilliant to a fault, the gayest colours and the most profuse gilding being laid on with lavish fancy. But the smoke spoils the effect, and obscures even the glare of the gas. The odour of the tobacco, moreover, is strongly pronounced, though it is mingled somewhat with that of the gas and occasional whiffs which come from the hot viands. These scents, in a place closely packed with a miscellaneous public, are not more exhilarating than might be expected—that is to say, they are unbearable, after a very short time, to any person with a respectable amount of fastidiousness.

I have indicated the quality of the company as mixed. There are comparatively few gentlemen, and still fewer ladies, in the social sense of the term; and the latter, it need scarcely be said, are not in the body of the hall, nor in the public seats generally. They are supposed to be—if present at all—in some of the private boxes, where occasional glimpses may be obtained of persons who, judging from their appearance, ought not to be there at all. But it is a fact. I believe that ladies of position—led by a singular curiosity—do occasionally visit such scenes, taking care to be as little visible as possible, and protected at their ingress and egress by an exclusive entrance. It is to be hoped that the indiscreet fancy of these persons is soon gratified, and that their presence—individually—is not among the performances announced for repetition. I should be sorry to say that there are not ‘respectable females’ in the public part of the hall. There are many who are at least so in appearance. At a table near to mine is a man, who is probably a small tradesman or artisan, with his wife and daughter, and the apparent object of the daughter’s affections. *Paterfamilias* is enjoying a pipe, and partaking, with the rest of the party, of the beer and spirits and water which is on the table before them. They are all eagerly

attentive to the performance on the stage; and I suspect that they do not often appear at such places—that they are here as a special treat. A little farther off is a young man, with his evident sweetheart. The girl may be a servant maid or a sempstress; she is dressed with neatness and some taste, though a little in excess as regards her chignon and its accessories. She does not apparently come every night, for she looks about her as if determined to see all that is to be seen, and evinces some diffidence in the public consumption of the potent refreshments pressed upon her by her swain. At an adjacent table are two ladies to whom the latter remark would not apply. They are middle-aged, ‘comfortable’ looking people, unattended by any ‘loyal knight and true,’ like a couple of ladies of Shalott. They are giving their attention to the performance with keen and critical interest, and intensifying their emotions by means of cold brandy and water, of which beverage each of the pair is taking her tumbler ‘like a man.’ Near them are two younger ladies—I use the term in the general acceptance, as insisted upon in these days—who are made up, as regards costume, in modest emulation of the proverbial girl of the period. They may be servants or sempstresses; but they are not diffident like the girl with the lover. They whisper together a great deal, pay little attention to the performance, and seem to be waiting for somebody to join them. Their refreshment takes the light form of lemonade and sherry, for which they pay with an air not indicative of novices in such transactions. There are louder-looking ladies than these about, but the latter mostly affect the upper part of the house.

As regards the men—well, the men are ‘mixed,’ as I have said; and it would be better, perhaps, if they were mixed a little more—with a better element. A great many among them seem to be a class by themselves. They are of sufficient social rank to wear good clothes, cut with attention to the versions of

'the height of fashion' as displayed in the shop windows; and they are massive as to their watch-chains and rings. Their habits, though scarcely likely, I should say, to be those of 'sustained splendour,' evince at least occasional luxuriousness. They carry very large cigar-cases, teeming with apparently choice cigars, and are fastidious in the matter of liquid refreshments. They are betting men, I fancy; and my opinion is borne out by seeing them, in the lobbies, leagued from time to time with less prosperous-looking persons in their own style—men with wolfish expressions of face, who are out of luck and reduced to the position of hangers-on. They pick up something by their services, no doubt, and in the meantime I notice that their more fortunate friends pay for their liquor.

A large proportion of the company belong to the class that Albert Smith used to call 'gents,'—a more significant term than the cheap clothiers who invented it ever intended, since a 'gent' is, in fact as in phrase, only a part of a gentleman. These young men—some of them mere boys—are all dressed out of the shop windows, like the betting men just referred to, but with the difference that while they are rather more startling in style, the quality is evidently inferior. They are 'cheap editions' of the others, in fact; and in men as in books, 'cheap editions' usually incline to showy outsides. They would not pass muster in a drawing-room—these poor little snobs; but they look quite in place here, and it would be hard if they did not, since the place seems especially made for them. They march about in it—they condescend only occasionally to settle into seats—as if they were monarchs of all they surveyed; lords of the creation in curly hats, rakish collars, and coats about two inches longer than their waistcoats. They are for the most part minor clerks or shopkeepers' assistants; and, knowing the very small salaries they receive, the question inevitably suggests itself, How can they manage to live and

amuse themselves as they do? Their dress, not being so good as it looks, costs them, perhaps, little enough; but it is not easy to see how they continue to find cash to spend their evenings at places of this kind, where they are quite free in their expenditure, and add to that on their own account liberal disbursements on behalf of the barmaids or other objects of their admiration. And remember it is not only on an occasional holiday that the small man-about-town disports himself at his music hall; he is one of its regular frequenters. The question is no business of mine; but one cannot help thinking that his career cannot be a very long one, and that it is apt to be cut short occasionally by a confusion of accounts between him and his master. It may be that there is more change in the *personnel* of this class as seen in these Halls of Dazzling Delight than appears at first glance; for most of these hopeful youths are alike in stature—they run small, as a general rule, are equally unremarkable in face, while as regards their dress there is an almost uniform similarity. So it may be that many disappear without being missed, and that others step, not only into their figurative shoes, but into their literal curly hats, rakish collars, and abridged coats and waistcoats.

There are even more offensive people than these among the audience;—that is to say, people who are not only slangy but dirty into the bargain, and whose characteristics, mental and physical, are equally unwholesome. Without making more particular references, I may here remark that humanity does not appear at an advantage, even in comparison with the brute creation, when its countenance bears the marks of debauchery, its linen of long alienation from a laundry, and it passes a whole evening together in a sickening atmosphere drinking at a bar.

Late in the evening there is a sprinkling of a very different class of men from the clerks, shopkeepers' assistants, tradesmen and artisans, and the betting brotherhood who

are so largely represented. Gentlemen from clubs and dinner parties do not disdain then to put in an appearance. But they maintain a reserve which distinguishes them from the rest, and makes it apparent that they have come to see some special performance on the stage. They usually get places in the stalls, or join some exclusive party in a private box. The object of attraction is probably a ballet; and it is not the fault of the management if they are ever disappointed in this. For there are several ballets in the course of the evening, with an enormous number of performers; and now that such representations have become privileged, they are made the most gorgeous spectacles of the kind in London.

But it is time now to notice the general character of the entertainment provided for the great body of patrons, whose tastes, though varied perhaps in some details, have evidently a large common ground on which they meet in sympathy.

You wait in vain for intellectual or 'elevating' performances, for which the music-hall managers professed such partiality in the old days of prohibition. The most intellectual is the operatic selection performed by the entire orchestra, which probably opens the programme; and the most 'elevating' is the performance upon refreshments executed by the audience themselves. The music may be an enjoyment to some; but the majority seem to ignore it as a suspension of the regular entertainment, to be borne in the intervals 'between the acts.' There is more talking and moving about during these intervals than at any other part of the evening, the waiters are more solicitous for 'orders,' and the company more energetic in giving them. A reference to the 'bill of the play' contained in the 'Gazette' circulated so largely over the hall, and devoted to the interests of this and other establishments of the kind—satisfies them, however, that something better is coming, so they wait patiently for that event.

The something better probably consists of a comic song by 'the

Great Jinks,' 'Jolly Stubbs,' or 'the Inimitable Blokes,' as the case may be. As his appearance becomes imminent, there is a general settlement into places among those who have places to settle into, and even the loungers come within ken of the stage. When the popular favourite appears there is a roar of delight: a lion with a Christian to devour could scarcely be more welcomed at a Roman circus. The Great Jinks—say—is dressed after the manner of the city young gentlemen among the audience, but with more daring details, especially as regards colour; for his coat is of a bright yellow, and his trousers of a bright red, and he is half sinking under the weight of watch chains. He sings the song assigned to him, which is probably something about 'The Star of Belgravia,' which he professes to represent in his own person, especially in respect to shining principally at night. He tells us in jingling verse, with a chorus, that he is a great favourite with the ladies of the aristocratic quarter in question; that he drives down to the Derby four-in-hand, and does betting in a small way, having nothing to do with welshers; but on the whole his deportment is good until night comes, when, with his head full of wine, he does a great deal of flirtation with the fair, and knocks at all the doors on his way home, at three o'clock in the morning.

This sparkling production is cheered to the echo, and the people want it over again. But the singer discreetly prefers to give them another instead. This time his song relates to a certain 'Lady with a Monkey Muff,' whose acquaintance the singer relates he made in the street; and he gives an account of how he afterwards visited her at her home, to demand her hand in marriage, and went in volunteer uniform in order to look additionally imposing. But the lady, who has previously encouraged his advances, thinks proper to throw him over, so he leaves the house in a huff, clapping on his head what he thinks to be his bushy, but which turns out to be the monkey muff; the

result being that, as a reward for his devotion, he gets mobbed by the passers-by, and pelted by the small boys.

The next singer is a young lady called Tessie, or Blessie, or Tossy, or Fossy, Somebody—her first is reduced to a pet name, in accordance with the fashion. She is gorgeous in yellow hair and blue eyelids, and is at once over and under-dressed. She sings an arch song about waiting for a sweetheart, enumerating all the young ladies of her acquaintance who have been more successful than herself in obtaining that requirement. She dances a little by way of chorus, and her song generally meets with such approval that she has to sing two more.

There is a pause, giving opportunity for a considerable amount of charging of glasses and lighting up of cigars; and then fresh expectation is excited by the next promised performance—that of a troop—or *troupe*, as the bills call it—of Bounding Brothers—and Sisters too, by-the-way—from Java, or anywhere else you please. These people go through a great many feats which most of us have seen or heard of before. They tie themselves up into knots, and get so mixed up together, that you would never expect them to come apart again. They form themselves into columns, and pyramids, and stars, and play with the small boys or girls among their number as if they were balls or shuttlecocks. These contortions are dangerous to themselves, and ought to be painful to the spectators, apart from the fact that they are offensive from another point of view. But nobody evinces scruples of any kind, and the Javanese acrobats are applauded, if possible, more than the comic singers.

There are more comic songs to come, with a sentimental song now and then, by way of a change. Of the character of the former we have already had some specimens; of those which follow you may form some idea from their names, taking a few at random, such as: 'The Grecian Bend,' 'I'll have your Hat,' 'I'll tell your Wife,' 'The Belle at

the Railway Bar,' 'It don't suit Charley Baker,' 'The American Bar in the Strand,' 'Sammy the Slop-seller Sold,' with a variety of other effusions upon equally graceful themes. The subject-matter varies, as you may see; but it may be broadly divided into two classes. About half of the most popular songs describe the delights of perpetually drinking champagne and indulging in preposterous vagaries which are supposed to be characteristic of 'swells' about town. The other half is principally made up of supposed adventures with belles at railway bars, barbers' pretty daughters, girls who drive sewing machines, girls at cigar-shops, and so forth, who are usually described as jilting the singer, and causing him to be placed in ridiculous positions. They are all about as vulgar and inane as author and singer can make them—and that is saying a great deal.

There are some exceptions, however. Two or three times in the course of an evening will come a song of a practical character, with a serious moral—made pleasant of course, but with a thorough purpose in view. It is homely and commonplace enough both in design and execution, but the purpose is beyond reproach, and the effect is highly exhilarating among an apparently large, and certainly demonstrative, portion of the audience.

One of this class of songs enjoins the hearers to 'Act on the square,' whatever may happen; and the author puts several cases in which the advice is of especial advantage, the moral being that honesty is the best policy. The chorus, 'Act on the square, boys,' is taken up by numbers of enthusiastic persons, who keep time to the sentiment by knocking their glasses on the table. Another of these songs is called 'Never forget number one.' The moral is not a purely selfish one, as might be supposed, but it inculcates upon fathers of families the duty of not spending their money out of doors—especially upon undeserving friends—and allowing their homes to suffer in consequence. This is sure to be particularly applauded

by men who have their wives and any part of their families with them; and the practical commentaries made in private are of a highly appreciative character. Another of the same class is 'Don't stay out too late at night,' and you may be sure that this enjoiner meets with equal favour among domestic circles represented in the hall. 'Put the break on when you're going down hill' is another appeal to prudential ideas; and it deals with 'the journey of existence' in a playful spirit of metaphor which is in no danger of missing its point. 'Look before leaping' conveys an obvious moral, made applicable to the general affairs of life. 'There's nothing succeeds like success' has a sarcastic tone about it, but conveys a sound practical lesson. The domestic virtues receive great laudation in 'Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea.' The writer tells us that wherever he may be he never misses giving this order as the clock is striking four in the afternoon, and he knows no enjoyment abroad or at home comparable to the enjoyment of this innocent meal in the bosom of his family. If this is not an irreproachable song we should like to know what is.

'Wait for the turn of the tide' inculcates the virtues of patience and faith. Things are all going wrong, but keep up your spirits and never lose hope—they will all go right again. This sentiment, trolled forth to a cheerful air, is highly popular among the audience, and, it is to be hoped, does them a great deal of good.

But no song, perhaps, is more effective, and meets with more applause than 'Father, come home.' It has been popular for several years now, and beyond the range of music halls. The air is very pretty and the moral of the words unexceptionable. It is an appeal made by a little girl to her father—presumed to be drinking at a public-house—to come home to his family, as her little brother is ill. The father delays, and delays—hour after hour goes by, the little boy gets worse, and at last the announcement comes that he is dead. It is

curious to see how the domestic part of the audience are touched by the situation—the associations connected with it being quite natural to them, and not in their opinion beyond the dignity of poetry. There is an 'answer' to it, in which the father expresses his repentance and promises to make amends for the future; but, like most additions of the kind to an original idea, it is comparatively ineffective.

A lesson in human charity is forcibly conveyed in 'Never push a man when he's going down the hill,' and meets with equal appreciation; and one of philosophical resignation in 'It's all the same to Sam.' Sam, it seems, doesn't care what happens, but takes things as they come and never allows himself to be ruffled—a very good resolve, and Sam is a fortunate fellow if he manages to maintain it. 'Bear it like a man' inculcates the same philosophy; and 'There's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip' warns us not to be too sanguine, and so meet disappointment half way.

In another song we are told not to blow our own trumpets, but to do all the good we can 'Under the rose;' and there are several songs in which we are warned against conducting ourselves like brutes to our wives. One of these, which appears to be very popular just now—for we see it advertised extensively—treats of the charms of wedded life, and, while admitting that women are not always such angels as they ought to be, suggests the consideration that the fault is sometimes on the man's side. Moreover, the writer proceeds to show that women are accessible to kindness when harsh treatment would be of no avail. Accordingly, we are told in the chorus:

'A woman's sure to have her way,
But when she's gone we miss her;
So if you've had an angry word—
Why call her back and kiss her.'

There is a companion song enjoining women to treat men with equal consideration. 'This is a pity, because the obvious justice of the proposition utterly destroys the sentiment. It was originally intended that the

woman should be called back and kissed whether she deserved it or not. Why will not the music-hall poets leave well alone? There is one song—contained in the collection already quoted—which seems almost too good, in a moral sense, for our weak humanity. It is called ‘There’s none like a mother, though ever so poor.’ It seemed, on first glancing at the title, as if—making allowance for a little slip of grammar—the author meant to say that nobody liked their mothers, however poor they might be—that poverty is the basis of affection, but a mother is so unpleasant a person that you cannot feel any liking for her although she may have the qualification developed to any extent. It was pleasant to find, on reading the text, that the bard had no such objectionable intention. No; the song is supposed to be addressed by a lowly lass to a rich gentleman, whom she rebukes for wishing to make her his bride. She does not object to him on personal grounds. On the contrary, she tells him that under other circumstances she would gladly become mistress of his houses and lands, of his servants and his ‘carriages gay.’ But under the circumstances she feels bound to renounce all these attractions—himself included. She has a widowed mother, who is poor. She is very fond of her mother, prefers her to everything else in life, and declines to abandon her in her poverty, even to be a great lady herself. There is nothing in the song to indicate that the rich suitor—who seems to be a thoroughly sincere person, with the best intentions, for all that appears to the contrary, towards the widowed mother—intends any separation, in the harsh sense of the term. But the girl is suspicious, unwarrantably so, and goes to the extent even of suggesting that perhaps the suitor intends to deceive *her*. This is an unfortunate slip, because it leads to the inference that the rejection may be caused by a motive more prudential than that which would lead a lady to make a sacrifice for her mother’s sake. She is, in fact, decidedly harsh towards her adorer,

whose affection—being the affection of a man of wealth and position—has at least a *prima-facie* claim to be disinterested. The sentiment of the song is one that, among a mixed audience, is sure to be applauded; but it is to be regretted that the young lady’s love for her mother should have interfered with her logic, to say nothing of her sense of justice towards a poor fellow who cannot help being rich.

‘Put by for a rainy day,’ and ‘Where there’s a will there’s a way,’ are songs with obvious morals, which are not the less neglected on that account. ‘It serves you right’ is somewhat cynical in tone. It warns us that, however we succeed or fail, the world will say that it serves us right. The singer says that he lost all his money and was completely ruined. Everybody said that it served him right. He got his money back again and made a large fortune, and everybody said the same. The moral that he draws is simply to be successful, and then it does not matter what people say.

I have about exhausted my list of the moral class of songs as sung at the music halls. They are very popular, as you may suppose; for people are never more high-principled than they are when amusing themselves—at a theatre or some kindred place. *There* virtue is always triumphant, and vice has no chance of toleration. Regarded as literature, these compositions are for the most part rather dull doggrel, and are not deficient in a certain quality called clap-trap. But they have the advantage of being plain and straightforward, and the homely sentiments they express are comprehensible to a class of people who would be simply bewildered with real poetry. Moreover, they are set to pretty jingling airs, so that their useful mission is in no danger of becoming a bore.

Nor must it be supposed that the moral songs bear any proportion in the programme to the songs of a general, and—it might almost be said—contrary kind. It is difficult indeed to say which class of these is the most detest-

able—the bacchanalian or the amorous. The former are no glorifications of the grape from a poetical point of life, but simply laudations of 'fast life'—describing how 'Champagne Charleys,' 'Chickaleary coves,' 'Rollicking lambs,' and choice creations of the authors' fancy of a similar kind, delight in going about town all night drinking fabulous amounts of 'fizz,' and indulging in larks which will scarcely bear allusion; which they can always do satisfactorily, it seems, if they have plenty of money to 'square' the police. Being provided with plenty of money, by-the-way, is always described as one of the signs of being a good fellow; but we never find that the good fellow is advised to obtain it honestly—though the warning would be, I believe, by no means unnecessary among the peculiar patrons of the melodies in question. The superstitious reverence for champagne, too, which their writers exhibit is one among the many vulgar elements in these compositions. The amorous songs are perhaps a little more bearable of the two. They are slangy and absurd enough, but they do not glorify low and brutal propensities; and some of the stories which they tell of the Jemimas and the Amelia-Janes—the Pretty Periwinkle Girls, Pretty Grocers' Maids, little Nancys who live with their ma's, Lonely Wilhelminas, Girls with golden hair, Ladies with Monkey Muffs, and the rest of the preposterous tribe—are absurd enough to get a laugh out of.

There are among the music-hall songs a few in which there is no reference either to drinking or love-making. These omissions give them a chance of being less offensive than the others. But such a song as 'Walking in the Zoo,' for instance, is enough to disgust you with one of the pleasantest lounges in London; 'The Grecian Bend' is a wretched piece of vulgarity; and such things as 'It don't suit Charley Baker' are in very low taste. Charley Baker is supposed to be a man who can't be imposed upon; and he describes

the advantage in such a manner as to leave us with a decided preference for a fool.

Political songs—we hear very little of them anywhere, by-the-way—have no place in the music halls; but 'the wrongs of the poor man'—in a lively sense of which the politics of the great mass of the people are comprised—are represented here and there. A song called 'England's going down the Hill,' on the recommendation, perhaps, of its cheerful title, is printed in unusually conspicuous type in the collection before me, and may be supposed, therefore, to be unusually popular. After setting forth the proposition that the country is declining in spite of her assumed greatness, the writer proceeds in the following pleasant style:—

'The titled lord may rob and steal
And not be brought to book,
But the poor hardworking labourer
Is not allowed to look;
For stealing of an egg he's sent
Three weeks to work the mill,
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the bill.

'They talk of emigration
To help the working man,
While coroneted vagabonds
Have robbed them of their land:
They will not part their riches,
But want more riches still,
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.'

Rant of this kind scarcely requires comment; and it would not be worth notice but that it is a faithful rendering of the ideas of thousands and thousands of persons in this country, and embodies the continual teachings of their leaders.

After a judicious selection from some of the songs under notice, there is probably a performance on the trapèze. The performer in these days is usually a woman. Her portrait, as exhibited on posters and in public-house windows, indicates a very flourishing-looking person, of remarkable beauty in most cases. But seen in the flesh—and bone—she is angular in form and thin and anxious in face. Her cheeks are hollow, and the rouge in which they are disguised give to her dark eyes an unnatural brilliancy. Her attire—well, to be

plain, it is principally composed of silk fleshings; the rest of her costume is certainly not sufficient to interfere in the smallest degree with her movements. We all know what these movements are. Wonderful for their daring, but not beyond the power of most persons who have undergone a certain understood course of training. They are not necessarily graceful—certainly not so pleasing to the eye as an ordinary dance on the boards. But the performance has an attraction beyond all that has gone before. The Bounding Brothers are forgotten. The Rollicking Rams and the rest of the slangy crew are nowhere in popular estimation. Even the Pretty Periwinkle girls and Ladies with Monkey Muffs have no place in the sympathies of the assembly. Here is a woman—a foreigner, to judge by her wonderfully-sounding name—an anxious, fluttering woman, in a dress suggestive of almost entire nudity, in momentary danger of breaking her neck. This is not too much to say of her situation. One slip made in the course of her mad feats must bring her to the ground—to become then and there a lifeless mass, or to live a helpless and hopeless cripple to the end of her days. Such things have been and will be again, unless the law interfere to prevent them—to deny to carousing crowds a source of excitement as vicious in its essence as the exhibitions of the Roman amphitheatre.

There may be more songs after the trapèze performance; but at a certain period of the evening most music halls give their audiences a ballet. At one of these establishments, not the least celebrated in London, there are no less than three ballets in the course of the evening. Very beautiful spectacles they are equalling in 'sustained splendour' all the year round the greatest efforts of the greatest theatres upon occasions such as Christmas or Whitsuntide. All the resources of scenery, machinery, and feminine attraction are combined to produce the result, which is certainly triumphant in its way. But

severe critics would pronounce the exhibition objectionable in a respect to which I must allude with reserve. The Lord Chamberlain's remonstrance, addressed to the theatres, is fresh in everybody's recollection; but the theatres have never given equal cause for offence in the matter concerned as the music halls have done and are still doing. It is supposed that the police are a sufficient check, in the absence of the Lord Chamberlain, in the cause of public propriety; but it does not appear that the constables who assist at the music halls for the sake of order have found their finer feelings outraged by anything they have seen at such places.* They have certainly made no complaint, and remonstrances upon general grounds against the establishments in question, on the part of parishioners, have had no practical effect upon the licensing magistrates.

It has been frequently said by the advocates for what they call 'Free Trade in the Drama'—the cry raised when the music halls were protesting against the privileges of the theatres—that the right feeling of the public is always sufficient to protect the interests of decorum; that we are not in England as they are in foreign countries; and that any evident impropriety would be hooted off the stage. What sheer cant this assertion is may be proved by a visit to almost any one of the theatres at which burlesques are among the chief attractions, or to a music hall in which the ballet is made a principal feature. It is likely enough that the reputation of these performances keeps many people away from both establishments; but it is certain that a far larger class prefer that they should be of an objectionable character; and managers will tell you that a burlesque or a ballet put upon the stage with a due regard to decorum has no chance against a rival attraction in which these conditions are set at defiance.

It was not Free Trade in the

* It is only fair to add that an exception has been made to the rule while these pages were passing through the press.

Drama that the music halls really wanted. It was free trade in character-singing and dancing, the use of scenery, and so forth. The music-hall managers had to consider not only the performers on the stage but the refreshment department. They expect to make considerably more out of their patrons than the prices of admission; and any performance of an intellectual kind, which interests the audience and keeps their minds active, leads them to neglect their drink, and is a proportionate loss to the proprietor. People prepared to listen to a play, whether it be of a grave or gay character, are not inclined to accompany their enjoyment with liquor and tobacco during the whole of the performance. The most thirsty souls among playgoers find a refreshment-room in the lobby quite sufficient for their requirements. Indeed, a man who is drinking and smoking for some hours together is not prepared to keep his attention alive to an intellectual object. He finds it pleasant to have something going on which amuses his eye or his ear without causing him any exertion, or preventing him from talking to his neighbours if he so pleases. Beyond this any performance is a bore.

It is clearly, therefore, to the advantage of the music-hall managers not to give entertainments of too elaborate a kind, which shall engross the attention of the audience and make them independent of refreshments. Indeed it has been said that the 'Free Trade' which they now enjoy has operated to some extent to their disadvantage by leading to increased competition between rival establishments, and accustoming the public to expect too much. The original idea of what is called in this country a music hall was—as carried out on the Continent—a lounge, usually in the open air, where people could sit or walk about as they pleased, certainly chat, almost as certainly smoke and take liquid refreshment, and listen from time to time to a song. So careful are the French authorities not to introduce the dramatic element into these places that

they will not permit even a song to be sung in character. The singers—male or female as the case may be—are in their own evening dress, and the character suggested by the song must be left to the imagination as far as the eye is concerned. There has never been any departure from the principle of protection to the drama under the Monarchy, the Republic, or the Empire. The stage has always been considered a school of intelligence and taste worthy of endowment by the state; and it has never been permitted that its domain should be intruded upon by tavern-keepers who wished to make dramatic performances an encouragement to the consumption of drink. It is held by the French authorities that the conjunction of drink and the drama must lower the character of the latter by bringing inferior entertainments into demand; and that the public taste, vitiated more and more by gratification, would at last cease to support superior entertainments, which would be attempted from time to time only to bring ruin upon their projectors.

Now as far as the music halls in this country have advanced in the direction of the drama, there has been, and is still, a tendency towards this result. The entertainments presented—which may be briefly summed up as consisting of singing, dancing, and tumbling—are each and all of a lower, that is to say, of a broader and more vulgar, character than any representations, whether of a similar or different description, to be met with at any of the theatres. It may be that some of the theatres threaten to become no better than the music halls in the respects indicated; and if this tendency develop, the fact will furnish a still stronger argument against the free trade idea as applied to public entertainments; for the theatres—successful as some of them have been of late—all complain of the competition of the music halls, and the necessity, where the competition is strong, of encountering the enemy with his own weapons, and providing for the public a broader, lower, and an avowedly

more vulgar entertainment than heretofore. The fact has for some years been apparent to playgoers, and is deplored by that part of the public—unfortunately the minority—who desire to see a higher class of performances the rule instead of the exception at the majority of our theatres. That the music halls have worked harm in vitiating the public taste is beyond a doubt; and the results will get from bad to worse unless means are taken for establishing a system of control over all establishments of the kind. There is no reason why theatres should not come under the same authority, for that of the Lord Chamberlain is utterly ineffectual. When exerted the interference is usually in a wrong direction. It cannot be that the licencer, who performs the executive work to the extent of reading the plays, prohibits the performance of many works. When he has occasionally taken this extreme course the fact has always been proclaimed and made the subject of a discussion. But the functionary in question prunes and amends the dialogue, it is said, upon the most absurd grounds, the

best part of the joke being that the actors take as little notice as may be of the emendations, and after the first night or so usually reinsert the prohibited passages. The music halls are of course licensed by the magistrates and are under the police—with what result we have seen.

To meet the general requirement—including public amusements of all kinds—a proposition has been made from time to time for the appointment of a special officer for the work of inspection. Let us hope that such a course will be adopted before long. The office would be by no means a sinecure if the work were properly done, and the object is well worth the undivided attention of a competent person, with a little assistance in the way of clerks. At present there is no efficient authority, and the most ruffianly exhibitions are practically uncontrolled. As for the public being its own protector, the idea must be a delusion, or managers would not have made the discovery that the coarser the character of the entertainment the more money are they likely to make by it.

S. L. B.

SKETCHES OF THE WAR.

NO. II.—THE FRENCH LEADERS—GENERAL UHRICH.

THAT great campaign in which France so long resisted the invasion of the Allies in 1814, though unsuccessful, was probably, beyond the first fields in Italy and the great day of Austerlitz, the highest achievement of Napoleon, and is the campaign which, for its lessons and its parallels, has been most studied at the present time. That defensive campaign had two plans. Napoleon's first plan was to oppose a double line of invasion with a single line of defence, to hold the passages of the Seine, Aube, and Marne, and moving right and left, make up for the paucity of his army by the vigour and rapidity of his blows. In that belt of frontier fortresses which has interposed such a prolonged and effective resistance to the Germans, the emperor had a large army, lying almost absolutely useless, and which might possibly have saved Paris from the invader. Napoleon's second plan in the campaign of '14 was to fling himself back upon this belt of fortresses in Alsace and Lorraine, and make them the base of offensive operations in the rear of the invading force. It is utterly impossible to exaggerate the importance of these fortresses, a series of positions which almost command the very heart of Europe. Many years ago the Archduke Charles, who possessed a military genius perhaps only inferior to Napoleon's, used to say that the military superiority of France arose from the chain of fortresses with which it was surrounded, whereby it was enabled, with equal facility, to throw delays in the way of an invasion of its own, and to find a solid base for an irruption into its neighbour's territories; and that the want of such a barrier on the right bank of the Rhine was the principal defect in the system of German defence. Count Bismarck has rightly pointed out how invasion upon invasion has been

the result of the possession of these positions. And we cannot from any point of view blame his rigid determination that these great advantages shall be transferred to Germany. It is assuredly also for the peace and advantage of the world that a pacific nation, rather than a warlike and marauding nation, should hold these keys of Western Europe.

In those days this series of fortresses was the leading strategical feature in France, either for attack or defence. Within the last generation the fortifications of Paris have become of the highest strategical importance; at the time when we write of the highest importance of all. When Napoleon set out on his great offensive campaign, Paris only possessed an *octroi*, which the emperor directed should be strengthened with palisades and artillery. The fortifications were the work of M. Thiers. M. Thiers is justly entitled to a premier place among the leaders of Republican France. The fact is nothing to us that he is not on the Committee of Safety. Though he declined a place on that committee he has done it what service he could by his unavailing mission to the great courts of Europe. In London alone he seems to have been of use in promoting the meeting between M. Favre and Von Bismarck. Any government at Paris, or at Tours, or at Toulouse, is the most provisional of all provisional governments. The people will only yield it a random and intermittent obedience. We are glancing at the actual rulers of France, so far as the unhappy disorganised land has any real rulers of men. We cannot assign any degree of permanence to the present extemporized government while the strongest army in France is under Bazaine, and while the Red flag is waving at Lyons. We shall first speak of the great statesman who devised the fortifications, and



GENERAL UHRICH.



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A NOVEMBER DREZZL.

of the illustrious soldier who now defends them. It probably will be found, however, in the issue that Strasburg has exhibited the best defence of fortified places, and that Von Urich is the exemplar soldier of France.

When M. Thiers brought forth his original proposition it was opposed on grounds which now possess a painfully intense significance. While Talleyrand opposed the project on political grounds, Soult said openly that to make a fortified city of Paris was to expose it in the event of war to bombardment and capture. The *causa causans* of their erection strongly illustrates that point in which M. Thiers so strongly illustrates the peculiar temperament of his race. The proposal was made in a moment of rage and groundless panic. M. Thiers had refused, on the part of his government, to have anything to do with arresting the march of the Viceroy of Egypt on Constantinople. England forthwith, in concert with Austria, Russia, and Prussia, after long delays, became joint signatories to a treaty for the protection of the Porte. Lord Palmerston's bold movement in the Mediterranean came like a thunder-clap on the French premier, who nourished the Napoleonic idea that the Mediterranean might be a French lake. M. Guizot in London, M. Thiers in Paris, thought it an unpardonable affront to France that this great treaty should be made without her co-operation. It is even said that M. Thiers suggested that the French should seize on Malta by a *coup de main*. Louis Philippe was too cautious. He knew that he should be offending the sympathies of the Treaty Powers. He substituted M. Guizot as his premier in place of M. Thiers, while, as some sort of answer to England's diplomatic victory, he so far met M. Thiers and the popular feeling, that a vote of four millions sterling was obtained for encircling Paris with fortifications, and putting it in a state of defence. It cannot be doubted but M. Thiers has most materially favoured that war-spirit which has so long been the bane

of France by the nature of his writings. He it is who has told of the Napoleonic war, not in the sober, truth-loving spirit of the true historian, but in that romantic, false way in which Victor Hugo told of the Battle of Waterloo in 'Les Misérables,' and with that brilliant bravado with which Alfred de Musset responded to Becker's Rhine-song. The French people appear stricken with a kind of colour-blindness; they appear to have lost the faculty of discerning truth, the most prominent sign of that corruption and demoralization which have eaten as a canker into French life and society.

If there had been any unsparing critic of the French military system, any one whose stern denunciation of that system has almost risen to prophecy, that man is General Trochu. When he brought out his remarkable book, 'L'Armée Française en 1867,' it ran through sixteen editions in three weeks. The same year produced the Duc d'Aumale's 'Institutions militaires de la France.' General Trochu made various confidential appeals to the war department at Paris, pointing out the imperfections and abuses of the French military system. His prophecies, like those of Cassandra's, were disbelieved, and then he resolved to publish, declaring that no other remedy was left him but publicity. With a resolution that has been justly called heroic, with a frankness that spared no man's feelings, he laid bare every weakness and every sore, reckless what degree of unpopularity or hatred his uncompromising truthfulness might procure for him. Trochu foreshadowed in his book the results of the present most disastrous campaign. The best hopes would have been for France if she had listened to the words, wise, true, and bold, of her frank soldier, and had learned wisdom from his teaching. General Trochu, we need hardly say, is a strong Orleanist, and it is believed that the government of Paris was with great hesitation and reluctance committed to his charge. But he was one of the best French officers,

had never ceased to be on active service, and his character stood extremely high in general estimation. He had come, we need hardly say, from St. Cyr and the Staff School, and served several years in Algeria under Marshal Bugeaud. He had much of that blunt wisdom and keen sense for which Bugeaud was so remarkable. He gives Bugeaud's most favourable reminiscences of the English infantry in the Peninsula, with the famous remark that it was the best infantry in the world, but fortunately *there was very little of it*. Trochu was one of Marshal St. Arnaud's *aides-de-camp* in the Crimea in 1854, and after the Marshal's death he was made a general, and commanded a brigade of infantry until the end of the Russian war. Like Bugeaud, he confessed to a great admiration of the English. [He contrasted their order and discipline with the destructive and marauding habits of the French soldiers. When he was asked how he hoped to improve his troops, he answered, '*En les faisant vertueux.*' In the Italian campaign of Solferino he commanded a division, in which he showed a respect for non-combatants in a manner quite new in the methods of French warfare. It is said that he began by degrading an officer to the ranks for insulting a peasant woman, and wherever he marched his track was distinguishable by the uninjured dwelling-houses and the unharmed mulberry trees still clothed with vines.

The general unsparingly pointed out the 'gigantic sham' presented by the French army. He asserted that that army did not really exceed *one-fourth of her nominal effective strength*. He denied that this army, such as it was, was in any degree duly trained and fitted for war. He declared that the fundamental principle of every army lay in its *motive force* and its *mechanical power*, and in both respects he has some severe criticisms on his countrymen. What he says of French insubordination—how a French soldier unwillingly pays even the customary signs of

external respect to his officers—has been signally verified in the present campaign. Even at Strasburg this has been mournfully exemplified. He condemns the French commissariat, and does not hesitate to say, in defiance of all traditions of all armies, that recourse must be had to civil mercantile contractors. He condemns as absolutely worthless for military success, that kind of popular enthusiasm which a few months ago prompted the cry *à Berlin!* He thinks that cavalry will have an increased importance in war—as has been illustrated by the Prussian Uhlans—and points out how the French cavalry have been overladen. He considered that Prussia possessed a much higher degree of the moral elements of military success. The General points out that the first thing for an army is to raise the moral and intellectual standard, in which the French have been so deplorably wanting. He severely criticises some of Napoleon III.'s pet plans. He says that it is quite a mistake to encourage, as the emperor encouraged, old soldiers to re-enlist. An old soldier, he says, is not an old man, but a trained recruit, who has learned his business. Again, he declared that the emperor made quite a mistake by forming picked bodies of troops. The army at large is weakened and demoralized by the subtraction of the best men. We need hardly point out what singular force of truth belongs to these criticisms, which have all the character of vaticinations. It is popularly said that General Trochu is the best military strategist that France possesses, as well as one of inflexible firmness. It has, however, been answered that he is best as a military critic and theorist, and that his work as a subordinate has not properly tested his powers. In singular contrast with his present position is his Breton home, where the Trochu family first prosperously carried out the innovations of modern agriculture, and covered the sterile, heathery, rocky land near Vauban's fortifications of Belle Isle with woods, pasture-lands, and rich meadows.

On that memorable Sunday when the Republic was *proclamé* a provisional government was *acclamé*, placarded in the streets of Paris as a government of national defence. Foremost among them were *les trois Jules*, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, and Jules Simon, and the names of Emmanuel Arago, Cremieux, Gambetta, Garnier-Pagès, Glais-Bizon, Pelletan, Picard, and Rochefort. M. Arago, be it observed, is not the Prefect, but the Mayor of Paris. Some of these men possess conspicuous ability. Probably, at any time, M. Picard would be a good Minister of Finance, and M. Gambetta a good Minister of the Interior. M. Cremieux, a barrister of high repute, was in 1848, as he is now, Minister of Justice at the Second Revolution. His energetic action at Tours, when he strongly argued before a republican meeting against displacing all functionaries of all grades nominated under the Empire, gives a conspicuous proof of moderation. He is, we believe, of Jewish extraction. On M. Gambetta has devolved the whole of the domestic government of France, and his work has been exceedingly difficult. He has had to appoint anew prefects in every department, tried men who would act for the best and act for themselves as soon as the investment of Paris should put a dead stop to centralization. It was sad that a minister who has never governed should be obliged to appoint prefects who had never governed. The docile, imperialistic character of the old prefects rendered their removal an absolute necessity in order to satisfy republican feeling. M. Gambetta was absolutely unknown till the epoch of the Baudin Monument two years ago; but the remarkable attitude which he took up in the Chamber, the clear courage with which he opposed the Empire from the very commencement of the war, brought him at once to the front. The most remarkable prefect whom he has appointed is M. Esquiros at Lyons. M. Esquiros knows England as well as poor Prevost-Paradol did. He studied Holland well, but he studied England still more minutely, as he

showed by his work on 'Religious Thought in England' and his monograph on Cornwall.

The two principal members of the National Committee of Defence appear to us to be Jules Favre and Garnier-Pagès. They have many points of the closest contact and similarity. They are both old men. M. Garnier-Pagès only wants a few years of seventy. M. Favre, or, to give him his full name, Mons. Jules Claude Gabriel Favre, was born in 1809. Both came from the fiery south, Favre being born at Lyons and Pagès at Marseilles. Both of them may be said to have been nursed and reared in revolutions. Both of them were actively concerned in the revolution of 1830. In the three glorious days of July Garnier-Pagès distinguished himself during the disturbances at the barricades. Favre had been a law student at Paris, and afterwards practised as a barrister at Lyons. Even in that republican city, where the Red flag now waves, he was known for the ultra-republicanism of his opinions. He vehemently espoused the cause of the *ouvrier* class, among whom he gained a boundless popularity. He came to the Paris bar in 1835. When called upon to plead in a great cause the Press, he commenced a famous speech by the words 'Je suis républicain.' It heightened the impression entertained of his vigour and courage to know that that great speech, which lasted four hours, was made when he was suffering from dangerous illness. M. Favre was a great advocate, and has taken part in some of the most conspicuous *causes célèbres* of the French bar. He is essentially a man who comes to the front in a period of revolution. In 1848, in the revolution of February, he was appointed Secretary-General of the ministry of the Interior. He later took a prominent part in the prosecution of Louis Blanc and Causidière for the attempted insurrection of the 15th of May. It remains to be seen how far he is capable of a sincere reconciliation with M. Louis Blanc. M. Jules Favre refused to join in the vote of thanks to Gene-

ral Cavaignac. It is hardly necessary to say that he has always been a most persistent opponent of Louis Napoleon. The presidency was an abomination to him. Though he acquiesced in the Italian revolution he objected to the direction it was taking, and demanded that the president and ministry should be proceeded against. On the *comp d'état* of the 'Man of December' he refused to take the oath, and for six years retired from all political life. In 1858 he was chosen one of the deputies for the Corps Législatif. He conducted the defence of Orsini and his fellow-conspirators with all his wonted energy and courage. In the election for 1869 he was rejected at Lyons, but was chosen, in opposition to Rochefort, for the seventh circonscription of Paris.

It is hardly necessary to say that M. Favre has done duty as a journalist and a pamphleteer. The journal 'L'Electeur' was his. M. Garnier-Pagès, on the other hand, has written books—his work on the revolution of '48, completed by his 'Histoire de la Commission Exécutive,' is a well-known work, and has given much attention to commercial subjects; but he has always been strenuously attached to the doctrines of the Extreme Left, which he supported as deputy for Verneuil. He took a great part in the reform agitation of 1847, which so shook the government of M. Guizot, and the famous banquets which next year were the immediate cause of the displacement of the Orleans dynasty. In 1848 he was elected mayor of Paris. He became a member of the provisional government, and subsequently Minister of Finance. He showed himself a very good financial minister, and among other reforms he brought in the system of dock-warrants and bonded warehouses. He was always radically opposed to Baron Hausmann's system, and has exhibited quite a vindictive desire to punish him for his profuse expenditure on the demolitions and edifices of new Paris.

Other names connected with French leadership hardly command an equal degree of respect, transferred from a gaol to a seat in the

executive commission. M. Henri Rochefort has been employing himself in the construction of barricades. It is said—if we can believe the report—that they are of a portable kind, and are armed with a weapon a trifle deadlier than the mitrailleuse. M. Fourchicon, in the spirit of the patriots who devoted all their energies to knocking down the N's over the shops, has been taking away the imperial names of ships and giving them others better to his liking. He may have some influence over the *sans-culottes*, who are the natural enemies of the *bourgeois*, and who dread more than the Parisians the revolutionary government of Red Republicans. If the Reds had power for twelve hours they might do more mischief than could be retrieved in twelve years. Among the real leaders of France at this crisis are Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo. Their influence on French thought has been immense, but at the present time political influence is remote and indirect. On the whole it may be said that the Provisional Government has done its work well. The demand came with terrific stress upon new and untried men, and it may be said for them upon the whole that they have been not unequal to the occasion. There are very few bright spots on the French horizon, but it is possible that even in her government we may have the first elements of national regeneration.

But, as we have indicated, the real rulers of France at such a crisis as this must be the military rather than the political leaders. If we set aside the army of the Loire, the worth of which has yet to be ascertained, the only army of France is that commanded by Bazaine within the lines of Metz. If Metz holds out until a peace can be concluded it is not impossible that Bazaine may play in France the part which General Monk once played in England. It is said that he professedly holds Metz for the Emperor; and it is also said that he has given in any adherence to the Provisional Government. For years past it has been understood

that his attitude towards the Emperor has not been friendly. It has been even said that his unfriendly attitude caused more than fifty thousand soldiers to vote against the Plébiscite. Bazaine's career has been exceedingly remarkable. Failing to pass his examination at the Polytechnique, he enlisted in the line, and carried the proverbial marshal's bâton in the knapsack of the private soldier. He won the Cross of the Legion in Africa, and after four years' service in Navarre and Biscay in the French force that helped the Christians against the Carlists. In the Crimean war he was made Governor of Sebastopol after the fall of the fortress. In the Italian war he distinguished himself by taking the cemetery at Solferino. In the Mexican war he became commander-in-chief, defeating the Juarists and more than once compelling Juarez to take refuge in the United States. He has, however, been greatly attacked by the Count de Kératry, the new Prefect of Police. The Emperor was very willing to throw the whole blame of the Mexican campaign upon Bazaine, who in his turn proposed to publish his correspondence with the French Emperor, with Maximilian, and with certain members of the Imperial Government. This, however, was not done, and Bazaine received the command of the Third Army corps, the Grand Cross, and the marshal's bâton. It will be remembered how, when either wing of the French army had been rolled up at Worth and Forbach, public opinion insisted that the Emperor should cede the real command to Bazaine. Both M'Mahon and Canrobert were willing to serve under his orders. The battles before Metz under his eye have been the most closely and valorously contested in the whole war. It is said that with a far-sighted prescience he perceived the possibility of being invested in Metz, and astonished the authorities by insisting that larger and still larger supplies should continually be sent into the place. Probably Bazaine is the

Emperor's best card and has a great future before him.

M'Mahon is the soldiers' favourite. It is sad to hear how the brave man wept and raved when the battle of Worth went against him. I trust he is now convalescent at pleasant Wiesbaden. When some one spoke to him about his wound, 'That,' he answered, 'is the least important matter.' And yet that wound was of the most terrific kind that can be caused by an explosive shell without destroying life. We have read a most affecting letter from a Sister of Mercy describing the patience and serenity of the marshal under his grievous sufferings. He is every inch a soldier. His wild heroism was conspicuous when he ordered his staff to remain behind and advanced himself at the head of the last charge. It was this gallant and dashing nature which converted into a victory what was very nearly a defeat at Magenta. When Sebastopol was assaulted the perilous honour of assaulting the Malakoff was assigned to M'Mahon. He entered it at the head of the storming party, and resolved to retain the position dead or alive, and did retain it. Although not supposed to be a favourite with the Emperor, he was made Duke of Magenta for his services in the Italian war. It became his lot—how vivid are the points of contact and of contrast!—splendidly to represent France at the court of Berlin on the occasion of the coronation of King William. In 1862 he commanded the camp at Chalons, when he is thus described: 'The Marshal is popular in the camp, and possesses all the qualities of a great general. He is indefatigable in his military duties. He is about every morning by five o'clock in the midst of the men, and the greater part of the day is occupied by his military avocations. He sets apart a couple of hours each day for reading, and military tactics are his favourite study.' He has a fine forehead, acute grey eyes, and a severe contour of chin. He was Governor-General of Algeria until he was recalled to take part in the present war.

One or two other generals ought here to be mentioned. We dismiss those whom France has dismissed, such as Lebœuf and Palikao. General Vinoy is quite a soldier of Trochu's own order. He was too honest to be a favourite under the Empire. Sir Colin Campbell knew and loved him well in the Crimea. He used to speak of him as a fine fellow and a perfect soldier and gentleman. Dr. Russell describes him as having 'a queer voice, strong convictions, strong speech, and broad manners, but loyal, frank, brave, and clever.' But the soldier in whom popular interest very strongly, very deservedly centres just now, is the heroic Von Urich, the gallant defender of Strasburg. This aged soldier is a true son of Alsace, born at Phalsburg, which is now repeating once again the events so graphically described in the novels of MM. Chatrian-Erkman. He is himself, we believe, of German extraction, and is an example how thoroughly Gallicized the German element has become. His wife is a native of Friburg, in the Black Forest. He had retired from active service some years ago, but when this miserable war broke out he sought and obtained the command of Strasburg. That panic after Worth, which ruined so many reputations, strengthened and adorned his. We are not certain that his martial inflexibility has not done him some injustice. The evidence seems to be that General Urich acted with extreme kindness when he could show kindness. When the Swiss delegates proposed to take charge of all persons who, with the leave of Werder, he might send out of the city, he most willingly received the proposition. 'The work you have undertaken, gentlemen,' he said, 'is so honourable that it insures for you the eternal gratitude of the whole population of this city. I cannot find words to express my appreciation of your noble and generous initiative.' General Urich himself accompanied the party to some distance beyond the gates. It was necessary to pull down a

erected, and General Urich was asked whether he would give till twelve o'clock—it was then eleven—to build it up again. 'Certainly,' said General Urich. 'I promise that they shall not be interfered with before one.' It is quite a mistake to suppose that he refused to give the soldiers notice of the bombardment. On the 10th of August he announced, in replies to summons about a surrender, that Strasburg had four hundred cannon and eleven thousand men, besides the Garde Nationale Sédentaire, and would hold out as long as a soldier, a biscuit, or a cartridge remained. On the very next day he gave notice how to quench fire in the case of a bombardment. The day afterwards the bombardment commenced. The Swiss delegates reported that he took little interest in events outside the city, and his despatches soon indicated his feeling of the hopelessness of resistance. The fire was more severe than the *feu d'enfer* at Sebastopol. He has also been on good terms with the citizens. At their request he supported the mayor, whom the Provisional Government sought to displace, in his tenure of office. The Municipal Council, which met daily, did not trouble General Urich with complaints, which would only be like foam on granite, but co-operated with him on measures for the preservation of the city. It suffered greatly, but it suffered as every great city is liable to suffer when with inhumanity and ill policy it is converted into a fortress.

The siege of Strasburg has been a regular siege in a way in which no battle of the campaign has been a regular battle. It is just 189 years ago, even to the selfsame day, between the time when Strasburg was seized by Louis Quatorze in defiance of every principle of international law, and its recovery by the Germans. When England harried Scotland and fought bloody fields that a marriage should unite the two crowns, it was said in Scotland that they disliked not the match but they disliked the manner of wooing. The German element at Strasburg must have disliked a brotherly reconciliation with Ger-

many by the fraternal method of a bombardment. King William did not stop that bombardment one whit too soon. The church, with its world-known library, has been utterly destroyed, but, thank God, the cathedral still survives. Perhaps the greatest deed of retributive and poetic justice which this age has seen has been brought to pass by the restoration of Strasburg to Germany. This need not blind us to the heroic character of Urich's defence. He defended the city to the last point to which it could be defended, and at this point he paused. When the breach was effected he yielded. The siege did not pass to that extremity which the old world knew of in Plataea and Saguntum and the modern world in Badajoz and San Sebastian. General Urich would probably have persevered to the last soldier, cartridge, and biscuit. But the troops were utterly demoralized—the remnant of Worth—in many respects the very scum of the service, as their dastardly conduct after the surrender showed. It will probably be considered that the crowning merit of General Urich was

that he was able to compel such soldiers to perform such services for many weeks of an investment by a vastly superior force. At the last it was evident that they would not man the ramparts or face an assault. Such conduct amply vindicates the severest criticisms of Trochu. Yet we cannot regret that by their misconduct a useless massacre has been prevented and that the German city has been preserved for Germany. Enough had been done for glory and enough for France. Enough of chaplets had been rained upon the statue of Strasburg. An imperishable glory belongs to the brave veteran who defended her, and who was not afraid of yielding at the right time, and who retires for the space of his remaining years amid the admiration of Europe. It was well that his valiant opponent in arms should publicly embrace him. It was well that a grateful government should publicly thank him at the headquarters of the nation. Such events shed a mild radiance, mitigating the lurid light of battle, and relieve the monotony of murder with gleams of generosity and chivalry.

ABOUT GAME.

THE passion for hunting is innate in the human breast. Without condescending to the verbal witticism that we 'make game' of each other, almost every human being hunts or shoots in some form or other. Mr. Disraeli says of two noble sisters that each of them brought down her earl. I think it is Sir William Napier who says that war itself is the largest and supreme manifestation of this spirit. Ah! woe is me, when I think of those vast human *battues* on the Continent; well-nigh a quarter of a million of brave men sent down before their time to the under world. I don't think the 'Times' was altogether right in blaming men who sport, instead of practising rifle-shooting. For sport may prove an education for the battle-field. I think more of a man who can make a large bag of game than of one who can pass a competitive examination—I mean for soldierly purposes. Now that travelling is made so easy—a journey round the world may be pleasantly done in about ninety days—men will go any considerable distance in the pursuit of large game. Men will go out to India or Ceylon, or penetrate into the interior of Africa, or think nothing of taking a railway trip to the Rocky Mountains, that, like mighty hunters, they may count up lions, tigers, elephants, moose, antelopes, giraffes, and all 'large game.' In our tight island we have for large game the wild deer, and that alone. In England the solitary district where the deer ranges wild is Exmoor, though we wonder why some have not been preserved on that ampler range of Dartmoor. Any clear day almost you may see them in the distant vistas of Exmoor; and the astonished tourist may sometimes behold them hurrying down the gorges to slake their thirst in the Lynn, or even taking the sea at Lynmouth. To stalk for deer in the Highlands and the western islands, is the highest form of winning game, and may develop or exercise the best

military faculties men possess. But to most Englishmen the grouse-shooting on the 12th of August, followed by partridges on the immortal 1st of September, and pheasants on the immortal 1st of October, form the highest realization of all the most popular notions about game. Very pleasant, indeed, is this grouse-shooting, especially to the tired legislator, who exchanges the lobby and corridor of the House for the keen air of the moorlands, and for all the sated children of fashion and pleasure. I presume that a place has been duly booked in the Limited Mail some eleven days in advance; that the journey due north has been luxuriously performed; and that no accident by fire or water has happened. Pleasant are those hardy days on the moor; pleasant those boxes of grouse despatched far and wide, as tokens of our good will and evidences of our prowess; pleasant when the autumnal winds are rising to be safe and happy by the roaring log fire; pleasant to consume our grouse with the help of Roederer or Koch *filz*. In some quarters the beauty of a shooting-box is its exceeding snugness. In some shooting-boxes the accommodation is very limited. Dukes, ambassadors, and royal princes, and noble lords overflow into the spare bedchambers of rural districts. This is of course an extreme instance. Let us take the ordinary instances of a shooting party for pheasants or partridges. What is pleasanter than going down to the Squire's manor house for a week's shooting? Let it be observed that *squire* is the generic name of the large landowner, whether earl, commoner, or belted knight. It may come dear if you take your servant with you, and fee the servants extravagantly, and give *paper* to the keepers; but the pleasure is right brave and good of the kind, and worth a high price. But cut your coat according to your cloth, in an unaffected kind of way, and do things exactly as you

feel disposed, in defiance of the public opinion of the servants' hall. There was a time—our grandfathers will tell us all about it—when men came home hungry from the stubble to gorge voraciously, to drink copiously, and arrive at a highly honourable state of general stultification. We have changed all that, and 'tis well. A delicious easy-chair, a foot-bath with genial salts, a glance over letters and papers, and then to the bright, cheerful dinner-table, where pleasant converse in the brilliant light of woman's eyes; and then the evening is beguiled with music, with the imitative battles of the chess-table, or the more dangerous engagements of flirtation. A well-provided country-house takes care to have an assortment of *belles* for the shooting season. It is even said that Belgravian mothers connect their husbands' acres with hunting-grounds of their own. Later, men will adjourn to the smoking-room to take that last cigar which is so rarely the last, to partake of sherry and soda, or perchance *Parfait Amour* or *Chartreuse*. Of course there are many men with whom the shooting is simply a pretence. The only way in which they really care for game is to have plenty of it to eat. They fall easy and willing victims to the blandishments of my host's wife and daughters. They will just make an affectation of taking up a breech-loader, but on the most frivolous pretexts they will waste their mornings loafing about in drawing-rooms; or, under the transparent pretext of love of nature or art, will drive out in low chaises with the ladies in the afternoon, and yet they will eat game as if they had earned it. They come to kill but are slaughtered themselves.

Pheasants become so domesticated that unless they are kept long before they are cooked, they become absolutely like barn fowl. It is quite possible to give a directly gamey flavour to barn fowl. I remember buying some poultry that made their escape into a little wood that adjoined my house. They roosted in the trees, and manifested

a decided preference for an *al fresco* existence. They were permitted to take their own ways, and when shot exhibited a decided gamey flavour. The battue system is, in my humble opinion, decidedly unsportsmanlike, and it is with deep regret that we see its extension, so far as it can be extended, to the partridges. It is much better to trudge 'from morn to dewy eve,' and take home an honest and rightly-earned bag. From a picturesque point of view the battue may be admitted to be rather a pretty sight. The village louts drive all the birds to the end of the preserves, and in the fields adjacent the shooting party are stationed. Then the slaughter begins. The breech-loader shortens work, and the attendants load the breech-loaders. Some few persons adhere to the old-fashioned gun. I believe the Duke of Cambridge does so when he goes out on shooting parties. But in any point of view it is simply a massacre. The childish emulation in making large bags has at least the practical advantage that the public get a very fair sufficiency of game at reasonable prices. I believe that if we look at the cost of preserving, every pheasant must cost his owner at least a guinea. Then there are some men who only visit their shooting-lodge and preserves for a few days in the year. A costly establishment is maintained for the sake of those few days. It is possible to consume at home only a small fraction of the game killed. Then the Squire is, as a rule, very liberal. The tenants, the neighbouring gentry, and, above all, the influential voters and the parson of the parish, are not forgotten in the kindly distribution. After that a large quantity is sent up to town. From large preserves several tons of game may be sent by a single train. They generally go to the fishmonger in town, who takes the game as a set off to the fish supplied to the household. I have no doubt that they buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and make a profit on both transactions.

And now for some practical re-

marks about game. The taste, though widely diffused, is not always an accurate or an educated taste. They take venison as they would mutton, and pheasant as they would chicken, and do not appreciate the difference. A true game-eater likes game high, as high as the noses of weak-minded brethren can endure. I like myself to observe many tokens of liveliness about a pheasant's neck after they are hung, and before they are drawn and quartered. This, however, is a question of comparative taste. Let them always hang in their feathers. Pheasants and partridges are the more ordinary and popular kind of game, but I think that the epicure prefers the long-billed game that lives by suction. That scientific gourmand, Brillat-Savarin, has a highly appetizing recipe, based on the combination of pheasant and woodcock. He suggests that the pheasant should be stuffed with a forcemeat, of woodcocks' flesh *plus* some good truffle, and be cooked over toast already well pasted with woodcocks' trails, anchovy, and truffles. This would, however, be a costly financial experiment. For our own part, we must own that we do not think very highly of the flesh of woodcocks, although we have the most favourable estimate of the entrails and liver. In Brillat-Savarin's time woodcocks were much cheaper, possibly more plentiful than they are now. Now and then, in unfrequented districts, you may have some good luck with snipe and woodcocks. Some years ago, one sharp winter, in a district on the north coast of Cornwall, woodcocks were sold at fourpence a piece.

The English plain way of simple roast is preferable to the elaborate *Chartreuse* of the Carthusian monks, or the scientific vagaries of the Parisian school, or even to our own innovations of boiled partridges or snipe-pie. The great secret in all cookery is to cook precisely at the proper moment. The precise moment with the pheasant is when decomposition begins to set in. The French have a verb—*faisander*—which denotes the keep-

ing meat till it acquires a venison taste, a verb derived from their usage of the pheasant. The Delameres, in their 'Cook and Doctor,' tell the following neat story: 'A brace of pheasants sent as a present to France (the bird is all but worshipped by Gallic gourmands) were, on their arrival, condemned by the police as unfit for human food. They were in a state of putridity so forward that it was considered needless either to burn or bury them; they were merely thrown out on a public dunghill, in the belief that nobody, not even if starving, would ever dream of eating them. Next morning the pheasants had disappeared; and it was eventually discovered that a wealthy epicure, who had witnessed this casting out of culinary pearls, had waited and watched till the dead of night, and then, unseen, had rescued the precious morsels, which next day were dressed and eaten with ecstatic relish.' They add that 'roasted pheasant,' say initiated epicures, 'is an ambrosial morsel, which ought to be eaten upon one's knees; the paper that wraps it during the first stage of roasting should be a sheet of nothing less than an epic poem.' I think that on the whole pheasants lead a very enviable and pleasant life; but I really believe that about the 1st of October they have a dim foreboding of what may be in store for them. Men who watch them say that there is a little flutter and perturbation perceptible. If birds can confabulate, as Jean-Jacques Rousseau, those who escape the perils of one season will have strange stories of danger and adventures to tell the youngling brood. Still I think that if they were judiciously-minded birds they would not desire to change their lot. It is comfortable and not inglorious. They are thoroughly well fed, well tended, jealously protected from the poachers of earth and sky, and when they fall they fall honourably and by honourable opponents. Neither are they altogether unavenged. They sow dire seeds of discord among their natural enemies. That is an

awful time for the keepers when the Squire comes to test his preserves. They have watched their preserves night and day for weeks together. This is a critical time for them. I have known most mild-tempered men, very models of virtuous and kindly character, swear like troopers because there has been a deficiency of game. If the eggs have been stolen or the birds poached the keeper will get the credit of connivance, or at least of laziness. An instantaneous dismissal is sometimes given to men who have only been unfortunate. Then there is no more fruitful cause of quarrel in country districts than the game. For myself I may frankly say that I highly approve of the game-laws; but I acknowledge that when the poacher faces the bench of justices he meets not with impartial judges but infuriated adversaries. Sometimes they become infuriated among themselves. Every sportsman should have a game-book, and make good use of it, that he might commit no slight or oversight. As it is, the records of country life show much confusion on controversies about game. I have known men, the very mirror of kindness and gentleness, who would shed their ten guineas on the slightest provocation to a good act, embark in a deadly feud because another man's dog had walked off with a snipe of the value of eighteenpence.

Sir Randal Roberts, in an interesting book recently published,* has gone very thoroughly into the whole question of game in the Highlands. Since then we perceive that 'the Forester' has been active on the Continent, where man has been hunting the larger game of man. Sir Randal is uncommonly severe on those who let out Highland quarters after the fashion of the Tonniebeg shootings. His pet aversions are the needy laird and the grasping innkeeper. He takes this kind of advertisement from the 'Field,' or 'Land and Water,' and writes a series of adventures,

* 'Glenmähra; or, the Western Highlands.' By Sir Randal Roberts, Bart. Chapman and Hall.

evidently on a substantial basis of fact. 'Highland Shootings. To be let from August the 12th, the Lodge and Shootings of "Caskowhisky," extending over 20,000 acres, containing grouse, black-game, roe-deer, hares, etc. There are two streams on the property, containing salmon and trout. Suitable for four guns. Apply to M'Quibble and M'Quick, Writers, Inverbosh, N.B.; or to Alexander M'Thistle, Factor, at Caskowhisky.' A letter of acceptance is sent, after the approved method, with a cheque enclosed. Thus sets in a series of disappointments. The 'lodge' is a small, bleak, ill-furnished storehouse. A large extra claim is made for the fishing. The shepherds require large fees or they will spoil all sport. The grouse are 'off,' when the plough has destroyed the stubble, unless the ground is permanently well watered. You fare equally badly if you go to an inn, where the adjacent moor is let to the innkeeper. Grouse-shooting is, after all, the rich man's pastime; but it is not impossible, if men combine to take a moor, to get shooting at a somewhat economical rate. Sir Randal is very eloquent and enthusiastic on all Highland game. He particularly recommends cold tea to shoot on, although he does not object to hock or whisky in moderation. He particularly likes black-game, if they are shot when strong on the wing, and want plenty to bring them down. At the end of August they lie like stones in the ferns and long heather, or only flutter like half-fledged moorhen. Snipe and woodcock shooting is a favourite pastime all over the world. Sir Randal thinks there is nothing like a day's cock-shooting at home. He has killed woodcock by the dozen in Albania, and snipe by the hundred couple in India—where they are naturally lazy birds—but he likes them best in Scotland. He has seen, however, no such snipe-shooting as they used to have in Ireland before the great draining movement commenced.

The same draining in England is now being carried to a monster extent, and threatens to make snipe

and woodcock still scarcer. Many a nice bit of undrained common or picturesque morass is year by year drawn into this cultivation. We shall have to do as they do in St. Ildephonso in Spain—moisten the ground by a perpetual fountain, plant trees around, and bring sods very rich with worms. While drainage is carried to such an extent in England, there is sure to be counter-balancing mischief. The water should not be lost, but should be stored up for the roots in case of drought. The present drought is unfavourably influencing the partridge shooting this year. The birds do not find the same amount of cover in the burnt-up fields and elsewhere, and consequently they are, though numerous, so extremely strong on the wing that they will not be so plentiful as they ought to be. In this digression we have forgotten to say good-bye to Sir Randal, who has given us both a pleasant and an amusing book. It is worth while to give his concluding advice to those who go to the Highlands: 'Be well-met with everybody, pay your way to the uttermost farthing, go to the kirk, have good whisky in the house, never give yourself airs, remember that the shepherd and his dog are the true keepers of the moor, don't quarrel with the minister.'

We had intended to add a few

more notes, but we should do so with diffidence, as they are empiric—simply the result of private experience. Secure your grouse as soon as it may be got; it may become altogether rare before the next month is gone. Ptarmigan is an admirable substitute, and may be got very late in season. The best place for buying game is Leadenhall Market, and the best time just before Christmas. To cook wild fowl, as the old saying goes, carry it slowly through a kitchen with a big fire, but spare, oh spare the cayenne. There is hardly better sport than shooting wild fowl, but there is no more picturesque way of taking them than by the decoy system. The decoy ponds, with their thick woods encircling the water, and their elaborate contrivances for enticing the beguiled birds, are among the most elaborate and interesting kinds of venery. It may be noticed, *en passant*, that while recent legislation shows how thoroughly the country party in the House of Commons is bent on preserving game, the large addition to the periodical literature of sporting life shows how deep is the national passion for such pastimes. In the mean time in relation to all matters of game, we cannot but re-echo Mrs. Glasse's time-honoured advice—*First catch your hare.*



TREUE UND FEST.

An Incident in the War.

'We came across a dead Prussian; he had a shot in the left side, and, according to our doctors, must have survived in a conscious state for about ten minutes; he had pushed his knapsack under his head, and leant upon his right arm; the look of his still open eyes was fixed upon the photograph of a girl in his stiff left hand; he had drawn the picture out of the letter-case which lay near him, and had awaited death, his gaze riveted on the beloved features.'—*Allgemeine Zeitung*.

IT is not so hard to discover
 What Trüdchen is thinking to-day;
 She dreams of an absent lover
 There—in the thick of the fray!

O'er fields is her fancy roaming
 Covered with wounded and dead;
 Till more than the shades of gloaming
 Darken that golden head.

Ah, but the past was pleasant!
 Seemed not the future sweet?
 Never a thought of this present!
 Parted—ever to meet?

* * * * *

Sédan to-day must be taken!
 That every man knows well;
 How the old fortress is shaken,
 Shattered with shot and shell!

'Charge!' Down into the whirling
 Clouds of the battle smoke;
 Column on column hurling—
 See—where the foe's line broke!

What's that?—a private only
 Shot in the Prussian ranks:—
 Ah, for a heart left lonely,
 Rhine, on thy distant banks!

Yes—it is death! He knows it
 Down on the field he sinks.
 'Life-blood!—so slowly flows it?
 See how the dry ground drinks!'

Propt on his knapsack-pillow
 Calm he lies down to die,
 While the attack's red billow
 Rolls resistlessly by!

Knowing his time is measured,
 Draws he from out his breast—
 Something—a portrait treasured !
 Now to his chill lips pressed.

Thus on that portrait gazing
 Waits he his last repose.
 On it his eyes, fast glazing,
 Fasten, until they close.

Now his heart pauses—flutters—
 Stops ! With his dying breath,
 ‘Trüdchen !’ he fondly utters.
 Faithful—even in death !

T. Hood.

I NEVER LIKED LEWIS.

NEVER. We were boys together. Our good mothers were delighted to see us playing marbles together; but he could always knuckle down better than I could. We played at turnpike-gate with our hoops; and somehow he always trundled his between the pebbles which constituted, to our young imaginations, the pike, man in apron, toll-bar, and all—while I scattered them and lost the game. When we first came together we were both schoolboys on the same form. His lessons were my lessons day after day; but, then, if there was an advantage in the progress it was generally on my side. Somehow he got all the credit.

Lewis was born under extraordinary circumstances. His family were a wild, ambitious, and, I have often heard my mother say, unscrupulous set. At the period of his birth they were in the height of their splendour. It was impossible to approach them in those days. They had the biggest house in their neighbourhood by far. Their horses and stables were the envy of everybody. They gave parties that blocked up the place with the equipages of the guests. The greatest people in the land went to see them; and even people of distinction from abroad on arriving in the country would take

the earliest opportunity of paying their respects to the Lewises. Mr. Lewis himself was a gloomy, morose, unpopular man; but his wife, when she was young, was one of the loveliest women, as my father often declared to my mother's mortification, upon whom the sun ever shone. It seems that she was as brilliant in mind and as courageous in spirit as she was in person lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were called, among the local tradesmen, the beauty and the beast. While he never had a gracious word or look, she was always wreathed in smiles. She had a kind word and a ready hand for the poor. If she disliked her lord, she loved her children, and they were always with her in the carriage. Two boys that were the envy of all other boys who saw them; who wore the loveliest feathers in their hats; trundled hoops with padded sticks; played with marbles every one of which was an agate; and spun tops of satin-wood with silken cords, were the idols of their beautiful parent, and were very seldom permitted to range beyond her sight. There was an uncle in the family—who had married, I believe, the mother of Mrs. Lewis, after her father's death, and whom Mrs. Lewis loved as well as the most devoted daughter can adore the most in-

dulgent of parents. He was her Mentor, her guide in all things. His word was her law; and she was never tired of telling her friends about his wisdom and the great position he held in the world. Gossips said that the only fact which made the married life of Mrs. Lewis bearable was, that her husband was related closely to her step-father.

It was very natural in Mrs. Lewis to make much of her step-father. He was the personage to whom she looked for the advancement of her darling boys in life. His influence appeared to be boundless—and he knew it, as my mother, who often saw him frowning out of his chariot window on his way to see his beautiful step-daughter, would tell me in after years.

The elder boy was sickly, and was kept at home; but the second was sent to school; and, as I have said, it was at school I first met him.

The new boy made a sensation. It was whispered along the forms that his name was Lewis, and that he had come in a barouche with a servant in livery to carry his books. We crowded round him in the playground, and found that his pockets were full of money; that he had a knife with one blade more than that of the cock of the school; and that a most imposing coat of arms was engraved on the heaviest of silver spoons and forks, which were brought for his use at table. The master fawned on him, and gave him easy lessons, and put him at the desk nearest to the stove. We hated him for this—boys are only little men.

Out of school, Lewis, I must say, gave himself no airs. His plentiful pocket-money was lavishly scattered when the apple-woman came into the playground. He would buy a shilling's worth of Bonaparte's ribs, and give every boy in the school one. He would propose a scramble for apples, or a whole quart of Spanish-nuts. I have known him come with half a dozen cocoa-nuts, and give one each to the fellows who had played at horses with him. Play-

ing at horses was his passion. A boy must be a great favourite, or be able to dispense favours, who wants to drive a team in the playground. Lewis was amiable enough, we thought, then, and was ready to give everything he had—provided we would be his nags. We made him pay—and he drove us. He was a ready fellow with his fists, I admit. He would give—but he would have no takings. I got on very well with him, and was often his off-sider, because I made my bargain openly, and he liked that. I carried off heaps of things, till my mother at home was quite alarmed. 'Where did you get that splendid top, Bob?' said mother. 'Lewis,' was my answer. 'That kite must have cost five shillings, Bob.' 'Lewis,' I replied. 'Your father's knife is not worth that,' my maternal parent observed. 'Lewis,' was my response. But I never liked him.

We played truant together, and he got me off the punishment, and the school cheered him in the playground for it. I thought they made much of it—but I must say Lewis himself didn't; and he behaved well in asking me home to his mother's great house to dine and spend a Saturday afternoon with him. Mrs. Lewis's step-father was there, and everything gave way to him. He pinched my ear playfully, and tipped me when I went off to school in the evening—loaded with fruit and cakes for the boys of our form, which Mrs. Lewis packed up with her own white hands, while her step-father stood by looking at her, and joking very affably for so great a man.

When the holidays came—being an orphan, and my guardians being resident in Florence—Lewis persuaded his mother to invite me for a fortnight or so to their country house. It was here I saw the Lewises and their mighty friends in all their glory. The house, or castle, was an ancient one, which her step-father had given to Mrs. Lewis as a marriage present, and which he helped her to beautify, superintending the cultivation of the fruits and flowers, the felling of the

timber, the planting out of the shrubberies, and the repairs and adornments of the house himself. They were a picture together—when he was shuffling about in his grey dressing-gown, and she was in her white morning-robe, with her abundant hair floating about her—so long that she could throw it round Lewis, and almost smother him with it—which made him look very foolish, *I* thought. She petted Lewis in the most ridiculous style, and made him dress like a page in a burlesque. To me she was almost as affectionate as to her own son; and when I told her how I was left an orphan in my fourth year, and how I had not a relation in the world, a big, hot tear from her brimmed eyes fell upon my hand, which she was holding while she talked to me. She said I must let her be a mother to me; and she called up Lewis, and told him, in her serious impetuous way, that he was to look upon me as a brother, and be always kind to me.

Mrs. Lewis was an indulgent mother; but she was strict too, as her step-father directed her to be, and his word was, to her, law in everything. Lewis went to bed at nine, and so did I while I was at the castle. We begged half an hour's grace sometimes; but she would never yield—even when she was in the middle of a song. She sang divinely, and Lewis loved to hear his mother. Sometimes he would keep me awake for a whole hour after we were in bed, listening to Mrs. Lewis's voice in the drawing-room. I was obliged to keep awake, being his guest; but this shows how inconsiderate he could be.

He had begged Mrs. Lewis to allow him to give me one of his Shetland ponies on my birthday; and he had surprised me with it, with bran new saddle and bridle—which was very good, I am quite free to own; but he might have remembered that I liked fishing much better than riding, and that I should have been more pleased with a handsome rod and tackle.

One day Mrs. Lewis's step-father seeing me on the terrace alone

called me to him, and began to question me on the life that my guardians had projected for me. When I told him that I had not heard from them for a year, and that I had not the least idea of their intentions in regard to me, he pulled my ear, and muttered, 'Poor lad! poor lad!—this is the way the world is managed.' And so the subject dropped, and Lewis and I, at the end of the holidays, returned to school.

Misfortunes overtook me when I was on the point of entering at the Middle Temple. My guardians died, and to my horror and amazement I was informed that their affairs were involved, to my utter ruin. They had speculated with my money, and out of a good fortune which my parents had left me I had something less than three hundred pounds left. I communicated my distress to Lewis; and he sympathized with me. He would have been a stone had he done less, seeing how intimate we had been from our early boyhood. Mrs. Lewis had been for some time in bad health. Her great step-father had died overwhelmed with ruin in a great law-suit; and she had the castle no longer; and young Lewis could keep only one horse now, and was obliged to give himself fewer airs. The wreck was more than respectable; but it was a wreck. I was among those who did not desert them, and did not disdain to ride in the modest brougham to which poor Mrs. Lewis was reduced, and with but one man servant to wait at table. Lewis never forgot my birthday; and Mrs. Lewis was good enough to insist, when she heard of my misfortunes, that I should let her pay my Temple fees, and that I should accept a couple of rooms in her house, to be with Lewis. She saw, I expect, that I exercised a very salutary influence over him. How could I look churlish and refuse—especially when Lewis joined his entreaties to those of his mother? It wanted no little moral courage, however, to keep with the Lewises, although they loaded me with attentions, because people talked about them in the neighbourhood;

and the tradesmen sneered and jeered when the plain little brougham rolled past their doors, or I and Lewis walked home to dinner. I had no other home, however, and hardly a farthing in my pocket. As I have said, I was without a relation in the world. But I do take a little credit to myself for my pluck in holding to the wreck; for—I can make no secret of it—I never liked Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis paid all my expenses while she lived, just as she paid those of her own child. I could hardly see anything in which she made a difference between us; and when there was any slight advantage in Lewis's share he made it up to me, for I was shrewd enough to see that he could not do without me. He was full of dreams. He was for ever talking about his uncle and the grand days, and whether he could not redeem the fortunes of the family. I laughed at him, I confess, and advised him, with the small fortune that remained, to put himself in some good business in the city. He shrugged his shoulders and would not hear of it, but went dreaming on; and I believe his mother encouraged him. He pinched himself to employ lawyers, who were to reopen the old horrible law-suit, and win back the tens of thousands of pounds and the old castle. We were to walk on the old terrace once more, and smoke our cigars again in the familiar vineries. It was sad to see the infatuation which possessed Lewis like his blood, not to say the vanity. He was not unmindful of me, I must say, in all his dreams. I was to have my share of the glory—when he got it. The cause came again and again before the courts. I had been called to the bar meantime; and Lewis had insisted that I should be employed, and that my brief should be handsomely marked. It was business to me, and *any* business to a young barrister is welcome. So I appeared. It was really an effort of friendship on my part; for the bar was laughing outright at young Lewis, as a fool who was throwing good money after bad.

There was no hope for him. The judges tittered when I rose; the public smiled when Lewis took his seat among the attorneys. When we failed, my Temple friends would come round me and ask, 'Well, has Young Infatuation had enough of it now?'

Lewis's brother died when he was about nineteen; and Mrs. Lewis followed soon after. I thought Lewis would have gone mad. He was certainly an affectionate son; but who would not have been affectionate with such a mother? Had it not been for his precious law-suit he would have followed Mrs. Lewis in a month or two; but, as the difficulties increased, and the chances became less and less, he only grew firmer in his resolve—to spend his last farthing and the last hour of his life in the fight. He spared me all I asked from him—which was not much; and he contrived that we should continue to live together, so that I might carry on my profession. I intended, you may be sure, to refund him to the utmost penny, some day; but who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? I don't think he expected to be repaid. He never said so—and there were times, I know, when I had money and he had none. Nay, there were two or three occasions on which he was locked up. He actually carried on his plans in the sponging-house, and when he was let out walked straight away to his lawyers. He would meet me with that strange, sad smile on his face, and his first question would be, How was I getting on? Did I want anything? In a few months all troubles would be over, and we should be in clover. For I must do him this justice,—one leaf of every trefoil he might gather was to be for your humble servant. Yet I never liked him.

To tell how, on a sudden, fortune came upon us would be to make a long story. The tenacity of Lewis's character carried him through. He looked sickly; but in the weak, weak casket was the mother's heart. He had the art of waiting. When he was in Cursitor Street one day overtures were made to him, by the

acceptance of which he would have secured to himself a handsome income for life. But he disclaimed it, and went quietly up to bed, on a November night, in the shabby sponging-house, with the observation that he was in no hurry. So that when an extraordinary turn in the law-suit took every lawyer by surprise, and the legal world stood aghast, amazed, dumbfounded at a decision that put him in possession of the entire wealth of that remarkable uncle of his who used to pinch my ears, he alone was cool. I can see him now, fastening the elastic band about his umbrella as he walked out of the court, as calm as the cabman whom he hailed. On the morrow morning, when he had read the report of the case in the papers, he turned to me and said, 'I was right, my friend; you see that I was right. And now tell me which are the rooms in the castle you would prefer? Drop in at Coutts's, and see the liberty I have ventured to take with your balance. Tell me if you like your brougham: it is at the door. Now see whether you cannot become Lord Chancellor.'

In sober truth, my brougham was at the door; my account was a princely one; and I had the pick of the castle apartments. The scene was a glorious one when the sun of Lewis's fortunes was in its noon-tide splendour. The beautiful, the brilliant, the gifted, the illustrious, crowded to his halls, thronged his drawing-rooms, peopled his park, and tasted of all the sweets of his refined and liberal hospitality. He alone remained calm and easy, I might say, unconcerned. Misfortune had hit him hard, and had not stirred a muscle of his face: fortune was now his generous friend, and she could barely extort a smile from him. I was, I think, more grateful. I blessed and thanked—the Fates. For, while any care as to my means of living was removed far away from me, I neglected no opportunity of promoting my own advancement in my own way. I worked at my profession, and Lewis was able to introduce me to first-rate business. I had at times more

than I could well manage. When I was at the castle I would retire from the scene of the festivities to my own apartment, and there turn out my brief bag upon the table, and read into the small hours. Very few men, I flatter myself, would have done that, with the advantages that I had within my reach. But I was determined not to be dependent on Lewis. I was resolved to draw the line somewhere; for, as I think I have remarked before, I never really liked him.

I grew rich—I do not deny it; and it was Lewis's money that enabled me to make a figure in the world, which is half the battle in the professions. But he wanted me; I was necessary to him; and therefore it was for himself that he was open-handed with me. I am not the first orphan who has been adopted; nor the first school chum who has been befriended in after-life; nor the first man who has owed his stepping-stones to fortune, to accident. I don't see why I should be pestered about it, as though there were something so very extraordinary in my case. I make my acknowledgments once for all; and I fail to see why I should be perpetually uttering thanks. It has been said that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come: I am sure that I expect nothing more from Lewis. The brougham in which I ride was his, granted; my house was part of his estate, granted. The case in which I pocketed nearly three thousand pounds was of his introduction; have I ever denied it? My wife's brilliants were a present made to her by Lewis when we married. Does not this happen every day in the week? Am I bound to like a man because *he* finds pleasure in *my* society and profit in *my* advice? Let me tell my story in my own way to the end. We were at the castle. My wife and children had been staying there for months, and I had been in the habit of running down in the intervals of my arduous professional duties. Lewis had stood godfather to our eldest boy, and had settled a sum of money on the engaging young fellow that insured him a

good position in life; so that we felt bound to humour the godfather's desire to have the boy as much with him as possible. Lewis was very fond of children; and they, I am bound to add, were very fond of him.

Well, on a certain autumn morning—the first on which a fire had been deemed necessary in the breakfast-room—Lewis asked me to give him half an hour in the library. I had business of my own in hand; but I was always a good-natured fellow, I believe, and I followed my old schoolfellow. He began quietly, as when he put the band round his umbrella when he had gained his cause—

'The vicissitudes of my life are not ended yet. My dear old schoolfellow, learn that once again I haven't a penny in the world.'

At this point I begged him to excuse me for a moment; and I ran to my wife's boudoir, and told her to have everything ready for the midday train. Above all, she was not to forget her diamonds. She was the most obedient of consorts, and I will do her the justice to say that she did not forget a thing—even to the baby's socks. I returned to the library, and taking Lewis by the hand, expressed my regret. He continued—

'Not a penny in the world! I am beggared, my dear friend, by the men whom I have helped to affluence. My own people have turned upon me. My own stewards have destroyed me. The people and places I found poor and bare, and that are now thriving, are the centres of the infamy that has stripped me. You heard one of my bailiffs this morning give me notice. This rascal is rat number twenty, and carries off a handsome competence with him. But some are not at the trouble of masking their ingratitude. There is no creature upon two legs, nor upon four, half so ungrateful as a bad servant whom you have petted, and can pet no longer. See that fellow crossing the park with a loaded cart. He came to me shirtless: rat number twenty-one.'

'But how has this come to pass, my dear Lewis?' I asked; 'and is it altogether irremediable?'

'It has come to pass as I have told you. Every man on whose honour I have relied has betrayed me. My model cottagers, I am told, laugh at me for a fool. I have trebled the trade in my county town, and the townsfolk haven't a good word for me, although they had plenty yesterday. The local paper has turned about with its readers. Last week I was munificent; but in to-day's copy I am a fool: in the next edition I shall be a rogue. I should advise you to clear the sinking ship while there's a boat—that is, a coach—at hand.'

'Leave you, Lewis, at such a moment!' I exclaimed; for I was hurt at his suggestion, which was not a very delicate one under the circumstances. 'Leave you now! I would not think of such a thing; nor should anything less than the case—the tremendous case—of *Thunder v. Butter*, drag me from your side to-morrow.'

A smile passed over the placid face of Lewis while I spoke. It was a smile I had seen before, and at which a less amiable man than, I can say without vanity, I am, might have taken offence.

'You leave to-morrow, then?' Lewis asked.

'I must.'

'Well, we shall tide over the week, I dare say; but there will be elbow-room in the castle before then, I can see.'

I did not like Lewis's style. Of course I made every allowance for him under the circumstances; and when I had seen my wife to the station with the children, the maids, the jewel and dressing-cases, and my despatch-box, in which my deeds were safely under lock and key, I made a second attempt to be kind and sympathetic. I asked whether there was anything I could do for him in London.

'Yes,' he said, raising his cold blue eyes, and cutting his words with his glittering teeth. 'Yes; remain in it!'

This was too much; and I left

him. Now all my impressions as to his character were confirmed; and I could understand thoroughly why I never liked him.

At the railway-station—for I left that very evening—I found more than half the castle servants. The station-master was compelled to put on three or four extra luggage-vans; and I kept the train quite five minutes, getting my boy's pony (Lewis's last present) into a horse-box.

When I reached town I heard more than I care to relate about the immense ruin in which Lewis had involved himself. He had trusted vast sums of money to friends and relatives, right and left; he had listened to any kind of got-up tale of distress; he had been imposed upon in fifty directions. A splendid man of business; a power-

ful, clear-headed administrator; he had doubled the value of the enormous property which came to him, after so many years of battling and of poverty, from his uncle. But, you see, he ruined all by putting faith in men who were not trustworthy; and I am told that when he left the castle there was not a man left there to carry his carpet-bag to the railway.

I cannot help feeling a kind of warmth towards the man when my wife comes like a queen into her drawing-room, covered with the marriage *parure* of diamonds; but my conscience is at ease—is as quiet as a babe asleep—for, as I am sure I must have remarked twenty times, even at the height of his prosperity I never liked Lewis—NEVER!

BLANCHARD JERROLD.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

PEDESTRIAN TOURS.

I AM writing these lines in the neat waiting-room of a roadside station. I shall have to wait more than an hour before my train comes. I am doing a little home tour; and before now I have had to wait several hours for a train, especially when ill-disposed rival railway companies have exercised the utmost ingenuity in order to thwart and torment the British tourist. Now I hold, as a matter of moral courage, that a man ought not to be afraid of being left for some hours in the vacuity of a country station. He ought to be able to fall back upon his internal resources. He has his thoughts, and a book, and a writing case. These are among our best treasures, and a wise man will carry them about with him. Some of my days that have been most fertile in incident or reflection have been spent in the loneliness of railway stations. I am sure that I shall presently be most sorry to hear the five-minute bell and the scream of the railway whistle.

I have been making a pedestrian tour. My arrangements were long ago fixed for Paris; but I have compromised for this. I am taking the rail just now because I have come upon ground which I know well, and I purpose to get over it quickly, that I may break new ground. You must not lay down your rules too rigidly in regard to pedestrianism. In fact, all inflexible rules are a mistake. I know men who, having determined to do a pedestrian tour, will trudge on with knapsack and umbrella, and will refuse to deviate an inch from their programme. Under no circumstances will they post, or use a stage-coach, or accept an hospitable offer of a seat in a carriage, though the rains may be continuous and heavy. They come out to trudge, and trudging is the final cause of their coming out. Now, I delight to vary my mode of locomotion. Of course a walking

tour means honest walking; but this must not be carried beyond the fatigue-point when exercise becomes hurtful. But I like to ascend a tidal river with the tide, and imagine if you can, as you float onwards, that it is the lotus which blows upon the shore. A stage-coach is always an excuse for riding, as you can see the country well, and a stage-coach is rare, and its effect, to me, exhilarating. If you come to a dull, flat country, a post-chaise, or even the train, will let you gather up all the effect that there is to be gathered up. These, I suppose, will be my latest wanderings this year, these in the late autumnal days. The mornings are often thick and foggy, chill, and the evening shadows gather only too soon; but there are brilliant bursts of sunlight in the middle-day, and the forests are all ablaze with glory, and a peculiar stillness broods in the air, broken only by the frequent crack of the sportsman's gun; and pleasant it is to find oneself sociably housed for the long evenings, and, with an honest sense of weariness, go off to one's welcome rest.

I am fortunate in my companionship this time. It is *per se* quite a moot question whether it is best to pedestrianize solitary or with a friend. The greatest luxury of all is to combine the two systems—to be in company when you can be silent or can talk, exactly as you will. The old adage says that three is no company at all; but I find that three is very good company indeed. Two will talk if one wishes to be silent, or two can walk if one desires to rest. I think that a walking party is better than a shooting party. It is true that you lose a barbaric shooting of birds, and you leave a good lunch, which in pedestrianism is often a matter of much ambiguity. But in shooting you get separated from your friends, and you cannot observe nature so fully, and

you lose any intellectual pleasure there may be in companionship. On this occasion I was very well provided. I had a friend who excelled in art and another who excelled in talk. And let me tell you that it is an immense advantage if you can get an artist with you; for his trained, instructed eye will gather up all the points of a prospect, background, foreground, and perspective, and he will even help Dame Nature by showing you how a clump of trees in the foreground would help that magnificent pile of buildings or how a grey ruin on that eminence would help the river-shore. He will tell you, too, what famous artists loved these scenes; how Turner loved that sedgy stream, or Copley Fielding found most congenial scenery here for his water-colours.

It is astonishing what a variety of landscape you may see within the limits of an English county. Suppose you have been staying at Brighton. You are tired of that long promenade by the sea, of the open drawing-room on the pier, of the tables d'hôte, of parties and concerts that only reproduce London, of the Pavilion where military bands alternate with popular preachers, and balls and fancy-fairs. You want to enjoy scenes now that are entirely bucolic and unsophisticated. First drive to the Devil's Dyke, or better still, further on to Chanctonbury Ring. There, outspread before you, is a vast magnificent panorama, enclosed here and there by the sea or by the downs, and comprehending many inland counties. You have rarely seen so magnificent a sight, and you hardly thought, 'perhaps, that the languid southern coast could so soon afford you this keen mountain air. Now that you have comprehended the panorama, you shall examine more minutely the nearer details. The region has a quadrilateral of railways; but within these iron lines there is an intensely rural country, which railways almost seem to have cut off from the outer world. The inhabitants are Boeotian, but their scenery is eminently good. I at least have a

painter and a poet with me, and they will leave nothing unnoticed. But let me candidly avow that pedestrianism has its inconveniences. You are going out into the wilderness. You are leaving all luxuries behind you. You cannot exactly fix the limits of your day's march. You move circuitously to visit different points of interest. Do not imagine that you have the slightest chance of fish or game, for all luxuries go to Brighton or London. If you are very fortunate, you will get ham and eggs; in some places you will hardly get bread and cheese. That inn, where you confidently relied for rest, has all its beds full, and the larger your party the worse your chances. Then you have to trudge in the dark, perhaps over ploughed fields. When you come to the country-town, probably the one good inn will be full, and, not to blink the truth, perhaps you have to go to a pothouse, or something very like it. It is not so bad, if things are clean and wholesome. Besides, you get very much the kind of interior that Teniers used to paint, which gives a kind of picturesque aspect to things. I am bound to say that the natives have greatly progressed in a lively appreciation and appropriation of metropolitan changes.

What, then, is the actual compensation which you obtain for this unwonted amount of endurance and self-denial? In the first place, your blood gets properly oxygenated. Then you have that thorough change of scene which is the most invigorating of all remedial agencies. Above all, you get a shifting change of God's own pictures. This kind of country, for instance, is the very sort which Hobbema painted—a broad, flat region, with thick-foliaged trees. All over the land are the clear running brooks; and peasants will talk of going to the brooks, meaning the meadows. Here you are by the side of a slow winding river. The cattle are like Cuyp's in the rich grass and by the pools. The tall reeds, osiers and bulrushes, have an almost tropic growth. Yon dim, secluded path by the river-side is almost a con-

tinuous bower, stretching away like some path in primeval Paradise, that 'wilderness of freshness and verdure.' Now here is a pretty scene! Look at that young mother, who has thrown herself into this unconscious graceful pose, playing with her baby while a child is at her side. They are not very far from the side of a deep well. That low thatched cottage is homelike. By the cottage-side a deeply sunken road sinks into a wide plain. A boy is coming up the lane driving cattle to the shed. The village spire governs the landscape. The soft light of sunset is over all. The scene is so sweet, so still, so English. But our English landscape is always thickly set with objects of interest. You are on the downs, and you trace out clearly the *vallum* of a Roman camp. Here, amid these meadows, are some remains of a Roman villa; but they are built over, like barns, and jealously preserved from inspection by a morose farmer, who declines to show them by this dim gleaming light. This is a picturesque cottage that has stood for hundreds of years, and artists have resorted hither in crowds. Presently we come to the home of the De la Zouches, a beautifully-timbered park, rich with ferns and with the curiosities which the present lord has brought from the East. We go onwards to see the famous art-collections at Petworth. We are in luck; for the new lord is reconstructing Petworth, and the galleries will be closed to the public probably for eighteen months. I am sorry to see that Turner's local pictures have been cut away from their panels, in consequence of some repairs—the Pier at Brighton, the Chichester Canal, and views in the Park. The Park with its lakes, its clumps of trees, and its many deer, might well be illustrated by the genius of Turner. Here you find many examples of Turner, from his earlier to his latest style; many pictures of Reynolds, Gainsborough; some matchless pictures by Cuyp, a glowing Claude, and among the Vandykes, that of Strafford, which is the only picture mentioned by Mr. Hallam in his 'Constitutional His-

tory.' We must look at Waagen's 'Art Treasures of Great Britain' for the Petworth treasures. They suggest that, properly to understand our greatest painter, we ought to have, at least for once, a collection of all his pictures in chronological order. Near here are the Lavingtons; one of them is Bishop Wilberforce's place, and at another Richard Cobden lies buried. I met an old woman close by who knew and liked him well. Then by Angmering we have the Duke of Norfolk's decoy for wild fowl, a system of ponds and cages in a tangled wilderness—and which I am sorry to see the young Duke is allowing to fall into decay; and a little further on is the park, dismantled of its residence, but with some of the finest timber in the country. The best wooded part of the country is, however, Midhurst. On the outskirts of the little town is a lovely wood of yews, called the Close Walk, where four arched aisles of avenues are cut through the wood. Also here are the famous ruins of Cowdry, burned down in the same year that its young lord was drowned in a foreign land. Cowdry is to ruined castles what Tintern is to ruined abbeys, rich with ivied oriels, arches, towers, where Dame Nature has covered up the unsightliness of decay with her soft, delicate touches. Thence you move on across the downs until you approach the domain of Goodwood—come on the racecourse, with its half-mile, mile, and three-mile course, not now crowded with the most aristocratic company in Europe, but, to my mind, something infinitely better in the solitude and silence. As you leave the racecourse, going towards the house, you see one of the richest prospects that can fill the eye and mind; not unlike Petworth, but infinitely larger, along the road by the thick plantation, down that shadowed combe, beyond those cedars as numerous and beautiful as on Lebanon itself, over the smooth turf, until you come down, looking towards the new spire of Chichester Cathedral, and the gleaming sea, to that southern line of rail that cuts off the down country from

the belt of watering-places that fringe the coast.

Then there is no want of incidents. These parishes have their moral topography, and most of them special points of interest. Adventures there are few or none. The country is becoming less and less favourable to the growth of adventure. I saw a very sad scene the other day. I had gone with some friends to the summit of a noble eminence, a popular place of resort. A carriage presently drove up, out of which a gentleman feebly descended. He had scarcely drawn in the keen breeze when he fell prostrate. He was taken into an adjoining little hotel, but died in a few minutes. It cast a sad gloom over our spirits. It was sad to see the carriage driving back with the widow, and the husband left behind. Then you meet with the man who is bringing his horses here to hunt, and who will hunt three days a week from the first of November to the first of May. My Lord Leconfield has, he told me, fifty horses in his stables, and eighty couple of hounds; and they have so many foxes that one may be turned out fresh every morning. Then every now and then you have a picturesque group; perhaps the vagrant, dark-eyed gipsy, that will seek to tell your fortune; or the travelling show-houses, whose horses are feeding on the abundant roadside margin; or the artist sketching some features of the landscape; or the shooting party resting from their labours, while the birds lie at their feet, and the dogs are panting by their side; or that idyllic story of love, so old, and so eternally fresh and new.

Well, I must copy out the sonnet that my poet has written, as a pendant to these notes. Like all true poets, he is fond of the moon, and she shall teach us her own gentle lesson:

'I watched the pale moon going up the sky
In solemn splendour. The broad path and fair
Lay through resplendent tracts of sapphire air.
Methought the stars watched its course mourn-
fully.
Then did I mark, veiled were the realms on high
Before her path in storm clouds everywhere,

'That waited her, like wild beast in its lair;
But she went on in still serenity
On her calm path of duty. Not less clear
Was her white flame; unwaveringly she trod
Through her pure world as though no storms
were near,
Up through the sky, with white feet silver
shod,
Then passed into the dark cloud without fear,
Knowing her pathway was marked out of
God.'

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

We are engaged so much in watching the evolution of history, in seeing history made and acted before our eyes, and history on so large a scale, and with such mighty issues, that men have very little leisure to attend to historical literature. Yet as watching the current of literature we should be extremely sorry that Mr. Burton's seven volumes of history should pass unnoticed. People are too busy just now to read much beyond the newspapers and magazines; but by-and-by, when Europe settles down into a quiet state, Mr. Burton's work will be found to possess a European interest. A very indefatigable, learned, curious gentleman is this Mr. Burton, for all the world like Scott's 'Antiquary,' Mr. Oldbuck; and merely to read over the catalogue of his writings in the British Museum brings before us a remarkable extent and variety of archaeological and historical investigation. We should have imagined that Mr. Burton would have preferred what was minute to what was broad, and attention to details to the *lignes larges* of history. But Mr. Burton has manifestly progressed. He might have been a pedant, but he has turned out a philosopher. It is true that he is a philosopher essentially of the Scottish type, with the semi-mocking tone of Hume and the cold correctness of Robertson. He has none of the eloquent and pictorial style of Macaulay, who, however, always strenuously denied that he was a Scotchman, and who would have said that his genius was essentially English.

* 'The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688.' By John Hill Burton. Vols. v., vi., vii. Blackwoods. 1870.

Most Scotchmen fling themselves with intense passion and interest into all religious and political questions, and there is almost a revulsion of feeling when we see these questions handled with intense coolness and indifference by the historians. The historians themselves are a little like the gods of Epicurus, watching with listless indifference the passion and earnestness of lower mortals. But the gods of Epicurus must have been cruel gods, and we are by no means so certain that the philosophic historian has hit the real point of supremacy in the matter.

Mr. Burton brings all the modern lights of ethnology, state documents, and all manner of research to bear upon his history. The great central point of Scottish history is the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, in which centres most of its poetry and romance. Mr. Burton has not the pictorial power, but neither has he the virulence of Mr. Froude, and he puts the case fairly and justly enough, even rising into that sober kind of judicial eloquence so characteristic of some of the loftier pages of Mr. Hallam. Indeed, it is in his faculty of seizing the salient points of complicated cases, of putting them tersely and clearly, and giving them a kind of judicial summing-up, that gives this work a distinctive character. Mr. Burton's later volumes, in which he deals exhaustively with Scottish history during the period of the Stuarts, until William of Orange made them prosperous in spite of themselves, is exceedingly interesting and able. He shows a little Scottish feeling—as when he says that Henry the Eighth made war like a savage. Otherwise he is always learned, always impartial; but we cannot but think, in opposition to the tenor of his volumes, that it possible in a quarrel to find the right side and to take that side vehemently. It is only an act of justice to give a word of praise to Mr. Burton's work.

THE SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

Towards the close of the long afternoon of the year there are

sundry Congresses which meet in deliberative conclave. First and chief of all is the British Association, which now for the space of forty years has wandered through our island, winning its way with hardship and difficulty to its foremost place, and making an easy success possible to similar institutions. The next popular gathering is that of the Social Science Congress, which, though only about a decade old, seems fairly established, and has had a prosperous session this year. No one is exactly certain that there is such a thing as a science of society, and there can be no doubt but the society requires more precision in the way of definition and limitation; still, it seems to be fairly doing a fair work of its own. The Church Congress, the youngest of these annuals, meets this year at Southampton, and Church Congresses have shown themselves capable of an intense amount of energy and excitement. There are always a goodly amount of parsons at the meetings of the British Association, but the men of science hardly repay the compliment by any attendance at Church Congresses. If they did perhaps that long-standing feud between theology and science might stand a better chance of adjustment. Each Congress has its milder as well as its severer features; the social reunion, and flying excursions amid the mild lights and the rich landscape colouring of the autumn days.

On the present occasion we simply concern ourselves with the British Association, and that only in a secondary way. The September meetings brought to a focus all the discoveries and speculations of contemporary science; it gave a rough register of the year's progress in science. Above all, it conspicuously revealed the intense anxiety and eagerness with which science searches into the secret of being, the problem of existence. This year there was no startling novelty in the scientific world; no fresh planet had been discovered, no further secrets had been revealed by the spectrum analysis. So the philosophers departed from the

ordinary groove. They forsook for a time the lines of exact science and wandered into the fairy world of imagination. Professor Tyndall took the scientific use of the imagination as the formal subject of his paper; and Professor Huxley, while he took a different subject, nevertheless afforded a very fine illustration of the subject treated by Professor Tyndall. We should remark that Professor Huxley, who was expected to be caustic and outrageous, was not outrageous at all, and appears to have made an excellent president. He and Professor Tyndall are most accomplished and eloquent expositors of science, and are able to bring scientific subjects before the public with an incisive force, clearness, and wealth of happy phrase that cannot be surpassed. Without wishing to ignore other great claims, we consider their two speeches as the gems of the meeting—Professor Tyndall's effort was extraordinary—and we have given and we recommend their repeated perusal.

And then comes the question, What is the gist of it all? What in the infinite distance has our race really been, and what in the infinite future will be its ultimate destiny? Must there be a demolition of all our most sacred beliefs, and some sort of reconstruction on some sort of scientific hypothesis? And people get into a very unscientific state of mind, unscientific in the way of alarm, or disgust, or astonishment. Now there are a few sobering considerations which may well receive a due application in these times of reckless controversy and speculation. In the first place, no sensible man can have any apprehension respecting the advance of science. We would trust that even the *odium theologicum* is quite extinct in that direction. We all owe an absolute devotion to truth. Even the imperial heathen Stoic could say, 'I seek after truth, by which never yet was man injured;' and no rational being could use language more or less rational than this. Science means exact knowledge—proved and ascertained truth; and by the constitution of his nature a

man is obliged to accept the results of reason and evidence. But we are concerned now with the Scientific Imagination, which, be it observed, is a very different thing—possibly the most antagonistic thing in the world—to true science. These great philosophers are really at their gambols. Professor Tyndall, like the immortal Mr. Piekwick, is playfully offering a back to Professor Huxley, who accepts the offer with the utmost avidity. We have to distinguish between their play and their earnest. We must gratefully accept their science, we may listen with intense interest to their speculations, but we may remember how Sir Isaac Newton disliked 'feigned hypotheses,' and we may refuse to believe them when they come into collision with propositions which we believe to be as substantially true as any of the propositions of exact science.

One of those propositions which we regard as fixed truth is that not science only, but even the scientific imagination, cannot solve, even by the most far-sighted hypothesis, the essential problem of being. We can shift the difficulty back, stage after stage, but in the issue the difficulty confronts them still unsolved. There always crops up that everlasting difference between development and creation. Thus, when we have discussed whether light is caused by emission from luminous bodies, or from the vibrations of ether, the question still arises, Whence came the ether, or whence came the luminous bodies? Professor Tyndall, pursuing the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, believes that our earth was detached from a fiery nebula. Then the question arises, Whence came that fiery cloud, in which all generation laid dormant? You may take the Darwinian hypothesis, and say that all nature came from some primordial germs, or say at once a single primordial germ—that protoplasm which is Huxley's ultimate molecule of all life. Then comes the question, Whence came that protoplasm? Professor Huxley did not hesitate to say that, if he looked back beyond the abyss of geologically-

recorded time, he should expect to be a witness of the evolutions of living protoplasm from not-living matter. But then the question would arise, Whence came that not-living matter? And, indeed, the question must be carried even beyond those limits. Whence came time, and space, and the conditions of development? What account shall we give of space? Who 'laid its bottomless foundations and spread abroad its illimitable limits?' Professor Huxley, in his theory of evolution, has now filled up his sketch of the genesis of man. In a previous work he has told us that the gorilla differs less from man than one man differs from another. He believes that man is a lineal descendant of the ape, a developed gorilla. He now tells us that the first living protoplasm probably resembled living fungi. His theory may therefore be concisely described as being that Man was first a mushroom, and afterwards a monkey. We wonder if this theory adumbrates that of Mr. Darwin's approaching work on the origin of man. We are called upon to believe that man came from brute, or plant, or cell, or fiery cloud, and to ignore the belief that man was created by a Divine Maker after a Divine image. We do not discuss the theory, but even if we accept the theory we perceive that it is concerned with development and not with creation. Not even the imagination can reach so far as that. The process is unthinkable. In their attempts to solve the process the philosophers blow shining bubbles, which vanish at a touch. Then the 'Times' and the 'Saturday Review' read homilies on the unscientific character of that imaginative science, and science itself becomes discredited by the brilliant aberrations of her chosen sons. Even Professor Balfour complains of the geologists that they are rash in their statements, and still rasher in their hypotheses; while Sir William Thomson refuses to allow them the immeasurable duration which they claim for the globe.

Then there is another principle which we ought to bear in mind,

which we are afraid will hardly be conceded by Professor Tyndall as certainly as he concedes that his fancy shrinks baffled from the original facts of creation. This is, that the world of mind is separated by the whole diameter of being from the world of matter. As George Herbert said, 'Man is one world, and hath another to attend him.' The materialistic theory is that mind is a function of matter; the nobler theory is that all matter is made for mind. The dominant fact in the universe is the presence of thought. What would the material universe be without the intelligent thought that could apprehend it? Even if we could account for matter and structure, how are we to explain mind? But how are we to account for structure? Can we suppose that millions of ages of sunlight could create the marvellous mechanism of the human eye, or countless vibrations of the atmosphere the marvellous mechanism of the human ear, and both in pairs? When we hear pleasant sounds we might as well assert that even Mozart's music only belongs to a musical instrument, and had no presence in mind, as to assert that mental acts are only the functions of matter. You cannot construct the workman out of the workman's tools. We do not say that this is Huxley's theory, for he somewhere disowns materialism; but it is fearlessly asserted by such writers as Buchner, and is a favourite tenet with leading members of the Anthropological Society. It is the fiery instinct of the human soul which overleaps all argument that mind is immaterial and immortal. But the heavy reserve of argument comes on surely and irresistibly in the rear. Our readers will find it in such writings as those by Mr. Stirling, whose 'Secret of Hegel' is the profoundest addition to the literature of the last decade. Mr. Stirling somewhere corrects a saying of Professor Huxley, that 'what consciousness is, we know not.' He asserts that the mind, consciousness, is perfectly well known; we can test it under sensation, under perception, under reason, under emotion, under will.

'I cannot admit that we do not *know* consciousness. On the contrary, I think it is consciousness which we know best of all. Anything whatever can be known only in its manifested phenomena. Matter itself is not known otherwise, and — than consciousness — matter itself is no tknown better Universal history is the record of it, our daily life is the manifestation of it, and all our senses are but translations into it of the crass outward facts of sense. . . . Matter and mind are for ever separated by the whole diameter of being, and we shall never be able to stretch between them any hybrid of a bridge that, half matter and half mind, shall connect and explain both. The relation between matter and mind must be explained in quite another than a physical matter.' Professor Tyndall quoted Kant's fine saying that two things filled him with awe — the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man. We cannot believe that this sense of moral responsibility, that the love and sorrow, the genius and the aspirations of man, were developed from the nebula, or are simply functions of the earthly perishable frame.

Then there is another principle on which I desire to lay a firm grasp. This is the principle of the teleological argument, the argument from design. This is the argument deduced both from the immaterial mind and the material world. Even Mr. Mill allows that the argument from design is perfect. It is an argument which strengthens with every addition to our knowledge that science confers upon us. The more things we know, and the more that we know of the relations of things, the clearer does this argument come forth. When Galileo was charged with atheism, he took up a straw from the floor of his dungeon, and said that from that straw he could demonstrate the existence of God. That able and enlightened surgeon of our own century, Sir Charles Bell, wrote a book on 'The Hand,' pointing out the marvels of its structure, its complex relations in its comparative

anatomy, and to the place of our organization in the universe. That argument is patent to every one save him who sees with eyes that see not and hears with ears that hear not. Nay, even if we accept the Darwinian theory of development, we find Mr. Wallace, the true author of that theory, affirming that there has been a guiding benevolent Power presiding over that development; and we find a highly scientific writer in the 'Quarterly Review' declaring that the argument from design is by no means impugned by that theory. But though not antagonistic, we find that the Darwinian theory receives great shocks, while the teleological argument receives large additions. We find even Professor Tyndall complaining how heavily Dr. Darwin has drawn on the scientific tolerance of the age.

To outsiders there appears to be something bewildering in the speculations of the Liverpool philosophers. They are not at agreement among themselves. Tyndall appears to blow hot and cold on the evolution theory. He makes a remarkable statement to the effect that 'Spirit and matter have ever been presented to us in the rudest contrast, the one all noble, the other as all vile.' We wonder where Professor Tyndall derived the notion that matter is all vile. It is certainly not the Christian notion, but that old Manichæan notion which Christianity has done so much to discredit by teaching the sacredness of the human body. He quoted Goethe's celebrated saying in 'Faust,' that the whole created world is the living garment of the Deity. He might have quoted that Christian saying of John Henry Newman's: 'Every breath of air, and every ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.' This is a clear misapprehension of Professor Tyndall's. In his lectures, as also in Professor Huxley's, there is much to bewilder those who have received merely a popular education, without any rigorous mental training. Genesis, biogenesis, abiogenesis, xenogenesis,

are all bewildering phrases, that somehow seem pregnant with tremendous results; and men are astonished when they hear Dr. Tyn-dall talk of carting away a comet, and putting all the particles that make up the sky into a snuff-box. There may be much in all this, but we must have a clear line between science and the scientific imagination. It has been well said, respecting the great problem of life, that 'any one who will keep a little hay in a basin for forty-eight hours, or dissolve one of the little black grains which appear on diseased wheat, and examine the liquid through a good microscope, may behold the narrow field over which this controversy has raged.' The question is whether we agree with M. Pasteur, the great chemist, whose authority has been so constantly evoked, that life is always due to the awakening of vital germs, or whether we think with the physicist, M. Ponchet—the same, we believe, who speaks of the development of morality in cats and dogs—that chemical molecules, by juxtaposition, may produce living crea-

tures. The mechanical theory at present appears to be discredited; but in fact we are not able, with our faculties, to advance the theory of evolution from the region of the scientific imagination to the region of scientific truth.

In the mean time I take my stand upon my three principles, which rest upon as firm a basis as any scientific truths, and which illimitably transcend any hypotheses of the scientific imagination. The first is, which the Liverpool philosophers confessed, that any theory of evolution deals only with development, and cannot solve the enigma of creation. The second is, that there is a world of mind in the world of matter, and that soul is immaterial; the passage between the two is simply unthinkable. The third principle is, both the world of matter and the world of mind are in countless ways impressed with the evidences of design, and bear witness that we are not the helpless creatures of dead impersonal laws, but that the Lawgiver is behind the laws in the facts of conscience and the aspirations of immortality.



FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

Good Night.

ARE you watching for me, darling—are you looking out for me?
Do you think I may be coming by the path along the sea?
My love! with golden tresses and ever-varying cheek,
And the welcome in your glances which your shy lips seldom speak.

I can close mine eyes and see you in the mellow evening gleam,
Your earnest face uplighted by some pure and happy dream;
By the chiming ocean billows in the radiance of the west,
Those busy fingers folded for a little while at rest.

Ah! I see you looking downward at that slender golden ring,
With a quick, faint blush—you prize it, the foolish, worthless thing?
You are thinking of the kiss that dared press your fingers, dear.
I have never touched your lips yet, and I am lying here

On the field of a lost battle, all, save dead and dying, gone:
A cold slow rain is falling, and the night is drawing on.
Our flag, deep stained with crimson, is wrapped about my arm,
I have saved it with my life-blood through this battle-day's alarm.

My passion has been silent; we have only been true friends.
Thank Heaven we were not lovers! since this is how it ends,—
'I know your heart is tender, and has given both prayers and tears
To your well-beloved companion, your friend of early years.

'May they turn to you in blessings—may my darling never know
A single tear more bitter than those for me which flow!

* * * * *

Who will tell her of my fate? I am dying here, alone,
So yearning for one tender look, one gentle pitying tone!

I thought to bring back honour, and lay it at your feet;
I thought to win a glorious name, and whisper, 'Share it, sweet!'—
But dying eyes see clearly; I never won your heart—
Well, better so, far better—it is easy now to part!

There are many moaning round me, but my wounds have ceased to pain;
I hardly hear the night-wind or feel the chilling rain.
They will find me here to-morrow, and bury me where I lie
In a nameless grave, without a prayer—and I am young to die!

But it must be so, my darling; if you were by my side
You would kiss me a 'good-night'—the last before I died,—
Farewell! God shield you, dearest! and sometimes think of me
As you sit in your sunny window beside the sparkling sea!

A. C.

LONDON SOCIETY.

DECEMBER, 1870.

LONDON SOCIETY IN DECEMBER.

TO speak of London Society in December, meaning by the expression in question an aggregate of so many human atoms collected together in the English metropolis, and not of the printed matter which goes to make up the fact of this magazine, may seem to certain persons vastly like writing a chapter on snakes in Sweden, the two themes being in each case equally unrealities. London society! why it is anywhere rather than in London just now. You may look for it in Brighton, or search for it in country houses with certain chances of success, but not assuredly in London. The society in London is, it will be said, emphatically not London society.

Accidentally this view of the question may seem to be borne out by the peculiar aspect which the London streets, and the public places in London generally, just now present. The groups that crowd our promenades and gaze into our shop-windows—these are certainly not indigenous, or in any way native to the soil. The thoroughfares are indeed those of the British Babylon; but as for the humanity which makes itself seen and heard through them it is the humanity of the Parisian boulevards. We are a hospitable people, and we reflect with satisfaction that our lively neighbour, the Gaul, should find, in this his time of trouble, a refuge upon our shores. This influx of foreigners into our capital may teach us also one or two valuable lessons. If it infuses into our insular notions some tincture of cosmopolitanism we shall be none the worse; and if English ladies acquire a greater knowledge of the art of dress than that which is ordinarily apparent in their costume, from the example of their

Parisian sisters, the result will be far from undesirable. A wholesome moral in æsthetics may be learned from a careful notice of the skill and taste which the dames and demoiselles who hail from across La Manche display, not merely in the shape of their robes but in the combination of colours and arrangement of hues. Nor in this respect of dress is the instruction that may be gleaned entirely on one side. French women do indeed understand the art of costume better than English women; but Auguste and Adolphe are not the exemplars whose toilettes we should not wish to see the youth of our own country attempt to imitate. *Petimusque damusque vicissim*: and the appearance which Young England presents when viewed by the side of Young France may be considered to avenge the shortcomings in dress which the English miss exhibits when compared with the French madam.

To revert to questions of a more general and gracious character. There is such a thing as London society in December with a strange and special charm of its own—less dazzling, indeed, and less brilliant than the London society which begins and departs with the season; but to those who do not always require state banquets and high ceremonies, society of a very pleasant kind. 'If one could only go into the country for the cock crowing and come back to London to hear the muffin-bell, how delightful life would be,' says Mr. Disraeli, in 'Lothair.' The hour of the muffin-bell in London is an hour of bliss. Thoroughly to enjoy the winter twilight round the winter fire 'ere the evening lamps are lighted' you must be in a great city—you must be able to hear the distant echoes of the din and tumult of life rolling

slowly up to your casement. It is the knowledge of the unrest without which intensifies the fulness of the peace within. London in December is the capital of comfort; London in the season is the metropolis of show.

In the season the pace is too fast to allow of stoppages for kindly communings on the way. Life proceeds at high pressure. Everything is done on a scale of magnificence and speed. Friendship gets not a chance; fashion and flirtation carry the day. Quiet little dinners are talked of: when they come off they have expanded into overgrown banquets. The spirit of social rivalry is rampant; and the tone of social criticism is severe. It is a time of pleasure, no doubt, but it is pleasure conducted upon the most emphatically business-like principles. Then comes reaction, and a mighty centrifugal influence has dispersed London to the four winds of heaven. The campaign continues: it is fought out on a new ground and in a changed shape, but fought out not the less on that account. The battles of the Row, or the stratagems of the ball-room, are repeated and continued in country houses or in seaside salons. What you saw in London in June you have at Scarborough in October.

Now London in December is London arrayed in its lounging-suit—a hospitable, friendly, cosy, snug London, much given to little dinners and friendly intercourse. Quiet evenings cease to be a vain pretence; amicable visits are no longer verbal mockeries. December, though it brings with it a world of fogs and vapours, coughs, sore throats, and other maladies, brings with it an atmosphere of tranquil, sociable enjoyment. It is surprising what a time for social discoveries December is—to what an unforeseen and unforeseeable extent it brings to light good points in persons who were supposed before wholly to be without good points; how people who were considered to be bores in June are suddenly found to be charming in December. Sir Charles Coldstream, who was *blasé* within an ace of his existence four months since, finds his whole system won-

derfully braced up. The summer outing has done him good, and he comes back to London, which he had expected to find a brick-and-mortar embodiment of desolation and boredom, to discover that he really can enjoy it. He goes to the theatre and he laughs more than 'three times distinctly.' London in December, 'an odd idea, he will tell you, but not so bad after all.'

It is worth while to make some study of club life in December. Plenty of food for observation—plenty of material for reflection is sure to suggest itself. Go into the smoking-room and you will hear extraordinary stories of impossible performances done during the vacation, and especially in the hunting and shooting fields during the months of October and November. Young Trippit, of the War Office, has a whole fund of anecdotes of what he did with horse or gun when he was staying at my Lord Havergal's; and little Flagley, with ready imagination and ready tongue, is waiting to cap the stories of his friend Trippit. Both of these young gentlemen have a fine faculty for romance, and they both of them know it. Where do you think Trippit has been? Why, for two months he was at his father's, a poor pinched country parson in Bedfordshire, with four hundred a year, and half a dozen children to provide for; and it was the paternal glebe, and none other, which was the fabled scene of these mythical exploits. As for the name of the Earl of Havergal, it is as much relevant to the account as that of the late Duke of Wellington.

The marvellous recuperative power of certain gentlemen, well known in the nation of London, begins to make itself curiously prominent about the month of December. Certain of your friends, whom you had been accustomed to speak of as gone hopelessly to grief in June, reappear on the stage in the first month of winter, none the worse, so far as you can judge, for the experiences of the mutability of fortune which they are supposed to have had during the past summer. It is a great thing, this long vacation. Take the case of Peltly Rapid,

who is sauntering yonder down St. James's Street, as if he had never known what the words 'financial difficulty' meant. It was only in July last that all his friends said he must go into the 'Gazette.' He declined to show up at Goodwood; and then the worst about Peltly was believed. That was nearly five months ago. In the interval there has been enough time successfully to surmount all obstacles; and the consequence is that Mr. Peltly is once more in the saddle. As with hopes that were blighted, loves that were crossed, hearts that were broken, so it is with fortunes that were said or supposed to be wrecked. Men make a judicious use of the long vacation; and you may have been plunged in the lowest abyss of sentimental misery when the season was over, and yet you will be able to reappear in December with heart whole as ever and prospects as fair.

London in December is the paradise of country consins. They like its theatres, its animation, the general contrast which it presents to rustic torpor. A glutton at spectacles of all kinds, the country cousin is a specially great hand at theatres. It is marvellous how little the enormous centripetal influence of London has done towards taking the keenness of the edge of his enjoyment off. It might have been supposed that in these days, with its vast absorbing forces felt far-reaching on every side, when the inhabitants of quiet country districts know as much of the streets, and certainly more of the sights of the metropolis, as its regular *habitués*, the London drama would have lost some of its novelties and some of its charms to the provincial playgoer. Nothing of the kind. In this respect he is still as insatiable as ever. You propose to him a quiet evening at home or at your club. After a snug little dinner, you suggest a chat, with an excellent cigar, over a clear and inspiring fire. It is all very well for a few minutes. After that time you will see him begin to fidget about uneasily in his chair; he takes up the evening paper and glances down the list of evening amusements.

He thinks he will take a stroll, as he finds the room rather hot, or he invents some other excuse for abandoning his certain comfort indoors for the precarious enjoyment without. It all comes from one and the same cause, the *spectaculi cacoethes*. He is irrepressible; and within half an hour of the time when the first manifestations of the malady seize him he has taken comfortable possession of stall or dress circle at the nearest theatre.

It is surprising how the kettledrum has popularised itself as an institution with London society in December. And the kettledrums of December differ in a host of important respects from those of July. It is not merely that instead of the hot glare of the sun, softened and mellowed in some measure by the medium of muslin and silk through which its rays are conveyed, you have the light of candles, and of fire; that instead of breezy costumes, you have dresses of such a substance as winter demands: the social as well as the physical atmosphere of the two are entirely different. The company is less numerous and therefore harmonises better. You are reminded of certain five o'clock teas in certain cosy drawing-rooms you wot rather than of, the approved kettledrum. And these same cosy drawing-rooms, they are open to receive you more than ever now. You want to lounge away an hour or so before dinner in such a manner as to realise something like recreation. There are times when it is little relief enough to sit down to skim a novel or dip into a magazine; when sustained attention of any kind becomes a trouble, and you feel that if you do anything at all it must be desultory to a degree: that is the time for five o'clock tea. And such five o'clock teas as you then desiderate are to be met with only in London, when London society dons its December dress. These five o'clock teas, they are of many kinds just at present. There are five o'clock teas in Belgravia, where my Lady Languish reproaches with well-bred querulousness the destiny that confines her to London, when she had expected

to be at Nice; five o'clock teas, graced with two or three laughing girls, in Tyburnia, who do not hesitate to tell you that they consider London in December infinitely preferable to London in July; five o'clock teas, too, in St. John's Wood—so named on the *lucus à non* principle—where the Chinese beverage is replaced by the more exhilarating and appetising sherry and bitters: entertainments all of these which can scarcely be called repasts, and which differ very much from the severe meal still celebrated by certain good old ladies at that hour, where such substantial items as muffins and crumpets disappear with astonishing rapidity. For the world of fashion five o'clock tea in December is the antithesis of five o'clock tea in July, by reason of the fact that the delicate young ladies who would think it something terrible to sit down to dinner with a healthy appetite in the season, are not ashamed to confess to a legitimate hunger out of the season. Are we guilty of social high treason when we say that for this reason it comes to pass that the five o'clock tea of London society in December is infinitely more simple and fairy-like a celebration than the banquet on cake and sandwiches which beauty and grace provides for itself in June, when dinner is regarded as a meal to be toyed with but not eaten.

London society in December can afford to be guilty of a little bohemianism. People who six months since would have shuddered at the idea of suppers after theatres elsewhere than within the privacy of the domestic dining-room, do not refuse, subject to certain conditions which judgment and discretion dictate, taking that bewitching meal in the private apartments of well-conducted restaurants. If Mrs. Tom Sprightly were to tell you what she and her sister, her husband, and her husband's old college friend did after the play last night, you would have the details of a charming *petit souper* in a private room in the Chandos restaurant. And Mrs. Sprightly intends to get Tom to take her to dine one day at the Chandos. Capital fun she considers

it. Yes, reflects Mr. Sprightly, you can do in London, in December, what you couldn't do six months since, and what you won't be able to do in four months' time.

Apropos of suppers in general, it is difficult to know whether to regret their disappearance from our social régime or to congratulate oneself upon it. They were indigestible, it is true, but they were very pleasant. No other meal celebrated on any scale of unpretentiousness can ever reproduce the exquisite *abandon* of the extinct supper. Suppers, it is true, there still are, and some thousands are eaten in London every night; how many, for instance, are nightly consumed in the immediate vicinity of Covent Garden? Only look in at a certain celebrated haunt which has now become historical, and which is situated immediately under the Piazza. It is marvellous the vitality which this establishment enjoys. Rivals start up with the rapidity of fungus-growth, and perish. The hall of mutton chops and English glees, presided over by a proprietor with an Hibernian sobriquet, flourishes. Certain not unimportant elements of London society you are sure to find represented there in December. There are country cousins in countless groups. To many of them an evening in London without something in the way of refreshment here would appear radically wrong. Then you will be equally certain to come across one or two batches of gentlemen who are very much the reverse of country cousins. The legal element musters strong. Mr. Serjeant Orson, cleverest of advocates, wittiest of men, clearest-headed, and most hardy of nerve of lawyers, heads a table round which are gathered other legal luminaries more or less resplendent, theatrical stars of varying magnitude, and a well-known operatic tenor.

Such is London society in December, and such are a few of its most *prononcé* and its pleasantest features—agreeable changes, and healthy ones, too, from 'London Society' when 'London Society' wears its state costume and celebrates its season.

A WINTER EPISODE.

Founded on Fact.

A PAIR of weary, of wandering feet
Pattering frozen, bare, in the street ;
A pair of blue and beseeching eyes,
Hopelessly fixed on the snow-laden skies—

A gaunt wan look and a blistered face :
The hard world has beaten out all its grace—
A forest of tangled, of matted hair,
Falling o'er cheeks that *should* have been fair.

*

*

At a door she stops, at a palace door,
Laden with all of the earth's best store ;
At the curtained windows throweth a glance,—
There are lights within! bright lights for the dance.

And brighter jewels, and brighter smiles,
And gay heart-speeches, and lovers' wiles :
The wanderer peers, peers in at the hall—
Though the door be open—shut out from all!

Shut out from the taste of the wine of life,
That is drunk by the happy daughter and wife ;
Not a drop, not one poor drop for her lips
Of the brimming cup that prosperity sips!

A stalwart form bends proud, at the side
Of the fluttering, flushing two months' bride ;
A moment silent the young pair stand,—
Then a purse is quietly slipped in HER hand.

' We may sometimes have a sorrow, a care—
What of that? we have bread, and enough to share ;
And believe me, Nellie, the silver told
In the palm of want has the "ring" of gold!'

Return ye, bridegroom and bride-wife fair,
To the crowded room, to the waxlight glare,
To the waving plumes, to the musical strain,
Whose soft, sweet bird-notes echo again.

Not all the jewels, not all the gems
That ever shone in earth's diadems,
Could bestow the blessing, the peace of mind
That your few small coins have left behind.

For who shall say to what depths of woe
Might have sunk that starving woman below,
Had ye broke not then on her perishing sight,
Like the great God's own bright angels of light?

A. H. B

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE DÂK BUNGALOW AGAIN—AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

WHILE our friends were thus occupied, the sound of a horn was heard from without—a horn of strange sounds, such as that with which the native drivers of dâk carriages announce their arrival and departure—accompanied by the noise of wheels. The ladies—who were, after all, only women—went into the verandah to learn the cause. They were just in time to see one of the vehicles which had been drawn up in the side verandah disappearing through the gate of the compound.

‘It was the sahib,’ said the khamseh; ‘he was in a great hurry to go on to Umballah.’

It was indeed Cecil, who had departed without a word to his friend. The latter, attracted by the same sound as that which had brought out the ladies, now appeared, and the result was a new surprise. He ran half way to the gate, with a vague idea, apparently, of an explanation, and was recognized immediately to be Windermere. The recognition was as immediate on the other side, and Windermere came forward at once, full of delighted demonstrations. He had been nursing a grievance, as we know, for a fortnight before; but he forgot all about it on a sudden, and was governed by his instinct, as a gentleman ought to be under such conditions.

May would have much preferred not meeting Windermere at that moment. She did not ask herself why; but we may well suppose that Cecil Halidame’s recent revelation had something to do with her embarrassment—for embarrassed she really was when Windermere proffered his hand, and greeted her with the frank, open gaze which, in spite of herself, had been shining in her heart ever since the ball at the Botanical Gardens. The fact was, May could not think about two men at once, and, like an exemplary young lady, she did not attempt to do so; and even now she had not

had time to forget Cecil, who, with all his faults, was—scarcely out of the compound.

So May was embarrassed upon meeting Windermere; and as May was embarrassed Windermere grew embarrassed also. So he addressed himself presently to Mrs. Beltravers; and fortunately that lady and himself had enough to talk about for the creation of a diversion. How came Windermere with Cecil Halidame? The explanation was of the most natural kind. They were both proceeding to the upper provinces—Halidame to join his regiment at Umballah; Windermere to assume his charge as magistrate and collector at a station close by. They had met by accident—or what we agree to call accident—at Howra, and had journeyed upward together; and Halidame having some time on his hands—for he had left Calcutta sooner than he had intended after the ball—had agreed to spend it with an indigo planter of his acquaintance, who would give him pig-sticking and general hospitality. So, when he met Windermere, he persuaded that meritorious civil servant, who was also a little at leisure, to go with him to the indigo planter’s; and the two had accordingly partaken of the pig-sticking and general hospitality originally intended for one. Such was the simple reason why they were together at Shergotty; and for the sudden separation on Halidame’s part Windermere was at a loss to account.

However, he was prepared to make himself happy where he was—particularly happy. And in pursuance of that object he arranged to stay at the bungalow that night, and travel on with the ladies. So they all dined together soon afterwards on the bungalow fare, with such additions as they were able to make; and it seemed to be the general opinion that a bad dinner was much better than a good one. The

same party had certainly not found the same enjoyment at any of their gorgeous feasts in Calcutta. When the meal was over there was a general adjournment to the verandah, where the almost sudden darkness which follows sunset in the East was relieved by a moon nearly at its full—the succeeding moon, conventionally rather than scientifically described, to that which had lit up the Botanical Gardens on a certain eventful night. And in the moonlight, when the deep silence was broken only by the occasional cry of a jackal—who ought to have been a nightingale, but unfortunately was not, for nightingales do not love wild parts of the country, and will have nothing to do with them—Windermere took an opportunity, when Milward was entertaining the other ladies, to engage himself in conversation with May. They had a long talk, and its topics included all the occurrences in which they had an interest in common. Windermere spoke of the theatre, and told, in decided terms, upon which he had not hitherto ventured, how the ‘*Daughter of the Doge*’ had won his heart, and how he had cherished her image in his mind even when there seemed no hope that he would ever behold her again. And he told her, too, of the gift with which he had accompanied his letter; and the latter communication agitated May in the midst of the pleasure which Windermere’s avowal gave her, disguise it to herself as she might; for it told her of the dishonour of Cecil Halidame, and confirmed her in the worst suspicions which she had entertained of that unhappy man. What a contrast, she thought, was Windermere—with his brave nature beaming in his eyes, without a secret thought—to the man by whose crafty fascination she had once been bound. Her impulse was to turn to Windermere, repay frankness with frankness, and say that she was his own. But she felt—poor girl, she had no need to feel so—guilty towards him in her previous relations with Halidame, and she said within herself, ‘I dare not give him an answer until he knows all.’ And that all she could not

persuade herself to tell him now—she could not nerve herself to the task. So when Windermere pressed the final question, which he did with all a lover’s ardour, she could meet it only by a rather strange reply, of which, however, we have had another example. She said, ‘Perhaps.’

It was enough for Windermere. He was a happy man.

It was soon time—how the hours had flown by!—to separate for the night, and then May found herself alone with Mrs. Beltravers, for Constance preferred to be without other society than that of the English maid. May’s thoughts at once reverted to the meeting with Cecil Halidame, and she could not forbear asking the meaning of the reference to herself which she had overheard. The truth was that Halidame, assuming Mrs. Beltravers to be aware of his relations towards the younger lady, had excused himself without being accused, and betrayed the fact which he would have been desirous on every account to conceal. His jealousy of his brother, which, in the course of the interview, had caused him to cast the bitterest reproaches upon Mrs. Beltravers, probably suggested to him that he might meet with a similar accusation in return, and to anticipate it with a want of caution to be accounted for only by his state of distraction at the time.

However that may have been, Mrs. Beltravers did not find May’s question a pleasant one to answer. Her tranquil temperament, which so frequently saved her from thinking when thinking would bring pain, had enabled her to dismiss the matter from her mind during the evening; but now the question must be faced, and how was she to answer it? She essayed a half-truth.

‘Mr. Halidame,’ she said, ‘has been persecuting me with his attentions for years past; and, according to his story, he has been flirting with you lately; and when he forced himself upon me this afternoon he was trying to explain his conduct. That is all.’

But Mrs. Beltravers blushed so deeply as she said this, that May was impelled to the conclusion that

it was not all, and that the elder lady knew a great deal more about Cecil than she chose to say. Mrs. Beltravers saw that her evasion had not succeeded, and reproached herself mentally for exposing May to the danger which might come from her ignorance of Cecil's true character. The latter thought came to her suddenly, and startled her not a little; and after a severe struggle with herself, she determined to make May a confidant of her secret.

The communication was a painful one; but Mrs. Beltravers gained courage as she proceeded, for May received it with every expression of sympathy, and was moved more than once to tears. At its conclusion the girl kissed the narrator affectionately, and then Mrs. Beltravers asked—

'Do you despise me, May, for my conduct?'

'Despise you!' cried the girl, with renewed embrace; 'despise you!—that would be harsh and cruel, and I could not be that to you. You have been a kind friend to me, as you are to everybody you meet, and I could not love you the less even had your—your fault—been greater than it was. I should be happy—more happy than I can express—if I could hear that you were reconciled with your husband.'

'That he were reconciled to me, May, you should say: I have been true to him all these years, in thought as in deed.'

'I know you have: I would not believe the contrary. But your husband—surely he cannot know—'

'He knows nothing, I fear, and desires to know nothing. He took his own course at the time, intending to keep it. His character is stern; not cold—I must not say that—only stern. But I have often thought that if he could but know—he might change towards me—and yet I scarcely know.'

'I am sure, judging from what you tell me of him, that he would. He cannot be so stern—so hard—as to be quite unforgiving.'

'I should be happy indeed if I felt as certain as you do. But I have seen nothing of him since that dreadful night—heard nothing.'

'And you have never known where to find him?'

'I might have known by addressing a letter to the proper authority, for he has been until lately still on the list of the army—I believe he has at last sold out. But I have never had the courage to appeal to him, and I have always hoped that by a chance—or what people call a chance—we should meet. I have had a presentiment, indeed, that we should do so some day.'

'And you cannot tell at the present time where to find him?'

Mrs. Beltravers blushed deeply as she answered—

'I think I do know now. I have reason to believe that he is in India.'

'My dear friend,' said May, 'you ought to have courage to write to him—no man could be so hard and cold as to be indifferent to your tale. If I knew him—your husband—I would *make* him come to you.'

May said this with an air of great determination, stamping her little foot. 'I should like to tell my father all that you have told me,' she continued; 'he might advise you—perhaps help you; he may even be acquainted with your husband—he also served in India for some years. May I tell him when we meet? He is coming to us, you know, at Dehra Doon, to take me away.'

There was but a dim light in the room, where the two ladies were seated side by side upon one of the rude beds, and May did not notice the emotion which the face of Mrs. Beltravers betrayed when asked this question. But she heard her say, after a short pause:

'You may, my child; you may. Tell him all you know—all I have told you. It may be that you will bring me back my happiness.'

Mrs. Beltravers folded May in her arms and kissed her fondly; and May promised that she would write to her father while on the journey, and enlist his sympathies before they met.

'I should be so happy if any act of mine could help you,' said May.

Mrs. Beltravers kissed her again;

and then the two ladies began brushing out their hair—an operation which they might just as well have been performing all the time they were talking—which was a sign that they intended at last retiring to rest.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE JOURNEY—THE ENEMY'S CAMP —AND WHO WENT TO MEET THE ENEMY.

Some people like dāk travelling in India. It has its pleasant side; it gives you a thorough sense of freedom. It has all the charm which belongs to running away, without entailing the responsibility of being pursued. It is very different from the liberty which you enjoy on board ship—which poets and other deluded persons have grossly exaggerated. Corsairs and misanthropes to the contrary notwithstanding, a ship, if it be a Paradise of freedom, has many prosaic drawbacks. You are safe from the postman's knock and the newspapers, and the visit of the possible dun; but you are at the mercy of a great many people who may make you very uncomfortable—that is to say, if you are in the position of a passenger. The captain, if he does his duty in a conscientious manner, will bore you with regulations which may be necessary for a community, but are apt to chafe the individual; and the same officer, if he happens to be of a cheerful temperament and socially inclined, will probably pay more than necessary attention to the lady passengers, in which case he is certain to run you upon a rock or a coral reef. And at best—besides accepting the inevitable society—you must be content to take whatever the purser pleases to give you in the way of consummation, with the alternative of the misery which comes from living in a chronic state of protest.

There are no drawbacks of the kind in dāk travelling. You may proceed when you please, and when you like you may rest. You are not

even bound to stop at the staging bungalows unless you think fit; and you have no regulations to observe except such as are made expressly for your convenience. These advantages were fully appreciated by our travellers on the present occasion.

They were not in a great hurry, so incurred very little fatigue; and the weather was so cool that they had no need to rest in the middle of the day, so that they put up at the bungalows only at night, and did the travelling by day, like respectable people. Now that Windermere had joined them, the ladies had no anxiety about an escort; and if their carriages could not keep always together—owing to discrepancies among the dāk horses, some of which would go and some of which would not—they managed at least to meet frequently on the road, and always at the bungalows. At the latter, Mrs. Beltravers' resources enabled them to enjoy something like a well-regulated *ménage*—picnicky, but pleasant—and after a few days of this kind of life, the idea of a domestic state of 'utter civilization' became repugnant to the idea. They passed very few European passengers on the road; and the natives who traversed it in hackeries, or little pavilions on wheels—or more frequently on foot, with their bundles and brass lotahs, and their heads bound up to save them from the dust—scarcely seemed to break the solitude, and were as much a part of the scene as the paddy fields and the peepuls. There was an interval of excitement in traversing the Parisnauth Hills, and the Dunwah Pass was, as usual, a trial; but the difficulties entailed by this unruly part of the country were amply compensated by the wild beauty of the scenery, made strange and solemn at night when the dry wooded hills were alive with shifting fires. Crossing the Ganges at Benares, and that desert of sand, the Soane—over both of which railway-trains now run without interruption—were then laborious performances; and May was not a little surprised when she found that the carriages of the party must be

conveyed—in the one case upon boats and in the other upon trucks—by means of teams of oxen, which slowly pulled the vehicles through fine sand, into which the wheels sank almost as high as their axles. The sand, too, being occasionally shifting, there was a little excitement in the idea that you might be possibly swallowed up. But there were few other varieties in the journey, and the level plains which bounded the easy part of the road were remarkable for little but dulness and dust.

Higher up the country there was another bit of railway, but for the greater part of the journey our travellers had to depend upon the dāk; and their progress was as monotonous as could well be. But everybody, except poor [Constance and Matilda-Jane, the English maid, said they enjoyed it immensely. That Constance should not be prepared to find amusement in passing scenes you may well imagine; but Matilda-Jane's objections were connected with dignity. Ladies and gentlemen, she considered, should not 'lower themselves' by such a rough way of living; for her part she had never been used to anything of the kind, and so forth. I must do Matilda-Jane, however, the justice to admit that her superiors were principally pleased with the journey because they were pleased with each other—and themselves.

Thus far all went well; but the party were not destined to reach their journey's end without an unexpected adventure.

It was on the tenth day after their departure from Calcutta that they were proceeding along the road, making remarkably good way in consequence of the horses attached to their several vehicles being unanimous in consenting to go, when a sudden difficulty arose with those animals, who manifested a strong tendency to turn round and proceed the other way. The native drivers urged them in vain; they could scarcely be persuaded to crawl, and the least relaxation in the means adopted for propulsion was certain to be followed by a retrogressive movement calculated to bring about

an overturn. Windermere's gharree was in advance of the two others, containing respectively Mrs. Beltravers and May, and Constance and Matilda-Jane, the native servants having been left behind, after the meeting with Windermere, to make their way in their own manner. There was some alarm among the occupants of the vehicles in the rear at these proceedings, and some surprise when the drivers presently pulled up. Looking out from the open doors the ladies then saw Windermere standing in the road engaged in earnest conversation with several natives—evidently travellers—who were gesticulating with much animation, and pointing in a particular direction. They were joined while thus engaged by two sowars, who appeared to belong to the mounted police, employed at that time to patrol the road for the protection of passengers, and the latter were especially earnest in the communications which they made to Windermere. A few minutes afterwards that gentleman approached the carriage of Mrs. Beltravers, and said: 'You must not be alarmed, ladies, but we might have had an awkward rencontre here—we were nearly getting into the enemy's camp.'

The words 'enemy' and 'camp' did not reassure the ladies; but Windermere proceeded—

'The fact is that a disappointed chief, belonging, I believe, to Oude, is making a raid upon this part of the country. He is in considerable force, and is encamped about a mile ahead, a short distance off the road. We cannot think of going on, and must return at once to Banglepore. We dare not hope to make Meerut, I fear, for some days to come; but there is no danger for the present, and we are happily warned in time.'

The situation was not a pleasant one, and the ladies, whose heads were full of the horrors of the preceding year, may be pardoned if they did not at once take Windermere's advice in reference to being alarmed. But they bore themselves bravely, and nobody made any remonstrance except Matilda-Jane, who said that she knew—which she

certainly did not—of what must come from such an outlandish way of travelling, and added, in a warning way, that her 'Enery (a gentleman to whom, it seems, she was engaged to be married) would be very angry when he heard what had happened. It seemed very unlikely, however, that the anger of 'Enery would bear any approach, in its consequences, to the anger of Achilles upon a celebrated occasion; so there was a general contentment to accept the threatened condition. But Matilda-Jane needed a little bullying from Windermere before she would cease to upbraid; and even then she protected herself by a protest, and threatened to 'take the law' of that gentleman for bringing them all into such a situation.

There was no time to be lost, however, so the horses' heads were soon turned, and the animals, having their own way at last, went like the wind. The next stage was accomplished with wonderful speed, and the next relay of horses, animated apparently by the same instinct (animals, I suppose, communicate their impressions to one another like human beings), seconded the efforts of their predecessors with equal ardour. Our party had passed through Mynpoorie early in the morning, and it was early in the afternoon when they were turned back, having accomplished some thirty miles of their journey during the intervening time. They would reach their destination before evening at their present pace; but they had scarcely proceeded half way on the second stage, when there came an incident which delayed them for a short interval.

Windermere was looking out from the door of his carriage with more anxiety, I fancy, than he had chosen to express to the ladies, when he saw in the distance a body of mounted troops approaching at the trot. From the space which it occupied against the clear sky—it occupied a rising ground—he judged it to be an entire regiment; but he could make out little more until, with the assistance of a race-glass which he had at hand, he discovered that the men were natives—evi-

dently a regiment of Irregular Horse. They might be friends, but it was equally certain that they might be enemies, and the chance had to be met. What should he do? Windermere possessed the best kind of courage, that of coolness and composure. Two minutes' deliberation decided him that to turn once more would be of no avail. The danger behind was certain; the danger in front was at least doubtful, and there was no need to alarm the ladies until the event could be ascertained. But the ladies soon found out the state of the case for themselves. Matilda-Jane, as they approached the advancing *ressalahs*, saw, without the aid of a race-glass, that they were composed of native troops; so she gave up all for lost at once.

'What am I to do?' she said to Constance. 'I am quite at their mercy, and may be carried off at once; and I never could bear to have an odious black man for a husband, to say nothing of all his other wives!'

Constance, though agitated herself at the possible danger, could not help being amused at the way in which Matilda-Jane jumped to conclusions. That young person did not seem to fear for her life; but appeared to take it for granted that there was a conspiracy among the entire regiment of horse to carry her off into splendid and complimentary captivity, by making her the Light of somebody's Harem upon the shortest possible notice.

Mrs. Beltravers and May, you may be sure, had their share of apprehension when they saw the cloud of dust, among which, as a rising breeze from time to time swept it aside, they beheld the ominous aspect of native sowars. But Windermere, who was still busy with his race-glass, presently solved all doubts.

'White officers, by Jove!' he exclaimed. 'Thank God, we are saved!'

Windermere, you see, like a great many English gentlemen, used the name of the heathen deity, from force of habit, a little inconsistently.

With his next breath he called out to all the drivers to pull up; and the three carriages were soon echelloned, in a more or less regular manner, along the road.

The measured sound of the trot was now heard distinctly, and the dust seemed to increase as the *rescalahs* drew near. Windermere now alighted, and ran to the two gharees—he went first to that of Mrs. Beltravers and May—to assure their occupants of their safety, and before he left that vehicle he performed a very impolite act. He tenderly embraced, and kissed several times, one lady in the presence of another. Who that lady was I leave you to guess; but I am under the impression that it was not Mrs. Beltravers.

It was a very mean advantage for Windermere to take of the supposed danger. But nobody was offended—Mrs. Beltravers smiled, and May shed tears which were not quite tears of grief. It is curious what a minor matter she considered their condition on the road in comparison with some other things of more domestic interest.

The regiment soon came up to the travellers; the advanced guard went by, and then was heard, in a brave English word of command, the mandate to halt. The halt followed in an instant, and then the commanding officer rode out from his place to address Windermere. The two gentlemen recognised one another immediately as old acquaintances.

‘How are you, colonel?’ said one; ‘you remember me—Windermere? I ought to have known such a celebrated regiment as Howland’s Horse in the distance.’

‘Glad to see you, my boy,’ said the other, with cordial haste. ‘I need not ask you what you are doing here—going on to Banglepore, of course. I am after that rascal Feroze Shah, who’s playing the devil somewhere ahead. Only got the telegram this morning—in our saddles an hour after. There are more troops to come from Banglepore, so don’t be astonished if you meet them.’

Windermere gave Colonel Howland a hasty account of the manner

in which the party had been turned back, and was able, besides—which was a much more important matter—to give him a very good idea of where the enemy was to be found. The colonel was about to march at once on receiving this information, but Windermere detained him for an instant.

‘Pardon me for asking,’ said he, ‘what that Hussar officer does among you; I can’t see his face, but his uniform is not yours.’

‘He volunteered, and has been allowed to do duty with us, as one of my officers was placed suddenly on the sick list. Good-bye, old fellow; I dare say we shall meet again.’

And the soldier wrung the hand of the civilian with much warmth. They were by no means intimate acquaintances, but cordiality grows with the occasion.

The regiment was now at the trot, and as it went off and Windermere stayed for a moment to speak to Constance, the Hussar officer whom he had noticed rode out from his place and pulled up beside the carriage containing Mrs. Beltravers and May.

‘Good-bye, Marian,’ said he; ‘it is a strange chance that we should meet in this manner: say good-bye to me, for I think we shall never meet again; something tells me so.’ Then, for the first time noticing May, he looked somewhat confused, but added, ‘Say good-bye also to me, May, or I should say Miss —, but never mind, and forgive me for my treatment of you. I am very bad, and never behaved well to any woman in my life, except one; and you know, Marian, that I was always true to you.’

Mrs. Beltravers was deeply affected. She could only say—

‘Good-bye, Captain Halidame—I forgive you.’

‘Say, Cecil, for the last time.’

‘Well, good-bye—Cecil—and we must not meet again, remember, if we can avoid it.’

‘We never *shall* meet, I tell you. If I am not knocked over to-day or to-morrow be sure my time will soon come, and then you will be rid of me.’

'Do not be cruel, Cecil; good-bye, and heaven protect you.'

May echoed the prayer in her own mind, with perhaps a little more meaning; but she could not look at its subject as she faltered forth—

'I forgive you, Captain Halidame—good-bye.'

Halidame inclined his head, and with a wave of the hand galloped off to rejoin the column. The look of despair which lit his handsome face was such as a man can bear but once in his life.

CHAPTER LVIII.

HOW THEY FARED AT BANGLEPORE— A DISCOVERY.

It was sunset when the travellers arrived at Banglepore. The station bore a very different aspect from that which it had borne in the morning. Then it was all in repose; now it was alive with men moving about and talking in groups, evidently under the influence of some strong excitement. The dāk gharees, announced by the horns of the drivers, were at once surrounded by eager expectants of news. Whence did they come, and what was known of the enemy? Such were the questions addressed to Windermere as he alighted; and when it was found that the occupants of the other carriages were ladies, there came offers of hospitality from all sides. Windermere, on their part, accepted an offer to be 'put up' from the surgeon of the station, who had a larger house than most of his brother officers, and Mrs. Beltravers and their party soon found themselves in possession of a very pretty bungalow, with a garden and a great many civilised arrangements besides—a strong contrast to the dāk bungalows with which they had been content since leaving Calcutta. Provision was made, too, for Windermere, as a matter of course. He did not happen to find any men he knew, but strangers were quite sufficient for the purpose. One of these—an officer of a line regiment, of which a wing was quartered in the station—appropriated him immediately as a guest, and he was then and there

introduced to the mess as an honorary member. He dined there that evening, after having satisfied himself that the ladies were being cared for in right Indian style; and from the conversation of those about him he was soon able to form some idea of the nature of the crisis.

The enemy were on the march downwards, it appeared; but it was not certain which way they would take, whether they would come to Banglepore or go to Hookumabad, some thirty miles' distance, where the force opposed to them would be weaker, consisting as it did of little beyond the native police. Orders had been given that a regiment of *Jesailchees*, or lancemen, should be pushed up that night, the wing of Europeans being reserved for the defence of the station, for which service, at that time, native troops were not considered safe. The regiment marched off late in the evening, and there was a great gathering on the verandah of the mess-house to speed the parting of their officers.

The ceremony is a sad one, that of saying good-bye to men [who are going off to meet an enemy. There is a certain suspicion on both sides that they will not come back, and the cheery tone assumed has something ghastly about it. It must be said, however, for those who are left behind, that they always envy their friends who are for the front; and if they do not sentimentalize much upon such occasions it is not because they feel the less. 'Have a peg before you go.' 'Thank you, I have had one already.' 'Do you want any weeds?' 'Thank you, I shall be glad of a few.' 'I shall certainly go to the ball if I am back in time; and tell our young friend with the yellow hair that I shall hold her to her promise.' 'All right, old boy, count upon me. *Khitmutgar, bilatee panee aur brandy shrab lao*—stirrup-cup, my dear fellow—must have it.' 'Good-bye, God bless you; by this time to-morrow we shall expect to hear that you have given a good account of Feroze Shah.' 'Oh, he'll be settled before we arrive; Howland is down upon him by this time; like his luck;

we shall have nothing to do, depend on it.' 'Have that letter posted for me; I had no time to write it before.' 'Don't tell her anything about it; she'll only laugh at me, and at you too.' 'Yes, I think our men are all right, but if they cut our throats in the middle of the night, don't be surprised.' 'No, no more pegs; quite enough already. There goes the bugle—good-bye again.'

This was the kind of conversation that went on in the verandah; and as the officers of the *Jesailchees* rode out into the darkness, their comrades returned to the well-lighted mess-room, where the talk soon assumed its usual cheerful character, and the conviviality, as the graver visitors dropped off, took the form of comic songs. Windermere was among the graver visitors, and retired early to his—or rather his adopted friend's—quarters.

The next day was one of rumours. How they reached the station it would be difficult to say; but news, true or false, travels in India with wonderful speed, and the bazaar beats the telegraph as often as not. The authorities, in one way or another, received information which warranted them in appealing to the commissariat, and provision was made, as far as could be, for a siege of some length. The community at Bangalore, indeed, prepared to take upon themselves the character of an 'illustrious garrison,' holding out under conditions of great peril, and prepared to do heroic things collectively, and to quarrel dreadfully in detail, as 'illustrious garrisons' are apt to do. I am bound to say, however, that at the doctor's house, where Mrs. Beltravers and her party had taken refuge, the greatest harmony prevailed. Nobody gave way to despair except Matilda-Jane, who still said that her 'Enery would be very angry when he heard of the indignities that she had suffered, and still maintained her opinion that ladies and gentlemen should never expose themselves to such contingencies. She had lived in families of rank, she said with crushing sarcasm, and nothing of the kind had ever happened, and she

was not prepared to be made the Light of a Harem through the strange ways of mere military people. She had expected better things, she added, from Mr. Windermere, who was a gentleman and a civilian, and she could not understand how he could have been so imposed upon. Matilda-Jane, you see, had imbibed certain old Indian ideas concerning the relative status of the civil and the military services in India, and held the red coat in but small comparative esteem. Her intended 'Enery, perhaps I should explain, occupied the position of an uncovenanted clerk.

Bangalore, you may be sure, was prepared for the worst, and arrangements were made for holding out to any extent; but the day of rumours brought no authenticated news which would warrant decisive action, and several days passed without any positive intelligence. During this time the 'illustrious garrison' conducted itself remarkably well, apart from a little quarrelling; and the mess dinners, of which the principal civilians partook, were of a rather lively character than otherwise. A few of the officials were so divided as to the policy to be pursued at the crisis that they held no social intercourse; but scandals such as these were kept secret, and the majority of those who met at the festive board were unconscious of the under-current which was at work. The comic songs went on when the hours grew late, and the same men sang the same songs with a constancy worthy of a better cause. It is rather sad, when it is an open question whether you are to have your throat cut or not, to have to listen to convivial choruses which have 'Tooral, looral, looral, looral, right folooral la' for their main feature; but subalterns will be subalterns, though the skies fall, and I suppose there is no help for it.

At last came real and authenticated news. Feroze Shah was not marching upon Bangalore, but had gone to Hookumabad, having previously suffered a signal defeat at the hands of Howland's Horse, in which engagement Howland's Horse had performed prodigies of valour.

The remnant of his force had been disposed of in splendid style by the police of Hookumabad, headed by the magistrate and collector—an admirable specimen of the ‘fighting civilians’ who came out in such unexpected force during the mutinies. And the news, when it arrived at Banglèpore, was accompanied by an urgent demand for medical assistance.

The news and the demand arrived when the evening had considerably advanced, and the comic songs were setting in at the mess. They were stopped at once, as you may suppose, and a very animated chorus remains unconcluded to this day. The solo performer was a young assistant-surgeon who had just arrived from his native Ireland, with as much of the accent of his native country as he could conveniently carry away with him—an advantage which he bestowed freely upon his song. Upon this officer devolved the duty of looking after the sick at Hookumabad; and, obedient to the call, he at once prepared to depart. I am afraid that the period of the evening had brought him to a state when he was better prepared for attendance upon the healthy than upon the sick; but he took a cheerful view of the case.

‘I am an Irishman,’ said Mr. O’Brien, ‘and am going to die for my country.’

What benefit his country would derive from this arrangement did not seem very clear; but the young doctor appeared to consider that the Emerald Isle ought to be very much obliged to him for departing this life, upon abstract grounds. His present business, however, was connected only with ‘departing from Banglèpore, and this process’ was soon accomplished.

‘My camel’s at the door and my horse is on the sea,’ said Mr. O’Brien, enthusiastically misquoting his favourite poet; ‘but before I go——’

‘You will have another peg,’ said a small ensign.

‘Not one; not one,’ said Mr. O’Brien, imbibing the contents of the proffered tumbler with mechanical inconsistency. ‘I am an Irishman,

and am going to die for my country. Where is my camel?’

‘Methinks you see two camels in the field,’ said another ensign, who prided himself upon his ready wit.

There was only one camel, however, and that animal was waiting, with its native driver, outside the verandah; and Mr. O’Brien was soon mounted upon its hump, looking not a little uncomfortable in his buttoned-up shell-jacket, with, under his arm, a square case of instruments which he had sent for from his quarters in case the contents of his pouch should not be sufficient. In this state he went off very valiantly, under a cheering salute from the party assembled in the verandah, to which was added a voice expressive of playful sympathy with the wounded of Hookumabad under the circumstances. But the devoted doctor responded to this only with a reiteration of his former sentiment, affirmative of his nationality and his approaching departure from this sublunary sphere.

When his friends returned to the mess-room they found fresh news awaiting them. Windermere, who had been absent during the previous proceedings, now returned with the announcement that news had been received of Feroze Shah having been reinforced; and it was added that his supposed intention was to attack the station. This report was soon confirmed by the arrival of an order from the brigadier for officers to hold themselves in readiness, etc.; and a general dispersion immediately took place—not, however, before some curious speculations had been thrown out concerning the probable consequences of certain high authorities being allowed to conduct the defence in their own way. As I have said, there was considerable difference of opinion between some of the authorities on this subject; and, judging from the opinions now expressed—quietly but significantly—one would have a right to suppose them all in the wrong. ‘Did you see Bloater this evening—screwed as an owl?’—‘Mullins is evidently not up to the mark—did you hear what he told Jawster this

morning?'—'Unfortunate for Holster that his adjutant is laid up—the doing-duty Wallah won't coach him a bit, and when he had his regiment out this afternoon he could no more move it about than he could fly. He was always galloping after the major to know what were the next words of command, and the major could not always tell him. I heard this from Jenks, who always goes to see Holster; parade as he would go to a play—he says it was finer than ever to-day.' Such were the cheerful commentaries upon the qualifications of authority. I dare say they were undeserved; but things certainly did not look very promising for the expected crisis.

Windermere was returning to his quarters, and on his way thither intended to call at the doctor's bungalow and inquire after Mrs. Beltravers and her party, intending to apprise the elder lady quietly of the new danger, and to warn her to be in readiness in case flight should be necessary; for the native regiment, commanded by that able officer, Colonel Holster, was not considered safe, and in the event of its rising, the European troops would find it hard to face the double danger. But he was stopped on his way by an officer on a camel, who called to him, with a rich Irish accent:

'Mr. Windermere—if you are Mr. Windermere—I have come back to say that there is a gentleman lying in the road outside cantonments who is not able to move. He was fainting, and I had only just time to revive him a little, and can't wait. Tell the fellow here,' pointing to the native driving the camel, 'that he can go on now as fast as he likes—I can't muster enough Hindustanee—how I got him to turn back I can't tell.'

Windermere gave the required direction, with a hint to Mr. O'Brien—for it was that enthusiastic young doctor—not to hazard any further delay; and he then proceeded to the spot indicated, to look after the stranger.

Lying by the side of the road, his head and shoulders supported by

a heap of kunker, was a European having the appearance of a gentleman. Windermere dropped upon one knee to examine him more closely, and as he did so the light of the waning moon revealed the features of Captain Pemberton.

CHAPTER LIX.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The day had been one of much excitement to Mrs. Beltravers and her friends. The position of danger in which they were placed was not to be ignored; and their host, like a great many amiable persons, was a gossip of no small magnitude, and faithfully retailed to them every rumour which reached him in the course of his professional visits, so that they had no chance of forming a too favourable impression of affairs. They heard the latest news almost as soon as it reached the mess, and their anxiety was so great that they dared not retire to rest at the usual hour, but waited up with a vague idea that a crisis would occur before morning and compel them to take flight. Every sound heard from outside—the cry of a jackal, the thumping of a tom-tom, or even the noise of the wind, which was beginning to rise—set their hearts beating, and filled them with tremors which they would not confess. I suppose people ought to be more assured under such circumstances; but I suspect that few of the sex which is not obliged to be brave would have conducted themselves differently. They experienced a dozen false alarms at least, but at last there came a real one. There was a noise of feet in the compound and of voices, native and European, and a loud call was made for the chowkedars, who had gone to sleep in the verandah. Then came a knocking at the doors, which were opened by the bearer, and then there was a scuffling noise, and the deposit, apparently, of some heavy body upon the floor. The ladies by this time were seriously alarmed, and Mrs. Beltravers told Matilda-Jane to go out and inquire the meaning of the disturbance; but as

Matilda-Jane objected to do anything of the kind, a native ayah was despatched in her stead. The ayah returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that Windermere sahib had brought in a strange sahib, wounded, upon a litter, and that the doctor was attending him.

This explanation alleviated the fears of the ladies, who had begun to apprehend an attack upon the house; but they concluded, from the fact of a wounded man having been brought in, that there must have been fighting of some kind not far off. Presently a message was received from Windermere, asking to see Mrs. Beltravers in the drawing-room. That lady immediately left the side room, which had been appropriated to her, and hastened to the larger apartment. There she found Windermere, looking serious, but with no signs of agitation in his face.

'I think it right to tell you,' said he, 'that awkward reports are afloat of what may happen to us here by the morning. I do not myself think the case very urgent, but it is well to be prepared, and to prepare our friends, in the event of the worst coming to pass. Should we have to fly I will stay with you, and give you every protection in my power. In the meanwhile an awkward complication has arisen. A gentleman has been found almost insensible on the road outside cantonments. He was travelling down country and came across three of Feroze Shah's rascals, who stopped his carriage. He unhorsed two of them with his revolver, and before the third had time to set upon him he had leaped into one of the empty saddles and ridden away at full speed. The third man was now joined by a score or two more, who all started off in pursuit; but it was a good horse that they had to follow, and they soon abandoned the chase. This horse bore its strange rider with great willingness for twenty miles or more, almost to the boundary of the cantonments here, when on a sudden it started at something on the road, and threw him with great violence. I have just brought him in to get the doctor's assistance, and am glad

to find that he is not nearly so much hurt as I supposed. He is a great deal shaken, but no bones are broken. And now I must tell you who this gentleman is, for I want you to break it gently to May.'

'To May—why to May?'

'He is her father—Captain Pemberton.'

Mrs. Beltravers turned deadly pale at this announcement, and sank fainting upon a couch. Windermere, alarmed as he was at her condition, was even more surprised at her reception of the intelligence. But his first duty was to call for assistance; and between him and the ayah the lady was soon restored to consciousness.

'Pray pardon me for this weakness,' she said, with a faint smile; 'I know not—I know not why I should have been so affected; but—but—I have been much excited all day. I will tell May, of course. She will be glad to be on the spot to help her father—he is not much hurt, you say?'

'No; he will be able to move about in two or three days, and there is not the slightest danger.'

'Thank God!' said Mrs. Beltravers, emphatically.

'You know Captain Pemberton, I suppose? Oh, of course you would, as a friend of his daughter.'

'Yes, I know Captain Pemberton,' replied Mrs. Beltravers, in an absent manner.

'Very well, then; excuse my abruptness—you will tell May at once, will you not? He will be glad to see her presently. He knows she is here.'

Mrs. Beltravers then retreated to her room, and at once made the communication to May, whose surprise was great, as may be supposed; but her gratitude for her father's escape overcame every other emotion, and she did not lose her presence of mind. She was prepared to see him at once, and was presently conducted to the room in which he lay, extended upon a couch, but looking not much the worse for his accident.

'My dear May,' said the captain, presently, 'after receiving your letter I resolved to make a journey

down country, and wrote to tell you that I would meet you here. *My* letter was to await you at the post-office—I suppose you never applied for it.’

‘We have had too much to think of, dear papa, since our arrival; but it does not matter, now that we have met and I know you are safe.’

‘Yes,’ pursued the captain; ‘that letter of yours awoke memories which had not been dead, but dormant, for years; and your appeal on behalf of your friend recalled to me my own conduct in a similar case, which presented itself to me in a new light. I know now that I was harsh and cold——’

‘My dear father,’ cried May, ‘what is it that you mean? I wrote to you about a stranger.’

‘Truly; but your story was so like another story that I could not separate the two. I had even a presentiment—and I still have it—that a strange discovery was in store for me; and I was so anxious to see the friend, to whom you seem to be attached by such strong sympathies, that I could not wait for your arrival, but resolved to meet you on the road.’

‘And you wish to see Mrs Beltravers now?’ said May.

‘I do; I cannot rest until I know whether or not my presentiment has any foundation.’

‘And what shall I tell her?’

‘Tell her simply that, knowing all you have told me, I will do everything in my power to bring about a reconciliation with her husband.’

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Beltravers was clasped in her husband’s arms.

CHAPTER LX.

HAPPINESS—CECIL HALIDAME—A MARRIAGE.

There were two days more of anxiety, during which the movements of the rebels were undecided; but our friends at Banglepore were so happy among themselves that they did not realise the danger of the situation. Captain Pemberton was a changed and, I firmly believe,

a happy man. His stern sense of justice was forgotten, except as the subject of reproaches to himself; and he made such large allowances for human failings that he would have been prepared to accept his worst enemies as his dearest friends. As for Mrs. Beltravers—who resumed, by the way, her own name punctually on the following morning—her happy nature could always meet happiness half way; and she luxuriated and ripened, if I may so express it, as if under the influence of a new sun. It is mere nonsense to suppose that people of happy temperament do not feel as others do. Roses in full bloom may be just as miserable, when they ought to be, as less favoured flowers, and we must allow them to be miserable in their own way. Had Mrs. Pemberton allowed the thorns to gain an ascendancy, her course of life, after that terrible night in Calcutta, would have been such that she had never dared to meet her husband again. As for May, her happiness was complete indeed. The instinct of the heart, which had drawn her to her mother, and her mother to her, was not to be set down to accident, or called by any such convenient term as ‘a coincidence.’ There was a higher motive power in the matter, and her happiness was elevated by the consciousness. How low to her now seemed the happiness which she felt when receiving the plaudits of the public in her celebrated character of *Bianca*, in ‘Love and Liberty; or, the Daughter of the Doge.’ It was the difference between being the person playing *Bianca* and being *Bianca* herself.

There was another element, too, in May’s happiness, and not, perhaps, the least important. She had not given Windermere a formal answer as yet. She reproached herself already for concealment when Cecil Halidame had gained, for a time, an influence over her. She resolved that she would not again err; and she waited to see her father before coming to a final decision. And now came the time to tell him all. The communication was received as May knew that it would be; so there was no more hesitation, and the

Drawn by Adelaide Claxton]

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

[Chap. LIX.]

love which the girl had felt from the first was now freely avowed.

All this time there was still a chance that Banglepore might be sacked, and its garrison—after, no doubt, a gallant resistance—put to the sword. But on the third day after the events recorded in our last chapter—just when Captain Pemberton was able to move about as of old—there came good news. The enemy had been finally routed by reinforcements of European troops, and driven in a contrary direction to that of Banglepore; so the station was safe. And the authorities, deciding now that it had never been in danger, denounced all those who had desired to take proper precautions as having been panic-struck; and in order that no scandal might attach to themselves, they made up their differences in a fraternal manner. The entire difficulty, they decided, had been caused by subordinate officers and outsiders, who deserved to be placed under arrest or deported for interfering in matters with which they had no concern. The subordinate officers and outsiders thought, by the way, that they had some concern in a question affecting their own lives; but insinuations of the kind were treated with the contempt they deserved.

And now, after several days' suspension of the post, came in the 'Mofussilite' and the 'Delhi Gazette,' containing details of the first fight with Feroze Shah, conspicuous in which were accounts of the gallantry displayed by an officer of Hussars, who had volunteered upon the occasion. He had led a detachment of Howland's Horse against a post held by the enemy, said the 'Delhi,' with an intrepidity equalled only by that displayed in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. There was no other precedent in history for such daring. And his influence over his men must have been of no ordinary kind, considering that they were native troops. He carried the post, but, added the writer, was struck down in the moment of victory by a rifle-ball; and poor Cecil Halidame, it appeared, was last seen in life

extended upon the ground, past all hope, and pressing to his lips a locket containing the miniature of a lady.

There were some tears shed over the 'Delhi' that day at Banglepore; but the grief was of a mingled kind, and I doubt if it was entirely for the loss of the unhappy officer. The event cast a cloud upon the contentment of our friends; but Cecil had died forgiven by those whom he had injured, and so sincere was the feeling on all sides, that the cloud passed away as clouds must do, and the bright sky asserted its supremacy. I may here mention that some papers found among Cecil's effects compromised the character of a certain Baboo, who got a bad name in consequence, and, having got a bad name, was found to deserve it in a way not contemplated at the time; for he was eventually discovered to be an active conspirator against the Government, and, upon conviction, was sentenced to a long term of transportation. I believe that he is at present an inhabitant of one of the Andaman Islands.

As soon as the road upwards was found to be clear, Captain and Mrs. Pemberton, with Windermere, May, and Constance, proceeded to Dehra Doon; and there May Pemberton became the wife of Charles Windermere. Constance was implored to be a bridesmaid; but she persistently refused, for reasons, no doubt, of her own. They all remained for some months in that beautiful valley, varied by occasional excursions up to Mussoorie, with the exception of 'the Windermeres,' who were obliged to leave soon after the honeymoon, upon duty. Captain Pemberton remained to conduct the affairs of the 'Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company,' which flourished beyond all expectation; and when, after another year, he wanted to go home, it was found that he could serve the company with wonderful effect upon the London direction. So home he went accordingly with his wife; and about the same time Windermere found himself having so much money left him, in addition to his former for-

tune, as to disquiet him for an Indian career. So he gave up the service, and determined to go home also, and make a dash at public life in England; and the result was that our friends all went home together, and a happier party, I fancy, were never seen on board the P. and O. All but Constance. She still dreamed away her days—and her nights too, I am afraid, and lived in the reproachful past.

CHAPTER LXI.

LEAVE-TAKING.

Another year passed away. The Pembertons and the Windermers settled in England, and when in London, where Windermere became a potent man in Parliament, swelled the colony of 'Asia Minor' at Bayswater. They met most of our old friends from time to time. They were present when Mrs. Grandison made her splendid retirement from the stage, with the competence which she had earned with so much honour to herself and the British drama. They were in the great metropolis when Mr. Mandeville made his celebrated crash, and was found to have been spending other people's money instead of his own. They met the late Miss Mannerling with her husband, who had turned contractor, and assisted at the construction of railway works in India, which came to pieces under the influence of inundations; who spent money upon everybody they met, but could never get into society. They saw all our literary and dramatic friends at the club becoming—by slow degrees in some cases—successful men and permanent favourites of the public. They heard occasionally from the Mantons, who carried Burmah all before them, and would not have called the King of England their brother, in the event of any such person as the King of England having an existence. And they were personally present when Mr. Milward, who had returned home with his regiment, married one of the richest, and not the least attractive, of

widows in all the broad county of Yorkshire. And having undergone these experiences, they in the autumn, like sensible people, and accompanied by Constance, who paid them frequent visits by this time, proceeded on a tour in Switzerland.

A very simple incident which occurred during their travels proved of great importance to one of their party. At Geneva, while they were riding one morning near the lake, the horse on which Constance was mounted took fright, and came into violent collision with the horse of a gentleman who was proceeding in the opposite direction. Constance was in great danger, and was very nearly thrown; and she was saved only by the courageous energy of the stranger, who dashed after her scared steed, and seized the bridle just in time to avert a catastrophe. Her horse partially quieted, she turned to thank her preserver. Their eyes met—it was Sir Norman Halidame.

The rest of the party now rode up, and greetings were exchanged. Pemberton and Windermere had been as ignorant of Sir Norman's movements as Constance herself. He had left the company after the events of that unhappy night at the Botanical Gardens, and had, it was believed, passed over the north-west frontier into Thibet. He was not, therefore, a very likely person to meet by the Lake of Geneva. But here he was: he had met Constance, and Constance had met him, and they had spoken. The result was that he returned with the party to their hotel, and learned for the first time the changes that had befallen them. He was looking pale and careworn, and was not the Norman Halidame of former times. He had resolved never to marry, and, after exhausting India, had wandered about Europe without even the hope of dissipating *ennui*; for he cultivated melancholy for its own sake, and studiously kept out of society. But now, under the influence of old companionship, brighter feelings returned, and Constance looked at him so imploringly, that his heart was touched. And when

he learned how the girl had suffered, and found how different a being she was from the one who had, in Calcutta, objected to marry because marriage would shut her out from 'her friends,' his heart was touched still more. And when he found that Milward was wedded, he fairly made up his mind. So before the evening was out—and they all dined together at the hotel—Norman Halidame was once more the affianced of Constance Beltravers. They were

more than affianced before they left Geneva, and Norman has never had reason to regret that he had the courage to forgive; for Lady Halidame is not only one of the brightest ornaments of London society, but is as good a wife as you can meet in real life or read about in books. I suspect that most of us would not be so good as we are but for our errors. But perhaps I am treading upon dangerous ground.

THE END.

NOT MINE !

THE very sun was mocking me that rose that day to shine,
When I stood before the altar, and she laid her hand in mine.

And yet, God knows, I loved her in her noble mien and pride,
When she rose a wife beside me, yet the sculpture of a bride !

And the household politicians told the tidings with a zest
That the discord of a century at length was laid to rest.

Oh ! their trite congratulations made my bitterness the more
As they showered their roses on us, and they crowded to the door !

So she took me for a hostage, and I took her as a spoil,
A landlord in possession of an unresponsive soil !

* * * * *

And the sluggish days go by me, and I watch her pallid cheek,
That shows no flush upon it when I turn to her and speak ;

For her hand will hold mine passively—her head ne'er turn away,
Without a sign accepting all the worship that I pay—

And my spirit dies within me, as month by month I prove
Her meed of chill obedience, but not a ray of love.

And I know my heart is withered when my yearning glances rise
From the summer of her bosom to the winter in her eyes.

Then I seek the kinder pillow, and I rest my aching head,
To see the mournful future, and to wish that I were dead.

R. R.

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT IN SOHO.

I AM surely in a foreign town, if sights and sounds go for anything. A few of these evidences would lead me to believe it German; but so many more proclaim it to be French, that there can be no mistake in the matter.

French men and French women are passing up the streets, and down the streets, and across the streets; they go in and out of the shops; they stand at the doors of the private houses, taking the air in the pleasant afternoon, and cultivating leisure with Gallic avidity; though nothing is very active about them except their voices. These are in continual play. Men, women, and children—there are many children among the idlers—talk as they walk, and talk as they stand still, and talk, if I may so express their more undecided movements, as they do neither the one thing nor the other. You hear the French language on all sides. There are English about, but you only see them; they pursue their way in silence, or with only interjectional remarks. For our compatriots are little prone to discussion while in movement; they reserve their interchange of ideas for periods when at rest. Thus it is that they walk so listlessly—the French say, so sadly—about the streets, and give you the notion that they have something on their minds. The fact is that, as often as not, they are thoroughly enjoying a state of repose, and are thinking as little in silence as their neighbours are in conversation. Different nations, have different ways of arriving at enjoyment; and a great accession of happiness is not always conducive to liveliness. Somebody once described a Burgomaster sitting smoking his pipe among his tulips, and contemplating the canal before him, as in a state of Dutch rapture very much resembling apoplexy. Perhaps the English to whom I now refer are somewhat put down by their loquacious neighbours, and feel themselves to be intruding among so many speakers of a foreign tongue. For it is plain from all

appearance that they are not at home.

The streets, to be sure, at first glance, have not an un-English aspect; but that, perhaps, is on account of their altogether negative character. They are not very wide, not very regular, and not very clean; and these characteristics are common to the humbler quarters of most cities, whether at home or abroad. There is a solidarity among slums all over the world, as far as appearance is concerned; and neighbourhoods somewhat higher in the scale are apt to have similar resemblances. The quarter of which I speak has no general features which would distinguish it as belonging to a city of any particular nationality in Europe; but regarded with attention to details, it gives you the impression of a part of Paris—one of those parts which M. Haussmann neglected to make presentable to Prussian visitors. The shops are for the most part French to a fault; and they have one peculiarity which belongs to French shops in the humbler quarters, in being principally restaurants and cafés. To judge by the accommodation of this kind here provided for them, the population pervading the locality must have great capacity in the way of eating, drinking, and smoking. At every turn you find a tavern—now and then of the English type, but principally of the French, with about as much of the German element as you meet with in the minor streets of the French capital. The accommodation, in fact, is supplied to an extent which leads to an inference that the inhabitants of the quarter live a great deal out of doors.

How else could all the restaurants be supported? And they are establishments, be it remembered, by no means of a holiday description, like the majority of English hotels—where visitors are supposed to dine under festive conditions, and to go beyond the bounds of ordinary domestic consumption, if not as a matter of choice, at least for the

good of the house. 'The good of the house!'—how entirely this established phrase marks the difference between the English and the continental view of hotel or tavern life. Where could you ever find, say, the Frenchman who ordered anything that he did not want, for the good of the house? The house is intended for his convenience, and he would not dream of extending his patronage beyond the limits of his immediate wants—wants which he has to-day, will be renewed to-morrow, and will reproduce themselves every four-and-twenty hours for any time in the future of which he chooses to take cognisance. An Englishman, 'dining out,' thinks that he must distinguish himself, and make his presence felt, even to the extent of emphatic fees to the waiter. The Frenchman, favoured of course by the different degree of expectation in his case, dines abroad rather more economically than he could at home, and obtains, for the little gratuity he gives in addition, quite as much attention and respect as is sufficient for his comfort or his vanity. With most of us in England, 'dining out' is an exceptional arrangement, so we make it exceptionally expensive, and demoralise, not only landlords, but waiters as well.

In the quarter to which I refer there is no demoralisation of either kind. The houses of entertainment are conducted upon the principle of giving the most possible for money, and any gratuitous expenditure on the part of customers would be regarded in the light of lunacy. French in principle, they are equally French in appearance. Very humble they are in point of pretension, but quite continental in character. And here I may as well mention that I am not in Paris, as you may have supposed, but in the neighbourhood of Soho—that dingy quarter of 'London which our continental neighbours have made their own, in common with Leicester Square and the dependencies thereof lying more or less about the Haymarket.

The inhabitants of this quarter have naturally received large additions since the outbreak of the war.

Many of the wealthiest classes of French, both from Paris and the provinces, came to England soon after the commencement of hostilities; and the provincials included a considerable number from the Rhine Provinces. These fair-haired families, who might pass for English, but were supposed to be German, astonished the hotel-keepers when they arrived by announcing themselves as French. They spoke in French, indeed, and were attired in irreproachably French *môdes*. But their tongues were not so Parisian as their toilettes, and indicated, to the experienced ear, their Teutonic descent. All these—the better class of visitors—consisted principally of women and children. There were a few elderly men, and a few very young men—if they could be called men at all. You saw them driving or walking about the parks and public places for a few days, and mixing with the more miscellaneous mass of foreigners who still lay claim to the lion's share of Regent Street in the afternoons. Then they disappeared for the most part, following the example of fashionable London, probably, and betaking themselves to the seaside, or, it may be, paying visits to the country houses of their English friends. While in town they were lodged at the best hotels, or in expensive private 'apartments; and in this as in other respects were not to be classed with the mass of continental fugitives.

The latter naturally gravitated to Leicester Square, in the first instance, and then mostly penetrated to Soho. In Leicester Square itself large numbers are accommodated: I scarcely dare say how many beds the large hotels there are said to provide, or imagine how many persons sleep in them. But it is certain that the neighbourhood was always full of foreigners, and, to judge by appearance, it must now be overflowing with them.

Germans, Italians, Poles, and Hungarians have of late years been always well represented in the quarter; but the French have supplied the majority of the foreign residents; and among the new-

comers the French are in a large majority still. The great immigration took place during the few days preceding the closing of the gates of Paris for the siege. But it is not to be supposed that all the fugitives were residents in the capital. Many, of course, had fled to Paris from the provinces—small proprietors, for the most part, who had been driven from their homes before the Prussian guns, and believed Paris—as everybody believed it at one time—to be a place of safety. The French arms might endure reverse after reverse, but the idea of a siege of Paris was difficult to realise up to the last moment. The poorer Germans, who arrived at about the same time, were residents of the capital principally, driven out by decree of authority, and deprived ruthlessly of the little effects they had intended taking away. But destitute as they were—and are still, it is feared, in too many cases—they managed to reach Soho, and have there found friends, and homes of some kind for the present.

They do not mingle, you may be sure, with the French, who are the representative residents of the quarter—a very poor quarter compared with the English quarter in Paris. The part of the French capital—all the rich and festive district, which includes the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de la Paix, and the Upper Boulevards—is the quarter of the English, who fairly outbid the native inhabitants in the command of luxuries. The mass of Frenchmen in London are fain to find their home in cheap, dull, and somewhat dirty Soho.

But they have made it their own, at any rate. English still venture to live there, as French still venture to live at Boulogne. But the atmosphere of the place—the social atmosphere—is Gallic, as I have said. On every side are the shops of tradesmen ministering to the requirements, the conveniences, the tastes, and the fancies of our ‘lively neighbours.’ New arrivals are sure to have foreign coin; old residents receive remittances in foreign notes. In Soho, as in Coventry Street and the Haymarket, they will find several

agents de change, whose establishments are fitted up in French style, with a network of brass to separate the agent from the changers; an unnecessary precaution, one would think, considering that at English banking-houses the largest transactions take place across an open counter, but characteristic of the severe sense of business which always marks the business man in France, just as it marks the official man, even under the reddest form of republicanism. Then there are *agents de renseignements*, prepared to give every information and assistance of every kind to *les étrangers*, and whose offices are alive with placarded announcements of *maisons à louer*, *appartements garnis*, servants who want masters, professors of languages who want pupils, &c. &c. Here, too, you may see printed references to establishments not far off, where members of the public—supposed, it may be presumed, to have no available homes—may wash and dress, have their hair cut and their beards shaved, their clothes and boots brushed, get buttons sewn on, provide themselves with clean collars, new cravats, gloves, socks, shoes, and even have their letters addressed, at a graduated scale of charges beginning at one penny. The transformation effected must be a wonderful one for the wanderer, who without immediate appliances of his own for dressing or adornment, has a little copper or, at most, silver money, and desires, for especial reasons, to present a respectable appearance.

Not far off we find a French Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent de Paul; also a French collegiate school, and a French society for the relief of distress. Those who wish to have medicines made up need not have recourse to English drugs—more than one *pharmacie Française* may be found in the quarter. Lodgings there are of all kinds in private houses, from a suite of apartments to a simple bed. But there are also establishments, described under the French designation of *maisons meublées*, which partake more of the character of an hotel; and there are, of course,

many hotels on a regular scale, though none of them of such pretensions as those in Leicester Square.

One of the most characteristic features of the quarter are the shops of the *blanchisseuses*. English people in London, of very good condition, have their clothes washed in any wretched court in which their laundresses happen to reside; and the said laundresses are usually of the poorest class. In Paris, as most people know, they are a large and flourishing community, asserting class customs and privileges—to the extent even of holding fêtes every year—and conducting themselves with entire independence towards the rest of the community. In Soho, upon a necessarily limited scale, the same system seems to prevail. The laundresses have shops with plate-glass windows, trimmed with neat white curtains inside, and ornamented with trophies of *blanchissage* in the shape of garments which are waiting to go home; while, not too much in the background, the passer-by beholds a dozen or so of the young girls who perform the executive work engaged in washing or ironing, as the case may be, though the two departments of restoration are, I believe, kept scrupulously distinct. As may be supposed, only the more ornamental articles are dealt with in front of the shop; and a *blanchisseuse* who notifies that she is specially *de fin* will, of course, take no others. On the poetical principle which Dr. Johnson parodied in his suggestion that ‘who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,’ it may be expected that ‘who gets up fine things should herself be fine,’ and it must be admitted that some of the Soho *blanchisseuses* are very fine ladies indeed. You could scarcely believe that they belong to the same profession as the representative laundress of London life, who is always suffering from ‘rheumaticks,’ comforting herself with gin in the intervals of tea, and making abject lamentations about hard times. These French women seem all bright and happy, and it is evidently not their fault if they do not find some fun in their avocation.

Judging by the appearance of most of the men you meet in Soho, it would not seem that clean linen was the strong point of the quarter; but shirts with faultless fronts are certainly beheld in the *blanchisseuses*’ windows, and they must be worn by somebody; perhaps by ‘professionals’ of various kinds, who are obliged to appear in evening dress. The majority of the garments here displayed pertain to the other sex; and while many are of highly ornate appearance, all do credit to the *artistes* employed upon their revival. A couple of the latter may be occasionally seen in the streets bearing between them one of those large, square, deep baskets, full of snow-white articles of wear, which would make Paris, one would think, apparent to a blind man. And this apart from the appearance of the fair bearers themselves, who, as here dressed for duty, are content with compact and simple attire, and especially renounce such monstrosities as bonnets and such impertinences as hats, as inappropriate to the occasion. Their heads are covered, as far as may be, by a pretty little white cap.

It is not every article of ladies dress, as everybody knows, that can with impunity be made to fit into a basket. So you may occasionally see in Soho the spectacle of a lovely robe rich in adornment, or a spotless jupon wonderfully goffered, being carried home to the intending occupant at the end of a pole. When I see the deep basket and the two *grisettes*, and added to them the garments carried home at the end of a pole, I cannot believe myself out of France, and instinctively shrink from the regard of passengers in the street, under the firm belief that I shall be arrested as a Prussian spy.

The barbers’ shops, too, are thoroughly French. The more pretentious among them spurn the pole with the circling stripes, which, however, is sufficiently represented in the quarter; but none omit the brass basin dangling before the door—manifestly the helmet of Mambrino, even to the little piece cut out to fit the neck of the

patient;—a basin that brings to your mind Figaro in every street, and Rosina in every balcony.

You have Spain and Italy, as well as France, in the numerous shops where comestibles are sold: Olives, Maccaroni, Taglianni, Jambons de Bayonne, Saucissons de Bologne, Rillettes de Tour, Patés de foie gras, Caviar, Truffled provisions of all kinds, Rockfort, Gruyère, Parmesan, Neufchatel, and other choice cheeses—everything that could be conceived by the most frenzied imagination of Fortnum and Mason, or Crosse and Blackwell, are here at hand, and supplied in sufficient quantities to indicate the habits of the neighbourhood. English people living upon small means, or sustaining a precarious struggle with poverty, think little of delicate or dainty fare; they feed, for the most part, in a brutal way, only upon rare occasions venture upon anything like a feast, and even then the indulgence is of a simple kind, and remarkable mostly for profusion. How many ordinary English people know anything about truffles, for instance? And to how many is caviar more than—caviar? But our continental neighbours of all classes are accustomed to varieties of food, and condiments which would not enter into the habits of our own countrymen even were they as much native productions as mutton and beef. And it is not because he has had to run away from France, or has been induced by other circumstances to seek a home in Soho, that the Frenchman will fail to consult his tastes in so important a matter as his dinner. He may not be able to indulge himself freely; but to some extent he will succeed, and in Soho, it must be remembered, all the comestibles which are costly to Englishmen are brought within reach of the poor man. Occasionally inferior in quality it may be, the Frenchman's repasts have the form of refinement, and he is reminded at least of delicacies as they ought to be. The vendors of comestibles, too, are usually the wine merchants of Soho; and in these days they manage to

supply the staple vintages at prices scarcely higher than in France, while liqueurs are dispensed at proportionately reasonable rates.

French pastrycooks are well represented in Soho. There are shops thereabout where not a Bath bun is to be seen; where the plain currant bun is equally dispensed with; where not even the oblong raspberry tart, so dear to British boyhood, finds a place. In their stead you get babas, brioches, merinque à la crème, eclairs, galette, savarins, fruit-comfits, cherries and peaches in spirit, and many other things, among which I will only mention chocolate in every form that was ever devised. Moreover the window of at least one of these Paradises of *Pâtisserie* is decorated with dolls dressed in the height of the *môde*;—and anybody not able to fancy himself at Sirandius after that must be a dull wretch incapable of any effort of the imagination.

I need scarcely say that there is no want of French tailors and milliners in the quarter, though their establishments make no figure—a regular shop being the exception rather than the rule. It may be doubted, indeed, if they ever do any work, except to order; and orders, you may be sure, are executed at small cost. To judge by the appearance of probable customers, I should not be inclined to recommend a Soho tailor; but the milliners are doubtless better, and may be supposed to have something of a Boulevardish air about them.

The French in Soho—surrounded as they are with so many supplies calculated to meet their special requirements—live in a world of their own light literature. There are libraries full of novels and periodicals: and the comic journals and minor newspapers of Paris appear to be in great request. Among the novelists, the popular inclination appears principally to tend towards Ercmann-Chatrian of one class, and writers who may be considered represented by the younger Dumas of another class. But of course the elder Dumas sells largely, as I suppose he always will;

while Paul de Koch—who seems perennial in a certain kind of popularity—still commands a sale from the old stereotyped edition in quarto, with the worn-out woodcuts which are never by any chance within a dozen pages of the text to which they refer. Among the weekly journals the 'Vie Parisienne' has a foremost place, but its lower-priced rivals, such as the 'Petit Journal Pour Rire,' 'Paris Comique,' 'Paris Amusant,' and others of the same facetious family, have naturally a larger circulation. The political papers most popular are the 'Figaro,' the 'Gaulois,' and the 'Petit Journal.' These are sold in London upon the same day as the date of publication—an arrangement possible enough, supposing they were despatched by the first mail in the morning, but sufficiently accounted for by the fact that their conductors date them a day late in order to be on the safe side. In addition there are several French papers published in London—notably the old 'Courrier de l'Europe,' the 'International,' now of several years' standing, and the 'Situation,' started since the surrender of Napoleon, and supposed to represent Imperial interests—though not always on the best authority, as the spurious 'manifesto' sufficiently shows. Another French paper, too, has since made its appearance in London, said to be an 'organ' of the Orleans family. Two German papers, published in London, have also made their appearance recently.

Most of the prints, besides filling shop-windows in Soho, are sold in the streets by itinerant vendors, who also go the round of the cafés and restaurants, and force them upon the attention of the drinkers and diners. Large numbers of these publications are also disposed of on the pavement of Leicester Square and Coventry Street. Leicester Square, by-the-way, has since the war become more than ever a resort of foreigners, who, especially on the side which connects Coventry and Cranbourne Streets, collect in groups upon the pavement, and seem to remain there

all day long. The great rendezvous is a place which has undergone many changes—having been among other things a bank—and is now a *Bureau de Renseignements*, kept by an enthusiastic Frenchman, who has established a speciality for war maps, which he keeps carefully posted up with French and Prussian flags, for the information of passers-by.

To return, however, to the interior of the foreign settlement. Its cafés and restaurants form, as has been said, one of its main features. These establishments have nothing pretentious about them—they are not comparable in point of appearance even to some of those in Leicester Square. Outside and inside they have a strong family likeness. There are short muslin curtains to the windows, and in front of them usually a little display of fruit and flowers. The inscriptions on the glass, whether in brass or painted letters, are mostly in the French language, and rendered even in characters of French shape. In the latter particular, however, most of the shops in the quarter are the same; even the numbers of the houses are generally painted in figures which are at once recognisable as French.

The interior of a French restaurant in Soho is very like the interior of a French restaurant anywhere else—including Paris of course—when it happens to be of a humble class. The walls are covered with paper of gorgeous hues; there is a counter ornamented with plated urns and covers, which seem of no particular use, a vase of flowers, a number of the orthodox thick white coffee-cups, little saucers filled with large lumps, or rather slices of sugar, and a few bottles of liqueur, and carafons of cognac. These are all the decorations of the place, unless we count some straggling mirrors on a miserably small scale. The chairs are rush-bottomed, and open in some cases to the charge of being rickety; the tables are very small and especially narrow, covered with cloths which are of cotton instead of damask, like the napkins; and both of these are rather damp when put on, from recent washing, but dry

up as visitors begin to arrive at about six o'clock, and look far more white than they did at first. The floor would be bare but for the sand with which it is plentifully sprinkled—a fact made particularly apparent to the visitor when he takes soundings by dropping the end of his cigar.

I said that the visitors begin to arrive at about six o'clock; but that is only in reference to dinner. They begin arriving early in the morning, and, varying the performance by departing occasionally, go on arriving all day. Many are at home there almost in a literal sense, for it is there that they have their letters addressed and receive their friends. They may possibly take some breakfast there at about twelve in the day; but they are evidently under no law to order refreshment because they enter the place. They will chat to the proprietor or his wife (the latter an active, bustling person, who pretends to preside at the counter, but is always running away from it, directing the waiters and talking to the guests all at once), and sit down and smoke, not quite as if the house belonged to them, but most certainly as if they belonged to the house. The host seems one of themselves, as he doubtless is. He has the same full-grown, but closely clipped, revolutionary style of beard. He wears a Swiss hat, or it may be a cap, and a coat which has perchance come from the establishment of Poole, but bears external evidence more suggestive of the *Belle Jardinière*—it is not unlikely to be green with bronze buttons. He has the same facility for making cigarettes with little more than the manipulation afforded by a thumb and forefinger; and you might swear that the scorched marks upon the skin of the said thumb and forefinger, produced by holding the said cigarettes when nearly smoked out, were absolutely identical. The landlord and his guests, moreover, have all the same opinion as to the crisis in France. They have not a word in decent language to give the unhappy Emperor; and their only objection to the provisional republic is the dan-

gerous preponderance which it presents of moderate and reasonable men.

At dinner the room receives the embellishment of female faces, and, between candle-light and ladies, it looks much more lively than in the morning. The ladies vary as to age, beauty, and toilette, as ladies will all over the world. They vary also as to the conditions of their coming. Only one—a young French girl, carefully costumed, and whose natural style is brilliant rather than pretty—appears attended by a man whom you might suppose to be her lover; that is to say, he has the careless appearance of a Quartier Latin student, and conducts himself accordingly. His ideas of dinner appear to be rather of a general kind, for he more than once consults the carte in a comprehensive manner, and then hands it over to Mademoiselle, who directs the details in consultation with the *garçon*. I call him a *garçon* instead of a waiter, by-the-way, because, in the first place, he is French, in the second place, he wears a short black jacket and a long white apron, and in the third place, he is sympathetically familiar in manner without being offensive, and is deeply grateful for so small an honorarium as a penny. The pair, I notice, drink sparkling wine, which is very far from being the rule in the room; and I should not wonder if, when they have had those two little cups of coffee, not unqualified by cognac, they were to find their way to the theatre.

The other people appear to be dining without any festive ideas. That ferocious-looking man in the corner, who wears no linen—unless you count a red flannel shirt—and has the table all to himself, is evidently an Italian brigand. The coat which he wears is an ordinary coat enough. It is principally remarkable for being shabby; but association gives it the character of green velvet. The hat hung on the peg behind him leaves little to the imagination except a plume of feathers. You cannot see his legs, as they are hidden under the table; but you can take your oath that they are sandalled, and would lead you a long chase if you wanted their

owner in his native mountains. He is probably in this country as the agent of some Frenchmen who are making an infernal machine for the destruction of the King of Prussia—such, at least, is the impression he produces upon the observer; but the real fact I believe to be that he is employed at a tailor's in the neighbourhood, and during the greater part of the time when he is not employed upon the destruction of his dinner, devotes himself to the creation of such harmless things as coats and trousers.

At an adjacent table sits a hard-featured Frenchwoman with a couple of soft-featured daughters, who will be as hard-featured as their mother one of these days, I suppose; for Frenchwomen are too apt to mature into caricature. They dine here every day, I am told, always at the same table, have their *serviettes* on rings, their half-finished bottles of ordinaire put by for them, and after dinner engage themselves frequently with some light needlework. The active landlady comes frequently to talk to them, and treats them with much respect. The head of the family is, I am told, in the National Guard, and is taking his share in the defence of Paris.

Three young girls are dining alone. They are at different tables, and appear to have no acquaintance with one another. One, the most timid in appearance of the three, takes up her position—which, it seems, she assumes daily—close under cover of the counter, the dame of which is evidently well acquainted with her. She does not order her dinner; but the *garçon* brings her a succession of little *plâts*, according, I suppose, to some previous arrangement, for she does not go through the regular ordeal of the *prix fixé* repast, which includes a bewildering number of dishes and half a bottle of wine for two shillings. I am told that this young lady is a chorus-singer at the Opera, that she lives by herself in a very quiet way, and dines here always in the same independent manner. On Sundays she has a more festive entertainment, which she usually shares with a companion, who is said to be her sister.

The other two girls are, I believe, engaged at some milliner's hard by. They dine in the same regulation manner; but one of them has been known to be feasted by a gentleman who looks like an uncle, and gives her sparkling wine with her dessert, and *Grande Chartreuse* with her coffee. The uncle, I hear, is a *commis voyageur*, and has these little entertainments from time to time in celebration of his visits to London.

There is an elderly woman of determined aspect also dining alone. She is, I fancy, an Italian. She has rather a good dinner and a fair allowance of wine. But neither seem to give her pleasure. The vindictive expression of her face never relaxes; and when she closes her courier bag, after paying the waiter, she does so with a smart action as if she had peculiar pleasure in snapping somebody's head off. I am told that she lives alone, close by, and is engaged in the occupation of a *chiropradiste*.

Men, however, are in the majority. They are mostly French, and all more or less *habitués* of the place. They are no loungers, no dandies, and if they occupy a great deal of time over their dinner and its concluding coffee, it is because Frenchmen are accustomed so to do, and make pleasure a business as far as their meals are concerned.

And here I should say a word as to the character and quality of the meals supplied. The cooking is French, with a little deviation towards Italian, and is as a rule good, though far more plain than in more pretentious places. Soups are at least cheap. Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Jullienne, or Lentils, may be had for threepence a plate. Fish will cost from sixpence to eightpence: such a *plât* as a beefsteak *aux pommes* or *aux champignons* about the latter price, which will also obtain for you *côtelettes à la Jardinière*—the plurality of cutlets, however, being obtained by sawing one chop into two, flatwise, and so making an abundant dish to the eye. A portion of fowl is supplied at about the same figure. For such a thing as an omelette they

would not venture to charge more than sixpence, for fear of a revolution. Upon terms of this kind you can have any viands in season with such variations as can be afforded by *sauce piquant*, *sauce Bechamel*, *oseilles*, *champignons*, and so forth. If you want such things as *Supreme de Volaille* or *poulet à la Marengo*, you must give special orders or go elsewhere.

There are not many among the men who are recent arrivals; and under whatever circumstances they have been brought to this country, they are generally pursuing some occupation here, however small in its returns. I suspect that more than a few have had to do with past politics (though politics among refugees are made to cover a large number of pecuniary defalcations); and they all take a deep interest in the present situation, as is evident from the animated manner in which they discuss it. They do not sit late, however. By nine o'clock the room is considerably thinned, and by ten it is well-nigh deserted. A few betake themselves, if I mistake not, to cheap places of amusement not far off, others go to meet a wider circle of friends in large cafés also close at hand. One of these houses of entertainment will serve as a type of the rest, and there let us follow them.

The house to which I refer includes very extensive premises at the top of Great Windmill Street. The building—or rather that part of the building from which the present establishment has been extended—was formerly an anatomical school, originated by the great surgeon, John Hunter, and it is there that the body of Jeremy Bentham was for a long time preserved. There was a prejudice against the place which left it on the hands of the landlord for some years. It was occupied for a time by some French Sisters of Charity; but even these pious ladies do not seem to have been proof against local influences; and after their departure the former dissecting room was obtained by the present proprietor for a very small sum; the speculation, even with this advantage, being

considered a forlorn hope. But the new adventurer—an Italian who had already learned the secret of making something out of nothing in the same kind of enterprise—set manfully to work, and not only made the original premises profitable as a café, but was able to turn a considerable addition of space to equally lucrative account. The result is a very thriving business in one of the largest establishments in London; accommodating, I scarcely dare say how many billiard tables, above and below, and including, on a smaller scale, a restaurant of a very popular kind.

Here I think the people are more continental than even in the restaurant we have left. They are more accidental in the way of costume, and more animated in the way of talk. Some of them are too plainly poor; but, in accordance with French habits of equality, which will survive any number of Royal restorations in France, everybody is at his ease, and compels others to respect him by respecting himself. The accommodation, which is, as I have indicated, on a very large scale, is comfortable, with an approach to luxury; and the aspect of the place is cheerful and animated in the extreme. Very different is this well-lighted and even well-ventilated hall from the probable homes of its frequenters, who, we may be sure, are glad to procure its shelter and companionship at small cost. And the cost is very small compared with the prices charged at English taverns—about one half as a rule—and for this you may have choice of a variety of refreshments which are out of the ken of ordinary Englishmen. Coffee and *petits verres* form perhaps the staple consummations, varied by beer, foreign and native, liqueurs, and the weak sugary compounds which the French facetiously call 'grogs.' There is a great deal of talk going on, and the French are half frantic about the war; but they are little inspired with what they drink, and their potations generally are of a most moderate character. There is no need, in fact, that the arrangement should

be otherwise; for a Frenchman is usually, as regards animal spirits, about half a dozen 'drinks' in advance of an Englishman before he begins his course of conviviality.

I have mentioned that the wine at the Soho restaurants is almost as cheap as in France. I should add that at these establishments, as well as at the cafés, cigars are supplied wonderfully cheap. They are not quite the cigars that Englishmen approve, though Englishmen smoke them in Paris contentedly enough. But even these are not generally smoked in Soho. Twopence, for instance, is a very small sum to pay for a cigar in London; but a four sous cigar in France is treated with respect, and among the mass of consumers is looked upon in the light of an indulgence. As a rule pipes have the preference in Soho, and the smokers provide themselves from their own pockets, or it may be pet 'clays' on racks, at the places where they regularly resort.

There are many establishments in Soho which are not exactly hotels, but rather lodging-houses where there is a table d'hôte, not only in name but reality, for it is presided over by the master or mistress of the house. These are used by the residents, but are open besides to all comers; and many, as is customary in Paris at similar *pensions*, take dinner-tickets for a month in advance, gaining thereby a reduction in price. The price for a single dinner ranges from one to two shillings, and sometimes includes half a bottle of wine. The feast is apt to be plain enough, but it is French in form and order, and comprises the usual courses expected on the Continent, however homely the repast. It would be better if this form and order were less adhered to and the *menû* made more limited; but the customers I suppose prefer the arrangement as it stands. The customers, by-the-way, present a curious subject for study. It seems difficult to assign to them their several pursuits and degrees in life. Balzac, however, has described many of them. You may

see the Père Goriot and Vautrin any day in Soho.

The quarter, as I have said, is more than ever crowded just now, and the national spirit of the French fiercely in the ascendant. The Germans have their resorts, where the Prussian sentiment more or less prevails; but the Germans are far fewer in number and not nearly so noisy as their neighbours—except, indeed, when they sing and let you know how great a bore a Vaterland may become when they land it at the top of their voices and from the bottom of their hearts. There is very little demonstration of the kind among the French: if a Frenchman's nationality takes a musical form in these days you may depend upon it that he has been drowning his sorrows in the bowl.

But the spirit remains the same; and an Englishman in Soho, though in no danger of being arrested as a Prussian spy, is not quite safe from sarcasms. The 'working man' will escape, being regarded as a sympathizer; but an Englishman who looks like a gentleman is very apt to have a *rencontre* such as occurred to one of our countrymen a few days ago. He was passing through a street in Soho, when he was greeted with the remark, from a Frenchman who was smoking his pipe outside a shop-door, 'Vous n'avez pas de pluck!' Not immediately understanding the meaning of the proposition, through the Gallic pronunciation of the last word, he turned and asked for an explanation. The taunt was then repeated, in a general way—'Les Anglais n'ont pas de pluck.' The speaker then went on, in a very good-humoured, if sarcastic manner, to remind my friend that the English and the French were old comrades in the Crimea, adding that the English owed a great deal to the French at Inkermann and before Sebastopol, and that they were now basely abandoning their former allies, &c. Then he repeated, with renewed emphasis, 'Vous n'avez pas de pluck.'

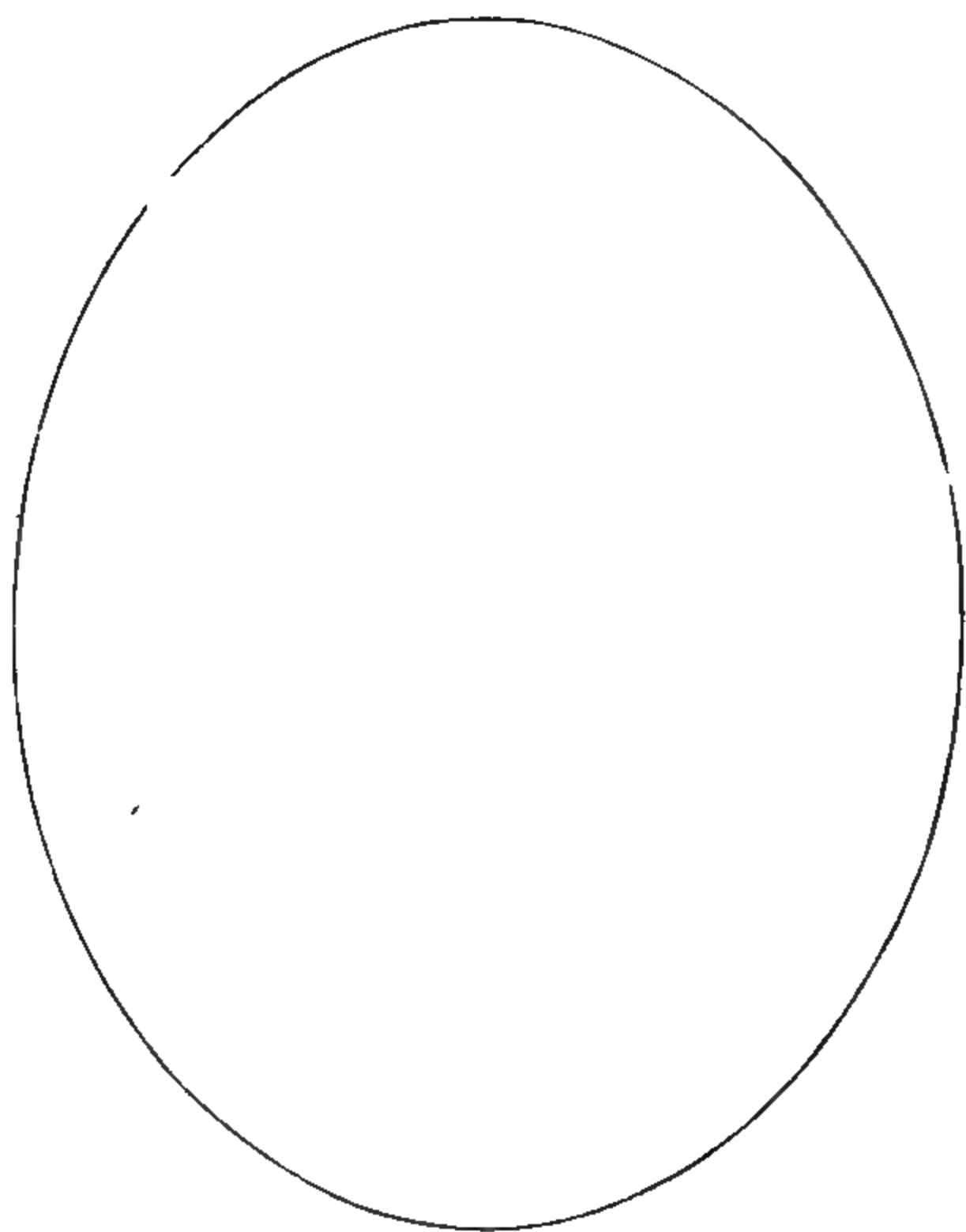
My friend was content to laugh off this little ebullition of feeling,

assuring the Frenchman that the heart of the nation was with his gallant compatriots in their struggle with the invader. A phrase or two of this kind, with some flattering assurances of ultimate success, melted the Frenchman at once, and he seemed rather sorry than otherwise for having been so insulting.

Hundreds of Frenchmen think the same as this frank speaker; and they have become more national than ever since the proclamation of the Republic. One of the latest outward indications is the opening of a restaurant with the sign of 'A l'Union des Peuples.'

There is indeed a union of very peculiar peoples in the quarter, where the foreign settlement is daily increasing in solidarity. It includes a large proportion of worthy, hard-working, struggling men and women; and many of them, among the new arrivals, are fitting objects for that substantial sympathy which it is satisfactory to see is being manifested in more than one quarter. There are some less respectable elements of society, in Soho as elsewhere, but they do not force themselves upon observation, and are apart from my present purpose to discuss.

S. L. B.



COMTE DE PARIS.

SKETCHES OF THE WAR.

NO. III.—THE ORLEANIST PARTY.

IF we endeavour to look beyond that dark curtain of gloom which shrouds the immediate future of France, and image to ourselves its resettlement, its reconstruction, the conviction, forces itself upon the mind that the Orleanist party, which numbers so many great names in its following, is yet destined to play a great and salutary part in the amelioration and regeneration of France. Imperialism has had its day, and it has failed. The youngest dynasty in Europe has had its chance, and has thrown the chance away. The country at last seems thoroughly disenchanted of that name and tradition which once belonged to the Bonapartists. The disillusionating process had been going on for years. As the historical facts relating to the First Napoleon became more and more sifted and established, the more thoroughly even Frenchmen came to appreciate the essentially vulgar and selfish tyrannical nature of the idol which it had worshipped with such ill-rewarded devotion. Only an adherence to the programme of Peace could have preserved the Empire. It was abandoned for the war idea of Napoleonism, and so the Empire fell, crushed by foreign arms, by the execration of the capital and great cities, by the moral sense of mankind. And what will be the next chapter in the history of France, and the next, and the next? Must she still suffer,

‘ And rush with most unscrupulous logic on
Impossible practice. . . .

Noble France !

The poet of the nations, who dreams on

And wails on (while the household goes to
wreck)

For ever after some ideal good.’ *

Republicanism has never been more than a provisional state in France. The French love a Republic; but they do not love Republicans. Throughout the world the name and fame of republicanism have, of recent years, been greatly

* ‘ Mrs. Browning’s ‘ Aurora Leigh.’

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shaken and discredited. The civil war in America proved that it was no safety against the direst anarchy. Prim has himself demonstrated that it is an absolute failure in Spain; and the successful candidature of the Duc d’Aosta is a heavy blow against republicanism throughout Europe. Republicanism may suit the volatile and daring spirits of the capital, but it is unsuited to the peasants, to commerce, to the more solid and thoughtful portion of the community. While France was republican, and while it had a President, there was every assurance that it would ultimately become imperial or royal. The Empire was established, and the hopes, whether of Legitimists or Orleanists, fell low indeed. France accepted the Empire, and made no sign towards either branch of the Bourbon family. Their hopes must have been utterly forfeited. Now France once more is fused in the fiercest flames of war and revolution. That is a poor, dishonoured crown that she can offer to any prince. It might seem that the crown of France might indeed have little to offer or promise to such as already enjoy largely wealth, rank, and ease. There may yet be a glorious future for France, especially if her destinies are swayed by those who can best sympathise with her glory and her grief.

We confess that we entirely eliminate the Legitimist claims from any possible programme of the future. The Count de Chambord will never be anything else than a titular Henri Quint. He is childless, and his claim merges in the younger line. The reproach against the elder Bourbon line that it has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, has never been wiped away by great convincing deeds to the contrary. The Duchess de Berri did all the harm that could be done to an irretrievably fallen cause. We remember being at Lucerne some eight years

ago when a great demonstration was made on behalf of the titular king. The pretty country lanes witnessed an unwonted number of gay equipages, and many were the carriages and horsemen that passed through the defiles of the Alpine passes. The Count stayed at his hotel, received those who came to do him honour, and published a kind of manifesto in the newspapers. It was the utter unreality of the whole thing which chiefly struck us. The Count might do well at Frohsdorff, do well at his mother's Venetian palazzo, but he is not a man in whose favour the French would be expected to reverse the whole tenor of the history of this century. The Orleanist branch appears to us to have a distinctly better chance under two sets of circumstances. Their claim does not rest on the *ancien régime*. It was based on a popular vote, and may be restored by a popular vote. It would thus be a compromise between the Legitimist side and the democratic side. In the next place, the personal character of the Comte de Paris, so far as it is open to the observation of a contemporary writer, appears to give the assurance of a knowledge, greatness of mind, and experience which singularly well qualify him for the regal or imperial office which shall give both his family and his nation a new lease of greatness and power.

It may be said that the title of the Count of Paris is perhaps the most illustrious title in Europe. It points to the very origin of the French nation. The county of Paris was the nucleus of France. When Robert the Strong obtained a grant of the city and county of Paris as a march against the Northmen from a German king who became a Roman emperor, he laid the foundation of modern France. The great siege of Paris by the Northmen made the city and its Count famous, and assured Paris of its future grandeur. May the present siege in some unknown way be overruled to some results of glory and of good! It would be correct to say that for ages primal France was to what we now call

France what primal Prussia was to Germany. The reader will see all this set forth in M. Mourin's work '*Les Comtes de Paris*,' on which able papers have appeared in the '*Saturday Review*,' we suspect by Mr. E. A. Freeman or Mr. Green. The reviewer says: 'The royal family of France is one of the few families in the world whose pedigree is a real thing. It is something to be able to trace one's descent through an unbroken line of kings, dukes, and counts for a thousand years. The line of Bourbon is not a line patched up through grandmothers and tricked out with pilfered surnames. The genuine blood of the first Count of Paris flows in the veins of him who, after so many ages, again bears his title.'

It is happy for the fortunes of the Orleans family, whatever they may prove to be, that they are free from any complicity with the military disasters of France. Louis Napoleon endeavoured to make a repetition of the barricades an impossibility. As New Paris was developed the cannon of his soldiery might at any time sweep the streets and boulevards. It had never entered the wildest imagination that the army might be destroyed or imprisoned. With its ruin we may trust that the old vain dream of glory may depart, and the humble idea of duty be evoked in its place. It will then be remembered, to the honour of the Orleanists, that, so far as lay in their power, they protested against the corruption that degraded and ruined the French army. When the editor of the '*Edinburgh Review*,' himself a civilian, but with a rare knowledge of the art of war, wrote some years ago a well-known article on the Military Institutions of France, he selected the writings of three eminent Orleanists for review. The first of these was a work by the Duc d'Aumale himself. The second was General Changarnier's pamphlet on Military Organization. The third was General Trochu's famous pamphlet, on which we had occasion to speak in our last.

The Duc d'Aumale has in

various directions proved himself to be a thoughtful, vigorous, and masterly writer. His works reflect the culture, the good sense, and the good feeling of his family. In one direction it is fortunate for the Orleanists that they are not directly represented by the Duc d'Aumale, who, upon the whole, seems better fitted for the library than for the throne. His great work is a History of the House of Condé, in which, as might be expected, the great Condé is admirably portrayed. Most Londoners know his noble mansion at Twickenham, almost opposite the forlorn, deserted terraces of Ham House, on the other side of the river. His charities and kindnesses have made him a universal favourite in the neighbourhood. We believe it is his wise rule that he never permits politics to be talked at his table. His writings, beyond their great intrinsic merits, have a large measure of importance, as probably conveying on important political subjects the deliberate opinions of the Orleanists. We are not certain, however, that in the region of practical politics he is equally happy as when he takes the pen in hand to elucidate his researches and ideas. After the revolution of February a letter of his, to M. Guizot, was discovered, congratulating the latter on the firmness he had shown in the prohibition of the banquet. This endorsement of the greatest political blunder of that time is not a happy one. Still the duke is a distinguished military officer, which is, indeed, evidenced by his writings. It is sometimes said in France that the people will rise in 1870 as they did in 1794. But let the duke describe what the men of '94 were, and we can judge of the contrast. His description might at the present moment suit the Prussians, but it would not suit the French. This was the army of the Rhine and Moselle—once upon a time.

'But that which was beyond all praise was the noble and manly bearing of the victorious army. Carnot, by his example, and by the spirit which dictated his measures,

had infused these civic and military virtues into all its ranks. To borrow the phraseology of the time, which spoiled so many of its triumphs, but which was not always false, he had placed courage, self-sacrifice, and disinterestedness on the order of the day. . . . The discipline of the army had ceased to be galling and vexing; but it was firm and even severe in the unfrequent cases in which repression was necessary. Even the German inhabitants on the banks of the Rhine were struck with surprise and admiration at the demeanour of these Republicans. They saw these dreaded soldiers enter their towns in ragged clothes, often in wooden shoes, but with a martial air: they halted in the market-places amidst a terror-stricken population, ate their own black bread beside their piled arms, and awaited in their ranks the orders of their officers. . . . The officers shared the penury and the destitution of the men. All led the same frugal life—all were bound to the same lot.'

The Duc d'Aumale has a hint that may do for ourselves, and the Orleanist Changarnier one that may do for the Prussians. The duke says: 'It is of the essence of special volunteer corps, not to renew their strength, although the mere existence of these corps seriously interferes with and may arrest enlistment for the line.' This is a serious matter to be pondered by the War Office in any rearrangement of our national defences. Changarnier says: '*Beyond a certain number, there is no good army, and no army whose supplies can be secured, and whose movements can be well directed.*' If the siege of Paris cannot be sustained beyond a certain date, neither can a nation in arms be sustained beyond a certain date. The whole question depends, which of the two dates may fail earliest. The Orleanist princes have been desirous of using their swords on behalf of France; but it is perhaps happy for them that their names have not been linked with a falling cause and defeated army.

We cannot say that the Orleanist

name has hitherto earned very much gratitude from France, beyond the broad fact that for eighteen years Louis Philippe gave France peace, prosperity, and parliamentary government. Three great offshoots of the royal family of France have in consecutive ages borne the title of Orleans. The first duke was the means of deluging the kingdom with blood through the rival factions of Burgundians and Armagnacs. The title determined when the third duke became Louis the Twelfth. The second house arose in the infamous Gaston, the younger son of Henry the Fourth. During the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, he was lieutenant-general of the kingdom; but he was worsted in his feud with Mazarin, and died in exile at Blois. The third house of Orleans was founded, upon the death of Gaston, in the person of his nephew Philip, the second son of Louis the Thirteenth. He was something both of a scholar and a soldier; but the fate of his wife Henrietta, the sister of Charles the Second, has always been one of the most awful and perplexing problems of history. His son was the infamous Regent Orleans, who excelled in villainy his tutor Dubois: his regency, the most infamous epoch in French times, laid the foundation of the Revolution. To him succeeded two good princes. The first, rescued from evil ways, retired to the Abbey of St. Geneviève, and dedicated his life to science, religion, and charity. The second fought at Dettingen against the last English king who ever took the field in person. His son was the infamous Egalité of the Revolution, who encouraged the Jacobins, voted for the death of Louis the Sixteenth, and himself deservedly perished on the scaffold. He left two children, a son—the ex-king Louis Philippe—and a daughter, that son's constant companion, Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

In the revolution of July, that son, the Duke of Orleans, to use an expression of Lord Palmerston's on the matter, 'stepped over the way' from the Palais Royal to the Tuileries, and became the Citizen King.

Louis Philippe was called the Ulysses of sovereigns. If Ulysses, instead of starting once more voluntarily upon his travels, according to Mr. Tennyson's pretty legend, had been driven from Ithaca by a political party of the friends of the suitors, the parallel would be more complete. He had been once a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland, and was an *émigré* to the United States. It is said that he proposed marriage to a young American lady: his sister was privately married to an officer of artillery. To Louis Philippe our own country owes a deep debt of gratitude, for once and again he refused to enter upon a war with England when French public sentiment would have supported him. It was in the same spirit that in a supreme moment of his fate he preferred to abdicate rather than to give orders to fire upon the people.

It was an immense misfortune to the Orleans family when Madame Adelaide d'Orleans died. She probably exercised a greater influence over her brother Louis Philippe than the Empress Eugenie over Louis Napoleon, even if we accredit the Empress with instigating the last war. Women have always borne a ruling part in French politics, none more so than Madame Adelaide. She was always the sagacious adviser of her brother; with her departure his sagacity seemed to cease and determine. For forty years she was his intimate associate and his right hand. Madame Adelaide was the possessor of an enormous fortune—more than a hundred million of francs—the great bulk of which she left to the younger sons of Louis Philippe. The Duc d'Aumale, having the Condé property, had only some souvenirs; the young Duc de Chartres had a moderate legacy. Madame stated in her will that she left nothing to the Comte de Paris, because he would succeed to the throne, and would therefore require no additional fortune. In a few months after her death the poor child was an exile, affording a striking parallel to the Prince Imperial. The King of the Barricades lost the throne

very much by the same causes through which he had attained to it.

His son, the Duke of Orleans, appears to have been by far the finest natural character of the princes who have borne his name. He was married to a princess who possessed one of the most beautiful and exalted characters that ever adorned human nature. The duke possessed the great advantage of being popular with the French. His children, the present royal princes of France, are, we need hardly say, in part German. History abundantly shows how soon these distinctions of family are lost sight of. Their mother was the daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Their grandfather, the friend of Goethe and Schiller, was the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, that quiet principality which has such an honourable place in the literary history of Germany. The Princess, Helen Louisa Elizabeth, Lutheran and German, was, in her twenty-third year, married to the Duke of Orleans, the Prince Royal of France, at Fontainebleau, in the splendid gallery of Henry the Second. Five years later, on the anniversary of her marriage, her husband was thrown out of his carriage at Neuilly and killed. This was an overwhelming blow to the duchess. It was one of the greatest sorrows that overclouded the later years of Louis Philippe, and was not without a political effect as threatening a long regency. As you used to pass through the Porte Maillot, on the way to Courbevoie, on the right-hand side, you came to the mortuary chapel of St. Ferdinand, to the memory of the poor duke, on the very spot where he was killed. I wonder whether it be standing now? There holy people watched and prayed in his unhappy memory. It was in my time a very touching place to visit. If I recollect aright, there was a truly touching picture in the chapel, setting forth with minute fidelity the particulars of the accident.

That tremendous Thursday of February, '48, will never be forgotten. There was then a scene

in the Chamber of Deputies, denounced at the time by some as affected and sensational, but of which we can now see the true heroism and the real grandeur. The Duchess of Orleans, with her sons, the two princes, entered the chamber. She seated herself in an arm-chair, with a son on each side, in front of the president's chair. M. Dupin ascended the tribune, and announced that the king had abdicated in favour of his son, the Comte de Paris, and had constituted the Duchess of Orleans regent. Then was a voice heard calling out the true words, 'Too late.' Then arose an agitation impossible to be described, during which the National Guards mingled without ceremony with the deputies. While some sort of debate was going on, a crowd broke into the chamber; some were in blouses, wearing dragoons' helmets, some with cross-belts and infantry caps, some dressed in ordinary clothes, some with tricoloured banners, all armed—swords, lances, spears, muskets. Amid all this uproar the duchess sat calmly. While M. Ledru Rollin was speaking, a violent knocking was heard at the door of an upper tribune, and a number of armed men rushed in, some of them pointing their muskets at the deputies, and some at the royal party. A shot was heard, but it was directed against the painting of 'Louis Philippe swearing to the Charter.' A workman mounted the tribune, sabre in hand, and exhorted his brethren to act quietly. In the meanwhile the duchess, with her children, had been persuaded to leave the chamber. In the crush and confusion she had been momentarily separated from her children; but with them she found her way to a carriage, accompanied, it is interesting to know, by M. Crémieux, among other deputies. In the meantime the gardens of the Tuileries were filled with the *débris* of the gutted château, and its cellars were filled with drunken rioters. In the court of the Palais Royal the king's first throne was burned with thunders of applause. Some fine examples of that Gallic mendacity

which has culminated in the present war, were at this time exhibited by the Paris papers. It was stated that Belgium had declared itself a republic; that London was in flames, and Queen Victoria a fugitive; and that the Russian and Austrian ambassadors at Paris had demanded their passports. Several persons who were present in the Chamber during that fearful scene, said that the image of the gentle, serene face of the duchess, as she looked steadily upon the murderous weapons pointed at her, and at the more horrible countenances of the furious men who were clamouring for her destruction, would never leave them. One of these afterwards said: 'I covered my face with my hands—I could look no longer—and she moved not a muscle.' A gentleman who was, years afterwards, visiting her at Thames Ditton, was asked by the Comte de Paris, who is fond of rowing, whether he should take him across the Thames, and the duchess was asked to accompany them. As she stepped into the boat it swayed a little on one side. The duchess gave a little cry, and said with her gentle laugh, 'You'll think me a sad coward, Mr. —; pray give me your hand.' Yet wonders are told of her heroism that momentous day in the Chamber. She refused to leave it at first, saying, 'If I leave this assembly, my son will never enter it again.' She took refuge at the Invalides, but M. Odillon Barrot sent her word that an armed mob was approaching. 'Is there any one here who advises me to remain?' she said. 'As long as there is a person, a single person, who thinks it right for me to remain, I shall remain. My son's life is more precious to me than his crown; but if France demands his life, a king, even a king nine years old, must know how to die.'

It is from a memoir of the duchess, translated by one who knew her well, that we see so much of her character, and much respecting her sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. We see her in the happiness of her married life, at Paris, at Neuilly, at Chantilly.

How changed did Chantilly become after the place knew her no more! I have passed many hours in the moated palace, wandered for hours, for days, through those deserted groves and gardens, almost a desert, paced the deserted rooms of the exquisite *maisonnette* near the château, and the more distant château of Queen Blanche. The property is supposed still to belong to the Orleans family, though nominally it is in the hands of the Coutts firm, who paid, I believe, an enormous *droit d'aubaine* on it. The vast domain was managed by an English steward, and I remember an old peer of France telling me that he would rather be that steward than a minister of state. The disastrous 'two Uhlans' have been upon it now, I fear, and the little English racing colony are dispersed.' In her married life the duchess revived the splendour which had belonged to Chantilly in the Condé days. She speaks of her joy at the baptism of her eldest son: 'Nothing more touching, more pure, than my little angel when presented at the altar; nothing more profoundly moved than his poor mother's heart at that moment . . . You may imagine that I do not let a beautiful sunset or a bright moonlight escape me without pointing it out to my child, or without speaking to him of the Being who made these wonders.' After this we have the language of her widowhood. 'To me everything is covered with a veil of melancholy, except the joyous existence of my children. To-day being Paris's fête day, I invited all the poor children of Eu and Treport, which delighted the little fellow . . . I went lately with the queen to visit M. Scheffer: his St. Augustine really edified us. I was much affected by it, especially when I felt the pressure of Paris's little hand in mine.' Then in her exile she speaks of her son's first communion. 'The king said that this was one of the fairest days of his life. Even strangers were struck by the appearance of this child, so pure, so pious, so grave, and so simple.' The same fond mother has sketched him in his twentieth year. 'I feel inexpressible happiness in

seeing my sons' characters unfold themselves agreeably to my fondest wishes; in seeing them acquire strength in all that is good; in seeing their young hearts expand with an almost fraternal—I might say paternal—tenderness for me; watching over their mother as if she were confided to their care. My eldest son is at an age which seems to me the most charming in the life of man; he has all the candour of childhood, the unsullied integrity of principles that have never been exposed to the friction or taint of the world and the freshness of early impressions; and to these he joins a growing firmness of character, a thoughtfulness which compensates for defective experience, and a constant desire to improve . . . I shall always be very exacting in what I require of them, and shall always teach them to have very high aims.'

The duchess at first escaped into Belgium with her children. To them she has always been the tenderest and most devoted of mothers, living entirely for them. After the revolution of '48 she passed most of her time in Germany, spending a good deal of time among the members of the French royal family in this country, and sojourning in Devonshire and in the neighbourhood of London. The last year of her life she spent at Richmond, where she died, and was buried in the mausoleum of Miss Taylor's chapel at Weybridge. This was in the May of 1858. Since then her sons have in an indirect kind of way been very much occupied. The Comte de Paris has also written a little work on the subject of trades unions. Important as this subject is in England, the questions it embraces are perhaps still more important in France. The *ouvrier's* class have always desired the *Atelier National*, and 'the blood-red fray of the Seine' has been often due to their mistaken notions. The experience of the count promises to equal that of his grandfather. He has qualified himself for the highest position that may befall him, and happy will it be for France if the wheel of revolution has completed

its circuit, and his knowledge and wisdom may be dedicated to the healing of her countless bleeding wounds.

During that brief period in which France enjoyed a constitutional government there stood forth two great men, both of whom were premiers of the Orleanist king, both of whom had made history and written history, both of whom witnessed the eighteen years of the Empire as they witnessed the eighteen years of the Citizen King, and both of whom are anxious spectators of this latest phase of French history. We may venture to speak of M. Guizot as the very prince of philosophical historians. As we think of that severe, simple style which corresponded so strikingly with the severe, simple life, the thoughtful religious character, the enormous industry and learning, it is with astonishment that we turn aside to contemplate the unyielding minister, the impassioned parliamentary orator. It was as if the same person united the calmness and erudition of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis with the fire and force of the late Lord Derby. The erudition, however, was wider and more massive than that of Lewis, the parliamentary oratory more striking than Lord Derby's. For M. Guizot stood in an almost awful solitude, as a rock against the billows that swept against him; the glance, the accent of scorn for his opponent, and at the close of the tempestuous debate he would rise to the highest altitudes of eloquence France had ever known. M. Thiers, in his history, is as pictorial as M. Guizot is philosophical; he is like Froissart, and Guizot like Hallam. That purity and loftiness which all dreaded and admired in Guizot were not equally evident in his great rival. M. Thiers has taken a lower platform, and has appealed to lower instincts and a lower order of ideas. He has appealed to the imagination, to the emotions of France, to the national vanity, and not to the national conscience. It is remarkable that both of these great men have shown themselves imbued with the

deepest defects of the national character. There is no doubt but M. Guizot contrived the Spanish marriages with an unconscientiousness unworthy of a high-minded statesman; and this step, which he claimed as the most considerable matter for many years, achieved for France, in no remote causation was a step towards the fall of Louis Philippe. We have no doubt but the veteran ex-minister as warmly condemned a Prussian alliance with Spain as he vigorously pushed a French alliance with Spain. No Frenchman can understand that infallible doctrine that with what measure a man metes the same shall be measured to him again. Foreign soil may be invaded, but the soil of France must be sacred. Foreign territory must be ceded, but not an inch of French territory must be dismembered from France. Even the enlightenment of M. Guizot has not lifted him beyond this point. M. Thiers has done infinitely more to corrupt France. His eloquent writings are defiled by mendacity. They have done more than any other writings to minister to the diseased love of glory which as a demon possesses the French mind. Colonel Chesney concludes his well-known 'Lectures on Waterloo' by a calm, authoritative denial of that romance which M. Thiers has substituted for the true story of the great battle. It has been said for half a century that the French have yet to avenge Waterloo. We have always believed that the dread account between the nations was definitely settled, and France may now forget Waterloo in a long series of equally disastrous fields.

These illustrious men carry us back beyond the corrupt abyss of what may be called the Lower Empire, to the days when France possessed, in spite of bribery, in spite of the rule of mere majorities, in spite of organic defects, what has nevertheless been the nearest approach to a constitution. What France has long been anxiously searching for in vain is a constitution. Only under Orleanist rule has a constitution been

obtained; only under Orleanist rule is it likely that a constitution will be revived. Imperialism or personal rule, republicanism or the rule of a mob, seem equally fatal to the integrity of national life. The greatest mistake in the political history of France was when Henry the Great repudiated his creed for a crown. He reigned over France, and seven of his line, not one of them without circumstances of horror in their life and death: then came the volcano of the Revolution, and that wilderness through which France has wandered for twice forty years. Her pressing need now is for a constitution on that model, modified by her conditions, of which our own country has the happiness to give the world its finest example. The Emperor again and again promised a constitution to France; had that promise been fairly carried out the fate of his dynasty and of his line might have been different. France must seek elsewhere the fulfilment of such promises, and in quarters where she is most likely to attain such. There is often a tendency among kings and statesmen to consider themselves absolved from the ordinary rules of morality which govern the ordinary transactions of common people. Contemporary history shows clearly enough that the common rules of honesty which may be written in small print for small people should be written in capitals for rulers; that the cursive character in the one case should be the uncial character in the other. A constitutional government which should permit truth, so long obscured, blurred, and hidden, to come forth into the light of day—that should permit the free discussion and ventilation of all matters affecting individual and public life, is the one sore need of France. The best chance of such a constitutional life lies, we believe, in the return of the Orleanist family, which has given the solitary precedent of parliamentary government, and gives a guarantee of wisdom, patriotism, and patience in the personal character of its members. F. A.

THE KEEPER'S STORY.

I AM the Squire's head keeper. For two hundred years and more, since the Ridstocks of Ridstock in the West Riding sent into Blankshire a younger son to inherit the property of the Blankshire collateral branch, a Falconer has always been head keeper. The Squire does say that when his far-away ancestor, Sir Pembroke Ridstock, was found stark dead after the bloody fight of Flodden Field, up in the north country, his foster-brother, Giles the Falconer, lay dead on the young knight's body, clutching the broken banner-pole. So I tell my son Jack—as fine a young keeper as ever wore green velvet—that Ridstocks and Falconers have been too long together ever to part; and though he does talk wildly sometimes about going off to America to try his rifle on a buffalo, and send me home a grisly bear's skin, I don't think he would really care to go until I am under the turf, and then of course he will be head keeper in my place. Our young Squire has some notion of going off next summer for a hunting trip upon the prairies, and if he does I must persuade him to take Jack with him and bring him back; and then perhaps, after a turn at adventure in that wild country, Jack will be content to settle down, carry the young Squire's second gun, as I do his father's, on shooting days, and keep up the head of feathered game for which the estate is so famous.

There is not better ground in England, out of Norfolk, for partridges; and as he gives me his annual five-pound note, when we have finished up the day at Grimstone Roughts, Lord Blankton himself has many a time said to me, 'Why, Falconer, where do you get all these pheasants from—do you steal them?' In very truth, his lordship's little joke is becoming equally annual with his tip; for as he always gets put into a 'hot corner' or two, he brings down a good many to his own gun, and certainly does see more than anybody else; but I may say, without

self-flattery, that our covers are always really well stocked. I am glad that I have nothing to boast of in the way of 'fur,' though to my mind there is no prettier shooting than a fine lively rabbit bolting and popping in and out of a fern-brake: but the old Squire will not have either rabbits or hares to stain the ground if he or I can help it. I remember when I had been about three years head keeper I had got up an astonishing show of 'fur;' but one of the best tenants took huff at this, gave notice to leave, and nothing the Squire could do would persuade him to remain unless it was keeping down the rabbits and hares on his farm. This the Squire would not do, for he liked the shooting, and, besides, was obstinate and would not stand what looked like dictation. And so the tenant went to Canada; but as soon as he was gone the Squire took it a deal to heart, and swore a strongish oath to me that he would never again run the chance of losing a good tenant for any such vermin; and they were well thinned down all over the estate, and we have kept them so ever since. Now-a-days there is no grumbling; indeed that tenant is a proud man who can boast of having given the Squire his best day, and as every one of them looks upon himself as a voluntary under keeper, we have scarcely any trouble with poachers; but formerly I often used to go home with a broken head after a tussle with the vagabonds, and it is one of my great captures that I am about to relate.

There is not much honour among regular poachers. The rascals are very often ready to split upon one another, though when they are out in a gang they will stick together and make desperate work with the keepers, as everybody knows. But over and over again, 'from information received,' I have been able to out-general and overpower them.

Now that same cover, Grimstone Roughts, has always been a pet cover of the Squire's and mine. It is on

some rising ground not far from the Squire's school, where all we youngsters were so well taught; and from the time I began to go to school I knew every inch of it well. My father could trust me, and used to send me to lay down corn for the pheasants, and tell me to keep my eyes open for vermin and so forth; and many a half holiday have I spent in that wood watching the young pheasants running about, and the squirrels a-nutting. It is a pretty sight to see those little fellows stripping a hazel, and if you don't move you may even sit under the same tree and see them do it. The ground below is soon covered with cracked shells and uncracked nuts, but it is of no use picking up these last, they are all bad. Master Squirrel does not gather nuts for anybody but himself and his family. But I am babbling in my old age: I must get on with my story.

The wood covers about twenty-five acres of ground, on a gentle rise to the top. From the top of the wood stretches out for many miles an extensive moorland and half-cultivated country; at the bottom, and going round nearly two sides of the wood, flows a deep and sluggish stream, and at the opposite lower corner, with just a strip of meadow land between, is an old bridge with Roman foundations, they say, where four roads meet. One of these, on the cover side of the river, goes over the moorland to a big town about fifteen miles off; the other, to the left, to some farms of the Squire's. On the opposite side one road goes past the school and my lodge to the hall and beyond it, and the other to the neighbouring town of W——. The road up the moorland had formerly gone right through the cover, but the Squire had managed to get it diverted alongside to the left, and the old road, through the strip of meadow, is now merely a drive, but trespassers occasionally will use it, as the new road is rough and steepish. Now it will be seen that when poachers out of W—— have been in the wood they must make for the bridge to get home, and when I happened to be out alone and heard

any disturbance in the wood, I always used to keep near the bridge to find out who they were if a strong party, and if only one or two for a capture, in case they made for the bridge by the old drive through the meadow; for this being a private road I could legally do so. But the villains generally got out of the wood upon the moorland road, and then, that being a public road, I could not touch them; but still I had the satisfaction of finding out who the plunderers were. The wood had not often been attempted by a strong gang, for by occupying in strength the line of the moorland road we could drive them into a corner by the river, or force them to make a rush down the drive, in which case we were always ready for them, so that the party was commonly a small one.

One night, 'from information received,' Bill Bevan and I had posted ourselves close to the bridge on the look-out for two hulking fellows out of W——, whom we expected to hit upon going to or returning from their nefarious work. At that time I was a stout, strong young fellow, and did not care for any man in the county in a good cause, and Bill Bevan was my favourite watcher. He was bold as a lion, much bigger and stronger than myself, and had helped me to handcuff not a few pheasant-robbers.

We waited till past two o'clock, and saw and heard nothing; indeed, we hardly expected to do so; for the business our friends were to be out upon, was the long net on the upper side of the cover and driving in, which is done with little noise unless it may be an occasional squeak from a hare: and we had watched the bridge carefully from a distance, while it was light, and had not seen them cross it. We therefore at last determined to give up, just take round the upper side of the cover, and then go off to bed. On a sudden we heard voices talking in the wood, and the speakers apparently making for the bridge.

'Why, they have been there, after all,' said Bill; 'how could they have got there?'

'Never mind how they got there,' said I; 'there they are, and, as luck will have it, are coming down the drive. Keep still, and we'll catch 'em here.'

We waited quiet under the shadow of the hedge—the men were still talking, and drawing near. There was not much light, but the stars were bright, and by them, when they came within about ten yards, I could distinguish our two friends, one labouring along with a heavy bag at his back.

'Now then,' said I, in a whisper, 'take the outside one, Bill;' and we each sprang at our man. I got fair hold of the fellow's collar with the bag. He dropped the bag with a curse, and laid hold of my arm. I instantly found I had my work before me, for, though I had a fair hold of him, the fellow was half as big again as myself, and cursed and struggled and wrenched and at last managed to kick my shin with the heel of his hob-nailed boot so viciously that from pain I loosened my hold for a moment. My man broke from me, and seized me by the bare throat with one hand and round the loins with the other. Half-choked, with a desperate effort I got his fingers from my throat, and a second after got a half-hit on the chin which dazed me. We had now struggled close to the river, and my friend, who had been cursing extraordinarily during the fight, said, 'I'll pitch thee into the river.'

'Do if thou can,' said I, getting hold a bit firmer by the collar again, and hitting him a good fair blow between the eyes with my fist. His rage was awful; and after another very violent tussle he got hold of me foul in some out-of-the-way manner that I cannot recollect, and threw me right through a thorn-bush into the river. The smarting from the thorns, that scored my hands and face wofully, and the cold water, and the shame of being beaten so enraged me that I was out of the water almost as soon as I was in, and jumped back to the fray, which from the noise I judged to be serious. During the time I

had been engaged with my man, Bill had tackled the other, and much more successfully: for, just as I was sent neck and crop into the river, he was kneeling on his man's chest and putting on the cuffs. He was in the act of completing this when the fellow freed from me came up, slipped his arm round Bill's neck, and proceeded to garotte him off his handcuffed antagonist. But Bill—an immensely powerful man—though taken thus at disadvantage, was not to be beaten easily, and managed to twist himself upon his back, still keeping the first man below; and when I came upon the scene, dripping out of the river, they were all there in a heap, all arms and legs, and snarling and blaspheming frightfully. In a second or two I saw the state of things, and jumped upon my old friend with both knees in the small of his back and both hands at the back of his collar. I had such a grand hold that I could have throttled a giant, and in a few seconds he ceased to struggle. I then got one foot on the ground, and heaved him by the collar so as to ease Bevan, who soon got out of the mess, took my cuffs out of my pocket, and secured my big one, who was now nearly strangled and gasped for breath. The other fellow lay still upon the ground. I began to be frightened about my work, for my man did not seem like coming to: but Bill got his billycock full of water out of the river, dashed it in his face, and the ruffian was soon all right. I do not think I ever heard any one blaspheme so fearfully as when he found out the handcuffs: but we got him and the other fellow up and collared them safely. As we were making for the bridge I stumbled over the bag, which I had clean forgotten. I sung out to Bill to carry it.

'Carry it be blowed,' said he; 'I'll make this big 'un do that.'

'Hold him a minute.'

He got hold of the bag, and finding, as he expected, a strong cord with a loose end round the top, whipped it in a loop over the big man's neck behind, and marched

him off, carrying unresistingly his own game-bag.

As I was wet through, we agreed to go to my lodge before going to the lock-up at W——. Upon arriving there, I left Bill outside with the two prisoners, struck a light, went up stairs and changed my clothes. When I came down, I called Bill in with his two beauties to have a look at them. To my amazement they were perfect strangers, and looked like and really were navvies on the tramp. Bill stared at me, I at Bill, and there stood our two ugly customers, looking now as though they could not quite make it all out. Had we made a mistake?

What on earth was to be done? Had we half killed one and handcuffed ~~two~~ innocent men? 'Well, if they were innocent, they do not look like it,' was my final thought. The big fellow was a stolid-looking ruffian, who seemed to take things pretty easy; but the other looked just like a fox caught in one of my traps, with a quick, startled eye that seemed to ask what next. I was puzzled what to do, and so I could see was Bill. But there was the bag! Ah, the bag! 'Untie the bag, Bill,' said I, 'and let us see what they have got.' Bill slipped the cord over the big one's neck, put the

bag on the floor, and proceeded to pull out—not hares and rabbits—but new boots and-shoes, to the amount of a couple of dozen or more! I understood it all in a moment. 'Tie them up again, Bevan, and let us be off to the lock-up.' So Bill soon loaded his man again, off we went, and trudged away about three miles to W——. We walked into the lock-up, roused the sergeant of police on duty out of his doze, and as he was an old acquaintance, I took him on one side and told him the whole story. He at once said that he should lock them up on suspicion; and while he was doing this a man came up on horseback to say that a bootmaker's shop at the big town across the moorland had been broken into, the owner nearly murdered, and a lot of boots and shoes carried off.

The two rogues were tried at the assizes, and got fourteen years' transportation. Bill and I kept our own counsel, and as we were not asked anything about mistaking the fellows for poachers, we did not let out that we had taken them into custody by accident; and my Lord Judge, after complimenting us highly for our gallant capture, as he called it, ordered us five pounds apiece out of the county chest.

TIME'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

IN doubtful wakefulness or slumber,
 I muse or dream, or both, sedately;
 A weird procession small yet stately—
 Time's fateful daughters, three in number—
 Before me passes, wondering greatly.

Three forms diverse, three spirits various—
 The passionate Past to paleness faded;
 The Present thoughtful, pressed and jaded;
 The virgin Future, yet hilarious
 With joy that grief hath not invaded.

These three divide me—say, Apollo,
 Thou prophet of the lips unlying,
 Thou oracle of fates undying,
 Tell me which I may trust or follow;
 Tell me in sooth, nor spare my sighing.

Say that the past hath been flagitious,
 May I not brave the present sadness?
 May I not trust in coming gladness?
 Shall not the future be propitious?
 Say, shall it bring me stay or madness?

Now, out upon thee, god of Delphi!
 'Tis perhaps a little past thy season,
 For thou hast lost both rhyme and reason,
 I choose to answer for myself, I
 Will not trust thy two-voiced treason.

I know the hollow past, the olden
 Rare visions bright and transitory;
 The mirage of the name in story;
 Storm-clouds that from afar were golden;
 The crown of thorns that seemed of glory.

Now face to face I meet the present,
 Not as a Stoic proud and careless;
 But like a hero calm and tearless,
 Who calls no evil sweet or pleasant,
 Yet bears it ever stout and fearless.

There is no pain that hath not pleasure;
 Strength rises from the lap of weakness;
 Poisons oft further health and sleekness;
 Want hath best eyes for hidden treasure;
 And fortune serves to power and meekness.

Blest are the cares that stir to labour;
 And blest the knowledge that we borrow
 From slumbers broke by dreams and sorrow;
 The wail shall summon life and labor,
 The dark to-day, the cloudless morrow.

Shade of the Past time, false and trembling,
 Back to the tomb of ages vernal;
 Grave Present, keep thy march diurnal;
 Give me the Future undissembling,
 Who proffers love and youth eternal.

THE CAPITULATION OF BAYLEN.

'SPAIN was the ruin of Napoleon:' there is no doubt of it. Russia he might have recovered, but for years the Spanish war was a continual drain, and the defeats of so many successive marshals were so many fatal blows to his prestige. The whole Spanish matter, too, was such a disappointment. The Emperor had gone clean mad about what was to come of the trick (too clever by half) by which he got both Ferdinand and his father into his power. To D  cr  s and to Murat he is never tired of expatiating on the new life which Spanish colonies, Spanish fleets, Spanish contingents, will give to his movements. To the former he writes half a dozen letters in one day, showing how, before September, 1808, he means to have thirty-five new ships built in Spanish ports, thus raising the total of his fleet to 131. He calculates to a fraction how many piastres he may reckon on from Mexico; he says he means to send the Spanish regiments off 'to share in the glories of the Romagna corps,' that unhappy body of Italians which was dying of cold and weariness on the Baltic coast, and which at last broke away, and, thanks to British help, got into Spain itself, and shared, in a very different way from what Napoleon meant, the glories of the patriot army. Read, in the Napoleon correspondence, the letters to D  cr  s, Murat, &c., in May, 1808, and you will see how marvellously the Emperor's imagination had got the better of his reason. With his 'Mexican pistoles' and his newly-built Spanish ships he'll do wonders: he is not quite certain whether it shall be Egypt first or India direct; or whether he shall pause by the way to annex Algiers and to avenge in Sicily the check received by Ganteaume. Anyhow, now, at last, England will be his.

At the very time that he is talking in this mad way, proving the strange psychological fact that his imagination, always strong, had grown stronger as he grew

older, and that whereas, while duly controlled by his reason, it had stood him in good service, it now, at that time of life when with most men it sinks into the background, had become absolutely uncontrollable, the Spanish ports, where his ships were to be built, had all revolted independently of one another, and the poor remnants of his Trafalgar fleet, lying in Cadiz harbour, were threatened with bombardment by the Junta.

'Independently of one another,' that is at once the key to the success of the Spanish insurrection, and its distinctive peculiarity. The war there was as different as possible from a Prussian or an Austrian war, and Napoleon's grand mistake was that he looked on them as manageable on the same principles. Sitting at Bayonne and thence directing the movements of his troops, he proved himself as much the creature of red tape as the Directory and the Committees at which he used to laugh so loudly in his earlier days. 'Madrid is everything; take care of Madrid. A blow there will give us all look-jaw. Cuesta must be beaten, for Cuesta is their commander-in-chief, and if he is well beaten all their other armies will melt away.' So reasoned the Emperor, who had seen all Prussia at his feet after one Jena, who had more than once found that a single grand victory opened the road to Vienna, and that to hold Vienna meant to be master of Austria. Spain was quite different; she was, if you please, 'still in the semi-barbarism of medi  val decentralisation.' Anyhow, her want of centralisation stood her in good stead. Every village rose of itself; we may almost say that every noble, priest, peasant, and townsman declared war on Napoleon on his own account, without in the least reflecting whether he was likely to be supported by any one in the next province. In France Paris was everything, and in Paris nobody stirred without the leaders of public opinion. It was they who ma-

naged the French Revolution, it was they who were answerable for its excesses; but in Spain every one went his own road without waiting for leaders of opinion. All roads led to the same point, and that was national freedom. Napoleon tried, as he had tried in Lombardy during the outbreak which followed those insolent exactions with which, as usual, he sullied his early victories, to pooh-pooh the rising as 'a thing got up by the monks;' but the farce on the face of this was that, as long as there was the smallest hope of winning them over, he and Joseph both truckled to the priestly party. None of his disagreements with the pope were as yet known in Spain; and one of the most prominent in the deputation which offered the crown to Joseph at Bayonne was one of the holy office, Don Raimundo Ethenard y Sabinas. It was not a priestly nor an aristocratic nor yet a democratic rising; it was a rising of the whole people. Side by side with regiments of St. Joseph and the rest marched the students' regiments of Cato and Brutus and the people's corps with its motto 'liberty or death.' 'Sublime was the moment when Spaniards awoke,' says Moore, in one of the few songs in which he gets above the drawing-room level; and Napoleon, when he saw fresh armies spring up as the old ones were beaten down, might well have thought that he had to do with a new hydra, or (like another Macbeth) might have grumbled 'time was that when the brains were out the man would die,' but now, hammer away as we will, he seems to live.

Giving up the priests, when he found them 'impracticable,' Napoleon went in for the philosophers; but they were as deaf to his advances as the others had been. The French did their work, pulled down convents, sacked churches, told many tales—some palpably false, some perhaps unhappily true—of the horrors they had discovered in the inquisition dungeons; but still Joseph was obliged to say, 'I have not a single partisan; if you wish to keep Spain you must have a hundred thousand gibbets constantly at work.'

Napoleon, blind as usual, blind as few other great men have been (and he was a great man, after all), had not the least suspicion of the real state of the case. He thought his Bayonne trick had succeeded admirably. 'By an ingenious combination he had spared Spain the horrors of a forcible conquest; what could the Spaniards do but be grateful for the consideration which would secure them all the blessings of modern progress without the struggle which is too often needful to secure those blessings?' Himself totally without moral sense, he took no account of honour, of patriotism, of national or individual dignity. Here was a strange gap in his faculties: he was once a patriot, at least in word; he had been furious at the annexation of Corsica to France, and had very nearly thrown in his lot with the insurgents of his native island; but afterwards either his self-seeking, or the means he had of looking behind the scenes when the Parisian demagogues were plotting against each other in the name of liberty, had so thoroughly cured him that not one of his old guard could cry 'Liberté, cette vieille blague' with more contempt than he could. And he acted out his new principles; he ignored, not in Spain only but everywhere, the existence of any higher motives than self-interest; he insulted men and nations right and left, and thought he could at once cure all by showing those whom he had offended that it was still in his power either to serve them effectually or to punish them severely. Thus, when Joseph was receiving his deputation at Bayonne, the duke of Infantado, after congratulating him in the name of the Spanish grandees, said, 'We dare not do more at present; by the laws of Spain we must wait, your majesty, till the Spanish people has declared itself.' Hereupon Napoleon darted towards the poor duke, overwhelmed him with reproaches, told him he had better go and join the insurgents instead of hiding himself behind such miserable subterfuges, and at last threatened to have him shot unless he fully re-

tracted his seditious address. The duke was cowed, but we may well believe that his bullying would not make him a more ardent supporter of Joseph than he was before. His strange selfishness, amounting to monomania, blinded Napoleon to the way in which men's feelings and those of nations were sure to work. He never could realise that, under certain circumstances, Joan of Arc would succeed where Machiavelli would be sure to fail. His one recipe, when he found the Spanish nation less tractable than he had expected, was to 'make examples.' In these some of his generals were only too willing abettors; Caulaincourt, for instance,—after whose savage cruelty at Cuenca the Emperor wrote to his brother, 'Caulaincourt has done quite rightly; your position may be a painful one as a king, but it is brilliant as a general.' The way in which he insulted the Spanish royal family is almost inconceivable. 'This royal beggarman' (Lazare de la royauté, as Lanfrey calls him, had dared to call him *cousin*), 'Prince Ferdinand' (he writes to Talleyrand), 'actually calls me his cousin. Try to make M. de San Carlos understand how nonsensical that is: he ought to call me *sire* and nothing else.' So thoroughly does he mistake his own power and the strength of circumstances that he fixes a meeting-place for the Cortes, names governors to the different colonies, and appoints Gregorio de la Cuesta viceroy of Mexico. Of course the Cortes don't come, the colonies revolt, and the very day (26th May) on which he sends his brevet to Cuesta the old general has accepted the chief command of the insurgent army, under the gentle compulsion that, if he declined to do so, he should be hanged on a gallows set up for the purpose in front of his balcony at Valladolid. One thing which strikes us in these old wars even more forcibly than Napoleon's blindness to all higher motives, and his cynical disregard for the feelings of men and nations, is the slowness of communication which so often defeated his best-laid plans. It was all very well for Von Moltke to manage the

Sadowa campaign of 1866 without stirring from his room; but Von Moltke had the telegraph; while Napoleon was still dreaming that Junot could hold Portugal after Junot had signed the Convention of Cintra; he was still telling Savary, 'Dupont has too many troops, and the best way of helping him is to help Bessières,' after Dupont had surrendered at Baylen; he was still dreaming of a new fleet after Admiral Rosil, shut up in Cadiz roads, and hopeless of aid from Dupont, had surrendered to the Junta.

But how different all this is from the popular English view of the Peninsular war. We have a general notion about Spanish officers driving in coaches and six to a safe position outside the battle, and Spanish troops being worse than useless in any struggle requiring either quickness or 'bottom.' Our school histories hold Cuesta and the rest up to contempt: 'the mulish old gentleman' (as our Students' Hume describes him) 'always in the way to spoil Wellington's victories.' Of course we all believe in the defence of Saragossa; most of us have seen, in prints, on eating-house blinds, or somewhere, the maid pointing the big gun, while the 'savage-looking friar holds up his crucifix, just as if it was to serve as a 'sight' to fix the range. But that was 'behind stone walls,' a position in which the British (not having had, happily, much home experience in that way) supposes any one can fight well. The idea that, in the open field, over 20,000 French could surrender at discretion to not more than twice the number of Spaniards, while not a single Englishman had as yet crossed the Spanish frontier, is too ridiculous to be entertained, and therefore our school history-books have quietly ignored the fact. This is why the Spanish hate us, worse (I believe) than they do the French, because, in our glorification of our Peninsular heroes, we pass over these purely Spanish victories which kept the nation in heart until English help came. That help was some time in coming; we may be permitted to doubt whether it would

have come as soon as it did if the Portuguese had not risen upon Junot, and so given us a pretext for helping Spain while fighting in behalf of 'our ancient ally.' Quite early in June, 1808, the Asturias junta, acting, as usual, independently of the rest, sent Count de Toreno and Viscount de Matarosa to England: they landed at Falmouth on the night of the 6th, and by seven the next morning they had had an interview with Canning. Canning promised help; and, in consequence of his promises, Sir A. Wellesley sailed from Cork on the 12th July. He landed near Oporto, and we all know what followed. But this had nothing to do with Baylen. Castaños had been in communication with Sir Hew Dalrymple, commandant of Gibraltar; but, except some money and stores, and a great deal of 'moral support,' he had got nothing. Baylen was emphatically a Spanish affair, about which not a word occurs in 'students' manuals,' full of elaborate dissertations about thanes and ealdormen, and stuffed with crude bits of Hallam on the origin of the Star Chamber and the meaning of *præmunire*. This is too bad: it is not everybody who has time to go to the 'original authorities,' and popular histories ought surely to help us to form a fair estimate of things—to give even the Spaniard his due, instead of pandering to that cool self-esteem which makes us as a nation so unbearable. We can't help our 'insular peculiarities,' before this war began our gravest daily papers were full of language which must have 'riled' the least susceptible Spaniard: 'that miserable nation which, though it has so long shown itself powerless for good, is still strong enough to do mischief,' was scarcely the way in which to show our annoyance at the absurd panics on our Stock Exchange. But newspapers will be newspapers, and able editors will go on doing their best to set nations by the ears by their ill-timed sarcasms; from histories we have a right to expect something very different. Of course they can't help being one-sided: they'd be untrue in the highest

sense if they were not. The French gained many victories over us of which we never heard: walk down the long Versailles gallery where the triumphs of the *grande nation* cover acres of canvas (What will King William do with them when he has made Versailles his headquarters?), and you'll be struck by the strange modification which campaigns undergo when not the British lions but the Gallic cocks and eagles are the painters. If you were asked to name a French victory you'd say Fontenoy; Young Ireland has taken care not to let you forget that; and a good many of us, being of more or less mixed blood, take a more or less personal pride in the glories of the Brigade. But Hastenbeck, for instance, who ever remembers it who hasn't been lately cramming up for an examination? No: history cannot help being one-sided; but it may avoid omissions which lay us open to a charge of gross unfairness, and this is what it does not avoid when it leaves out all mention of Baylen. That (as I said) is why the Spaniards dislike us: they reason somewhat thus: 'These English didn't care a button for us; they simply wanted to upset Napoleon, and they used our country and its resources as their lever. We were indispensable to them; we helped them heartily throughout, and when the thing was done not a tittle of thanks did they give us. Their savage-tempered, swearing Wellington was always bullying our juntas and slandering our troops. Every beardless lieutenant thought it the thing to call la Cuesta a mule, and Blake an old obstructive. Every scribbler of memoirs feels bound to coin anecdotes to our discredit; while in their authorised popular histories not a word is said of what we did by ourselves—of our unassisted share in bringing about the joint triumph. Even those beggarly Portuguese (*pocos y locos*) were extolled at our expense. How can we feel kindly towards people who came here for their own ends, and treated us who enabled them to gain those ends in such a scurvy way? No; the French were cruel;

they went hard against our prejudices when they took to selling by auction in Madrid the church-plate which they had picked up on their different marches. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*; and as for cruelty they were not fit to hold the candle to us. Nor did they treat us so badly as the highly intellectual Prussians are now treating them. Anyhow they did not fail to recognise our military prowess. When Napoleon had to send army after army to keep our unassisted troops in check; when his brother had to run away from Madrid only a week after he had entered it in triumph, it is absurd for insular arrogance to keep asserting that "our Spanish allies were only a nuisance." Yes, the French after all treated us more fairly than this; they fought us, but they didn't sneer at us. Besides, those English are heretics; burn them! what else could we expect from them? That's the way many a Castilian and Andalusian reasons when he asks himself why he doesn't like the English. No doubt it's very ungrateful of him—of a piece, say we, with his repudiation of his bonds; but it's human nature. Other people have repudiated as well as the Spanish; Sydney Smith thought the drab-coated Pennsylvanian did so in an exceptionally rascally way; and it is, no doubt, a general truth that the man who has injured you will always hate you. But the Pennsylvanians don't hate us, just because we are careful not to 'rile' them by leaving Eutaw Springs and Saratoga, and two or three more of the grandest swoops of the 'bird o' freedom,' out of our histories. This ignoring of Baylen and systematic disparagement of Spaniards is the justification for the way in which they feel to us, despite all the blood and treasure we spent in helping them to freedom.

For this Baylen is their Marathon, their Bannockburn. Look at the map and see the long stretch of the Sierra Morena, and then shut your eyes and remember all the pictures of Phillip and others, in which you've seen those sun-baked rocks, with a cactus here and there, along

which the string of mules winds across a solitude even more lifeless than any in the New World. Deforesting, reckless, unchecked, that insane way that man has of burning up for present use the growth of centuries has made a sixth of Spain a desert. We have stopped the same destructive system only just in time in India; they are beginning to find the mischief of it in the south of France, where 'war to the châteaux' too frequently meant war to the fine ancestral trees that had sheltered the great man's game. But in Spain,—where war after war has brought in race after race of conquerors; where the old Basque (Mr. Huxley's dark-haired man, now that we are to believe in the identity of Celt and Teuton) was succeeded by some sort of Celt; and he, after battling and intermingling with Carthaginian and Roman, was quelled by Vandal, and then by Goth, and then again by Moor—in Spain the felling of timber has gone on merrily for ages without a thought of replanting. If you have in your mind's eye any painting of muleteers among the mountains, with that pitilessly bright sky, that hot glare from the earth reflected on men and beasts, you will fancy what it must have been for Dupont and his raw recruits—many of them mere boys—to be lying in a gorge of this Sierra in July with a dry river-bed for their defence, amid pitiless foes, who not only cut off all stragglers, but took care that the mutilated carcasses of those whom they cut off should be laid round the French lines, to encourage the rest. No wonder the French got 'demoralised'; no wonder their leader got disheartened. For this Dupont, who surrendered at Baylen, was a sort of small edition of Massena—one of those 'spoiled children of victory' who by their brilliant energy contributed so much to Napoleon's success. At Albeck and Halle and Friedland he had shown himself a thoroughly fearless general; the Emperor liked him, and had given him 'the army of Andalusia,' in order that he might win the baton of marshal. He went out full of hope and burning

to distinguish himself. Of course, owing to the Emperor's judicial blindness as to the real feelings of Spain, he was expected to pick up large numbers of Spanish troops, besides about 8,000 Swiss who had been in the service of the Spanish king. Instead of all these, he got at most some 2,000 Swiss who, joining for their own convenience, were ready to desert at a moment's notice. Still he determined to push on to Cordova, on the way to which city he met and routed one of the Spanish armies. Cordova, refusing to surrender, was taken by storm; and the scene which followed was as disgraceful as any of those which disgraced the successes of the French. The cathedral was pillaged, and out of the treasury alone ten millions of reals were confiscated. This was the term of Dupont's victories. Frenchmen had by that time got a tolerable contempt for their enemy, who, in some instances, it must be confessed, did not deserve much else. Most of the battles already fought had been mere butcheries—at Logrono the Spanish lost 100 to the French one; at Mallen, while 1,000 of the patriots fell, the invaders lost only 20. At Medina de Rio Seco, Bessières had beaten Cuesta and Blake so thoroughly that their loss exceeded 5,000 while he had only 70 killed. But French generals could not shut their eyes to the fact that nobody declared for them; that their individual positions were safe only so long as they could support one another; that they were at best like Cæsar's military tribunes in winter quarters among hostile Gauls. Dupont ought to have been supported by Moncey, who was to have secured Valentia, just as he himself was to have marched on to Seville and Cadiz. Here again Napoleon failed by departing from his old tactics; instead of massing his troops together, according to his famous dictum about big battalions, he frittered them away in small bodies. He thought the sight of a French regiment would be enough to disperse a whole patriot army; and thus, instead of doing what he had planned, all his generals, ex-

cept Bessières, were stopped on their road—Moncey at Cuenca, Chabran (who was to have supported him by marching along the coast) at Tarragona, Lefebvre-Desnoettes at Saragossa, Duhesme in Barcelona, and Dupont, who was to have knocked to pieces the Seville-Cadiz 'junta of Spain and the Indies,' at Cordova. Savary, at Madrid, saw more clearly than Napoleon could at Bayonne how critical Dupont's position was. The army of Andalusia was far the strongest of the Spanish forces, and Castaños was a much better general than Cuesta, and as full of energy as Palafox himself. But Napoleon would not hear of anybody advising him in the management of a campaign. 'Help Bessières,' he kept crying, 'Dupont can take care of himself.' He had no idea of what the Spanish rising really was: with incredible blindness, he wrote to Savary on the 19th June, a fortnight after the Asturias deputation had landed at Falmouth, to order that 'as the rebels are disarmed in each town let companies of national guards be enrolled to support the authority of the alcaldes, and to be responsible for the tranquillity of the place.' He understood Germany and Italy, but Spain was something new, and Napoleon had got past the age at which it was possible to force a fresh idea into his brain.

Dupont, then, with less than 9,000 men, finds himself in Cordova, with the road to Seville blocked by Castaños, and with the army of Grenada advancing upon his left in the direction of Jaen. No wonder he 'executes a strategic movement' and falls back on Andujar. Here he is covered (such covering as it is) by the almost dry bed of the Guadalquivir, and has his back against the defiles of the Sierra Morena. He calls urgently for help, and Vedel's division is at last ordered up from Toledo to join him.

Napoleon had no other troops to send: he could not force another conscription just then; all his men were beyond the Rhine except three or four regiments dispersed through France: it was not till he had made things safe on the side of Austria by

winning over the Russian emperor at Erfurt that he was able to pour his legions into Spain. Just then he divided his few disposable troops, part to help Verdier in besieging Saragossa, part to support Duhesme in holding Barcelona, part to join Bessières at Burgos. Savary wants again and again to send Gobert's division down to Dupont; he is not allowed to do so till the 18th July. Dupont had surrendered on the 21st, Gobert coming too late to be of any use to him. Napoleon won't help his intended marshal; neither will he let him fall back behind the Sierra Morena: he shall win his baton by himself. Indeed the very day that the poor general is signing his capitulation Napoleon thinks things are so promising everywhere that he may leave Bayonne and take a tour through the south of France. He sees, indeed, that Dupont, in spite of reinforcements which bring his numbers up almost to 25,000 men, is the one general who is not safe, but after half a page of argument (in the 'Notes on the actual position of the army in Spain on July 21, 1808') he concludes, 'anyhow he has more men than are necessary for him to achieve something grand; if he had only 21,000 men he would have eighty chances out of a hundred in his favour.'

Dupont, as we have said, had fallen back from Cordova to Andujar, a position which was supposed to close the entry of the long defile from Baylen to Val de Peñas. It is all marked on the most ordinary map; at Andujar an affluent of the Guadalquivir comes down through the whole gorge, past Guarraman, Carolina, St. Helena, and Despeña-Perros. So far so good: but, unfortunately for Dupont, there were other roads to Baylen, and even to Carolina, and to Despeña-Perros at the other end of the gorge, roads from Urengibar, Linares, and half a dozen other places. So here was the brilliant would-be marshal lying, with his cowed recruits and his half-doubtful Swiss, with a dry river-bed on his rear and his flank liable to be turned by any one who knew the least about

the country. Vedel brought him 6,000 men towards the end of June; and if he had made a dash forward with them he might have frightened off Castaños and held out in Cordova till help came. But, besides the supineness which so often seizes a Frenchman when he has been unsuccessful, he had strict orders not to move from Andujar. Savary wanted him to fall back on Madrid: this Napoleon would not hear of; so a compromise was made, destructive, as military compromises usually are, and poor Dupont, with all his dash and his energy, had to stand still with 17,000 young soldiers on half rations in an unhealthy country and in face of a savage and numerous enemy. Gobert, it is true, had brought him nearly 5,000 men some ten days before Napoleon allowed him to start: Savary in this matter ventured to break rule; but even with these Dupont did not feel himself strong enough to attack, whilst the most positive orders forbade further retreat.

By the middle of July Castaños had arranged his plans: he had two able lieutenants, Reding, a Swiss, of a well-known family, commander of the troops which Napoleon fancied would have joined him *en masse*, and a French *émigré*, the Marquis de Coupigny. It soon became plain that the Spanish could fight to some purpose when they had clever generals. On the 15th a threefold attack was made on the French, and repulsed with loss. Dupont, fancying Castaños would attack Andujar in force next day, ordered Vedel, who had driven Reding over the river at Mengibar, to send him a battalion, or, if he had not a large force of the enemy opposite to him, a whole brigade, the next day. Vedel, hearing a noise of many guns, and seeing no one in front of him—for Reding had slipped out of sight—was actually fool enough to march all his strength, except a detachment under Liger-Belair, to support Dupont. The moment he was gone Reding appeared in force, forced the Guadalquivir, and drove Liger-Belair before him towards Baylen. Gobert, who held Baylen, came up to support Belair: he was

shot, and Dufour, who took the command, retreated on Baylen, leaving the important position of Urengibar in the hands of the Spanish. Dupont at once saw the mistake that had been made, and sent Vedel back to hold Baylen, bidding him look well to Carolina and the communications with the north side of the Sierra. At Baylen Vedel cannot see a trace of an enemy; and, as the French could never get a spy all the time they were in Spain, he does not know what can have become of the enemy. He finds Dufour has marched on Carolina, hearing that Reding has moved thither, and fearing lest, if that place is seized, the pass will be closed against the French. Vedel fancies that if he does not go to Dufour he may be overwhelmed before he gets to Carolina. He therefore pushes on, without even sending scouts, to Urengibar; and, of course, the moment he is well in the gorge, Reding, who had never left Urengibar, but had just sent a few guerillas to make a 'diversion' on the Carolina road, joins Coupigny, and they both occupy Baylen in force.

Dupont is thus fairly out in two: he finds out on the 18th that Baylen is held by the enemy, and immediately falls back from Andujar, with the view of clearing them out of it. His march is ably conducted; he gets off in the night without disturbing Castaños, and would no doubt, with the 11,000 men still under him, have given a good account of his opponents but that his column is so encumbered with sick and baggage. These he had placed in the centre, with the weaker half of his troops in front of them, for he judged Reding, whom he was to meet, to be less formidable than Castaños, from whom he was running away. There was fully a league between the two divisions; hence anything like mutual support was impossible. At three in the morning of the 19th the advanced guard comes upon Reding's outposts. Dupont sends up regiment after regiment to support it, but they come up so straggling that their onset wants that *élan* which

is the salvation of French troops; they break the first line but can make no impression on the second; and Reding's artillery, being much superior, dismounts the French batteries in a few seconds. By ten o'clock in the morning the French are pretty well surrounded. Trésia's dragoons and Dupré's chas-eurs charge again and again, and keep the enemy at bay, but they can do no more: the men are worn out—it is not a *saute qui peut*, for there is no chance of running away; but the French have already fallen into horrible disorder. Worn out by a march of seven leagues in burning heat, they fall to fighting among themselves for a water-tank, or for a few mouthfuls hidden under a stone in the dry river-bed. At noon Dupont makes one grand effort, but he is wounded, so are most of the officers (the peasants who have begun to crown the heights all round pick them off), and 1,500 men besides; the Swiss, seeing their countrymen fighting a winning game on the Spanish side, desert. Soon the cannon of Castaños is heard on the French rear: Dupont is caught between two fires; he holds out till two p.m., and then asks for an armistice. Reding grants it; but when he demands a free passage to Madrid, Castaños refuses and says he must surrender at discretion. Meanwhile Vedel, having of course found nobody at Carolina, had hastened back to Baylen and was now attacking Reding's rear. He had taken 1,000 prisoners and several cannon, when Dupont sent him word to respect the armistice. Here was another of Dupont's mistakes: the moment Castaños refused his terms he ought to have recommenced hostilities, and then Reding would have been in the same dangerous position, between two fires, in which he had just been. Here his old dash would have stood him in good stead; but his dash was gone: he was one of those men who get on admirably so long as they have it all their own way: a poet, too, like our own Burgoyne, he had even sent in for a prize poem after he had been made general. Instead of making a dash, he called a

council of war, and councils don't often make heroic resolutions. The council decided that all resistance was impossible, and reopened negotiations with Castaños. The Spaniard was on the point of allowing the French to retreat to Madrid when he received an intercepted despatch from Savary urging Dupont to fall back on that capital without delay. All that Castaños would now give was leave to go to France by sea, and this only if Vedel's and Dufour's divisions were included in the capitulation. Dupont had the strange weakness to accept these terms for his subordinates: arms were to be laid down, the baggage of the higher officers alone was to pass unexamined, and this only on condition that the generals would undertake that it did not contain any church plate.

Before this was brought to Dupont to be signed (on the morning of the 21st) Vedel had disappeared for some hours, leaving just a screen of men to mask his retreat, and he and Dufour were well out of harm's way. Dupont's duty, then, was clear; he ought at all risks to have refused to sign away the liberty of his two colleagues. The Spaniards, furious to think that half the French army had escaped them, threatened to slaughter his division in cold blood. He ought to have submitted even to that, if we can imagine that a modern army would have been guilty of such an outrage. He got frightened, however, and sent orders to Vedel, who had already pushed on to St. Helena, to come back again. The least he could have done would have been to send a verbal message telling him to disobey his written instructions. The strangest thing is that Vedel obeys. These Imperialist generals were not a bit like the men who had won Napoleon's empire for him: they fought desperately enough when the Emperor had his eye on them, but when he was away they seldom cared to try any of those glorious impossibilities by which their name had been won. They were mostly wealthy, pleasure-loving, intent on spoil, on pictures and plate and so forth, and not careful to risk the

material fruits of a campaign by a life-and-death struggle. So Vedel comes back, and more than 20,000 of the grand army surrender at discretion to a pack of Spanish guerillas. Poor fellows! the Seville junta refused to ratify the capitulation; and, instead of being sent home by sea, they were all except the higher officers kept prisoners (how treated we can only too well imagine) till 1814; when Dupont complained of this to the governor of Andalusia, the Spaniard read him a lecture on the gross way in which Spain had been treated by the French Emperor, and asked how he could expect any consideration for men who had, unprovoked, entered a free country to enslave it? The mistakes of the French generals throughout the whole business were one worse than another; but the grand culprit was Napoleon, who (stubborn as his nephew showed himself in this late war) insisted on directing from Bayonne a war of the conditions of which he knew nothing, and who would not let Dupont retreat on Carolina at a time when the poor fellow felt he could do nothing where he was.

But the results of Baylen are what make it so important that we may well understand the pride with which the Spaniards look on it. It was the first time any of the grand army had ever surrendered: the moral effect of it was immense, greater far than that of Cintra. At Cintra Junot got terms (too good by a great deal, say all the history books); at Baylen Dupont got no terms at all. Well might Napoleon write to Davoust (23rd August): 'Dupont has dishonoured our arms; he has shown as much folly as pusillanimity. If you heard all the facts your hair would stand on end at them.' He felt he was in fault, and so he tried to throw all the blame on his by no means faultless general. Dupont's surrender exposed Madrid on the south, and therefore obliged Joseph to evacuate his capital. It was time. He had been there a week, and the day before he ran away 2,000 servants went off from the palace as if it had been a pest-house. Napoleon recommended

his generals to hold the line of the Douro; but they thought this not safe enough, and fell back on the Ebro, leaving Portugal to the English. Verdier raised the siege of Saragossa; and Junot, making a mess of his well-conceived plan of concentrating the 25,000 men that he had scattered about in Portuguese fortresses, was compelled to fight at Vimiera just a month after Baylen and ten days after his troops were on their way to France.

But it was not in the Peninsula that the results of Baylen were chiefly seen. Napoleon's enemies everywhere felt that the world would now be able to breathe a little more freely. Von Stein (who with Hardenberg was the organiser of the Prussian land system), writing in August, 1808, to Prince Wittgenstein, says: 'We must be ready; we must undermine his Rhenish Confederation. Events in Spain have set everybody thinking: they prove what till now only a few of us had an inkling of.' Napoleon intercepted this letter, and at once insisted that his vassal of Prussia should dismiss his minister, whose

property in Westphalia he (with his usual meanness) proceeded to sequester. The German movement went on none the less; about this time we first hear of 'the German nation,' which now is making itself unexpectedly prominent. Maurice Arndt founded his *Tugendbund* (association of virtue); and, at first as stealthily as Carbonari, then more and more openly, the Germans began that movement which united all the Fatherland as one man, and gave Napoleon his crushing blow at the *Völkerschlacht* (fight of all the peoples) at Leipsig. And all this because Spain had set the example, and had shown, as Prussia has now shown, what a very different thing is a really national rising from a coalition of sovereigns. The one might be crushed, the other was invincible; and Baylen was a proof of its being so.

No wonder, then, to return to our text, that the Spanish are more than vexed at our habitual ignoring of what was certainly a more effectual check to France than the Cintra affair of which we talk so much.

B E E R.

WE all know the burden of that pretty chorus in 'Faust' where the students sing that they care not whether it be wine or beer, so that liquor does not fail; and one of them lays down the rule that although a man may lose his appetite through love he must not lose his thirst. I am sometimes divided between my patriotic love of my country's bitter beer and that taste for German beer which I first imbibed at Heidelberg beneath the shadow of the mighty Tun itself. That Tun, where a family might be almost comfortably lodged, has for ages been only a tradition; that is to say, void of beer. But large as it is I think you might set it floating in the enormous vats of some of our great English brewers. One of the most inconvenient results of the German war to Paris has been that the supply of beer has been smaller and must have flowed through narrower and muddier channels. I don't know whether the famous Strasburg beer was ever really French, but the Bavarian beer was always the chief favourite. The native Paris beer, which hardly ever found its way to a good table, was simply below contempt. It had the essentially Gallic property of an enormous amount of fizz, but was hardly palatable, no thing or substance, a choleraic instead of a choleric tendency, and did not, like genuine good beer, 'wrap you round like a blanket.' I am fertile in hints that will make any person's fortune except my own, and—after the siege—I advise our English brewers to make a peaceable invasion of Paris and take possession of all the cafés. Ind and Coope they know well; you could get a bottle for fifteen sous anywhere; but they do not know other great brewers as they deserve to be known. Beer is no longer insular, but has now a cosmopolitan character. The greatest monuments of British dominion in India are the enormous heaps of empty bottles of Bass; and a friend

of mine found a lot of pale ale in the Arabian desert itself. The pious Mahometans acutely argue, first, that beer does not intoxicate, in which I opine they are mistaken; and in the next place that Mahomet could not have prohibited beer, since he never knew, and would not have prohibited it if he had once drunk it. In this last particular they are probably correct. With my true Vaterland taste, I am glad the various conduits of German beer are set flowing in the metropolis. In Oxford Street or in the Strand you can get a glass of Vienna beer, from Dreher or Fanter. But Dreher's or Fanta's beer was never meant to be taken from the prosaic glass; they should be drained by the goblet, as is so lustily shown to us in those scenes at the Opera where beer is introduced. I see that the retailers of German beer have somewhat reduced their prices, but as an enlightened beer-drinker I still think that they might give us more liberal measure at a less liberal price.

Without going so far as a poet of somewhat bacchanalian mind who is supposed to have written a 'Hymn to Beer,' I might say that I have for years given an impartial and zealous investigation to the subject. As a volunteer and uncommissioned jurymen I sat in severe judgment on the merits of competing candidates at the Paris Exhibition. I believe I can distinguish the rival shades of different Viennese and Bavarian beers. I can even draw comparisons, which are certainly odious, between the different brewers of that most pleasant town of Burton-on-Trent. At Cambridge I have drunk that famous ale which is especially reserved for gala or audit days; and I must candidly avow my belief that, having refreshed at various Oxford butteries, the sister University is not far behind. I have appointed myself Special Commissioner—not, however, for any paper except the present one—for investigating the beery habits of the

working classes in this country. I have gone into rural public-houses, and have tasted the stuff heavily drugged with *cocculus indicus*, which makes the British peasant boozy at an early stage, which suits his finances. I have even tasted that London porter, which, with the generic name of beer and at a penny the glass, is the favourite drink of the Londoner, out of 'its native pewter.' I will even avow that the drink popularly known as half-and-half is by no means below the attention of a philosopher. No speciality in beer ever urged on me unheard its special claims. I like it best in huge tankards adorned with armorial bearings, when a thirsty draught allows the beautiful daylight to emerge through the glass below; but under no shape—especially in the dog-days—is this refreshing liquor to be shunned, especially the lager-beer.

Beer and Britisher seem to be tolerably synonymous. I heard Mr. Gladstone say one night in the House of Commons that a man might take nine or ten gallons of it, but the right honourable gentleman was obviously misinformed. The feat would be physically impossible. I am of course aware of the enormous capacity of the drayman. They are sometimes mere human beer-casks. Beer circulates in their system instead of blood. The scratch of a nail on the finger would, to many of them, cause mortification and death. There is something very picturesque about the London drayman, and he has active political sympathies, as was shown in the case of Marshal Haynau. As you see him on his waggon climbing some narrow thoroughfare from the river-side to the City, the appropriate guardian of those piled-up pyramids of casks, he gives you one of those comparatively rare bits of the picturesque which London still affords. It is worth noting, however, that the British taste for beer has been of gradual growth and has been developed from very small beginnings. In all these things a man naturally goes to Shakspeare. You cannot mention any subject under the sun, but Shakspeare has his say

upon that subject. Though Chaucer talks of 'a glass of moist and corny ale,' and his miller prayed for enough good ale, and, indeed, took more than was good for him, yet Shakspeare speaks of that 'poor creature small ale;' and Prince Hal and his followers by no means took kindly to beer. The taste has been a gradual taste, just as the improvement in beer has been a very gradual improvement. People liked it when brewed, not 'small' but strong. The saying soon crops up, 'Blessed be her heart, for she brewed good ale.' We find that the astute statesman Charles James Fox shouted out to the electors, 'A mug, a mug!' to popularise himself. The famous Isaac Bickerstaff, when he went to Dick's Coffee-house, asked for 'a mug of beer.' 'I observed that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught.' Beer is essentially an Hanoverian drink. It is said that it kept the race of Brunswick on the throne during the era of the Pretender. It is a large political influence at the present day, and may be said to have a daily newspaper to represent the beery section of the British mind. The material interests are enormous. There are many tanks which would float a large-sized barge. Very large fortunes have been gained by beer, but very large fortunes have been lost by the brewers. Many brewers not only make their money but keep their money, and do a great deal of good with it. But such well-known cases as the Delafield bankruptcy show how vast fortunes accumulated this way may be dissipated. Society may be said to divide itself between the wine-drinkers and the beer-drinkers. The tastes are frequently amicably interchanged, but the wine-drinker, as a rule, does not care much for beer; and the man accustomed to sound beer will require sound wine before he will exchange. I think that the Elizabethan age was rather a wine age, and the Victorian a beer age. We hear, indeed, much more of sack and malmsey than we do of beer; but at the present day every household is a large consumer of hops and malt.

Most people were much amused with Mr. Leland's 'Hans Breitmann's Barty,' and the other ballads which were known all over the Union during the American war. They reproduce the curious broken English of the German immigrants to America. Der Breitmann made a raid into Maryland, fired with a noble ambition to get some lager-beer. It will be noted that the chief peculiarity of the German-American-English dialect is that it confounds the hard and soft sounds of the consonants—

'Der Breitmann mit bis gompany
Rode out in Marylandt ;
Dem's mix te drink in dis countrie ;
Mine droat's as dry as sand.
It's light canteen and haversack,
It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I'd trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve'd drink oontil ve boorst.'

In a similar way, among other exploits in love and war, he goes into Kansas—

'Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
To see vot he could hear ;
He found some Deutschers dat exisdt,
Py makin' lager-beer.'

In Germany the magic 'lager-bier' is only less inspiring than the famous 'Die wacht am Rhein.'

I believe there is no more refreshing and wholesome beverage, unless you are given to gout or rheumatism, than the pale, strawy, amber-coloured bitter. I believe there is high medical authority for saying that if a poor fellow has a shilling to spend on his dinner, he will get more good by taking ninepence worth of food and threepence'orth of beer than if he spent the whole on food. If he drinks less, he eats more ; if a teetotaller craves a stimulant he will eat more, for food is a stimulant as much as beer. The fact seems to be that beer acts favourably on the nervous system, on which, in these days, the chief tear and fret of life rests. I remember thoroughly knocking myself up once by many hours' mountaineering work, to which I was unaccustomed. My nervous system was terribly

shaken. I slept very badly after my stupendous efforts. Felt very seedy next day. Breakfasted and took tea. Still very 'all-overish.' A 'happy thought' struck me—bring me a jug of ale. A foaming jug of good home-brewed Westmoreland ale was brought me. The effect was extraordinary. Every jaded nerve tingled with the bracing influence ; I felt 'restaurated,' and next night slept about twelve hours. I was cured from the effects of that over-exhaustion which is frequently so perilous to climbers. I think that in the presence of the immense recuperative effect which good beer, *et hoc genus omne*, has at times, our teetotal brethren ought to be more guarded in their language. In some parts of the country teetotalism is absolutely a mania. Even those who are not teetotallers will talk the teetotal fetish. They make a religion of it, and erect chapels where they actually preach about it ; at times, as it has appeared to me, with real if not intended irreverence. Every man who has signed the pledge perches himself on a tremendous moral pedestal from which he reproves the weak, beer-imbibing community. If he had been a sufficient gentleman to have been strictly temperate, he probably would not have signed. Do not let them be so severe on my modest pint of my country's bitter. Finally, I have very pleasant associations with beer. It makes me think of the days when I was one of a lot of young fellows — claret, burgundy, and champagne were at prohibitive prices then, and we did not often indulge in port and sherry. But we would sit for hours over our modest tankards—parsons, professors, journalists, doctors, officers, barristers, artists, as we have since become—and the innocent beer soldered our good fellowship, and helped to the rapid, careless, prolonged talk, in which we ventilated all our crude ideas of men, things, and books, and did no harm, unless, perhaps, in aiding some of us to erect our 'châteaux in Spain.'

JACOPO AND THE GOSLINGS.

A fable.

UPON a Tuscan green hill-side
A certain Beppo did abide;
A farmer in a modest way,
He owned a cabin built of clay,
And lived upon the year's increase
Of vineyard, fig-trees, goats, and geese.
He had a buxom spouse, and had
One son, a bouncing barefoot lad.
His godsire from the town below
Had called the urchin Jacopo.

This godsire was a well-to-do
Maker of buskin, boot, and shoe,

Who oft would smile, and wink an eye,
Saying he had some coin laid by,
Which might be—but he did not know—
A nest-egg for our Jacopo.

The youngster, innocent of shoe,
Among the kids and goslings grew,
And lacking playmates, for amends
Enrolled the creatures as his friends;
But chiefly his affection chose
Upon the goslings to repose,
Those funny little yellow things
With tiny stumps instead of wings.
He and these birds devoid of feather
Oft dabbled in the mud together,
Till the goose-mother almost viewed
The lad as one of her own brood.

At length one day his godsire came,
And saw the child was walking lame,
For in his sole a jagged flint
Had chanced to leave an ugly dint.
The godsire rubbed his chin, said naught,
But, the next visit, with him brought
A good stout pair of little shoes
To keep his feet from cut and bruise.
The urchin, charmed with such a treasure,
Put on the gift with pride and pleasure,
And all that evening and next day
Made of his shoes a grand display.
Thus warmly and securely shod,
In perfect safety now he tread
O'er flint and pebble, brush and briar,
Or strode through water, mud, and mire.
But when the first fresh glow of pride
In his new shoes within him died,
He saw the goslings' feet were bare,
And wished they could his comfort share.

Next morning, when his eyes unclosed,
Straight to his godsire's shop he goes,
And begs and prays him to impart
To him the mysteries of the art.
The old man smiles, and gets his tools;
And seated on a brace of stools
All day the couple work together,
And shape, cut, fit, and cobble leather.
So for a week the old man views
The urchin busied on the shoes,
Until at length, by godsire's aid,
Six little pairs are neatly made.

These Jacopo doubts not a bit
His downy goslings' feet will fit.
That very noon he seeks his home,
And when his playmates round him come,
He in a trice their feet indues,
Triumphant, with his tiny shoes.
Ah! short-lived triumph!—for, alack!
Each is soon sprawling on its back.

Their friendship that same hour was o'er—
They put their trust in him no more.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!
That silly little Jacopo!
But stop a moment, if you please,
Ere you indulge guffaws like these;
Nay, pause, my friends, a little while
Ere you make up your minds to smile.
You'll find a moral, if you choose,
E'en in the urchin's little shoes.

How many a sage reformer moots
Schemes to put goslings into boots!
How many a kind, well-meaning man
Spends time and labour on a plan
To guard goose-feet in muddy weather
With costly coverings of leather!
And then when his endeavour fails,
On the ungrateful brutes he rails;
Whereas the true cause of the waste
Lies in his charity misplaced.

Reader, the moral for your use
Is—NEVER TRY TO SHOE A GOOSE!

T. HOOD.

TWO FACES.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY ARMAD GREYE,

AUTHOR OF 'NOT IN VAIN,' 'ONE TOO MANY,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a lovely moonlight night in the month of September on which he arrived. I remember it well; all the household had retired to rest, and I was just closing the shutters in my room when the fly drew up before the door. I was German governess in Mr. Wylde's family, a solicitor in a pretty northern village, and we lived in a terrace house, with buildings rising on either side. It was at our next door neighbour's, No. 16, that the vehicle in question had stopped. We had known for some time previously that a vacant house here was about to receive an occupant, and some curiosity had been excited respecting the new-comer, especially in the minds of Lucinda and Emily, the two young ladies of our establishment. We could only glean, however, as the result of divers inquiries, that Mr. Marston was a single gentleman in rather delicate health, who had chosen the seclusion of our neighbourhood for the recruiting of his strength in preference to the more fashionable locality of S——, an adjacent watering-place. He had sent a man-servant on before to take possession of the house and arrange matters for his reception, and it was through this medium we had gathered the above intelligence.

Softly throwing up the sash of my window, I leant out now and looked curiously towards the carriage. A feeble old man, with white hair, tottered out of the vehicle at the moment, and was assisted by his servant up the steps of No. 16.

'So, my young ladies, this is the end of all your romantic expectations,' I murmured to myself. 'This will be rather a disappointment to your hopes; but I won't undeceive you. You may indulge in your glowing fancies a little longer, till

you see the sober reality for yourselves.'

Acting upon this resolve, I merely intimated at breakfast the following day that I concluded our neighbour must have arrived, as I had heard a cab stopping before the door late on the preceding evening.

Emily instantly jumped up with an impetuous exclamation—

'Why didn't you say so before, Fraulein? There, I've been strumming the whole morning on the old piano next his wall at those horrid exercises! He'll be certain to shun us at once as the most hateful nuisances.'

'Don't be silly, Emily,' interposed Lucinda, in her rather sharp tones; 'you can't stop your practising entirely out of consideration to your neighbour, and he may as well know the worst he has to expect at once.'

Miss Lucinda was several years older than her sister. She had never come under my supervision, and her disposition was one which perplexed me somewhat. She was exceedingly taciturn and reserved, and from a hint which had been let drop I inferred that some early disappointment had clouded her life, and had infused a gravity, mingled with a certain bitterness, into her nature.

Milly, as we generally called her, was the very opposite of this temperament. Frank, light-hearted, and vivacious, she availed herself of a recent emancipation from mental culture to allow her flow of animal spirits unchecked license.

That morning I had just settled to a music-lesson with one of the younger children when I was roused by a call from Milly Wylde, who had stationed herself at the school-room window.

'Oh, Fraulein, do look here! The

door of 16 has opened—some one is coming down the steps.’

I stole quietly behind her, eager to watch her change of expression. Joseph Wright, Mr. Marston’s servant, was standing in front, brushing up some withered leaves which had fallen from the chestnut-trees which overshadowed the portico. I was surprised that he did not start forward to offer his assistance, and still more at the rather quick foot-fall which sounded on the stone steps.

The next instant a gentleman passed beneath the window.

Milly gave a little bound of delight. It was I who uttered the astonished exclamation—

‘That’s not Mr. Marston! Who can he be? It was an entirely different person arrived last night, and alone too. Where did this gentleman drop from?’

He was quite a young man, handsome, with well-defined features, and a dark moustache and whiskers. Something, however, seemed to identify him with the Mr. Marston we had heard spoken of. His face was deadly pale, and he looked wan and emaciated to an almost painful degree.

‘Oh, what an interesting creature! Isn’t he handsome, Fraulein? but so delicate. I wonder what can have happened to him.’

I was mute from a kind of bewildered feeling.

‘Didn’t that man, Joseph Wright, say that Mr. Marston was coming alone?’ I murmured.

‘Well, and what has clouded your vision? Pray, do you see double this morning? Surely the poor fellow is as solitary as you could wish him.’

‘But that’s not Mr. Marston—that’s not the person who arrived last night,’ I continued, in the same confused tone. ‘He was quite an old man, with white hair: I couldn’t be mistaken. The moon was shining brightly on him at the very time he alighted.’

‘Ay, and silvered his locks rather prematurely,’ exclaimed Milly, with a burst of merriment. ‘Well done, Fraulein! Your German mind plays you sad pranks.’

‘It has done no such thing, Miss Milly,’ I retorted; ‘I am as keensighted and as clear-brained as any of you. I saw him quite distinctly, and the moon couldn’t have given him a tottering step, a wrinkled face, and a bowed figure.’

‘No, but your imagination might; and as it was at such an unearthly hour he appeared upon the scene, who knows how misty your faculties may have been then? Daylight and wakefulness against night and drowsiness any day for me.’

I was silent, for there was no use in entering on a discussion with so little prospect of being able to convince. The present observer had the evidence of her own senses against my assertion, and was scarcely likely to be moved by it. I determined at the same time to probe the mystery for myself, and with this view I took advantage of a means for so doing which a chance circumstance afforded me. I had already exchanged a few words with Joseph, Mr. Marston’s servant, when he was at work in the garden, which was only separated by a low hedge from ours. Taking pity on the desolate state of this ground, which had been neglected for years, I had given him some cuttings of roses and other plants from the little plot which I was allowed to cultivate on my own account.

Wandering in this direction the same afternoon, I found the man busy on the other side of the hedge.

‘So your master has arrived, Joseph?’ I began; ‘I hope he is not fatigued by his journey.’

‘Thank you, ma’am, he’s pretty tolerable. He’s been out all the morning rambling about the place.’

‘I thought he was quite an invalid?’ I interposed.

‘So he has been, but he’s better now. He’ll get strong soon again, I hope.’

Careful that he should not suspect me of sounding him, I made some remarks at this point on gardening operations, &c. By-and-by I ventured to add—

‘I fancied somehow that your master was an old man, Joseph; but the ladies caught a glimpse of him going out to-day, and he seemed

tolerably youthful in his appearance.'

'Tolerably! why, he's quite young. He's had a long bout of sickness—a kind of brain fever—which has pulled him down terrible; but he has no feebleness of years about him; ill-health is all that's ailing him.'

'And has he no friend here—no one to take care of him or keep him company?'

'None at present: but to pluck up strength is all he wants now. He came here on purpose for the quiet.'

Mystified still, I was determined to arrive at a clearer understanding of things.

'But, Joseph,' I pursued, 'I was sitting up late last night, and I chanced to obtain a glimpse of the gentleman when he arrived. Surely, unless I am greatly deceived, he was an elderly person—an old man, indeed, with every mark of age about him.'

A rapid change, indicative of alarm, passed over Joseph's countenance. He started and looked keenly at me.

'You must have made some mistake, ma'am,' he muttered; 'you could not have seen distinctly. No one came but my master; and he was delayed on the road, and did not reach this till past one o'clock. It was dark then.'

'Ay, but there was moonlight,' I interposed.

Joseph had regained his composure now. He smiled as he met my eager look of inquiry.

'Perhaps, ma'am, you mistook his travelling-cap for grey hairs. He wears a light-coloured one, and he had it pulled down over his ears, as the night was chilly. I can't account for the appearance in no way else.'

Unsatisfactory as was this explanation, I was obliged to appear content with it. My interrogations could not be pushed farther without betraying an intrusive curiosity, and my inquiries were consequently arrested for the present. Instead of dissipating my perplexity, however, this attempt at arriving at a comprehension of the enigma left me

more than ever confused. I knew not what to think. It was impossible, I reflected, that it was a disguise Mr. Marston was employing, for the aged appearance was evidently the natural one; and however young a person might assume the garb of an old one, the reverse of this transformation was scarcely practicable.

A week flew by, and I was no more enlightened on the subject of my mystification. The stranger was seen often in the village; remarks were daily passed on him by the various members of our household; and on every occasion he appeared under the same aspect—young, handsome, fascinating, but ashy pale. Still my first impression remained undisputed. A feeling of awe, almost of terror, came over me at times when I tried to reconcile the strange contradiction. I never mentioned it again to any of the party; I should only have been laughed at for my superstitious folly had I done so; but I resolved, come what might, to continue my observations in secret.

An opportunity was soon afforded me for this. Mr. Wylde had called on our neighbour, and having failed to find him within, he wrote to ask him to dine with him on the following day. This invitation, contrary to our expectation, was accepted with cordiality; for, judging from his previous habits, we had scarcely hoped to entice the recluse from his retirement. There was great excitement in the household consequent on this event, and various preparations were carried on in a suppressed, stealthy manner, Milly keeping full in her view the close proximity of the expected guest.

Exactly as the clock struck six that evening, we heard the clap of one hall-door, and the next instant there was a quick, double rap at ours. The servant announced, 'Mr. Marston,' and his host rose to receive him. The same expressive face, the same pallid hue as had attracted our more remote glances, met our gaze now. I could not but watch the gentleman furtively; and I was struck ever and again by a strange, rapid gleam in his deeply-set eyes,

and a peculiar thrilling tone in his voice.

Happily for myself, I had now arrived at that age when I could no longer be regarded in the light of a rival by the young lady members of the families with whom I was located. I was spared, in consequence, the mortification which such a state of things entails on one in my position, and was left free to receive the confidences of my charges without any admixture of jealousy or reserve.

That evening, when Mr. Marston had taken his departure and I had retired to my room, a tap at the door announced the arrival of the Misses Wylde for a friendly talk. Lucinda, as usual, said little; but as she seated herself in a careless attitude on the side of my couch, and commenced unplaiting the long braids of her hair, her eyes were raised, ever and again, through its veil with a quick, furtive glance of scrutiny towards me, as Milly probed me on my opinion and impressions respecting their late guest. The former young lady had some reason truly to feel a conscious interest in the subject: Mr. Marston had paid her marked attention all that evening. I had settled in my own mind that Milly would have been the favourite; but, whether through politeness or some more spontaneous motive, the gentleman's notice and conversation were entirely devoted to the elder sister. Lucinda undoubtedly was the more striking in appearance, but her beauty was of a faded character; and, to my mind, with that sickly, dissatisfied air, Milly's bright, good-humoured countenance threw her sister's completely in the shade. Despite much close questioning and eager remarks on the part of Milly, my criticisms were limited to as few words as possible on the present occasion. Something too deep down in my heart to find utterance interfered with the free expression of my thoughts. Yet I had nothing to say to the stranger's disadvantage—nothing, at least, that was derived from recent observation. He appeared agreeable and well-informed, and was decidedly rather winning in his manner. Neverthe-

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less, an instinctive shrinking crept over me when I recalled my first vision of this person; and a prejudice, which was none the less firmly rooted that I could not trace it to any definite cause, laid strong hold of my imagination.

Do not condemn me as mystic and superstitious. It was no idle presentiment which had forced itself upon my thoughts. A darker enigma was about to heighten these misgivings—a strange and bewildering scene was at hand.

I was in the habit of sitting up late, to secure some of the quiet time for thought and reading which was denied to me in the day; and more than an hour after the girls quitted me that night saw me still seated at my table, with a light burning, and books and work scattered around.

At length I arose, and having completed my preparations for retiring to rest, I extinguished the lamp and approached—the last thing, as usual—to close the windows and shut out those pale lights from without.

The moon was rather on the wane now, but the sky was very clear and thickly studded with stars, and I could discover distinctly the prospect of the Terrace, with its plantation in front, and the tints of limes, copper-beeches, and the feathery larch mingling in varied shades of foliage. There was no one visible at that lonely hour; the glistening line of the gravel road was unbroken in its white track, except where the branches of some overspreading tree threw a mysterious gloom on its surface. I turned then to the back lattice, which opened upon the garden. The September air was sweet and balmy here, and I paused for a moment, with my arms resting upon the sill, to drink in the breath of mingled fragrance and quietude which arose from the flower-beds beneath.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness: it was the click of a latch. Our house was so closely connected with that of No. 16, that the back-doors were within a few feet of one another, the wall of separation alone intervening. That of the latter

dwelling was cautiously opened now, and some one came into the star-light. One glance, and I stifled a cry on my lips. It was the same old man, decrepid, haggard, with his white locks fluttering in the night breeze, as he took off a kind of skull-cap and held it tremblingly in his hand. A startling resemblance instantly suggested itself to me as I scanned the upturned countenance, which was raised in an earnest, steadfast gaze to the sky overhead. Older, thinner, more wizened, the face was the exact counterpart, in feature and expression, of the one I had lately beheld in Mr. Wylde's drawing-room under such a different aspect. The same handsome lineaments—the same unfathomable glance—and the like ashy hue on the skin! I remained rooted to the spot by a terrible fascination. I could not stir, nor utter a sound, while my eyes were fixed, with the rigidity of a somnambulist, on the apparition before me. At length he moved on a few paces, and seemed to be proceeding to the upper end of the garden. At this instant there was a second movement in the adjoining house, and, with an ejaculation of terror, Joseph rushed out on the back steps. He darted after his master, his hands extended in an imploring gesture.

'Oh, Mr. Marston, what are you about?' he cried. 'Think what you're doing, sir! Come in, for God's sake!—some one may see you!' And clutching him by the arm, he drew him hurriedly into the house.

CHAPTER II.

I never closed my eyes that night. Wild phantasms hovered around my pillow, and a nameless dread took possession of me. That this mysterious being should have been received into the family, and was likely to establish himself on terms of intimacy there, appeared to me a terrifying thing. And yet I could interfere in no way to avert the progress of events. I foresaw only ridicule and mocking disbelief if I attempted to hint at what had occurred. The Wylde, with their

blunt English manners, were already only too readily disposed to seize upon the slightest indication of a dreamy temperament in me as the symptom of some German extravagance: and were I to make such a strange and improbable statement as my recent observation justified, their incredulity would doubtless be mingled with some doubts as to my sanity.

I could only wait then, and watch secretly for some more tangible proof of what I dreaded. Having come to this conclusion, I saw, without daring to offer any opposition to it, an intimacy gradually spring up between the Wylde and their neighbour. Almost every day the latter took advantage of some circumstance or other for making his appearance at our house, though, strange to say, when the call was returned no one ever obtained admission within his precincts. If Mr. Wylde called, or one of the servants was commissioned with a message for delivery, they never gained entrance farther than the hall. Mr. Marston was either out or particularly engaged; or, if there was reason to fear that these excuses might appear rude from their repetition, Joseph was instructed to say that his master regretted exceedingly being unable to appear, but he had just been seized with one of his violent headaches, and had been obliged to retire to his room. No suspicion attached to these denials in the eyes of any other than myself. The rest of the party interpreted every proceeding of their neighbour in the most advantageous light. He had evidently become a decided favourite in the household. Lucinda, above all, viewed him with an ever-increasing interest, which she vainly tried to screen beneath an affectation of indifference. It would have been difficult, doubtless, to have repressed the former feeling at its source. His manner had never changed in its partiality for her, and there was unquestionably a subtle fascination about him well calculated to win on an unguarded heart.

There was a party given about

this time on a rather extensive scale at the Wyldes', to which Mr. Marston, of course, was invited, and the evening's amusements were wound up with a dance. Milly, in her pale blue dress, with white flowers in her hair, and her cheeks flushing from excitement, looked so uncommonly pretty that I did not wonder that Mr. Marston endeavoured to secure her hand for several of the quadrilles, which were the only dances in which he took a part. A brilliant waltz was played towards the end of the night, and the gentlemen were hurrying to and fro in search of their partners when some one discovered that Miss Milly Wyldes was absent. Obeying a request of Lucinda to see what had become of her, I glanced into the supper-room, and from thence had wandered into a passage leading to the grounds without, when a murmur that Mr. Marston was missing also quickened my steps with a sudden trepidation. Just then the glass-door opening from the corridor on the garden was unclosed, and two figures stepped within. With a stifled cry I recognised Mr. Marston and Milly. The latter had thrown a cloak over her light dress, but as it fell from her shoulders I saw that her figure was trembling beneath, and her face, lately so dyed with blushes, had grown white as a ghost's.

'Oh, Miss Wyldes! where have you been?' I exclaimed; and I seized her hands in mine with a sudden impulse of protection.

'Only in the garden, you foolish Fraulein, refreshing myself with a peep at the cool flowers. Mrs. Hutton and Captain James showed us the example.'

And with a forced laugh she flitted away from my scrutiny. Her form was soon lost amidst a *mêlée* of gauzy drapery in the drawing-room. Mr. Marston had followed her, and I saw him no more that evening. I was kept stationary at a whist-table in the library, and when the party broke up he had already taken his departure.

I had crept to my own room filled with vague misgivings, when I was startled by the sudden bursting

open of my door. Lucinda rushed in, her hair hanging dishevelled about her, her eyes almost starting from their sockets with the wildness of their glare, and a wail sharpened to a tone of anguish breaking from her lips. She flung herself, trembling and palpitating, on the ground, and buried her face in my dress.

'What is the matter, Lucinda?' I ejaculated. 'For heaven's sake, what has occurred?'

'Do not speak to me—do not ask me! Oh! what treachery! What cruel deception! It is Milly he loves—he has told her so. It is not I!'

And with a louder cry, the poor girl caught my hands in hers with a half-maddened vehemence.

I saw it all then. The mystery of this recent scene was solved. That walk with Milly had revealed the true state of his heart, and it was the younger sister he had loved while paying every polite attention to the elder. Notwithstanding a kind of constraint which had always existed between Lucinda and me, I could not repress a thrill of pity as I viewed her now under such a different aspect to her usual cold and proud demeanour. Poor girl! it was keen heart-suffering, in truth, which had opened the barrier of her frigid reserve, and betrayed her emotion thus undisguisedly to the knowledge of another. I was attempting some words of soothing and consolation when I was checked by a sudden motion on her part. This strain of sympathy penetrating to her overwrought nerves seemed to pierce them with an acute sting. Rising, with a violent effort at mastery, she threw off my touch with her old resoluteness and cold shrinking. Her voice sank from its shrill accents to a calmer tone, and trembled but very slightly as she begged me to forget what had passed—it had only escaped her in the first impulse of surprise—she had not meant half what she had said—it was merely a momentary excitement. And with a rapid movement she hurried from the room.

I was still bewildered by the effects of this scene when Milly followed in her sister's steps. She

stole in like a ghost, and, leaning on the back of a chair, did not speak for several moments.

'Has she told you?' she said at length, in a low, suppressed voice.

'Oh, Milly!' I exclaimed, bursting out for the first time with all my emotions, 'don't say it is true! This news terrifies me. You must have nothing to do with that person. He is a bad—a fearful man. You don't know who or what he is.'

Milly started back, her eyes filled with blank amazement.

'What do you mean?' she murmured.

'There is some dreadful secret about him. I may not—I cannot say more. But oh! Milly, mistrust him—avoid him. Do not give your happiness into his keeping. You will rue it to the last day of your life. Some fatal calamity will inevitably ensue.'

Her expression changed quickly to one of alarm.

'Why, what do you know?' she demanded, eagerly. 'Has he told you? How have you learned it?'

'There is a mystery, then?' I broke in. 'I was not deceived. I felt it. I foreboded it.'

'Yes, but it will not be one much longer. He has promised to reveal it to me. He said he would not ask for my love till I knew all.'

'And do you love him?' I demanded, breathlessly.

Milly lowered her eyes, and a tinge of her former colour shot into her cheeks.

'I don't know yet,' she murmured. 'I thought it was Lucinda he cared for; but I suppose I could learn to like him.'

'But you will not do so? No, no. Promise me this. He will not tell you the truth. He dare not: he *could* not. There is something too dreadful for that. Never be his wife, Milly. Pledge yourself you will not.'

And I caught her hand beseechingly in mine.

'I do not understand you, Fraulein,' she exclaimed. 'How can you have heard anything to his disadvantage? You are speaking from mere prejudice. This secret is one you could never have discovered.'

He has kept it profoundly hidden, and he says no mortal must learn it but myself.'

I was about to disclose all when something checked me—a dread that the effect of my vague intimations might be lost, and that I should only weaken my previous remonstrances by this course. My relation was one so strange and unaccountable that I could anticipate no belief for it—it was certain to be met with mocking incredulity.

Milly interpreted my silence as favouring her own impression, that I was biassed by a groundless antipathy. She steeled herself, therefore, resolutely against all I could add in the shape of warnings and entreaties, and quitted me that night in a state of excitement and irritation.

Left to myself, I could only resolve that Mr. Wylde should be at once informed of what had passed between his daughter and Mr. Marston. Mrs. Wylde had been dead for many years, and this circumstance gave me a degree of influence in the establishment which I felt should be used for the welfare of my charges. As a preliminary step I would try and induce Milly to make the communication herself, and to insist with Mr. Marston that her father should be the first participator in his secret, whatever it might be, as the proper judge of matters relating to her future interests. With this course in view I descended to the breakfast parlour the ensuing morning, and looked out anxiously for Milly. She had not made her appearance. Lucinda, as usual, sat at the head of the table, pouring out tea. She kept her head resolutely bent down that I might not meet her eyes, and truly one glance at her face and painfully-compressed features would have made me shrink, in any case, from such scrutiny.

'Milly has a headache,' she said, in answer to my inquiry, 'and will not come down for an hour or two.'

Breakfast over, I was obliged to repair to my customary duties in the school-room; but scarcely were they concluded than I hastened in search of Milly. I met Lucinda at the entrance to her sister's room.

She looked fearfully agitated, and her lips were livid and quivering from passion.

'She is gone,' she said.

'Gone!' I ejaculated. 'Where?—with whom?'

'Next door,' she returned, with passionate bitterness. 'He asked her to grant him an interview this morning—that he had some important disclosure to make, which could only be revealed in secret, and under his own roof.'

'And she—she has surely not been so mad as this? She can never have consented to such a step?'

'I half persuaded her against it. I understood that I had obtained a promise from her to that effect: but she has vanished now; I cannot find her anywhere.'

Even as she spoke, a strange sound broke on our ears. We were standing in the passage, leaning against the wall which separated our house from No. 16. The noise proceeded from this direction. It was something between a shriek and a wail, and thrilled through our veins with a current of icy fear.

Another moment, and there was a rush in the lower part of the house. The hall-door had been burst open, and some one darted up the stairs. Never shall I forget the scene which ensued. Milly stood before us, quivering in every limb, her face blanched with terror, her lips apart, and her eyes glittering with a wild light in them.

Lucinda sprang forward, and seized her by the arm.

'You have broken your word!—you have been there!' she hissed into her ear, tightening her clutch till her fingers were indented with purple marks in her delicate skin. Milly scarcely seemed to feel or heed her, she was so wrought upon by a horror of her own. Flinging herself free from her sister's grasp, she threw herself, shuddering and convulsed, into my arms.

'Save me, Fraulein!' she cried. 'Hold me fast!—do not let him get me! Oh, that fearful sight!—how could he suffer me to see it!'

I uttered an ejaculation. It was true then; my dim presentiments were verified—the transformation

I had witnessed was no delusion of my senses; it was all actual, horribly real!

I clasped Milly tight in my arms.

'Thank God, you are safe!' I murmured. 'I knew the revelation that awaited you: I could have warned you beforehand. But it is better as it is: you could never have credited my tale.'

'You knew it?' interrupted Milly, with a cry of astonishment. 'Is this possible? How had he betrayed himself?'

'Yes, yes; I have seen him; that haggard old man—the very likeness of—'

'Oh, stop!' she exclaimed, and put her hand to my lips. 'This secret, however it has come to your knowledge, must never be breathed. I have sworn not to disclose it to mortal; I dare not speak of it. Never let it be mentioned again.'

Mystified by these expressions, Lucinda broke in with an eager interrogation. Milly turned from her, and seizing me by the arm, drew me into her own room.

Locking the door here, she flung herself on her knees before me in an agony of entreaty.

'Do not tell her!' she implored. 'He will think I have betrayed him; and I vowed solemnly never to do so. It can effect no good—all is over now. You need fear no further intercourse: he leaves the Terrace in a few days for ever.'

'Then you are not bound to him in any way? You are free, Milly, and you will shun him from henceforth?' I asked, eagerly. 'Give me this promise, and I may pledge myself to remain silent.'

'Yes, you may trust me, Fraulein. It is indeed as I have said. I shall never see him more; and I do not wish it otherwise. I had no true love for him, and this shock has broken all illusions. He knows now I could never marry him—that everything is at an end between us.'

Satisfied with this assurance, I yielded to Milly's earnest solicitation to conceal what had passed, as much to calm her agitation as from any deeper motive.

With Lucinda, meanwhile, I had

a difficult task to play. A defiant resolution showed itself in her demeanour which I was scarcely prepared to meet. She seemed to become worked up to a kind of frenzied desperation by this secrecy on my part; and when all her efforts failed to wring any confession from me, she muttered some incoherent asseverations to the effect that I had dared her now, and that she would not stop at anything which could gain her ends. While I quailed instinctively before the fierceness of her manner, I little foresaw how far her excited feelings would actually have carried her. I could never have foreshadowed the strange *dénouement* that was at once to bring to a climax my latent fears, and put an end to my mystification.

Three days passed over, and I was looking out anxiously for the departure of Mr. Marston. Joseph had confirmed Milly's statement that he was making arrangements to leave, and I was only desirous to hear that these intentions had been carried into effect.

Milly during this time did not make her appearance downstairs. Her excitement had brought on a slight feverish attack, and she was unable to quit her room. Sitting with her one afternoon, reading aloud, the door was opened rather mysteriously by one of the maids, who signed to me that she wished to speak to me for a minute. Milly's perceptions were acute enough to detect the motion. Her attention was quickly aroused, and raising her head, she asked if anything were wrong.

'It's only about Miss Lucinda, miss,' returned the girl; 'I have been looking for her to give a message, and I thought, perhaps, you might know where she is.'

'No; she has not been here this morning.' And Milly, seeing nothing in this to excite her interest, relapsed into her languid tone, and turned round once more on the pillow.

I crept out after the maid. 'Is this really all you wanted, Ellen?' I inquired. The girl hesitated.

'I thought, ma'am, from your manner, that you did not wish the

young ladies to have anything to say to the gentleman next door.'

'Well, and what has occurred? Is he here now? Is Miss Wylde with him?'

'Oh no, ma'am; not that. But since her sister's been ill, and you upstairs with her, Miss Lucinda is out a good deal in the garden—at the far corner, I mean, under the ash-tree.'

'I know, I know!' I broke in with sudden eagerness. 'And that person—Mr. Marston—is he in his grounds at the same time?'

The girl hesitated again, and stammered out something to the effect that she fancied it was so. She had gone out to the garden to search for the young lady, and had heard voices in conversation at the far end, and there was no one with Miss Wylde from her own house.

I waited to hear no more, but darted off to see for myself whether there was any foundation for the suspicion.

Half way down the garden walk I met Lucinda coming towards me. Her cheeks were flushed, and her lowered eyes sparkled with a strange light as they were raised for a moment to mine.

'Where have you been, Lucinda?' I inquired, crossing her path, and scrutinising her with ill-repressed anxiety.

'Where?' and she broke into a harsh laugh. 'Are your senses quite bewildered, Fraulein Grauen? A walk in one's own garden is not such a very alarming thing.'

'But was there no one with you? —That is——'

'Really,' interrupted Lucinda, brushing past me with a vehement gesture, 'really this is too absurd. Your vigilance is passing all reason. Pray, on what subject are you insanely suspicious now?'

Thrown back by her mocking tone, I knew not what to add. I did not dare to insinuate any more definite accusation, with such slight grounds for building my assumption on. I was silenced for the moment, and Lucinda quitted me without further interposition. Scarcely, however, had she disappeared within the house, than I retraced my own

steps at a quick pace, and hastening upstairs to my room, I sprang to the window looking upon the back of the house. It was just as I had anticipated.

Mr. Marston was standing in his garden beneath the ash-tree, some of the branches of which had drooped over the hedge, forming a kind of arbour on our side, and which was Lucinda's favourite seat. He held a paper in the form of a small note, open in his hand, and was scanning it eagerly. A thrill of apprehension darted through my heart. Could it be that their communication had reached this length of confidence? It was a startling suspicion, yet that intimation of the maid, joined to my present observation, seemed to confirm the idea. In my eager agitation I leant farther from the window. Mr. Marston had either overheard some sound or accident induced a sudden change of attitude. He paused in the perusal of the paper, looked up, and his eyes met mine. He could not have turned paler from emotion, but he gave a quick start of surprise, and crushed up the letter in his hand. Almost simultaneously with this movement, he smoothed it into its folds again, and placed it in his breast pocket. He had regained his self-possession, and with an air of assumed indifference advanced some steps in the direction of the house. Here he stopped for one instant, and again raising his eyes to the window he bowed with a glance of recognition to me. A smile played on his features now—a ghostly sardonic smile, and with this significant expression hovering before my vision I lost sight of him behind the projection of his house.

This circumstance would have afforded me matter for greater uneasiness had I not learned a few hours later that Mr. Marston was actually to leave on the following morning. Everything was in readiness for his departure, and a carriage had been engaged from a neighbouring town to take him on to his next destination. The ostensible reason given for this sudden move was the state of his health, which had not been benefited by his sojourn

in our neighbourhood, and it was considered advisable to make a speedy change before the winter set in.

About two o'clock that night I was awakened by the sound of wheels beneath my window. I conjectured whose departure they announced, and I was scarcely surprised at the unusual hour which had been fixed for this event. The secrecy with which our neighbour had contrived his arrival and the strange nature of his subsequent proceedings had prepared me to expect the employment of similar mystery now. The hours passed on, and without dwelling further on the circumstance, I fell into a heavy slumber. I was aroused at daylight by some one bending over me, and a cry in my vicinity. Starting up, I saw that Milly stood beside me in her white dressing-gown, wringing her hands, and uttering despairing ejaculations.

'Oh, Fraulein, she is gone! Lucinda is gone! She has left in the night! Mr. Marston has carried her off! What shall we do?' and with a face of dismay she rushed out on the passage, calling for her father.

Mr. Wylde appeared in another instant, just in time to receive a letter which had been discovered on the young lady's dressing-table. Tearing open the seal, he commenced the perusal. His face grew pale as he read, and before he had concluded the paper dropped from his hands. Milly snatched it up, and in broken sentences read aloud the contents.

'Do not make any attempt to follow me, father. Before this meets your eye I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit, and will have united my fate with that of Edward Marston. I feared, knowing the circumstances of the case, that you would never have given your consent to this step; but now that it is taken, I pray of you to forgive me, and not to blame me too harshly for what I have done. I have not courage to enter into explanations here. I leave them to another to detail. My sister Milly knows all; she can tell you what is the obstacle

I allude to: the one fatal secret of Mr. Marston's life.'

At these words, Mr. Wylde turned round with a sudden vehemence.

'What is this secret, Milly?' he exclaimed. 'What does she mean? Speak—explain all, without delay.'

His daughter trembled, and seemed scarcely collected enough to reply.

'Oh, tell him, Milly!' I murmured. 'It is something too wildly horrible to be kept back now. He has a right to learn all.'

She opened her lips then, and the words came forth with a quick, gasping sound.

'There is madness in the family, father—a terrible hereditary disease. Mr. Marston has had a fearful brain fever himself, in which the seeds of it broke forth, and in a fit of frenzy he attempted his father's life. This drove the old man, who was already weakened in his intellects, into a hopeless state of insanity. He has always been kept since in close concealment under Mr. Marston's roof. The latter made a vow, when he became aware of the dreadful deed he had attempted, that he would never let him be separated from him. It was this secret he disclosed to me when he asked me to become his wife; and, awed by the prospect of what I should have to brave, I shrank from it in terror.'

'And Lucinda—how is this? Did you not warn her?' interrupted her father.

'I had no need to do so; she must have discovered all herself. She has acted with her eyes open. That allusion in her letter plainly shows it.'

Mr. Wylde had turned to me now with some eager interrogation, but I scarcely heard him. I remained literally stupefied by the tidings which had burst on me. This, then, was the clue to the mystery—the solution of that bewildering enigma which had filled me with such distracting ideas that I could not even seek to comprehend them. I was so utterly overcome by the surprise that I was unable to offer comment or condolence, and the succeeding incidents of that morning passed before me as in a dream.

I learned later a full and connected explanation of all which had occurred, and could only recall my own credulous superstition with increasing confusion.

It appeared that, on the night of his arrival, Mr. Marston had alighted at the entrance of the Terrace to look for the right number on the door, and when I became a spectator of the scene he was already within his own house, and Joseph had been sent out to assist the elder gentleman from the carriage. The latter person, for very obvious reasons, was always kept in strict seclusion. His general condition of harmless imbecility was at times broken in upon by some frantic outbreak; and Mr. Marston, fearing that the discovery of any dangerous symptoms of this kind might lead to his removal from under his care, and bring to light other unhappy circumstances connected with his case, determined, if possible, to conceal his existence.

This was the more easy of accomplishment, as Joseph, who had the especial care of the old gentleman, had acquired in a great measure the secret of managing him, and was generally able to exercise a control over him, and recall him within bounds, if he chanced to break through them, as on the occasion of his midnight appearance in the Terrace garden.

Mr. Marston, dreading some later interference, had felt it necessary to make Milly acquainted with these painful circumstances before matters had gone further between them; and for this purpose he persuaded her to contrive a meeting with him in his own house, that she might see for herself the true position of affairs. He calculated on not representing them in too repelling a light. Joseph, however, chanced to be absent on the occasion, and the introduction of a stranger to the elder Mr. Marston's presence threw him into a sudden paroxysm of delirium. Milly was beyond measure startled at this alarming aspect, and fled from the house in dismay, appearing before Lucinda and me in the state of nervous agitation I have already described.

Amongst many unpleasant thoughts, one matter remained to me now for thankfulness and gratulation—Milly had escaped the entanglement; and if such an unpropitious union were in store for either sister, I could not but feel relieved that it was the elder one who had run the risk. We concluded that, embittered by disappointment and worked upon by her excited feelings, she had entered into some secret communication with Mr. Marston during those days in which I was occupied with Milly's illness. A disclosure of the secret must have ensued, which probably elicited a display of sympathy on Lucinda's part, which induced the gentleman to repeat the offer already made to one sister, and which was accepted now in the case of the other. Further tidings of Lucinda did not reach us for a considerable time. We learnt ultimately that Mr. Marston, sen.,

was dead, and that she and her husband had fixed their future lot in a foreign country, and had embarked together for Australia.

In recalling this chapter of my experience, I have only to add that my superstitious fancies received an effectual check by this discovery of their folly. I was sternly resolute henceforth in arresting any tendencies which might induce extravagant conceptions or effect a similar disturbance of my mind. So scrupulous, indeed, was I on this head, that I even guarded against becoming too watchful or observant in my habits; and subsequently, when another single gentleman filled the place of the stranger next door, Milly's communication took me quite by surprise when she informed me one day that she was engaged to be married, and that the destined bridegroom was our neighbour in No. 16.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME YET?

IF a man were in the position of Adam when he first awoke to the solitary bliss of Paradise, or in that of Robinson Crusoe before the invasion of his kingdom, it is possible that his desires after identity might be satisfied with something short of what we call a name. A pronominal consciousness in the first person might express his tendencies to individuality in some thought, if unworded, equivalent of the *Ego*, the *Ich*, the *Me*. But upon the appearance of an Eve, or upon the arrival of a Friday, the convenience of personal nomenclature would manifest itself; whilst, with the addition of a third person, the convenience of such nomenclature would be pressed and intensified into a necessity. One person would not speak to a second about a third without summarizing the description of that third person into such a short and significant formula as should deserve to be called a name. The symbols of conversation could not remain amongst the unknown quantities. The unascertained X, Y, Z, must give place to the precise and definite A, B, C. And with the aggregation of numbers to any society, the necessities of exact and exclusive nomenclature would increase in fully a geometrical progression.

It is startling, from our point of view, to find Camden gravely endorsing the authority of some ancient authors, and informing the readers of his 'Remains' that there were people — 'the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, in Barbary,' to wit — who were 'both nameless and dreamless.' Of these people Herodotus asserts, and it is he who seems to have been Camden's immediate authority, that 'they are the only people we know of who have not personal names.' The father of history tells us that they were a wretched, scorched-up race, who spent their days in blasphemies and imprecations against the blazing sun, that with his beams shrivelled up both themselves and their country. It is not our province to clear them from the reputation of impiety, but when we are

asked to receive the information that they lived absolutely without names—without epithets by which one man could be easily differenced from another—we are free to withhold our consent, and we do withhold it accordingly. We should rather incline to believe that a society of gorillas or of elephants had some vocal symbols of personal distinction than that any race of human beings was without them. The practice of name-giving is, we may be sure, only a very few hours more modern than the faculty of name-bearing; and to deny to any community the power and the practice of using names, is to deny to that community the possession of humanity. Puteanus, *vulgariter* Vander Putten, puts this strongly enough. 'Sine nomine,' he says, 'homo non est.' And Salverte approves the sentence: 'Nôtre propre nom, c'est nous-mêmes.' Let Mademoiselle Juliet, and her friends who join her in the cuckoo question of 'What's in a name?' take this for answer. A great part of Romeo was, that he *was* Romeo and a Montague. He might belong to the genus *homo*, but he had this species and this variety for qualification.

Even in the presence of another person, the name of that person, contrary to the fair Juliet's canon, is a great part of him; whilst, in his absence, it is all but all. A name is that by which we apprehend a considerable proportion of our own existence, and it is of inconceivably greater importance when it is all that others have to apprehend us by. To speak a name is to give form and utterance to thought and feeling. It is to recall character and to excite passion. It is to fill the yearning heart of a mother with a tremulous and prayerful emotion; to suffuse with a deeper and a warmer dye the damask cheek of the love-sick maiden; and to flush the face of anger at the verbal presentment of an enemy. Our name is that part of us which we shall leave to earth when we ourselves have gained our promotion to a

higher state of existence. A name is all in which stands the honour or the disgrace of the departed—the glory of a Plato or a Milton, or the infamy of a Cenci or a Chartres. Without names fame were a scrawl without meaning; and history, if anything at all, only a confusion of dusky and amorphous vapours.

Of symbols so important as names, 'which, indeed, are but one kind of custom-woven, wonder-hiding garments,' it was impossible that the author of 'Sartor Resartus' could be silent. 'For indeed,' as Walter Shandy often insisted, 'there is much, nay, almost all, in names. The name is the earliest garment you wrap round the earth-visiting me; to which it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic first-times when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common speech, but science, poetry itself, is no other, if thou consider it, than a right naming. Adam's first task was giving names to natural appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same? be the appearances exotic - vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in science); or (as in poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods? In a very plain sense the proverb says, Call one a thief, and he will steal; in an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say, Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes.'

Nowadays, amongst civilized nations, we do not go to names as clues to character; it is generally sufficient that they serve the purpose of designation merely. Christian names, the names of baptism, may indeed indicate the political, social, or religious proclivities of parents; as when a Dawsmere agri-

culturalist calls his boys respectively Russell Brougham and Napoleon Buonaparte; a London republican names his sons after Lincoln and Garibaldi; and a very free theologian directs his infant to be made a Christian by the style and title of John William Natal. One large-hearted father, known to history, has before now made an attempt, for some reason or other abortive, to illustrate his child by the name of Beelzebub. Priestly tyranny, we suppose, it was that objected to such a dedication. Even surnames have long ceased to be distinctive of individual characteristics.

But in the beginning, and indeed long after, all names were significant; and in the earliest ages of the world a single name sufficed. This name was decided by the circumstances of one or both of the parents at the time of the birth of the nominee, by the personal peculiarities of the child itself, or by the qualities which the parents wished to cherish and to be developed and exemplified in its future career. Thus a name was frequently a prayer or a hopeful prediction. Every reader knows how largely this feeling governed the principles of Hebrew nomenclature. Nor was it unknown amongst other nations besides the Jews. Rabelais burlesquely names his hero Gargantua after the Israelitish fashion. 'As soon as he was born,' says that extremely reverend author, 'he cried out, not as other babes use to do, "Miez, miez, miez, miez," but with a high, sturdy, and big voice shouted about, "Some drink, some drink, some drink!" as inviting all the world to drink with him. The noise hereof was so extremely great that it was heard at once in both the countries of Beauce and Bibarois. . . . The good man Grandgousier, drinking and making merry with the rest, heard the horrible noise which his son had made as he entered into the light of this world, when he cried out, "Some drink, some drink, some drink!" whereupon he said, in French, "Que grand tu as et souple le gousier!" that is to say, "How great and

nimble a throat thou hast." Which the company hearing, said, "Verily the child ought to be called Gargantua;" because it was the first word that, after his birth, his father had spoken, in imitation, and at the example, of the ancient Hebrews; whereunto he condescended, and his mother was very well pleased therewith.' Plato takes the trouble to recommend parents to be very careful in giving happy names to their children; whilst the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and successes of men were according to their names scarcely less than to their genius and fate. Cicero speaks of 'bona nomina,' and Tacitus of 'fausta nomina;' and the popular maxim ran, 'Bonum nomen, bonum omen.' On the other hand, to 'give a dog a bad name' was to 'hang him.' 'On ne saurait lui dire pis que son nom,' says a French proverb; which Livy had anticipated in a concrete form when he made Scipio denounce Atrius Umber, one of the leaders of a military sedition in Spain, as 'nominis etiam abominandi ducem;' and Plautus, who thought it sufficient for a man's condemnation that he bore the ill-omened name of Lyco, or greedy wolf. Most dramatists and novelists from the time of Plautus have understood the value of names as vehicles of attraction or repulsion. The practice has been especially honoured in allegory—in Bunyan, for example; but modern writers of fiction have become so far realistic as to be comparatively indifferent to this canon, and copying life as they find it, in this respect at least, have allowed character to exhibit itself mainly in word and action. Most nineteenth-century readers, it is presumed, can recognise a career of benevolence without it being epitomized in such a name as All-worthy; and a series of tricks—out of 'Ten Thousand a Year'—may be safely left to be reprobated without being ticketed Gammon.

There were, by-and-by, found to be valid reasons why a person should bear a double name, or even why a treble one would be expedient. Amongst others, a powerful one was the desire to connect a child

with his ancestors at the same time that his individuality was secured. The nomenclature of the Romans was in this respect very complete; and in adopting it, there is every reason to believe they conformed their practice to an Etruscan model. By means of the prænomen, nomen, and cognomen, they indicated at once the individual, his gens or clan, and his family. Military commanders, and other persons of eminent distinction, sometimes gloried in a fourth designation, conferred upon them to mark some grand achievement in war or government. Such a designation was Coriolanus, Africanus, Germanicus, &c. This fourth name, agnomen, may be regarded as a sort of honourable nickname; and, as illustrating one phase of the change of names, we may mention that agnomina are by no means strange to the greater and lesser figures of our own history. The epithets Conqueror, Beauclerk, Longshanks, Cœur de Lion, Lackland, borne respectively by one or other of our early Norman kings, will hardly fail to suggest themselves. But, more recently, we can point to such persons as the Earl of Nottingham, who, being, in the days of Lord Oxford's administration, a violent Whig, and tall, thin, and of a very dark complexion, obtained the sobriquet of Dismal; and to Lord Howe, who, from his swarthy complexion, enjoyed amongst his sailors the nickname of Black Dick. Mr. Pitt was called the Heaven-born Minister; Garrick was christened, by Cumberland, the Heaven-born Actor; and old Vestris, by himself, the Dieu de Danse. Mr. Gerrard Hamilton is identified by his epithet of Single-speech; Lord Sandwich is immortal as Jemmy Twitcher; Lord Temple as Squire Gawkey; Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, as Malagrida; and Sir Fletcher Norton, eleven years speaker of the House of Commons, as Sir Bullface Doublefee.

Camden, one of our earliest investigators into the history of names, says that the ancient Britons generally took theirs from colours, because they painted themselves. One

of the earliest forms of surname known to modern times is the patronymic; which showed itself either in the way of prefix, as in the Norman Fitz, the Irish O', the Scottish Mac, and the Welsh Ap; or in the way of affix, as in the Russian witz, the Polish ski, and the Danish and English son. But it was only about the year 1000 that surnames began to be taken up in France; and the practice was introduced to a small extent in England by Edward the Confessor, who was much of a Frenchman in his affinities; and to a larger extent after the conquest of England by the Normans under William. The practice gradually extended during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries; but as late as the fifteenth century there was much unsettlement in the matter of family names. Sometimes, indeed, the same person bore different surnames at different periods. Hereditary surnames can scarcely be said to have been permanently settled among the lower and middle classes before the era of the Reformation; and the process was greatly furthered by the introduction of parish registers.

In course of time surnames became as remarkable for their great variety as for their extraordinary number. 'We have borrowed,' says Camden, 'names from everything both good and bad.' It is calculated that at the present moment we have in the British islands different surnames to the number of thirty or forty thousand. And it is fair to believe that this number, from importation, and the natural tendency to establish differences, is rather on the increase than otherwise. The name of Smith heads the list, closely followed by the Joneses, and then in order by the Williamses, Taylors, and Davieses, with the varieties of Davis, Daviss, &c.

'Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen named Thompson, and nineteen named
Smith.'

The grandest style of name is of course the territorial; but a place often gave its name to a mere resident in its neighbourhood as well as to the proprietor. There is, how-

ever, scarcely anything thinkable which has not been put into requisition to enrich our budget of surnames. We owe them to occupations, professions, offices, and functions civil and ecclesiastical; to qualities of the mind and to peculiarities of body, and to the development or shortcoming of limb or stature; to ages, times and seasons, fasts and festivals; to weapons of war wielded or manufactured; to costume and to the colour of the clothing or complexion; to animals, birds, beasts, fowls, and insects; to flowers and fruits; to modifications of Christian names; and to nicknames or sobriquets.

Our language is not yet fully formed—perhaps no living language can ever be said to be so; for growth is synchronous with decay, and nothing is fixed till overtaken by the rigidity of death. Scores of words are yet in an undecided and transitional state as to their orthography, and as to their degree of naturalization. If we reflect upon all the English language has gone through in order to attain its present pitch of advancement, it will not be surprising if we find a want of uniformity formerly prevalent over the orthography of words in even the commonest use. Any volume of two hundred years old will offer examples of every-day words spelt in different ways. We must expect, therefore, that the same phenomenon should appear in the matter of names, in which, indeed, as chattels of their individual possessors, there were to be found a greater number of forces at work to effect a diversity. The uneducated of the present day are not to be trusted to give a correct orthography of the names they inherit; and we know an instance of a woman owning a monosyllabic or at most a disyllabic name, who, when seventeen different ways of spelling it were interrogatively suggested to her, was certain that each in succession was the, if not the only, correct one. Is it wonderful, then, that the inexact orthography of the middle ages, ere yet the schoolmaster was abroad, should have occasioned the gradual, insensible, and unintentional changes

and modifications of names? Shirecliffe, Mr. Lower tells us, is found spelt in fifty-five different ways; and the name of Mainwaring, if we may trust Sir William Dugdale, in a hundred and thirty-one. As a specimen of the seemingly capricious and unaccountable metamorphoses to which names were subject, we give a score of these methods for the edification of the reader:—

Mesnilwarin, Masnilwaren, Mensilwaren, Meisnilwaren, Meisneilwar, Meinilwarin, Menilwarin, Mesnilwarin, Mesnilgarin, Meingarin, Maynwaringe, Maynwayringe, Manwaringe, Manwairing, Maynwaring, Maynering, Mannering, Manwaring, Mainwaring, and Manwarren.

Undesigned changes would arise also from the well-known tendency to abbreviate the time occupied in pronouncing the names of places and persons. The orthography would follow the pronunciation; and if this locally varied, it would be only natural the name itself would vary indefinitely. Amongst the educated of our own times, indeed, a name reduced in pronunciation to half its length, may still orthographically hold its own. The vocal Chumley may still be the written Cholmondeley. 'Is Lord Chol-mon-de-ley at home?' asked a purist or an ignoramus. The reply in kind was: 'No, but some of his pe-o-ple are.' Another anecdote pleasantly illustrates the tendency to abbreviation. The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend Mr. Vansittart: 'Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the "sittart," and call you "Van" for the future.' 'With all my heart,' said Vansittart; 'by the same rule, I shall drop "croft," and call you "Bear."'

Combining with the tendency to abbreviation, there is another, which has been a fruitful source of change in names, especially when these have been of a foreign complexion. People like something they can understand; and our tars are apt to transmogrify 'Bellerophon' into 'Billy Ruffian,' as our common folk degrade 'asparagus' into 'sparrowgrass.' The tendency of corruption is towards a meaning, or to something which seems to be one 'The common

sort,' says Camden, *à propos* of this subject, 'desire to make all to be significative.' 'Who would imagine,' he asks, 'Bacon, Cressing Alshop, Hartshorne, and many such like to be local names? Yet most certainly they are.' He would trace Inkepen to Ingepen, Wormewood to Ormund, Drinkwater to Derwentwater, Troublefield to Turberville. Shirecliffe figures as Shirtley; Ollerenshaw, as Wrench; Molineux, as Mull; Debenham, as Deadman; Macleod, as Ellicott; Delamont, as Dollymount; Pasley, as Parsley; Thurgod, as Thoroughgood; Talbois, as Tallboys; and so on *ad libitum*. 'In deeds of one and the same person,' Mr. Lower tells us, 'who would now be Mr. John Church, or John Kirke, and who flourished in Derbyshire in the reign of Edward the Third, the following variations occur:—John atte Schirche, John at Chyrch, John del Kyrke, Johannes de Kyrke, John o' the Kyrke, and John at Kyrke.' The fertile name of Garden has given rise to such variations as the following; the peculiarity being that some of them have been found interchanged about the same persons in parish registers within the space of two or three years, scarcely more than half a century ago:—Gardyne, Jardyne, Garden, Garn, Gardin, Gardine, Garne, Dalgarn, Dalgarnier, Dalgardyne, Dalgarno.

From the all-hospitable character of America, as a new and illimitable country, it happens that its people have golden opportunities for exercising their minds upon names which, being to them alien, are objects of unintentional though ingenious experiment. Two or three instances, taken from Mr. Bowditch's 'Suffolk Surnames'—by which he means the surnames of that very small county of which Boston, U.S., is the centre—may suffice to give a taste of these affectionate attempts to assimilate the foreign element, by making names whose significance is to be properly traced in one language conform to a standard of intelligibility in another. 'In 1844, one Joseph Galliano died in Boston; and in our Probate Records, he has

the alias of Joseph Gallon,—that being his popular name. Plamboeck, in some of our conveyances, became Plumback. These are names in a transition state. So likewise a Spanish boy, having the Christian name of Benito, pronounced Benecto, who shipped with Dr. Bowditch in one of his voyages (as mentioned in his 'Memoir,' 1839), became Ben Eaton; and a foundling named Personne (*i.e.*, nobody), became Mr. Pearson. Our Bendix is probably Benjamin Dix consolidated. Perhaps our Barnfield is but a corruption of the glorious old Dutch name of Barneveldt. Our Rawley is obviously Raleigh. Bakeoven may be from Backhoffner, mentioned in 'Galignani,' October, 1859. Jacques Beguin of Texas, as we learn from Olmstead, became John Bacon. The firm of Wehle and Weniger, in Roxburg, might easily be thus transmuted to Veal and Vinegar. Bompas has been corrupted into Bumpus; and another French name, Gachet, is the origin of two families of Gasset and Gushee. Bellows is supposed to be a corruption of de Belle Eau. A French family of Blanchpied, settled in Essex County, has had its name both translated and corrupted,—ending in families of Whitefoot and Blumpey; and a German named Rübsum, who emigrated to Charleston, S.C., became, by translation, Mr. Turnipseed.

The practice of changing names abruptly and of set purpose, to the illustration of which we shall devote the remainder of this paper, is an extremely ancient one, and one known to all nations, although never so freely indulged in as by the Americans, and by the English of the last years. The first changes that we have notice of in Hebrew history were made on the Highest authority. Upon the occasion of the old man, Abram, receiving a divine promise that he should become 'a father of many nations,' his name, which had signified 'high father,' was altered to Abraham, the 'father of a great multitude;' and the name of Sarai, 'my lady,' 'my princess,' was altered to Sarah, the 'mother of many nations.' When

Jacob, the 'supplanter,' had prevailed in his night-long wrestling with 'a man' whom he identified with God, his mysterious antagonist bestowed on him the name of Israel, a 'prince with God.' The names of Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were conferred respectively on Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, children of the captivity of Judah, at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, by Ashpenaz, chief of the eunuchs of that monarch. The name of Paul, a 'worker,' would seem to have been conferred on Saul as a tribute for the zeal and activity he displayed after his conversion to Christianity. In the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the transition time is marked by an alias—'Saul (who also is called Paul),'—before which the former, and after which the latter, of the two names is used exclusively.

In ancient profane history likewise, we have examples of changes of name accompanying or marking some notable change in the office, character, or circumstances of the person affected. Upon his accession to the throne of Persia, for example, Codomanus became Darius; Romulus, on the occasion of his apotheosis, received the name of Quirinus; whilst the second of the Cæsars offers an instance of both the dropping and the assumption of names. Octavianus had in early life been known by the 'cognomen' of Thurinus, as Suetonius tells us; although that pleasant historian is in doubt whether this name had reference to the origin of his ancestors, or to some distinctions of a military kind which his father had gained in Thurium. 'Afterwards he assumed the cognomen first of Cæsar, and then of Augustus; one of these names being prescribed to him by the will of his uncle, and the other by the advice of Munatius Plancus.' Amongst the Romans, persons who were adopted into noble families substituted the name of the latter for their own original appellations; and slaves, in manumission, took their master's name, in addition to their own single one.

Whilst Christianity was still a

struggling religion, it was the custom to confer at baptism a new name upon the converts from heathenism. Since the time of Pope Sergius II., who discarded his previous name of Os Porci, swine's mouth, on his elevation to the papacy, it has been the practice, with perhaps only the single exception of Marcellus, for his successors to adopt a name by which they should be enthroned in the chair of St. Peter. During the middle ages it was a common custom for ecclesiastics, especially the members of religious orders, to throw aside their ancestral names, however noble these might be. With their vows they became *civiliter mortui*, and at the outset of their spiritual life they assumed the name of some angel, or saint, or father of the church, 'partly,' says Alban Butler, 'to express their obligation to become new men, and partly to put themselves under the special patronage of certain saints, whose examples they proposed to themselves for their models.' They were known also by the name of their birthplace—William Longe became the illustrious and venerated William of Wykeham, and William Patten or Barbour became William Waynflete.

The royal command to change or to adopt a name has been exercised both upon individuals and communities. 'I love you,' said Edward IV. to some of the family of Picard, 'but not your name.' Whereupon they adopted others; one taking the name of Ruddle, from his place of birth. During the reign of the same king, an act was passed 'to ordain and establish by authority of the Parliament [holden at Trim in 1465] that every Irishman that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Ureill, and Kildare, shall go like an Englishman in apparel and shaving of his beard above the mouth, and shall take to him an English surname of a town, or colour, or art, or science, or office, and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting of his goods yearly till the premises be done.' Of names changed for

political purposes we owe to Fuller the record of the adoption—for the sake of concealment during the wars of the Roses—by the Blunts of Buckinghamshire of the pastoral name of Croke, and by the Carringtons of Warwick, of the sacred name of Smith. The illustrious name of Almack is a transparent attempt to repudiate the nationality implied in the untransposed MacAll; and Charles Macklin, a player of reputation in the last century, avowedly invented his surname in order 'to get rid of that d—d Irish name M'Laughlin.' Many Jewish families have supposed that an advantage was to be derived from a nominal naturalisation—Abraham becomes Braham; Moses becomes Moss, or Mosely; Solomon becomes Salmon, or Sloman; Levi becomes Lewis; Elias becomes Ellis; and Eliason appears as Elliotson.

The chief cause which has operated in effecting a change of name has been the desire on the part of the person changing it to advantage himself pecuniarily, or to gain thereby a greater degree of social consideration.

Catherine de Medici changed the names of her three sons, in the expectation of thereby mending their fortunes; and one of her sons, who had been baptized Hercules, was in after life a suitor to our Queen Elizabeth under the name of Francis, assumed after the death of his elder brother of that name, which had taken place before his own confirmation. There are many cases on record of the sons of great heiresses having left their paternal surnames for those of their mothers,—Stanleys, Nevilles, Percies, Cavendishes and others. Of progressive modifications suggested by a laudable ambition, Swift gives ('Examiner,' No. 40, 1711), an amusing illustration:—'I know a citizen who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plum he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy, and that perhaps he may contrive to be done by mistake of the graver upon his gravestone.' Mr. Lower identifies this citizen as 'Sir Henry Furnese, whose surname underwent the fol-

lowing transformations: 'Furnace, Furnice, Furnise, Furnesse, Furness, Furnese. Whether he actually became a *Farnese* posthumously, I never heard.'

The same sentiment which impels a man to pluck honour to himself in the change or modification of his name, leads him to guard himself against the disgrace of shameful connections, or the social disability of questionable ones. Whole families, even, in localities where some startling offence has made the name of the offender execrable, will hasten to divest themselves of the livery of crime; and individuals will think they effect a nominal severance from their poor relations by the substitution or the insertion of one or more letters. Yet the opposite feeling is not entirely without its representatives; and whether from sheer reckless fun, profanity, or bravado, men have been found to glory in self-imposed or self-recognised designations which can only be regarded as badges of shame or impiety. 'I found an old newspaper,' writes Horace Walpole, in 1750, 'the other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers. There were John Price, *alias* Miss Marjoram; Bob Plunder; Bricklayer Tom; and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst, in Hants.'

Time and local acceptance have a considerable influence upon the quality of names. What is in perfectly good taste in one age and country—not to say county—may be offensive in another. Words degrade through use: what was proper, becomes tainted; what was polite, becomes gross; what was honest, becomes equivocal; and what was at best objectionable, becomes intolerable. It is not sufficient for the taste and pride of the bearers of undesirable names to reflect that these are no longer significant; and that to-day they serve no other purpose than to mark out the families or the individuals to which they attach, and to difference them from all others. Nothing but change, it appears, will suit the fastidiousness of the owners of some of these disadvantageous designations. Yet they might think that it is possible

for a mean name to be a valuable foil to a noble man; or at any rate they might learn resignation from Camden's sensible remarks:—'For neither the good names do grace the bad, neither do evil names disgrace the good. If names are to be accounted good or bad, in all countries both good and bad have been of the same surnames.'

Shenstone, the poet, is said to have been grateful that he had a name which was not obnoxious to the vile art of the punster. Of course we shall not stay to degrade ourselves to a demonstration; but it strikes us that a genius like Hood or Hook would easily have convicted him of being thankful for very small mercies. To have a name that offers itself as a common to every goose is galling enough to a sensitive and delicate mind; and many persons, to avoid puns, or, generally, for the sake of euphony, have been glad to change their names. Guez (a beggar) became Balzac; Schwartzers became Melancthon; and Gerard Gerard Desiderius Erasmus. Hunt, the coalheaver, having found himself promoted to the pastoral office, lengthened his name to Huntington, and so signed it, with the letters S.S. (sinner saved) appended thereto. 'The late Whittle Sheepshanks, Esq.,' writes Mr. Marc Antony Lower, in his 'Patronymica Britannica,' 'was an eminent farmer; and it is related of him, that having once made a purchase at a northern fair, the seller asked him for a reference for payment, and Mr. S—— replied:—"Why, don't you know me? I thought everybody hereabouts knew Whittle Sheepshanks." Upon which the other, fearing a hoax, rejoined: "Hoot, mon, wha ever heard o' a *sheepshank*, wi' a *whittle* (pocket-knife) to 't?" and actually declined the transaction. The worthy gentleman soon afterwards took the name of Yorke by sign-manual, and thus was

'The winter of his discontent,
Made glorious summer by the name of Yorke.'

A gentleman, resident in Canterbury and a representative of that city in Parliament, a most worthy

man, who died in 1781, had the unmanageable name of Brodnax for his patronymic. This name, early in life, he changed for that of May; and afterwards, by a statute of 9th George II., he took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the House to get up, and propose 'a general Bill, to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased.' Had this 'facetious member' been alive to represent a constituency in the present Parliament, he might find between forty and fifty honourable occupants of the seats about him who were qualified by change of name to be subjects of his pertinent or impertinent proposals. Forty-two, a learned statistician has informed us, is the exact number of members of the house who have adopted a name other than that they began the world with; and of these several have experienced more than one substitution.

The anecdote immediately foregoing has brought us very close to the law of the subject; and to this we shall devote a few lines, after transcribing from Mr. Bowditch's 'Suffolk Surnames,' an anecdote or two prefaced by a sentence in which we get a glimpse of the American law. 'Very many names were annually changed by authority of the general court, sometimes decidedly for the better, but often with little or no improvement. It is a remarkable circumstance, that since the jurisdiction of this matter has been given to the judges of probate in the respective counties, so that sufferers in name can no longer claim the sympathy of the whole commonwealth, the number of those who apply to the law for relief is very small. A mere abstract of the names changed by the legislature would be very amusing. Thus we find Broadbrooks, 1805; Snupe, 1806; Bumside,* 1807; Linkhornew,

* A distinguished lawyer of Middlesex County, named Burnside, disliking his Christian name, in 1807, applied for leave to change it; and as he wrote a bad hand, it was supposed that he also wished to alter his surname into Bumside. The change was made accordingly; and, after suffering a year's penance, it became again necessary

1808; Frickey, 1824; Tink, 1826; Slates, 1827; Crouch, 1832; Turn, 1837; Peachem, 1845; Pedder, 1847; &c. Mr. Pepper Mixer, in 1810, retained his surname, while he parted with his Christian name. Mr. Thode Coats, in 1814, followed his example. Samuel Quince Whitefoot, on the contrary, in 1833, liked his Christian name, and merely dropped the *foot*. An entire family of Corporal, in 1847, laid aside that dignity; and a very numerous family of Vest *divested* themselves in 1848. Mr. Thomas Jest, in 1850, decided that it was no joke to retain such a name any longer. Mr. Gest, of Cincinnati, however, as lately as 1857, subscribed for Agassiz's work. Mr. Mock, in this mode, escaped from the mockeries of his friends.'

'A western rhymester, manifestly a native American, has attempted,' said the correspondent of the *Standard*, a few weeks ago, 'to sing of the peculiarities of Chicago.' Change of name, and that for not the best of purposes, seems to be one of the phenomena of that illustrious city. Says the poet:—

'If you never have altered your name in your life,

Nor ever did up to the bar go,
Or else run away with another man's wife,
They won't let you live in Chicago.

'There the infants are fed on whiskey direct,
For liquor they all to their Ma go,
And the Mully cows give, as a man might expect,
Milk punch in the town of Chicago.

'Yet it cannot be said that their morals are bad,
Or that they too much below par go;
For the devil a moral the folks ever had,
Who live in the town of Chicago.'

At the present time, when an advertisement of the change or adoption of a surname is, on the average, of weekly occurrence in the second column of the *Times*; and when it is possible that some even of our *male* readers may be contemplating an alteration, it is of some interest to ascertain what is the legal position of persons adopt-

to ask legislative aid. Indeed, he did not fully *become himself* again until after two more acts of the legislature, November 17, 1808, and March 4, 1809.

ing such a course. There are two ways of effecting a change of name, the validity of which is beyond discussion—a licence from the crown, and an act of parliament. But either of these processes involves expense; and a question arises, Is this expense necessary? or is a change of name valid and lawful without its incurrence?

In cases where a testator, leaving property contingent on the adoption of a certain name by the devisee or legatee, stipulates also for a royal licence or an act of parliament to give sanction to the proposed substitution, there is no alternative, and the expense of one or other of these instruments must be incurred by the terms of the will. But this expense is no other than a fine gratuitously inflicted by the testator upon his heirs. Apart from such a direction, legal opinion and authority are unanimous that a change of name may be lawfully made by simple assumption and publicity on the part of the person changing, conjoined with such recognition on the part of others as to constitute a *reputation*. The only qualification is, that the change be made *bonâ fide*, and without fraudulent intention. A change of name, to be effectual, should be such as to enable the party adopting it to use it with effect on these several occasions:—Granting and taking under grants, suing and being sued, contracting marriage, and lastly, taking under a devise or bequest conditioned for bearing a particular surname either additional or substitutionary. These are the principal, if not the only occasions, on which the legality of the change can be called in question; and for each one simple assumption of the desired name by ordinary publicity, and the continued use of it, as effectually add the name, or substitute it for the original one, as either an act of parliament or a royal licence. Cases and precedents might be cited *ad libitum* in support of this position. It is recommended as advisable, although not strictly necessary, that the change should be made as public as possible, and that a record should be preserved of it; and for this pur-

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pose it is well that the change should be notified in the *London Gazette*, and such other public papers as may be thought expedient.

‘Children so commonly bear the surname of their father, that they are ordinarily addressed and spoken of by the family name. Thus they acquire a surname; but it is a surname gained simply by reputation: it is not a quality vesting in them by birth. No right or claim exists previously to the building up of the reputation.’

There is a grievance in this facility for the adoption of names. ‘If names,’ very reasonably demands a writer to the *Times* a year or two ago—‘if names are to be shaken off for a mere whim, at least shield families from the discomfort of having their names appropriated by men who have no motive to keep them untarnished.’ It is certainly hard that the sacred garment of a name may be put on by clowns, or fools, or scoundrels, who have been nurtured not only without, but in antagonism to, its spirit and traditions. A name which is to-day the expression of a thousand years of virtue, valour, wisdom, and patriotism, has no legal defence against the mud of vulgarity or idiotcy. Serjeant Manning, of whose authority, with that of others, we avail ourselves in venturing on the delicate ground of legality, quotes with deserved approval the ‘invariable rule’ of the Heralds’ College, to communicate with the head of a family when any proposal is made by an outsider to assume the name of that family. And leave to assume is not granted by the college if the consent of the head of the family be withheld. But the learned serjeant desiderates a tribunal which should take universal cognizance of proposed alterations of name; and we think that he will have the sympathies of every one whose name is a chief part of his estate, in the following proposal for doing away with that communism which, if extended, would have the effect of distributing that dearest of possessions, a spotless and historic name, amongst a crowd of unknown, un-

tried, and therefore possibly unworthy appropriators. 'Upon the whole, perhaps it would be desirable that there should be some tribunal before which every application for a licence to change a surname should be brought. That tribunal might be invested with the discretionary power, upon a full consideration of the circumstances of each case, of advising the crown to grant, or to refuse, a licence for the proposed change. The effects of

the licence, when obtained, would, as now, be not to accomplish an actual change, but simply to authorise the use of the proposed name if the applicant should think fit to avail himself of the licence by publicly assuming the name.

'The inquiry might, it would seem, be not improperly referred to the Heralds' College, the investigation to be conducted publicly or otherwise, according to circumstances.'

A. H. G.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

WHEN the war first broke out, there was considerable apprehension lest we might be dragged into it. We were on the edge of the storm, and the thunder-cloud might burst upon our own head. We were amid the whirr and clash of machinery, and our skirts were in the teeth of the wheels. The next house was on fire, and we might soon share the fate of Ucalegon. We voted our two millions and our twenty thousand men; but at the present moment we do not know whether the men have enlisted and the money has been spent. We renewed our guarantee to Belgium, relieving a brave, honest people from a position of intolerable anxiety. Thanks to the secret treaty, we had faith in none but ourselves. Then we watched, and waited, and prayed for the dawn. We asked ourselves if we were armed, and we devised plans of army organisation. We thought that any week, any day, we might stand committed to the war. English people were a little excited, a little nervous, a little inclined to be precipitate in judgments and conclusions. Latterly a more cheerful view of our position has been taken everywhere. From our insular cliffs we watch in safety all the vast commotion. We think we have been spared, perhaps, in consequence of our superior merits,

from the curses of the Continent. We do not now hear very much about our defences. We think we have taken a new lease of security, and that for us peace is prolonged for half a century. The fact is, that the pendulum has been oscillating between two extremes. We have fallen into exaggerations, but we should arbitrate between them, and try and strike some kind of balance. We yielded at first to panic, but we may now be more perilously yielding to over-confidence.

To some extent, Prussia has really been fighting the battle of England. To England, and to England alone, were Cherbourg and the French war-marine a standing menace. For years it was doubtful whether the Emperor's next great war would be against Prussia or against England. No *casus belli* would be wanted if a Napoleonic idea could stand in its stead. Downtrodden Ireland might serve for a cry: 'Ireland for the Irish,' as much as Italy for the Italians, or Poland for the Poles. That peril is passed. Moreover, if the French had been victorious, we are afraid that the traditions of the Empire would have been followed to the extent of seizing Belgium, in defiance of the faith of treaties. If our statesmen imagine that they can make Belgium an Arcadia, exempt from war, they are making a huge

mistake; they might as well abolish a law of nature. Our only hope is that Belgium, having long been 'the cock-pit of Europe,' she may be now allowed an interval of repose. The issue of the war, as most clear-sighted men perceived, has gone against France. In sacrifices of valuable lives, perhaps the sum total is much against the Prussians. Educated, honest men, with a stake in their country, have fallen as plentifully as the dregs of an army from whom the Imperial Guard had been drafted, in order to survive, when others fell. But the conquest threatens to become subjugation as absolute as the first Napoleon inflicted for seven years upon Prussia—perhaps as absolute as William the Conqueror inflicted upon England. Our danger on the side of France appears to be indefinitely postponed.

Neither are we alarmists on the side of Germany. We hear people talk of possibilities and combinations, which at times remind us of nothing so much as the speculations of Addison's Political Upholsterer. But for all that, we dread the thunderbolt from a clear sky. There is a strong burglar instinct in nations—the instinct which made France covet German territory, while she unconscionably refuses to part with a single inch of her own. 'What a city for a sack!' said old Blücher, as he rode through London; and English towns and counties would furnish very desirable subjects for requisitions. We cannot but respect our German cousins, as peace-loving, as law-loving as we can be. We especially respect their king, who is not ashamed to thank God for his victories. We think, too, that when the Germans have peace, there may be a contest to wage with the Liberal element of the Landwehr, which may tax all the resources of the Prussian administration at home. Again, if a nation is led by its successes beyond the legitimate line of conquest, it enters that downward path which eventuates in coalition of allies and in vengeance. So far from the Germans being actuated by any vulgar and detestable lust of gain, we trust that they are inaugurating

a better kind of international relations in war and peace than publicists have ever dreamed of. Still, there are complications and perplexities. As in America, so with Prussia, our neutrality brings us into trouble, and it is not a good thing that a country should have these questions suspended over it. In the letter of public law, Earl Granville is doubtless right, though we are afraid that Prussian diplomatists consider the despatches of our Foreign Office as so much waste paper, as they undisguisedly said of Lord Russell's in the Danish business. But the country would have endorsed the act of the Government if they had attended to the spirit rather than the letter of public law, and had prohibited at the outset the sale of arms. Then there is the danger that Prussia, desiring to become a neutral power, and having gained a great haven from Denmark, may seek to incorporate Holland within her widely-extending arms. The astute Dutch are forecasting the probabilities; and here would be as nice a national quarrel as could be desired. Then that shadowy Eastern question looms larger than ever in the distance. Public faith in the treaties of 1856 is thoroughly shaken. For ourselves, although the present Sultan is a great improvement on all his predecessors, we believe that it would be an immense gain to civilisation if Turkey belonged to a Christian power, and Christians were released from their thralldom to the Turks. But it is not for our interest to aggrandise the Colossus; nor yet for our honour to be faithless to our treaties and traditions. A violent solution will probably be yet found for that problem. Already we hear the rumour that there is a complicity between Russia and Prussia. While we revise these lines there comes the news of the Circular from the court of St. Petersburg, the gravity of which it is impossible to overestimate. That cloud in the East, which seemed hardly bigger than a man's hand, has suddenly overspread and darkened our horizon. Our intangible fears begin to assume shape.

Our war of the future may not after all proceed from any of these causes; or any of these may prove a root of bitterness. It has been said, rather hastily, that the war has tolled the knell of standing armies. A great country like England, that owns India, and has a belt of colonies round the globe, must have men whose business it is to go where they are wanted to go, and to fight where they are wanted to fight. At the same time it is quite clear that no standing army can withstand the irruption of a nation in arms. We are under new conditions as respects war, and, while an ample respite and breathing-time is allowed us, we may make the preparations which, humanly speaking, may make us safe. The sea is our first line:

'I say again, Heaven bless the narrow seas;
I wish they were the whole Atlantic broad.'

Our fleet is now in a very high state of efficiency; and we trust that not the loss of the 'Captain,' nor any number of 'Captains,' will hinder us from seizing what is really good in their construction, and keeping the navy at the highest attainable point of perfection. We think, however, that we have perhaps had too many paroxysms of congratulation over the narrow seas. Mr. Gladstone's article in the 'Edinburgh'—if, indeed, it be his—unhappily ignores all dangers except possible invasion. We are safe against invasion, in the first place, but we are not safe against a continental war in which defeat would lay us open to invasion. Our regular army, if we had one in existence, would probably be a match for as many as could force our navy, our first line, and effect a landing. It is conceivable that the second line, our regular army, might be inadequate or non-existent. We could then fall back on our third line, a nation in arms. That line at present is simply a farce, when our Volunteers have not got the Snyder, and our probable management and commissariat would be below contempt. Our only positive assurance of safety, under possible contingencies, lies in a system of the

compulsory military education resembling the Prussian organisation. We have followed Prussia in civil education; we shall have to follow her in military education. The dreaded contingencies may not happen; and to train the population in arms would be for us all a bore of frightful magnitude. Still we must pay a premium for insurance; but no premium would be too heavy for the preservation of our national life and its tremendous, multitudinous interests.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Looking out through a window the other night upon the sky—the sky then was framed, as might be a picture, by the window—there was a deep lurid glare upon the heavens, a deep red blaze of lurid light. Only once before had I ever seen such a lurid glare. Once before when residing ten miles from town I long watched such a light in the heavens, and next day I heard of that great fire near London Bridge, the greatest fire that London had known for years. I do not wonder if country people in the neighbourhood of great towns thought that there was a city a-blaze, nor yet at the child who asked me if these were 'the signs' spoken of in the Book as belonging to the last days. When we went into the open air and carefully looked upon the meteoric light we saw, by its extent and character, that we were gazing upon an aurora borealis of unprecedented grandeur in these islands. There was a very brilliant red as if the sky had caught fire. The ruddy glow was broken in places by silvery streams which shot up at times, flashing across the sky like rays from a setting sun, only these were white instead of scarlet. For some nights there had been auroral lights in the sky. They culminated that memorable Monday night, and the fiery tints brought out the fire-engines in hot haste. Next night there was for hours a patch of red light in the sky, and shortly after sunset there was a very remarkable display at the zenith for a few minutes, streamers of white and

varied lights, changing with great rapidity, with a roseate arch or bow. We heard in a day or two that the electric telegraph had been severely affected by the earth current.

The simple explanation is that there had been a magnetic shock. We do not wonder that some of the country people thought it had something to do with the war, and, indeed, many scientific people might have associated a kind of unconscious sympathy between the crimson sky and the crimson ground on the other side the straits. I wonder what the old Greeks of the days of Nicias would have made of such a light? It would have upset any number of Sicilian expeditions. The magnetic needle of Kew Observatory photographed exactly the amount and direction of the disturbance. Now it is very remarkable that these magnetic storms, which may rage impalpably, invisibly,—their existence, except for northern lights in this instance, being merely indicated by our nicest instruments,—appear to be connected with spots on the sun, and they are probably connected with those rosy flames which leap to a vast height and then collapse in the upper strata of the sun's atmosphere. Something was seen about ten years ago, and ten years before then, which seems to indicate some law of periodicity. On a particular day in 1859, at a particular moment, two astronomers, independently observing the sun's disc, saw a very bright star break out over a sun spot, and move with great velocity across the sun's surface. At that very moment the magnetometer at Kew revealed that a magnetic disturbance had broken out on earth. Campbell wrote the familiar lines—

' When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws ;
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !'

But imagination cannot surpass the grandeur of the realities of things. Here are four classes of phenomena—the spots on the sun, the currents that produce the auroral lights of sun and earth, the earth currents that derange the

telegraph, and the magnetic disturbances, all dependent on that mighty luminary, lord and centre of our system.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

It will perhaps appear somewhat strange that in these dreary days one should speak of that bright sunny island which we pre-eminently associate with quiet waters, long evening rambles, and the brief holiday season of rest and relaxation. Cowes is delightful when the fleet of yachts cover the neighbouring waters with cloud-like sails, and the pier and esplanade of Ryde for two months of fashion have as bright and festive a throng as any watering-place, inland or marine ; but we hardly comprehend the island as the year darkens towards its shortest day. The island does not, however, pass out of existence during the sombre hemisphere of the year, and being in existence it is presumable that there may be something to say about it. Indeed there is a very large class of people to whom the south coast of the Isle of Wight is more important and attractive at the winter season than at any other. It is especially in relation to these that I am writing this present brief paper. I have made some half-dozen visits to the island, and it is worth studying at any season and almost under any aspect. One reason why I like the island is that it is within one's power to do it very thoroughly. Ordinarily, when you are investigating any district, its limits seem undefined ; you are tempted onwards from point to point, and, after all, you only know the country in a comparative sort of way. But in the island you have a district easily mapped out and thoroughly to be known, and it is satisfactory in its way to know an English district with some completeness. Of those who visit the island most come in the high summer, and there is a special class who especially part in the winter. I think that the Undercliff is the prettiest part of the whole island, and is especially beautiful in the rich colouring of autumn or in the exquisite grace and tenderness of

the spring verdure—chiefly to my mind in the latter season.

It is autumn as you linger on the pier at Ryde. At any season there is always a certain amount of life, colour, and movement there. But up to Christmas there are many exquisite days, which will bring many people to the pier. You do not have the amusement of seeing the many excursion steamboats from Southampton to Ryde and Portsmouth, but there is still a very considerable amount of traffic going on, and that convenient pier tramway is in full operation. If you watch narrowly you will observe the kind of people who come to the island for the winter; pale, narrow-chested people, who lean on sticks and use respirators—who sometimes are even brought forth lying on a couch or seated in a chair. These are coming for the sake of the mild winter of the island and the shelter of its protecting cliffs. There is another class of people of whom I observed many this autumn: these are the refugees who have fled from unhappy France. Perhaps the island will serve to remind them most of their own fair land. Of those who came over from Havre to Southampton there were many who passed over to the island. The ladies were uniformly dressed in very quiet colours, if not in mourning. They seemed in comfortable and even luxurious circumstances, which one was of course very glad to see, but which suggested unhappy thoughts of the innumerable poor folk left behind to bear the full brunt of the evil days. I expect that these were the people who came from the provinces, and there are many people even in France who prefer provincial life to metropolitan life; the regular frequenter of the boulevards will be seeking in London for the renewal of the old café life, glass and gilding, cushioned sofas and marble tables. Access to Ryde is so easy, that the eastern side of the island is thickly populated and contrasts much with the western side. You may almost invariably count on a pleasant passage from Portsmouth, seeing all

the varieties of Spithead, passing, too, by the very spot where the 'Royal George' went down. It has happened at times that the steamer has been two or three hours late, but I have only heard of one day in which they do not run at all. People of a nervous kind, especially invalids, will wait for days watching till the weather clears up. I know of a lady who stayed in Dublin for a year and three-quarters waiting till the weather could assure an undoubted calm passage to Holyhead.

The island has greatly altered since I first knew it. Some of its prettiest and most retired localities could now be hardly recognised. There are now two railways, and the other day they were turning the first sod of a third. It is almost sad to think how I have coached or pedestrianised along the pleasant country now constantly startled by the engine's shrill scream. Still the railway has its undoubted advantages. There are five stations inclusive between Ryde and Ventnor, and people seem to be constantly riding up and down. Just a practical hint or two. You go along the tramway with your valise at a less charge than the valise by itself; better ride to the station, but if you want to be in time don't trust to the omnibus. The last train will sometimes wait for the last boat, when it is telegraphed as being late, but an omnibus full of people is often detained at a draughty station. One may soon sum up the different characteristics of the different island towns. Ryde may be called the metropolis, though titularly Newport would of course challenge its claim. Ryde is for business people, while Ventnor is for leisure people. The chief stir and excitement of the island is at Ryde. Whatever there may be of public amusements, balls, theatricals, or meetings concentrates there. After a brief season, even the yachts desert Cowes and come on to Ryde. Then the walks and drives about Ryde deserve a highly honourable mention. I know of nothing prettier than the walk along the esplanade and seawall, turning up afterwards into the country along

pleasant lanes. Business people who want to do the isle with a minimum of time and travel, and people of a sociable turn whose love of Nature is subordinate to their love of society, elect Ryde in preference to any other place in the island.

There are those who assert that Shanklin will be the real capital of the future. You are more shocked by the changes at Shanklin than anywhere else. You hear a sawing of wood and a sounding of hammers; you see empty houses and half-finished buildings; you traverse new and miry roads, where once the very spirit of seclusion breathed. Shanklin is in the scrubby state of the man's chin when he has given in his first adherence to the beard and moustache movement. I dare say it will be quite a city one of these days, but the growing stage of its development is not a pleasing one. Yet it has been impossible altogether to spoil the beauty of Shanklin. You have still some shadowed lanes, the exquisite Chine, and the poetry of the vast lonely sea. Mr. Venables, the writer of the local guide books—would that all guide books were written so ably and conscientiously—disinterestedly depreciates Shanklin Chine; but I venture to think that it is far away the best chine of all. At Shanklin leave the railway and persist in walking, at any season of the year, in the Ventnor direction. I always advise people to take that wonderful walk on the cliffs and through the wilderness at the land-slip, and you can examine another fine chine by the way. Then Bonchurch is greatly altered. That little church, perhaps the smallest in England, in whose ground William Adams lies, is now shut up—too small, perhaps too old, for modern requirements. As you go through the village, close by the large pond with swans on it, you ought to sit down on the stone seat by the fountain side, assuredly the most beautiful of the multitudinous fountains of our day. From Bonchurch to Blackquay the journey ought to be done in two ways, both along the road and along the cliffs.

The wind was so tempestuous when I last went along the cliffs that at one point I was obliged to descend and leave the path at its giddiest point. Just before you come to Freshwater there is a sad memorial-stone to some children who were killed by falling over the cliff. The Freshwater people have lost one great celebrity since Mr. Tennyson has deserted the island for the beautiful country about Hazlemere. I am afraid the British tourist drove him away. I recal, with I trust a proper feeling of humiliation, how, fresh from college, in my Tennysonian days, I invaded his territory and procured some flowers from his garden. I saw an advertisement in the 'Times' the other day about some ground near his new house to be parted with. It is a great shame to make a building speculation out of him.

The Undercliff, of which St. Lawrence is about halfway, is the prettiest walk in the island. The walks inland, say from Ventnor to Newport, or from Newport to Yarmouth, are uninteresting and tame. The prettiest sail is, I think, that familiar one between Cowes and Ryde. Norris Castle looks noble from the water, and the park of Osborne slopes down very prettily from the house. Newport has the interesting natural feature of the Medina stream and the vicinity of Carisbrooke Castle. The Queen's monument to the Princess Elizabeth in the parish church is very interesting; and there is no season in which the historical student will not love to study Carisbrooke. The Queen came one day, looked at it in blank silence, and departed. Yarmouth is like Newport, a commercial town. It is a place of business, not of pleasure. A Lymington steamer soon puts you in the way of the New Forest and of Bournemouth. So we come round again to Cowes, a very chilly, draughty place out of season, but in the season there is hardly fit accommodation. You will see servants in livery waiting at very humble dwellings. But the season is very transitory, and all the pleasure-seeking of the island settles in the direction of Ryde.

It is curious to notice the different points of view from which people examine the island. With some it is simply the yachting point of view. They lived under canvas, laid bets on the 'Cambria,' and have the keenest anxiety in the ocean race. They liked also the full hampers the sparkling wines, and the company of ladies, especially if they don't object to smoking and the motion of the sea. Others are absorbed in the art view of the island. They are never weary of the variegated colour of the sands of Alum Bay, the cliffs and castles of the isle, the varying colours of the sea. I suppose that more than a thousand artists have busied themselves over the landscapes and seascapes of the island. Then there is the practical *bourgeois* frame of mind. 'Yes, sir,' said a worthy citizen to me, 'we have had a very good season here. I don't mean to say that we have had many of the grand people and the quality people. But we have had a great number of people, who have come over with their little lot of money, their ten pound, twenty pound, and thirty pound, and have spent it in the place, and have then gone home again.' The final cause of visitors is, of course, the prosperity of the local trade, a very practical and very natural point of view. The war has blown a large number of extra visitors to the island. Then, again, there is the invalid, who cannot endure the harshness of a northern winter. Here, again, the war is operating in favour of our own southern watering-places. It is very difficult to get to the south of France this winter; and when you are there you are not certain that a wave of invasion may not overtake you and splash you horribly. Chest patients are nervous people, and it will be easy to persuade them that it is best for them to stay this winter in England.

Quite as important as any considerations of climate are considerations of change and of comfort. If people like the variety of continental life, that variety will be an excellent medicinal treatment for them. But

if they cannot dispense with the home routine, and the home comforts, that is an excellent reason why they should stay at home. Hope is pre-eminently the consoler of the consumptive. Nor is hope ever utterly fallacious. This instinct of hope points to the fact that consumption is a disease with which you may wage scientific battle for many years, and ultimately come off victorious. There is a well-known picture which represents a man as playing at chess with the devil for his soul. But you may really sit down and play a game of chess with a chest complaint, taking care to be very cautious about your moves, and to allow your adversary no advantage. I am afraid that it is an indispensable condition that one should grapple with the illness in time. So far as I can make out, people who do not like going to the south of France would do well to take a voyage to Alexandria, and then go up the Nile. After all that has been written on the subject of climate, it is really very difficult for an outsider to form any definite opinion. Dr. Copland, whom we have just lost, gives a preference to an elevated, temperate, and dry locality, over the sea-coast, which is necessarily low and humid. His notion is, 'A voyage may be made across the Atlantic with great benefit; and having crossed the Isthmus of Panama, the Pacific may be traversed; and having visited Lima, a residence in the mountains of Peru may be tried. If this plan be followed out for two, or three, or four seasons, the disease will be arrested or altogether overcome.' A man must have large means and large determination to carry out such a plan of winter residences. Many people will take no longer voyage than will bring them to the Isle of Wight, the old *Insula Veches*. It is a consolation for the Vechians to know that Dr. Copland, with other authorities, place Ventnor first on the south coast; a classification which does not embrace the southwest coast, where Torquay seems *facile princeps*.

ANDON SOCIETY.

The Christmas Number, 1870.

MASQUERS AND MUMMERS:

Christmas in the Olden Time.

I TRUST, my friend, that you are one of those who do something to keep the honours of ancient Christmas. I am afraid that its most picturesque time has gone now, not perhaps without leaving us counterbalancing advantages. One might also call Charles

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Dickens the apostle of Christmas, so strenuously did he dwell on the eating and drinking and merry-making side of things. But there is a merrier and an older Christmas even than that of Mr. Dickens and his cheerful school; I might even say Christmas mysteries

into which they had not penetrated. To understand all that is to be understood of Christmas, you must have been much in the country and among country people; you must have belonged to a family that jealously kept up all the observances of Christmas; and you must have some little taste, natural or acquired, for archæological and old-folk lore. I am afraid that Christmas itself has degenerated with the degeneration of its observances. It seems to me that we get foggy, damp, mild Christmases, instead of sharp frost, or two feet of snow on the ground, and the roaring north wind. You cannot largely heap up logs on the hearth, nor imbibe mightily of the hot wassail bowl, in the absence of such adjuncts. The plain fact is that those eleven days, over which we made such a tremendous leap by the act for the rectification of the Calendar, have played the very mischief with the poets. Our fickle, rainy May is not the May of our old poets, which took in a third of the leafy days of June. The Christmas of this century is not the Christmas of our ancestors, which came after a fair proportion of the cold of January. Depend upon it we have lost more than we think for by that change of the Calendar. But still Christmas is Christmas, which sounds a self-evident assertion, but which is nevertheless a proposition embracing very wide consequences.

If you keep Christmas in the pleasantest, amplest way, you do not keep it so well as it was kept once upon a time. Keep up all the old fashions still—and there are fashions that have been irretrievably lopped away in the course of time. Ah! that merry time of Yule! that grand mystic word Yule, which no philologist can explain, and which seems to carry us away to old Scandinavian days, when the grey superstitions of the North struggled with, and were often incorporated with, Christian feasts. I hope, at least, that on the Christmas Eve you keep up the custom of the Yule log, lighting the big block from the last year's brand, and perhaps lighting up your Christmas candles, remembering that of old this Feast of the Nativity was called the Feast of Lights.

In the happiest estate of olden Christmas the masquers and mummers held their bright, careless revels. They welcomed Father Christmas royally, with light and song, with garlands and banners, and all the choice picturesqueness of garb and costume. What quaint pageantry flashed through the arras-hung room! what waving of plumes,

what glancing of spears, as the fantastic procession passed through the portcullis of the hall or castle keep into the street of the village that nestled close to its mighty neighbour. And though the mummer wore the strangest and most grotesque of masks, you may be sure the maid recognised eye and voice of him that wore it, and, nothing coy, committed herself to that strange embrace in the merry dance. We smile, perhaps, at our ancestors in their strange gropings after disguise and extravaganza. Let us not forget that our greatest and most stately poet, in his masque of *Comus*, showed to what rare heights of poetry the masque might come. And, indeed, is that old comedy of 'Masks and Faces' ever extinct, and are our social masks more innocent than theirs? Would, even at Christmas time, in this year of grace, there may be none more harmful than the mummers of old!

For some days before and for some days after Christmas there used to be divers customs old and quaint, a few of which linger here and there, but have no general observance, and even the mention of them may be new to most of us. On St. Thomas's Day women would 'go a gooding,' poor women who sought for alms, giving to their benefactors in return bunches of primroses; a custom now gone out. On the other hand, the happy custom 'to go a carolling' probably prevails more especially at the present time than it has done at previous periods. There is an infinite deal that might be said about the carols, of which hereafter. In some places on Christmas Eve they hunted the wren, and on Christmas Day owls and sparrows. At some places they had the 'Hobby-horse Dance.' In the old time Christmas was often celebrated by a bull-baiting, to which the Puritans objected, as Macaulay said, 'not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.' The Puritans endeavoured to put down Christmas and all 'superstitious' feasts. They made a parliamentary order on the subject, and in some cases sent round the criers in cities to enjoin obedience. But Christmas Day had a recuperative vitality of its own; certainly it had its superstitions. There was once an odd, picturesque notion in western Devon that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve the oxen in their stalls are always to be found on their knees. Since the New Style, they show themselves superior to astronomy by only doing so on the eve of old Christ-

mas Day. An honest west-countryman told Brand or Ellis that, with some others, he made a trial of the truth of this saying, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees and make 'a cruel moan, like Christian creatures.' Of course the maids had all kinds of superstitions touching their sweethearts and future husbands. Christmas-boxes will, I suppose, be the last of Christmas observances that will be rooted out. As a custom of giving kindly presents, and necessary alms, it is eminently good, but as an organised system of irregular taxation it ought to be swept away like the servants' vails. Plum puddings and mince pies will always be continued, if only on account of their annual harvest for the doctor. The minced pie was often made the pleasant test of Puritanism. An old writer says: 'How greatly ought we to regret the neglect of minced pies, which, besides the idea of merrymaking inseparable from them, were always considered as the test of schismatics.' How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! But the prettiest superstition of all is that so musically given by Shakspeare, in lines which we all ought to know by heart,—

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

It will be remembered how, in Mr. Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,' the monks indulge in a 'gaudium,' hard drinking being the order of the day; while Lucifer, disguised, assures them that there is no foundation for some stories told to his disadvantage. They all carouse eagerly,

'Except that nefarious
Siebald, the rectorarius,'

until the abbot breaks in upon their debauch and recommends the discipline of the scourge. I suspect that there was many such a scene in the old mediæval days, and that the jollity of the times overflowed even within convent and monastery walls. It must be said, however, that in those days Christmas Eve was a fast, while it is now universally a feast. Indeed through all the ecclesiastical world doubtless

the Christmas Eve was kept as a fast. Then we hear there was a well-defined custom at Marseilles that all the members of a family resident in the town should sup together *au maigre*; but the next day the English turkey made a regular part of the feast, and there was a jolly party on the Christmas night. In the country they had their revels, just as we have our carols. The pleasant Whistlecraft shall describe the glorious jovial doings of mediæval Christmas,—

'Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Mutton and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, pheasants, swan and
bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeon, and in fine.
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and cus-
tard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon
wine;
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

'All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims and penitents and grave burgesses,
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and
messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeo-
men,
Damsels and waiting maids and waiting
women.'

It would be very interesting, if we could discover, going back to these early days, the origin of many happy Christmas fashions. Who first thought of introducing the laurel and all evergreens; and, above all, the glossy, clustering holly with its red berries and its pointed leaves? Is the mistletoe rather Druidical or Christian? At least Christian lips have taken very kindly to its legend and its license; and I hope that no amount of modern refinement will altogether abolish its power to make love easy to timid and self-distrustful lovers. How quaint is the legend of the Glastonbury thorn, when on the Christmas Day (Old Style) the hawthorn-tree in the abbey churchyard was covered with milk-white blossoms. The pretty legend ran that Joseph of Arimathæa planted his staff in the ground on Christmas Day, and, like Aaron's rod, it blossomed. It was even said that all the slips cut from that plant flowered regularly on the Christmas Day.

But let us come back to masques and mummers. One of the most curious Christmas festivities was the sport of mumming. A mummer signifies a masker, one disguised with a vizard, from

an old Dutch or Danish word. It belongs to a phase of manners which in the nature of things has passed utterly away, with the very faintest chance of being ever resuscitated. The original essence of the sport was that men should be dressed up as women, and women as men, and in this attire go from one neighbour's house to another, making merry cheer. There is no doubt that this, like so many of the old observances of Christmas, was derived from the ancient heathen world, in their thorough joyousness of life and ignorance of scruples. Many of the early Christian fathers vehemently denounced them, and would have done away with these merry observances altogether. Thus there is a memorable passage by Gregory Nazianzen which throws light upon the very earliest observance of Christmas Day. 'Let not our doors be crowned; let not dancing be encouraged; let not the cross paths be adorned, the eyes fed nor the ears delighted; let us not feast to excess, nor be drunk with wine.' Very good advice, so far as it goes, but still, we think, involving a fallacy on the part of Gregory. There was no reason why people should not enjoy themselves in moderation at their greatest festivals; and we find one sensible writer saying that the great enemy envies festal pleasures, and, owing men a grudge, takes this opportunity of spoiling their sport. Gregory appears to have been a man of severe mind. He relates, without any disapprobation, that a day or two after Christmas Day, being Childermas or Holy Innocents Day, children were whipped to impress the memory of the event upon their minds, 'and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kinde.' Children were regularly whipped in some of the great schools, not for any fault, but 'to keep them humble.' It was not found possible by Gregory, or by any one else, to abolish the old licence and merry-making of immemorial times. A more excellent way was devised. A compromise was effected. The more harmful element was abandoned and the simply pleasant retained. The case of the worthy Bishop Valentine was eminently a case in point. The old saturnalia had been ecclesiastically abolished and the reverence to a worthy saint substituted. They were willing to honour the saint, but they also wished to keep up the old love-games. So they mixed up the two, celebrating the double event, and St. Valentine is the tutelar patron saint of all love-sick boys and girls.

But we must get back to our mum-

mery. No doubt it came from that old pre-historic saturnalian time when men feasted luxuriously, sent presents, made interchanges of raiment. We will not discuss the archaeological question, but will take it for granted. The great Christian feast happily coincided with the great heathen feast, and, what was more, was overruled to something better. There is no doubt but according to the original idea, mumming was carried to such an extent that it became the fertile source of abuses. Both Church and State set their faces against its excesses; but in spite of all people would still run about with masks and mischief. Among the severe acts of the Eighth Harry (who ought to have shown more of the mercy which he needed for himself), there is one against those who 'disguise themselves in apparel and cover their faces with visors, gathering a company together, naming themselves mummers, which used to come to the dwelling-places of men of honour.' And so we find my Lady Morley, in the 'Paston Papers,' ordering that 'there were none disguisinga, nor harpinga, nor larkinga, nor singinga, nor more *loud disports*; but playing at the tables and chess and cards;' such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none others. But mummary had taken a firm hold of the people. Even at the Court itself it was practised, after a decent and honourable way. Stowe talks of eighty tunics of buckram, forty-two vizors, and a great variety of whimsical dresses, provided for the disguise at Court at the feast of Christmas. So a grave antiquary quotes a manuscript from the Ashmolean, setting forth that at Christmas noblemen and gentlemen of fair estates entertained their heralds, who 'lived in the country like petty kings. They always eat in Gothic Halls, where the mumminga and other Christmas sports were performed. The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying "Round about our coal fire." We are able to see also how mummary became an innocent and lively diversion, in remote country houses, in which the father and head of a family would take part. 'Then comes mumming or masquerading, when the Squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds. Corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, or make deputy-moustacios, and every one in the family except the Squire himself must be transformed.' In fact, mumming simply means masquerade after its peculiar Christmas kind.

Old Stowe, to whom we are indebted for so much precious knowledge of the

past, gives an account of a remarkable mummary, which the citizens of London made for the disport of Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince. 'On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed in a mummary, rode to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remained with his mother. Followed one richly arrayed, like an Emperour: and after him some distance, one stately tyred, like a pope, whom followed twenty-four cardinals: and, after them, eight or ten with black vizors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from Rome forain princes.

'These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from their horses and enter'd the hall on foot: which done, the Prince, his mother, and the Lords came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the mummers did salute. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after the other, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the Earles, and other lords to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the musick sounded, the Prince and Lords daunced on the one part with the mummers, which did also dance; which jollitie being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came.'

The special performances of the mummers has been akin to the Miracle Play, in giving a sort of dramatic entertainment about St. George and the Dragon. In a vast proportion of cases the mummers used to come back to that. It was got up at times very elaborately with all kinds of whimsical oddities. The actors were chiefly young lads, and got themselves up in the costume most appropriate for their allegorical characters. On Christmas Eve they set out on their perambulations, and knocked at the door of any house to which they might come, requesting admittance in the name of King Christmas. Sometimes there would be a procession of this sort. First of all comes old Father Christmas with his holly-bough and his wassail bowl. Then comes a very pretty child carrying a branch of mistletoe. Then comes the Grand Turk, the great St. George, and the devouring Dragon. A doctor comes with a large box of pills, to cure the wounded man. Of course those kinds of adjuncts permit of indefinite extension. In some odd corners the custom

of mummers lingers on. At Tenby the mummers regularly go round, generally in parties of three. They go through various characters, and end with a request for money—

'Ladies and gentlemen,
Our story is ended,
Our money-box is recommended;
Five or six shillings will not do us harm,
Silver or copper, or gold if you can.'

But of course this, however picturesque and interesting, is a sad depravation from that older state of things which existed in so many of our great houses at Christmas. A bright and pleasant scene would be furnished by the mummers of the olden time at their best estate. We will suppose a manorial hall like that of Cowdray or Manorbier. A procession is formed and marches into the hall. Perhaps some dwarf or my lord's jester leads the way, the two being very frequently united together. Then the musicians follow, handsome shapely maidens, who enter with all their heart into the pastime, and lend it a pleasant grace. Then the mummers play, perhaps something of St. George and the Dragon, or something more akin to a Miracle Play; and no doubt they gave themselves a good deal of the old Fescennine licence, in sly hits at their neighbours or at the local or general politics of the time. And what rare Christmases there must have been in those old days—what days for playing and feasting, and hiding and love-making: when the beeves and the hogsheads were brought into the castle yards; when the ladies sat in their tapestried-hung rooms or lounged on the pleasure; when those mighty fire-places were all ablaze; when bar-bican, portcullis, corridor, battlement tower, secret passages, hidden chambers were all given over to Christmas revelries, and the mummers having played out their game had further little games of their own, sanctioned, for the immortal Christmas season!

Another extremely important personage of Christmas was the Lord of Misrule. He was a very celebrated personage at the inns of court, and at the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford. For a time he endured in Scotland as the Abbot of Unreason, but the severer climate of our northern region was hardly congenial to his flourishing. At the Middle Temple the Lord of Misrule attained to the dignity of an elaborate and expensive institution. He had a mock court, his guard and 'parade,' lord treasurer and lord keeper, and two chaplains, who, actually when they

ascended their own pulpits, made him three low bows. The judges sent him venison, and the Lord Mayor sent him wine. His own expenses were two thousand pounds, and the king was wont to knight him afterwards. Old Stowe, as usual, gives us a capital account of matters. 'In the time of Christmas, there was in the King's House, wheresoever he lodged, a *Lord of Misrule*, or Master of Merry Disports, and the like had ye in the house of every Nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London and either of the Sheriffs had their several *Lords of Misrule*, ever contending who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These lords, beginning their rule at Allhallows Eve, continued the same unto Candlemas Day: in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles, and Points in every House, more for pastimes than for gaine.' Stubbs, the Puritan, however, is very severe in his account: 'The wilde heades of the parish chuse them a grand capitaine of mischief, and hym they crown with great solemnitie and adopt for their kyng.' He goes on to say: 'Then march these heathen companie towards the church and churchyarde, dauncyng and swingyng their hankercheafs over their heades in the church, like Devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voice. Then the foolishe people, they looke, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageauntes, solemnized in this sort. And thus these terrestrial furies spend their Sabbath daie.' We don't mean to defend these free-and-easy practices, but we consider that Mr. Stubbs uses very depraved language and ought to be as much ashamed as the Lord of Misrule himself.

The genial effect of the older Christmas must have been exceedingly good, especially in country districts and among the poorer classes. Remember that these were the days when there were no cheap pleasures, cheap travelling, cheap port, and so on. Then Christmas was an innocent saturnalia. No wonder that its pleasures were spread over the octave. No wonder that it was the season so dwelt on in the retrospect, and so fraught with delight in the prospect. How it lit up the dull days and the hard work, sweetening and relieving the monotony of things! Here is an extract from a rare old tract more than two hundred years old: 'After

dinner we arose from the Board and sate by the Fire, when the Hare was introduced all over with roasted apples, piping hot, expecting a Boale of Ale for a cooler, which immediately was transformed into Lamb Weale. After which we discoursed merrily; some went to Cards; others sang Carols and pleasant Songs (suitable to the times); then the poor labouring Hinds and Maid Servants with the Plow-boys went nimble to dancing; the poor toying wretches being glad of my company, because they had little or no sport at all till I came amongst them; and thereupon they skipped and leaped for joy singing a Carol. Thus at active Games and Gambols of *Hot-cockles*, *Shooting the Wild Mare*, and the like harmless sports, some part of the tedious night was spent, and early in the morning I took my leave of, promising they should have my presence again the next 28th of December.' This is a touching picture of toiling human nature being permitted, for once in a way, to 'go out on the burst' in this primitive fashion. Let us be glad that if Christmas brings less positive amusement, time has also brought less need of it, in the abundance of relaxation in other directions. But not to the poor alone, but to all classes did Christmas bring the happiest hopes and reliefs. What lover so shy but he might kiss the red lips of his mistress under the tutelary protection of the mistletoe? Amid the openness and joy of Christmas the bashful swain might be more bold and the coy maiden be less shy. What an opportunity for him of happy invention to shadow forth his own love tale in asking about another; and while some could dance or hunt, others might win praise by the sweetness of song or the weird awful eloquence of stories about ghosts and goblins. And at Christmas time beyond all others parents would lay aside their flinty hearts, and consent, if it could only be so arranged, to make young lovers possibly happy. And doubtless when the flush of youth and love was past, there were very many who had the best hopes and thoughts of Christmas that any of us could enjoy. Macaulay says that people used to speak of a time 'when England was merrie England indeed, when the poor did not envy the greatness of the rich, and the rich did not grind the faces of the poor.' He thinks that we were pushing back the golden age, and that the good old times are really our own. However that may be, there are some lessons, too much ignored now, to be learned from the

storied past; not the least is the rest and freedom from care, the hospitality and fun and love and joyousness, and the compact sympathy of classes, which belonged to Christmas in the olden time.

The tired mummer lays aside his mask. He seems a little weariful and disgusted. Life is but a mummery, and we all do wear the mask. We are not what we seem—not what we

seem to others, not what we seem to ourselves. We are playing a play, but we know it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. We are glad to lay aside the social disguise and relapse into sober sadness. Well is it for us if our mask has been only to provoke the sallies of mirth and the laugh of love, and that in our human weariness there abides a deep and enduring sense of the most blessed meaning of the Christmas time.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED ONE CHRISTMAS TIME.

THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY MARK LEMON.

CHRISTMAS was coming. There were indications of its approach everywhere. The grocers, the butchers, and fancy emporiums, all proclaimed Christmas was coming. At the railway stations there was more than the usual bustle—more waggons going to and fro, more cabs for down trains, more pleasant faces; fewer looking ‘business,’ nothing but ‘business.’ No doubt of it, Christmas was coming.

‘Where for, sir?’

‘Little Stanford.’

‘What class, sir?’

‘Second. Put my rug and portmantau into the carriage, and here’s something for you.’

The traveller was a handsome, well-formed young man of two-and-twenty, one who evidently was prepared to look the world in the face and to force his way onwards. His name was Reginald Wainwright.

Having paid the cabman, Reginald entered the station, and, taking his ticket, went on to the platform. A neat brougham drove up and a young man got out.

‘Where for, sir?’

‘Little Stanford.’

‘What class—first, sir?’

‘Yes, first.’

‘Have your things in with you, sir?’

‘Yes—thanks.’

And the new-comer having spoken a few words to his servant, entered the station, and, obtaining his ticket, went on to the platform. His name was Walter Mainwaring. In a minute or two the young men confronted each other.

‘Ah! Reginald,’ exclaimed Walter, holding out his hand, which the other took somewhat slowly, ‘glad to have met you. Why, I’ve not seen you since our day’s shooting on the 1st.’

‘No,’ replied Reginald, coldly, ‘London is a vast city; the distance is great between Clarges Street and Finsbury Square.’

‘It is you that make it so, Regi,’ said Walter, smiling. ‘You know that my father, sister, all of us are most glad to see you.’

‘Well, I’ll believe so; but a lonely fellow is apt to grow captious, especially when only a clerk in a merchant’s counting-house.’

‘And what am I, Cousin Regi?’ replied Walter. ‘The governor keeps me to the desk as closely as though I were a stranger.’

‘Quite right. You will have leisure enough, he thinks, when he makes you his partner.’

‘Take your places, take your places,’ bawled porters and guards.

‘Where’s your carriage? we’ll travel together,’ said Walter.

‘I fancy not; I go second,’ replied Reginald.

‘And so will I. Here, porter, get out my things—’

‘No time now, sir; train five minutes late. Get in, please, sir;’ and so the cousins, for such the young men were, journeyed apart until they reached Little Stanford, where their uncle, Mr. Ralph Mainwaring, resided. He had been a prosperous stockbroker, and having purchased a very fair estate in the country, retired thither with an only daughter to keep house for him. It was his custom to invite his nephews at stated intervals to pass a few days with him, in September to knock over the partridges, and at Christmas time to look up the pheasants. He did not shoot himself, but he preserved after a fashion, and invited some of his tenants to a day’s sport occasionally.

Reginald was a legacy from a dear sister who died soon after her husband had been lost at sea, leaving her with very scanty means. But her good brother Ralph came to her help and soothed her last hours by the assurance that her boy should be cared for.

Walter was the son of Mr. Mainwaring’s brother, a thriving City merchant, who had ventures to all parts of the globe, and was too busy ever to visit Little Stanford; but he was always ready to send an ambassador, thinking, no doubt, that it was highly politic to keep up friendly relations with his brother, the more especially as nearly all Ralph’s ready money was invested in the house of Mainwaring, Wapsholl and Company.

Cousin Emily was waiting to give them welcome in the station, having driven from Stanford Hall in her pony-carriage, whilst Traps, the gamekeeper, had brought a light cart for the luggage. Emily’s ponies were the admiration of Little Stanford and parts adjacent, and her skill in handling them was no less a theme of general commendation. There was quite a contest between the young men as to who should sit beside the fair charioteer, and as she positively declined to give the casting vote, Regi-

nald proposed that they should toss for the honour, and Reginald won.

Emily Mainwaring was a capital girl to have rule in a country house. Without a particle of that detestable 'fastness' which has so deteriorated the charms of English maidens, she had a happy freedom of manner which made every one at ease, and a considerateness which insured the comfort and enjoyment of every guest. She was very fond of her cousins, and their advent at the Hall was always looked to with pleasure both by her father and herself, and this was made evident the moment the visitors entered the house. There was the beaming old gentleman illuminating, as it were, the doorway, whilst the background of smiling servants seemed delighted at the prospect of increased duties. There was no make-believe in the shake of the hand or the ring of the mellow voice which told the boys they were welcome, always welcome; nor was there any possibility (nor inclination) to pass by the *façon* of cherry brandy which Botting the butler had received orders to administer on the instant of arrival.

And then the bonfires in the bedrooms. Emily had seen to them before driving to the station. No heap of cinders just smouldering for appearance sake, but a pile of crackling wood-logs on a substratum of glowing coals, the gracious heat going at once to the marrow and thawing whatever there might be undissolved by the cherry brandy. Then the beds with their eider-down coverlids and piled-up pillows, that made the new-comers almost wish it were bed-time, had not past experience recalled the coming savoury luncheon, with its honest, home-brewed stingo, and the good dinner which the doctor and parson never refused to share when invited thereto, and no better assurance of the excellence of the viands and superiority of the wine could be desired.

The young men made a brief toilette and then joined their host in the dining-room. Emily had catered delightfully, and her cousins gratified her by doing ample justice to the luncheon. The round pond was in excellent condition for skating, so the whole party adjourned thither, as Emily excelled in that graceful pastime. Then home again to dinner; but we are warned by the space allotted to us that however pleasant it would be to recount all the cheerful doings at Stanford Hall, we must forbear, and proceed as deftly as we can to the narration of the events which will constitute our story.

To know Emily Mainwaring was to love her, especially if the heart chanced not to be preoccupied. She was not, strictly speaking, beautiful; but if a nose a little *retroussée* and a chin a trifle too round and short would not have satisfied Phidias, yet the rosiest of lips, the whitest of teeth, the brightest of hazel eyes, arched over by the most delicate eyebrows a shade darker than her rich chesnut hair, made ample amends for the classical deficiencies of her happy face, radiant with health and cheerfulness. Her figure was faultless, and made all kinds of exercise acceptable, and consequently she was free from all fine-ladyish ailments which are sometimes thought to be interesting, but are at all times exceedingly objectionable to those who are expected to sympathise with them. She played and sang moderately well, and she always had the good taste to attempt nothing that required the education of a prima donna or the practice and genius of a Benedict.

There was more than one eligible young gentleman in the neighbourhood who had the heartache through Emily Mainwaring, but as yet no one had ventured to propose to her. Her father made no secret of his confidence in her prudence and good sense, and it was generally known that she would be free to make her own election should she be ever put to the test.

Reginald and Walter were more in love with their cousin than any one else, and there was little doubt but the young men suspected each other of entertaining this predilection. She might not have suspected it also, but if she had done so her manner was more encouraging to Reginald, as he was generally her esquire upon any trifling emergency. She was freer in speech with him than with Walter, who wanted the confident bearing of his cousin; and when at times he was silent and she detected him looking at her with 'lacklustre eyes,' she would challenge, as it were, Reginald to talk, as though to avoid Walter's observation. Not that she was ever unkind to Walter; she never refused his companionship in a walk or a ride; she sang or played anything he requested of her; she read the books he brought to her or sent to her time by time. She bade him good-night and good-morning with a smile that sent a pleasant pain into his heart and made him deliciously miserable for minutes afterwards.

Was she a coquette after all?

Christmas has been kept at Stanford Hall with all the honours, as Mr.

Mainwaring had been nourished on the milk of human kindness, and believed he was doing God's work in making as many of his fellow-creatures as he could happy and rejoicing. He thought, also, that he offered the best thanksgiving for the good bestowed upon him by encouraging in himself and others a pleasant cheerfulness, and indulging at fitting times in a 'becoming mirth,' and Christmas was one of those times when he and his household and friends made merry, and found no better way than in following the old customs, decking his house with holly and other greenery, and dispensing his Christmas cheer with a liberal hand to great and small, like a true old English gentleman. Not so his brother Elias. He was one of those who pride themselves upon being too strong-minded to care for such frivolities—he was too much 'a man of business' to care to have the great current of trade impeded but for a day, and though he loved good eating and drinking, his dinner must have been earned by a morning of bargaining and speculation. Hence it was that at a time when most families gather for one day at least under the parental wings, that Walter was permitted to eat his Christmas dinner at Stanford.

Two days only remained of the young men's pleasant holiday. It wanted half an hour to breakfast, when Reginald tapped at Walter's bedroom door.

'Come in. Ah! good-morning, Regi.'

'Good-morning. I have been tossing about half the night,' continued Reginald, 'and I shall do so for a dozen nights more, unless I speak out.'

'Indeed! What's the matter?' asked Walter.

'Well,' replied his cousin, 'you know that I am rather a blunt speaker, and like to go straight to any object I have in view. And so I have come to you. I fancy, Walter, that we are both hit by the same bolt. I mean, plainly, we both are in love with Emily.'

Walter coloured deeply, and only said, 'Well, what then, Reginald?'

'Simply this. I can see no right—if it be so—why I should give place to you, and I have determined to speak to my uncle this morning, and if he consents, I shall propose to Emily.'

'I have no right to interfere with any course you think proper to pursue, Reginald,' replied Walter. 'I wish it had been otherwise. You have the right of priority, having spoken first;' and he held out his hand to his cousin, which the other took and pressed warmly.

'I wish it had been otherwise, also,' said Reginald; 'but I cannot abandon what I believe will be the making or the marring of my life.'

'Whatever may be the result, Reginald, let us still continue friends; though, if you are successful, I feel we shall not meet here again, at least for some time to come.'

'Oh, nonsense, Walter,' replied Reginald; 'you are a prosperous man, you have a large society about you, and may pick and choose. But I—I am a poor, struggling devil, with hardly more female acquaintance than my landlady and her squinting daughter. There's the breakfast bell.' The breakfast lacked something to make it the cheerful meal it usually was.

Reginald frequently relapsed into thought—very unusual with him—and Walter was evidently disturbed and ate with little appetite. Emily after a time caught the contagion—dullness—and had not Mr. Mainwaring got into one of his long stories, there is no knowing how the day would have begun.

Breakfast over, Reginald went out into the garden to smoke a cigar and to arrange his thoughts before seeking an interview with his uncle. As he walked up and down he was startled from his reverie by Bang, a favourite setter, jumping upon him in friendly recognition. Without thinking, perhaps, he kicked the poor brute savagely and sent the dog howling away. As he looked towards the house, he thought he saw Emily leaving the window of the breakfast-room. He thought little of that matter, and went on with his cigar and his cogitations.

Reginald had less fear of rejection by Emily than by her father, who might, he thought, take exception to his social position. But had not that good uncle promised to advance him three thousand pounds whenever an eligible opportunity for its investment presented itself? He reflected also upon his uncle's frequent declaration that Emily should choose for herself, and so at last he found courage to go to Mr. Mainwaring.

The old gentleman was hardly surprised, as he believed every one must love his Emily; and Reginald left him with full permission to try his fortune.

Reginald found his cousin busied with her housekeeping accounts.

'Emily, will you allow me to interrupt you for a short time?' said Reginald, sitting down by the table.

'Certainly, as soon as I have added up this column. There, that's done.'

'I am going to surprise you, I fear, by what I am about to say.'

A slight flush came into Emily's face.

'I have been with uncle this morning, and have made a confession to him, and which I now want to make to you.'

Emily's heart took alarm, and she only bowed and smiled.

'I am not clever at making speeches, Emily, but what I am about to say comes from my heart—I have long——'

'Stay, Reginald—dear cousin,' said Emily, laying her hand upon his. 'If I guess the purport of what you would say to me, do not say it. We have been like sister and brother to each other for so many years, that it would grieve me greatly to say anything that

you might remember as an unkindness. I have a great regard for you—almost a sister's love. Let us remain as we have ever been. Come and go as you have done, always welcome. My father loves you and will care for your future—but I—you understand me, dear cousin?—you will!—you do!

She pressed his hand, and then, with eyes filled with tears, left the room.

Reginald's face became dark with anger. He bit his lips until blood came. He folded his arms and stood erect like one defying fate.

'Rejected,' he muttered. 'No, not rejected, not even permitted a hearing. And that she calls kindness. I am forestalled by Walter. The well-to-do cousin is preferred to the struggling dependent on her father's bounty.'

Nothing new!—the old fight—money against poverty. Walter knew he was safe, or he would not have taken matters so coolly. A cur! Why did he not tell me he had been before me? Well, be it as it is; but if he marries her, and I can cross his path, I'll do it.'

With many other evil thoughts and words he left the house, hardly knowing where he went. Traps, the keeper, was standing near the stable with a couple of guns, waiting for orders. He touched his hat as Reginald approached, and was startled at the angry expression of his face.

'Ah, Traps, yes; give me a gun. I'll take a turn through the home wood.'

'Yes, sir. Shall I wait on you, sir?'

'No; I'll go alone. Send Bang.'

'I'm afraid he won't follow you, sir,' said Traps, curtly; 'not after the kick you gave him this morning.'

'Who told you I kicked him?' asked Reginald, sharply.

'Miss Emily. She sent to me to look at him, thinking he was hurt. So he is.'

'She told you, did she?' asked Reginald. 'Send him here, and if he don't follow, I'll shoot him.'

'That would hardly suit my book, sir, nor yourn neither. I wouldn't take ten guineas for the dog.'

'You wouldn't? you old fool.'

'The dog's mine, sir; and if you doubt me, yonder's Miss Emily, and you can ask her.'

Reginald gave a glance in the direction indicated by Traps, and then, almost snatching the flask and shot-belt from Traps, he strode off towards the home wood.

He continued to walk, his gun over his shoulder, looking on the ground, evidently recalling what had passed during the morning. At length he stopped at a gate, and clinching his fist, exclaimed,

'That d—— dog! She saw it and has resented it.'

He did not return to luncheon, but he had a strong will, and by dinner-time had again become master of himself, and laughed and talked as though the present had been the happiest moment of his life.

The next day came as a relief to all. Cousin Emily and her pony carriage were again in requisition, and Reginald, as though out of bravado, took his seat beside his fair cousin, and chatted as he had done when no shadow had come between them.

When they parted at the station

Reginald was the last to shake hands with Emily.

'Good-bye, fair cousin,' he said; 'I have seen the last of Stanford Hall!'

Tears came into Emily's eyes, but Reginald turned away smiling, and jauntily waving his handkerchief as he went.

CHAPTER II.

Reginald Wainwright did not keep his word. Some ten months after the visit we have recorded, he heard that his cousin Emily was in London, on a visit to his uncle in Clarges Street. He had so completely estranged himself from Walter that he was not apprised of this visit, as he would otherwise have been, and he only heard of it by accident. He believed himself wronged both by Emily and Walter, as it was hardly a secret that they were now engaged to each other. When he recalled the past, he could remember so many acts upon her part that he had a right to consider justified him in the belief that he was more than indifferent to her, and he could only conclude that he had been trifled with for some sinister purpose of her own—perhaps to draw on Walter to an avowal of his love for her, and which he believed had been made by his wily cousin at the time of their interview in the bedroom. He allowed these impressions to obtain the mastery of his better judgment, his better feelings, until he became restless and vindictive, and there was a proneness in his nature to be dogged and revengeful. Yet his uncle, Emily's father, was his benefactor—the only true friend he had ever known, and he was now about to visit him to claim the fulfilment of the generous promise made two or three years before.

As Stanford Hall was barely distant two miles from the station, Reginald, having only a small valise, determined to walk thither. What a change in his thoughts and feelings since he travelled that road to the Hall, seated beside her that he had loved with all the strength of his passionate nature! There was no doubt of it; the blow he had received had struck upon his heart and numbed it, and old remembrances and associations had no softening influence upon him. He had been cast aside for the richer suitor, for whose advantage he had been used and trifled with.

His visit was unexpected by his uncle, who nevertheless received him with the old welcome.

'What, Regi, boy; I'm heartily

glad to see you!" said the old gentleman; and he looked that he meant what he said. "Why did you not write, and I would have sent some one to have met you at the station?"

"To say the truth, uncle," replied Reginald, "I did not make up my mind to come down until late last night."

"Well, I am glad to see you, boy. Come into the dining-room; there's a good fire, and lunch will be ready in a few minutes."

Reginald followed his uncle into the dining-room, where a great fire blazed on the dogs; for though it was only the end of October, the day was chilly, and the warmth was very acceptable.

After a few commonplaces had passed between uncle and nephew, Mr. Mainwaring said:

"Well, now, Regi, I must make a clean breast of it, and then we shall both be more at ease, I take it. I have been distressed—nay, I have been vexed with you for what you have done of late. You have kept away from us—refused to come in September, as you used to do—and this month again, as you used to do, and I think I deserved more consideration."

"My dear uncle, the moment I heard that you were alone——"

"That's it! that's it, Reginald!" said the uncle, speaking sharply. "You've made Emily very unhappy, and I think that—unkind of you. It was not because you thought she would suit you for a wife that she should think you would suit her for a husband, and because she stopped you from making a fool of yourself—I don't mean that—because she would not let you make a proposal which she must have declined, you fancy yourself aggrieved, and give us all the pain of knowing so."

"I have never said as much," replied Reginald.

"No; but you've acted it. You cut your cousin Walter; you won't come to the Hall. You write regularly to me, it is true; but not as you used to do. There used to be some warmth, something cheery in your letters; but now they are like a mess of cold porridge. I am hurt, Reginald, I am hurt!"

"I am grieved to hear that, dear uncle, but I have been hurt too."

"Well, and ought to have got over it by this time. Emily is always talking about you. She thinks, as I do, that you are very unkind."

"If she would remember that possibly I had some reason to think I was not so presumptuous——"

"You had no reason, sir! Emily would scorn to play the coquette. She

is openness itself! What the devil was she to gain by humbugging you, sir?"

"You are getting angry."

"No I am not, sir!"

"You would not call me sir, if you were not. No one can reverence my cousin's character more than I do, and if I have given offence in keeping away from her, it was because I could not bear to contemplate how much I had lost."

"There was some truth in this speech, and some jesuistry; but it had the desired effect. It mollified his uncle."

"Well, well, Regi, we will say no more on this painful subject. Only promise that you will come and spend Christmas as usual, and let us all be friends again."

"Willingly," replied Reginald, "should I—should I be in England?"

"In England?"

"Yes, uncle. Acting upon your promise of assistance, I have entered into a negotiation for a partnership with the house of Ellerton and Co., subject to your approval, of course."

"What do they trade in?"

"Ivory, gold dust, and produce of that character. I shall have to take charge of their interests at Sierra Leone."

"Dear me! Very unhealthy place, is it not?"

"No, not very. My predecessor has returned a rich man—fortunes are made there rapidly—after a stay of some five years. I think I can last out that time in any climate," replied Reginald, smiling.

"Five years are not a long time, certainly," said Mr. Mainwaring. "Have you satisfied yourself of the advantages of making this connection?"

"Yes, uncle. They are all set forth in that paper."

"Oh! here's luncheon. Come, you must be hungry,—and the reek of a smoking pheasant was not a bad appetizer for a less vigorous eater than Reginald. 'After luncheon you shall have a brush at the pheasants in the home wood, and I will look over this matter.—Davis, tell Traps to be round here with dogs and gun at three o'clock.' And then uncle and nephew devoted their best energies to the agreeable work before them."

Traps was ready with guns and dogs at the time appointed; and though Reginald had fallen a little in his estimation since his assault upon Bang, he was 'main glad to see him, that he war; and missed him on the two firsts, that he did.'

Bang, however, was not so forgiving,

and Reginald, Trapa, and his beaters had barely crossed half of the first field when the old dog turned tail, and scampered back to the kennels. A shade came over the face of Reginald at this reproach of the intelligent brute he had assaulted, and he connected, as he had often done before, Emily's rejection in some way with the ebullition of temper which had made Bang his foe.

When Reginald returned—having bagged a couple of brace of pheasants—he found that his uncle had mastered the conditions of the proposed partnership.

'The advantages are certainly very great, were it not for the residence abroad in that infernal climate.'

'Without that, uncle, they would not be so great; and I have no fear for myself,' replied Reginald.

'Well, it is your own affair, my boy. Nothing venture nothing have. I will go to town with you to-morrow, as I must give my brother a month's notice of the withdrawal of the three thousand pounds, as he is my banker, you know. May God prosper and preserve you!' said the old man, laying his hand upon his nephew's head.

Reginald was greatly touched by his uncle's generosity and kindness; and had Emily been at the Hall, no doubt but he would have forgiven her all the past—and so ended our story.

After luncheon on the following day Mr. Mainwaring and Reginald left Stanford Hall; Reginald looking on it for the last time, as by the end of the next month he was aboard the good ship 'Enterprise,' bound for Sierra Leone.

CHAPTER III.

Two years had passed, and Walter was the husband of Emily. He was also the junior partner in the great house of Elias Mainwaring and Company, of Sago Lane; and he and his charming wife might be seen, with the punctuality of the Horse Guards, driving every morning through Hyde Park, on the way from Kensington to his place of business in the City.

Cedar Lodge, where Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mainwaring resided, was all that could be desired in a home so near London. Not too large for comfort, but with capacity to allow of all the modern luxuries of bath and billiard rooms and a spacious conservatory. The stabling and out-offices in the rear were models of neatness in their way, and the garden had lawns and noble trees, upon

which Addison may have looked from the terrace of Holland House. Within, all was in accordance with a refined taste, which discarded all that was gaudy or meretricious; and Emily proved a most admirable metropolitan housekeeper, for which she had been in part prepared by her Stanford Hall experiences.

But London dinners and London society require considerable tact to manage properly, and though the young Mainwarings had not an overwhelming acquaintance, they were called upon not unfrequently to 'entertain.' And then their dinners were charming: abundant, but not profuse, and all the very best of its kind. The conservatory had to yield up some of its treasures, and a parterre of flowers down the centre of the table pleased the eye by the beauty of its colours, whilst the fragrance of the flowers gratified the sense of smell. Their 'evenings' and lawn parties were equally delightful, and were more acceptable from the absence of any appearance of extravagance. Indeed, to quote the much-quoted Thomas Moore, Emily and Walter might have said or sung:

'And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! It is this! It is this!'

Mr. Mainwaring, of Clarges Street, made Cedar Lodge his Sunday lounge after church (which he never attended) in the summer time, and once or twice in the winter he would take his dinner there. Not so Mr. Ralph Mainwaring, Emily's father. He had sold Stanford Hall in order to be nearer his children—besides, what would the old house have been without Emily? There were no associations about it to bind him to mere walls and trees, as it had come to him by purchase, and so he sold it to good advantage, to an opulent advertiser in want of a 'All,' and invested the money received for it, as a matter of course, in the house of Elias Mainwaring & Company. Without being a bore, he was a frequent visitor at the Cedars, and thus continued to have some share of the society of his beloved Emily.

One blessing, however, was thought to be wanting to make the happiness of Walter and Emily. They were childless, and they sometimes murmured that this blessing was withheld.

This happy condition of affairs had continued for more than four years, and many were found to envy the occupants of the pretty green brougham which passed so regularly through the Park.

News came frequently from Reginald to his uncle; and though he had had to battle with sickness and fever, he was in no way dissatisfied with the course he had adopted.

There was a tempest near at hand, that was to be felt in the remotest parts of the kingdom, and over seas, and in other lands than ours.

Walter returned one day with a serious face—so serious that Emily questioned him as to the cause.

‘Why, darling, there is bad news in the City. A house that exercises great influence on other houses is rumoured to be shaky.’

‘I am very sorry to hear it. Will it affect you, dear?’

‘My father says not in the least; but Macpherson, our chief clerk, and I think that no one can tell where the mischief would end should the big house fail. But we will talk of something else, as my head is confused with thinking and debating this subject.’

But Walter could not think of anything else, although he talked of many matters. He tried to read, but the writer’s thoughts were not his thoughts—they were in the City.

The early ‘Times,’ on the day after the next, must have brought dismay and despair to many a household. The great house in the City had closed its doors, and smaller houses had collapsed in consequence. Walter had heard that such a catastrophe was imminent before he left the City, and had passed a feverish, restless night. He ordered the brougham half an hour earlier than usual, and would have prevented Emily accompanying him as was her wont, but she would not be denied. They scarcely spoke, and when Emily did so, it was to beg of him to have courage, and not give trouble welcome by meeting it half-way. She kissed him and said softly, ‘Remember, I love you!’ There was a momentary comfort in those few words, but their influence was destroyed when Walter entered the counting-house.

‘There’s a panic in the City, sir, a perfect panic!’ said Macpherson, without making or waiting for the usual morning salutations.

‘A panic in the City!’ a cry almost as dreadful as that of ‘fire!’ in a crowded ship.

What does that word panic convey to us? Merchant-princes, proud of their commercial honour—proud of their worldly places—humbled and toppled down as it were by a whirlwind. Speculations that promised fortunes crumbled into atoms, and those that trusted to

them well-nigh stark with ruin. Broken homes, and all that those two short words imply. Gentle women, matrons and maidens, tenderly nurtured, whose lives had been lives of ease and refined enjoyment, suddenly deprived of all that ministered to their wants, and the world at its worst before them; for none but those who have had the bitter experience know how difficult the task, how hard the sacrifice of retrenchment, even when there has been neither waste nor extravagance. Many a high-spirited youth, who had looked forward to a future of liberal employment, compelled to turn aside and accept the drudgery of servitude. Worthy men, who had worn out their lives in honourable service, and had thought in the winter of their age to be considered by those they had benefited by their labours,—hopeless now! All buried in the ruins of the house! More broken homes! more household gods cast into the mire! Thousands whose slender means made existence tolerable, deprived of all by the wreck of those in whom they had confided. How many droop and die, none can tell—none.

But why pursue these painful details? Christmas should be a merry season, and we would not willingly detract from its cheerfulness.

A fortnight had passed, and Walter returned earlier than usual.

‘I have come home, Emily,’ he said, ‘that I may myself tell you the worst before it happens. Despite every effort we have made, our house must succumb to this terrible storm, and to-morrow our ruin will be known.’

‘My dear Walter!’

‘It is a terrible blow; but I am more at ease now that I know our fate is inevitable. What grieves me most is that your dear confiding father will share our ruin. My poor father, always sanguine and generally successful, has speculated largely; and two or three schemes in which we had invested largely are broken up, and, so far as I can see, we cannot nearly meet our engagements.’

‘And your father?’

‘Is perfectly overwhelmed. He seems deprived of all power of reflection or of action. I should not have left him, but your dear father has promised to remain with him. Dear, generous man! Not one word of reproach; not a moment’s hesitation at applying all he was worth to stay our downfall. But too late! Too late!’

Such consolation as occurred to her Emily offered her husband, and she was made comparatively happy when

she saw him fall into a calm sleep, to which he had been a stranger for many nights, and which lasted long into the morning.

Elias Mainwaring & Company were declared to be bankrupt; and the day before their names were to appear in the 'Gazette,' Walter took Emily to her father, as he knew that as soon as the flat was issued there would be some one to take possession of Cedar Lodge. He did not remove anything from the house except some wearing apparel and a miniature of Emily and a portrait of her mother; these *lares* he considered were too sacred to be chaffered for by dirty brokers. And then the Elysium was deserted.

Early on the afternoon of the following day, Walter was on his way to Clarges Street, when, passing through Leicester Square, he stopped to look in at a shop-window. He knew not why he did so, but we do many strange things unconsciously when we are in sorrow. He was gazing vacantly at some books with gaudy bindings, when a man similarly occupied, and standing near him, suddenly looked round and exclaimed:

'Walter! Walter Mainwaring!'

He was half dazed, and failed to recognise the speaker—the more so, as he was bronzed and bearded.

'Not know me, Walter?' asked the man. 'Is Cousin Reginald quite forgotten?'

'Reginald! This is indeed an unexpected meeting!' replied Walter.

'On both sides,' said Reginald, 'for I only landed this morning, and have not as yet reported myself.'

'Then you have not heard of our misfortunes?' asked Walter, one subject being uppermost in his mind.

'Misfortunes? No. But you look pale—ill. Let us go to the café at the corner, where I have ordered dinner, and came out for a stroll whilst it was getting ready.'

Walter made no resistance as Reginald placed his arm in his and led the way to the café.

When they were seated, Walter told Reginald all that happened—how loss had followed loss during this terrible panic until the house of Mainwaring and Company had fallen also.

Reginald would have been a harder man than his long residence abroad, and the sensual life he had led there, should have made him had he been able to have listened unmoved; and he either affected to be touched, or he was really so, by what Walter told him. But he declined to accompany his

cousin to Clarges Street when Walter rose to go there, after pleading a want of appetite as an excuse for not accepting Reginald's invitation to dinner.

'Shall you be in the City to-morrow?' asked Reginald.

'Yes; and for many days I expect. There will be much to see to,' replied Walter. 'Good-bye—I wish I could have welcomed you home with better news!' And so they parted.

Reginald lingered long over his dinner, and drank freely of champagne. He was evidently busy with thoughts that troubled him.

Walter saw nothing more of him for some days, and not until Cedar Lodge had been advertised for sale under the bankruptcy.

Walter was engaged with Mr. Macpherson in his private counting-house arranging deeds and papers, when Reginald was announced.

Mr. Macpherson rose to leave the room, but Reginald stopped him. 'Don't go, Mr. Macpherson; how do you do?—haven't forgotten me, I hope, as my cousin had? Well, Walter, how are you?'

'As well as I can hope to be,' replied Walter. 'Such business as I am now engaged upon is neither conducive to health nor spirits.'

'Well, when things are at their worst they must mend, folk say. I have been down to see the place at Kensington. Nice place—charmingly done up. I have called to know whether it must go to the hammer, or whether it can be had by private contract.'

'I believe the Court can dispose of the property by valuation,' replied Walter, colouring deeply. 'It would be something to save it from those brutes, the brokers.'

'Well, we'll see,' said Reginald, curtly. 'Sad affair this, Macpherson. Plenty to keep you company, however. Well—good-day, Walter; I see you are busy. Good-day, Macpherson; something will turn up, I've no doubt, when all this is settled.' And so saying he walked out, whistling as he went, but not from want of thought.

The failure of Mainwaring and Company had not left its unfortunate representatives without friends. In less than twelve months Walter was engaged at a liberal salary in a house of repute. His father had never recovered the shock of his bankruptcy, and was content to wear out the day in futile calculations as to the cause of his ruin. Mrs. Mainwaring had a settlement from her father of some five hundred a-year, and the family was placed therefore

beyond the reach of want. Walter had a small house at Holloway, and though it might have been put into the conservatory of Cedar Lodge, it was yet made sufficient by the love and contentedness to be found within. Emily did not accompany her husband to the City as heretofore in a brougham, but she walked with him to the end of the road and saw him mount the omnibus, and met him again on his return. Mr. Ralph Mainwaring had lodgings near them, and managed wonderfully well on an annuity of 150*l.*, which had escaped the wreck in Sago Lane.

Cedar Lodge and its belongings had been purchased by Reginald, who, more than once, had invited Walter and Emily to visit him in their old home. But it required more resolution than either possessed at the time to look upon the scene of the happiness they had known, and the invitations were declined. But as time wore on Emily and Walter upbraided themselves for this weakness, and felt that it betrayed an unthankfulness for the good that was still about them, and the next invitation was accepted.

As truthful chroniclers, it must be confessed that the old happy home was not revisited without some pain—some regrets. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. Reginald received them with a great show of kindness.

'I am glad you have come at last. You will find little altered; all was so perfect,' he said, leading the way to the drawing-room. Emily was struck to see how all the old arrangements had been preserved; every ornament in its accustomed place; almost the same flowers in the window-stands. One object, however, was wanted, and marked the change of proprietor—her pet canary! No, he had shared her expulsion.

After luncheon Walter went to call on a lady who had been very kind when the great trouble came, and Emily proposed to look through the conservatory, whose treasures had mostly been nurtured by her hands. As she was about to leave the room, Reginald said,

'Stay a moment, Emily; I want to speak with you.'

Emily looked somewhat surprised.

'I saw,' he continued, 'that your quick eye noticed that you had been present here, though absent. It is true—I have disturbed nothing. Eight years ago you sent me into exile.'

'I, Reginald?'

'Yes, you—you rejected my love, and

—as I still believe—because I was a poorer man than Walter. I am not so now, Emily. I know that you loved me better than you loved Walter. I never have lost that conviction. I remember a hundred evidences of it. You married the richer man.'

'I married Walter because I loved him,' said Emily, warmly.

'I do not believe that your love was all with him—I cannot, will not believe it. You see how I have thought of you; here is a home worthy of you. It is yours whenever you like to claim it.'

'God forgive you, Reginald, if I understand you—God forgive me if I misinterpret your meaning;' and she went towards the door.

'Hear me to an end,' said Reginald, his face becoming dark again as it did at Stanford Hall. 'Hear me to an end. I said this house is yours whenever you like to claim it—which implies a condition which I did not care to name to you—when your husband can buy it of me!'

'I am glad that such conditions were in your mind,' said Emily. 'With your permission, I will visit my old favourites.'

So saying, she went to the conservatory, thinking again and again of the strange scene just enacted.

Reginald bit his lip, and then giving vent to a bold round oath, opened a glass door that led into the garden.

Reginald had met his first great disappointment in life like a fool and a coward. Cut adrift, as it were, from his first love, he had allowed himself to be tossed about on a sea of passions, drifting where the wind listed, and never seeking to find a haven of rest. Abroad, his sensualities were hardly observed, and since his return to England he had kept so much apart from his family connection, that his movements had been unknown. His mind had become so gross that he doubted the existence of virtue.

When Walter came back, Emily expressed her wish to return home, pleading the distance they had to go, and the shortness of the daylight as an excuse for leaving. Reginald made but slight effort to detain his visitors, and parting with them seemingly the best friends, Walter and his wife once more bade good-bye to Cedar Lodge. All that had passed between herself and Reginald Emily wisely kept as a secret which had better have but one keeper. Emily's father was greatly disappointed at the result of this visit. The simple-

hearted old man had thought that Reginald would have made some presentation to Emily—such as the piano, or some of the books.

'He's a shabby fellow, a very shabby fellow. After all the kindness he has received at her hands, he might have made some recognition of it.'

'But has he not forgotten you, dear?' replied Emily.

'Ah, yes; that's nothing. Mine was a free gift, and he has made good use of it. I've nothing to say: I'm content with what I have.' But the old gentleman had thought of what he had done for the orphan boy, and felt keenly his desertion in the time of tribulation, now happily passed away.

'Turn on, Old Time,' as we must hasten to an end. In two months more Christmas was coming, and Emily had decked her pretty, small—very small, we must own—drawing-room and dining-room with the cheerful red-berried holly and other greenery, although her opposite neighbour, who came home on the same 'bus as Walter, had declared it to be vulgar, exceedingly. Nevertheless, Emily knew her dear old father loved to see such Christmas emblems about the house, and Walter was not 'genteel,' neither was she, and so holly and mistletoe and bright bay leaves were liberally distributed in 'parlour and kitchen and hall.'

It was Christmas Eve, and Walter had arranged to bring home one of the clerks with him to make merry. And Walter's sister Laura, who really was a nice girl, and had met the family troubles like a saint (so said her mother), had already arrived, and so had papa, who was busy in the little pantry brewing gin punch, the secret of which he had had from a great author, whose brewage was known to be superexcellent.

Emily was too busy making her preparations to think of Walter and his 'bus; and Laura, too, was decking with winter flowers the dishes of tarts and other delicacies—all home-made and wholesome.

'There's Walter,' said Emily, as the street door was heard to open. 'I had no idea it was so late.'

'Emily!' called Walter, from the top of the kitchen stairs, 'come up, dear; I want to introduce you to some friends.'

'Can't, Walter,' was the reply; 'I'm in the middle of my tippy cake. You and papa must do the honours for the present.' And when she had finished

her 'household cares' for a time, and presented herself in the small drawing-room, she was surprised to find an unexpected visitor—Reginald Wainwright.

'I found Reginald in the City, as I was leaving the office; and as he had no engagement, he has come on to spend Christmas Eve with us,' said Walter.

What could Emily say but that she was glad to see him? though she almost expected to find a blister on her tongue for telling such a story.

If Emily had needed any extra stimulus to exertion to make her little 'At Home' a jovial one, it would have been found in the presence of Reginald. He had come, she fancied, to spy the nakedness of the land, and she was resolved he should find it flowing with milk and honey. The good spirits she displayed became infectious, and a merrier party keeping Christmas Eve could not have been found in Christendom. The dainty supper was highly applauded, the gin punch extolled immensely—nor did the ladies refuse to sip the subtle compound. Laura could not sing at first without a piano; but when Emily had trilled forth an old ballad that all (the junior clerk excepted) remembered to have heard long ago, she thought she would venture, and really sang very sweetly. The only one whose mirth did not appear to be real was Reginald, and at times he might have been seen 'taking stock,' as it were, of the little room, where the hand of taste was as visible as it had been at Cedar Lodge. At times he fixed his eyes on the bright, happy face that ever and anon regarded Walter with a look of ineffable love that could not be mistaken, even by the man who had hardened his heart with vice and selfishness.

The party broke up as the neighbouring church clock struck eleven. Reginald offered to see Mr. Mainwaring to his lodgings, but the junior clerk had already undertaken that duty, having had a bed engaged for him close by. As the guests departed Reginald offered his hand to Emily, which she accepted.

'Good-night, Emily,' he murmured rather than spoke; 'I see you do not covet Cedar Lodge.'

'No!' replied Emily, emphatically; 'good-night.'

There are good angels abroad on Christmas Eve—the same perhaps that watched over the stable at Bethlehem. Such is our belief; and one stood by

Reginald's pillow that night, or, debauches that he was, he would hardly have thought, that where honest, hearty love and pure lives were to be found together, it required very little money to make an abode for peace. He thought also that a good man, such as he knew his uncle to be, could bear reverses with a patient resignation, and look forward to the great change with

that hope which robs death of its terrors. He thought of the fret and fever of his own life—of the 'Dead Sea fruit' to which it had turned, and what must be the ending. Old teachings of good came back to him, and though he strove to chase them from his thoughts, they would return again and again. He recalled the incidents of the past evening, of Emily's loving regard of Walter,

answered so eloquently though silently by her husband, who

'Looked his love into his lady's face.'

He could no longer doubt that they were One in all things, in life, in death.

These reflections came back to him so often during the following days, that his old habits became distasteful to

him, and after a time the good angels were heard with love and reverence.

The first good result which came from this happy change was a proper consideration for the reverses in his uncle's fortunes. Uncle Ralph was surprised one morning at receiving a letter from Reginald, stating that he had transferred to his account at the Bank of England three thousand

pounds, with nine years' interest thereon. This tardy act of common justice (he said) would have been made earlier but for the unsettled state of his affairs, which had only taken a favourable turn on Christmas Eve.

Mr. Mainwaring felt himself quite at liberty to accept of this voluntary restitution, as it enabled him to find a

partnership for Walter, and to add to the comfort of his child by removing some of those anxious fears for the future which must always beset the struggler with fortune.

So ends our story, and may all good angels have us in their keeping this Christmas time.

AN OLD FOGY ON CHRISTMAS.

I.

TIS Christmas, but changed are the fashions
 Since I first heard its clamorous bells,
 For the girls of the period have passions,
 And the boys of the period are swells;
 Yet a charm on one's memory dwells.
 Long ago there were terrible spectres
 And marvellous riddles to guess,
 In days ere the railway directors
 Put on the Express.

II.

'Neath mistletoe, loved by the Druid,
 You might then snatch a frolicsome kiss;
 And the punch of that time was a fluid
 That nobody voted amiss;
 And the snapdragon—didn't it hiss!
 Every girl in your heart was a lodger
 Who met you with mischievous glance:
 And oh what a romp was Sir Roger
 De Coverley's dance!

III.

'Mid beauties so buxom and lissom
 One forgot that the winter was cold;
 But why does it seem that I miss 'em?
 Perchance I'm a foggy, grown old,
 Whose life is a tale that is told.
 When a man is approaching to fifty
 He seldom breaks into his nights,
 And is apt to be studiously thrifty
 Of violent delights.

IV.

But wherefore one's age be revealing?
 Leave that to the Registry books.
 A man—is as old as he's feeling;
 A woman, as old as she looks;
 Don't eagles live longer than rooks?
 Besides, in this festival season
 'Tis fit that great truths should be told:
 'Whom the gods love, die young'—for this reason,
 They cannot grow old.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS-BOX.

I DON'T know how it came to pass, but I certainly contrived to fall in love very decidedly with my cousin Clara. She was a bright, pretty girl, as, curiously enough, nearly every girl of the name of Clara is sure to be—the brightest and prettiest that I have ever known. With her, cousinhood had at once paved the way for intimacy. 'If ever you fall in love, you ought to fall in love with your cousin Clara,' said my good mother one day to me. I contrived to carry out the maternal hint with great promptitude. Now my mother was the poor sister of a rich man. Because she saw this delicate matter in a certain point of view, it by no means followed that Uncle John should see it exactly in the same light; and even if Uncle John should happen to coincide with her on such a vital matter, it was still more unlikely that Aunt Jemima should take the same kindly view. For Aunt Jemima was a rich, proud woman. Clara was her only child, and of course all the money of her marriage settlement was to go to Clara. Aunt Jemima took good care to let me understand that, properly speaking, she was no aunt of mine. She had married my uncle, but she had not married his family; and, indeed, even my uncle looked down upon his sister, for she had married a poor curate, who was to be nothing else than a poor curate all his days. He lived in the north country, and I went to the great grammar-school of a northern city. The fact will be hardly credited in these days, but I actually came of age without ever visiting the 'little village,' as those people say of London who call the Atlantic a pond. Those grammar-schools are blessed institutions, especially fitted for curates and their numerous families, and I humbly trust that no Education Commission will ever improve them off the face of the earth. I was so near the top of the big grammar-school that I had the refusal of a scholarship or exhibition that would have gone most of the way towards clearing my expenses at Oxford or Cambridge. My father wrote to Uncle Blogue to ask him whether, as a family matter, he could give me any help towards the university. Uncle Blogue, or possibly it was Aunt Blogue, by no means 'seemed to see it.' He sent a letter quite full, I am informed, of very beautiful Christian feeling, saying that he had no doubt but I should ultimately find an opening in commerce in one of

the neighbouring manufacturing counties. I believe my mother shed some bitter tears, but I am sure I never bore Uncle Blogue the least grudge in the matter. On the contrary, I have always felt a considerable amount of thankfulness towards him. I think I can forecast with tolerable accuracy what would have been my university career. I should have got into many difficulties. If I turned out bad I should have gone to the dogs; if I turned out good I should probably have become the poorest of poor curates. As it was, I went into a lawyer's office at Liverpool, who took me in a most obliging way on account of my school character for sharpness; and I don't think that Liverpool allowed my natural acuteness, such as it was, to be dulled, although I had not had the advantage of a metropolitan experience. I am afraid, indeed, that the Liverpool experience might not have been of the most healthful sort; but I used to spend most of the long vacation with my father; and in the seclusion of my familiar and loved home amid the Yorkshire moors and streams, I came nearer to what my father wished me to be, and rubbed off the narrowness of the office and the unfavourable general colouring conferred by Liverpool.

I got a kind of promotion. It was settled that I was to go up to London, to the office of the London agency that was very closely connected with the Liverpool firm. They wanted a man in town who knew all about Liverpool. My berth was moderately good, and there was the expectation that it would become better. Moreover, there was a location assigned me—a bedroom with a very diminutive sitting-room attached, which were handed over to me by the junior partner. He had just been admitted a member of a club, and had taken lodgings in Jermyn Street to carry out the idea, firing many of his friends with a noble emulative ambition. For a few days I roamed about London, not exactly like a noble savage lost in hopeless admiration, but with the cynical *nil admirari* style, which we flattered ourselves we had brought to considerable perfection in the provinces. And then I bethought myself that I would call on Uncle Blogue, who, indeed, had been frequently in my mind since it had been settled that I should come up to London.

I confess I knocked at my uncle's door, throwing into my knock much of the energy of my original Yorkshire

nature. My uncle lived in Stucconia, a good house in a good street, a region which he himself called Belgravia, but which was more generally entitled Pimlico. I confess also that when I first met my mother's only brother I yearned for some little amount of sympathy, for I had had a touch of melancholy that morning, and a feeling of the loneliness of London was growing upon me. I moved with the heartiest feeling towards a middle-aged gentleman in a pink waistcoat, with pink eyes and cheeks to match. There was only one point about him which I liked, and that was that his smile was of a more pleasing kind than might have been expected from his visage, generally speaking, and that he smiled with his eyes. But when I noticed his mechanical movements and the cold pressure of his flabby hand, my Liverpool training stood me in good stead, and I very exactly adapted my own manner to his. Mrs. Blogue was hardly more disappointing, and for a very simple reason. 'Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed,' which defined very exactly my state of feeling in reference to Aunt Jemima. After some salutations and inquiries were exchanged, of a very conventional nature, the word 'dinner' escaped my uncle's mouth but died away upon his lips at a warning look from my aunt. Mrs. Blogue substituted a milder invitation, and asked if I would stay lunch that day, or some other day before they should be leaving town. I was feeling annoyed, and was about excusing myself, when there came a peculiarly sharp knock, a peculiarly quick ring, and Mrs. Blogue exclaimed, 'Why, here's Clara,' and her face lighted up with a sudden animation and interest as she moved into the hall to meet her daughter.

'Cousin Charlie here!' came the accents of a musical, surprised, and even rather a delighted voice, and my bright, handsome cousin entered the study where we had been talking. She came up immediately with extended hands and dancing eyes. The provocation of those eyes was immense; and was there any one in the world who could deny that we were first cousins? I bent forward to kiss her, and her lips moved to meet mine.

Mrs. Blogue looked aghast, but presently recovered her equanimity; and in a way half apologetic for her daughter, but not over-friendly to myself, she murmured, 'Ah, yes! cousins always are so affectionate.'

We sat down to a very good lunch,

and before the lunch was half over we were on 'Charlie' and 'Clara' terms. Before the lunch was entirely over I had gone a long way towards obeying my beloved mother's injunction.

When we had finished lunch Clara said, 'Isn't it nice that Charlie has come up to town? He is just in time for our dinner-party next Monday.'

'I am afraid, my dear, our table will be quite full,' said my uncle. 'There's Sir James, and the Downings, and Lady Pendleton, and the others. Quite a close fit as it is.'

'Oh, I saw Lucy Pendleton in the square this morning, and she said that her mamma was so upset by the death of her poodle that she was going to write a note to decline the invitation.'

'Seriously, Clara?' said Aunt Jemima.

'Seriously, old lady.' I opened my eyes at this expression, for it sounded slangy and periodic, but Aunt Jemima took it mildly. It was evident to me that the young lady ruled the old lady, and meant to have it her own way in the matter of that invitation.

So it was fixed that I should come to dinner on Monday at seven o'clock. 'And remember,' said Cousin Clara, half whisperingly, 'that you may be here a little before seven, if you like, for I shall be down in the drawing-room long before that.'

I do not know why I should go very fully into my love story, which was in its blessed experience like all the true love stories that ever were or will be. A hint is rarely lost upon the legal mind. I shall always remember that evening of evenings. I made a point of wilfully mistaking the hour, and came exactly an hour earlier; but that was of course excused to the kinsman of the house. The old birds were engaged. Aunt Jemima was putting herself in gorgeous apparel, and the uncle was draping himself in black. So we sat for a whole hour in the delicious gloaming twilight of the drawing-room, in full cousinly amity, and Clara and I exchanged our histories. She had not much to tell, for she had only been released six months from her school at Brighton; but she wanted to know all about her relations in Yorkshire, and had an enthusiastic regard for my father, a portion of which I hoped she would transfer to his unworthy son. So at last hand clasped hand, and when the first note had announced the first guest, she gave me the kiss of cousinhood and ran upstairs to meet her mother.

The dinner was a very excellent one. The charm to me was, beyond Cousin Clara, who sat directly opposite, the

presence of two or three guests, of whom I had heard a great deal in the public papers, but had never contemplated with the eyes of the flesh. The lord of the absent Lady Pendleton was a celebrated judge; but she had probably wept more over her poodle than over any number of criminals whom the judge had hung. Then there was a great M.P., with a boundless capacity for work and talk; and I perceived that, in the course of the evening, he ventilated every fact and idea with which he favoured the House and the country the following Tuesday night. As a rule, however, very great people are not so impressive in the undress of private life as when they are 'upon their legs,' or girt with the insignia of office. Still it was a happy night; but I thought the judge and the M.P. talked poor stuff compared to what Cousin Clara said.

I came whenever I had a chance to St. George's Road. Clara was always kind and courteous, very pleasant in manner, and, if she had the woman's wit with which I credited her, she would have known how fond I was of her sweet face. But I perceived that I was not very popular with my uncle and aunt. I really think my uncle Blogue had a not unkindly feeling towards me. But he was emphatically 'a man under authority,' absolutely subjugated by Aunt Jemima. Mrs. Blogue always gave me a sickly, stereotyped smile, and a hysterical shake of that codfish hand of hers. I perceived that there was a kind of cycle in this curious household which quite reversed all my limited notions of propriety—the wife domineering over the husband, and the daughter, in a sweetly imperative fashion, over the mother. However, it was clear to me that the old people did not care very much for my company. As a rule, I went through the farce of asking if they were at home; but they must, I think, have understood that I did not care very greatly if only the young lady were in the drawing-room. One day I got a letter from my honoured father which was not at all to my liking—at least the P.S. alarmed me, which was this: 'I am afraid you are giving your uncle Blogue too much of your company. The wise man tells us to withdraw the foot from our neighbour's house, lest he weary of us. Your uncle says, a little unfeelingly, that you come very often, and not always at convenient times.' Now was not this a passage peculiarly likely to gall a young man, and hurt his sense of his own dignity? It hurt all my *amour-*

propre that I should be supposed to go where I was not wanted. I kept away for weeks. Wounded sensibility told me never again to cross that hateful threshold; but affection reminded me of Clara's bright eyes, and confidently assured me that she at least had no part in that cruel message.

When I summoned up courage to call at last, the door was opened by a man-servant, of unamiable and even forbidding aspect. He took a very deliberate survey of me, and asked for my card. He then informed me that the family was all *hout*. I bore my disappointment as I could, and deliberated within what space of time it might be decent for me, considering my uncle's expression of weariness, to call again. I determined to allow him the eternity of a lunar month. At the conclusion of that month I once more faced Cerberus. 'Not at home,' said he, very sharply. 'When will they be at home?' I asked, with a failing heart. 'Don't know, sir; *hout* for the day.' I prolonged the lunar month to the space of a calendar month before the next call, and then I knocked at the door once more. It was in the evening, this time, between eight and nine. I read the inevitable 'Not at home' upon the scoundrel's stolid face. 'How very unfortunate!' I exclaimed. 'Very unfortunate indeed,' said the man; and I am not sure that he did not put his tongue into his cheek. As I turned away I cast a look back towards the drawing-room, and there I saw lights. 'Very odd,' I thought, 'when there is no one in the house.' This unhappy experience happened once or twice again, and I began to think that I must give up calling altogether.

It was a Saturday afternoon, some weeks after my last failure, and I was sitting moodily in my room. It was long past business hours, and I had been intending to run down to the Crystal Palace for a half-holiday, and was thinking how sweet it would be to have Cousin Clara there at the Rosary and by the lakes. It was dull work, however, to go by oneself, and I had given up the notion. Presently there came a gentle rap at the office-door. I wondered greatly what should bring clients at that time; for my few friends were very unlikely to call at an hour when they and I would most likely be away from town. There was no clerk in attendance, and when I opened the door I saw two young ladies. I immediately recognised my cousin Clara, and presently her lady's-maid—possibly a shade better, certainly

several shades more showily, dressed than herself. With the utmost joy and eagerness I hurried her into my room, leaving the maid in a clerk's room adjoining. I seated myself on my tall stool, while she sat down on a tin box close to me, labelled 'The Right Hon. the Earl of Z.,' and supposed to contain that noble lord's most precious parchments.

'Oh, Cousin Charles!' she exclaimed, 'they have treated you most shamefully, and I could bear it no longer. I thought I must come and tell you; you must not think it was my fault.'

'What is it all about, dear Clara? Oh, you sweet, kind Clara, to come to me! I have been thoroughly beaten and broken-hearted, that I could never see you at home.'

'But we were at home, Cousin Charlie,' she answered; 'but it was one of those wicked lies which we tell in London. Papa told that new footman—the stupid wretch!—to say "Not at home." And twice at least, Charlie, when you have been there I have watched you from the window with my eyes full at papa's unkindness.'

'I told papa, one day,' she went on, 'that it was very cruel of him to be so unkind to his own flesh and blood; and that, as you did not know much about London, we ought properly to take you to the Polytechnic, and Madame Tussaud's, and the Tower of London, and all sorts of places. Papa said that he did not approve of a young man like you wasting your time at a house; and what do you think he said, Charlie?'—and here there was much blushing—'He said that you only came to see me, and did not care for your uncle and aunt.'

'I'm afraid it's a true bill, Clara.'

'Then that's very wrong of you, Charlie. Be pleased to remember that your uncle and aunt are my papa and mamma.'

'Well, Clara, and what did you say to that?'

'Why, I said that if you wanted to see me, I wanted to see you; and that if he meant to be harsh and cruel, I should be obliged to run away with you.'

'Oh, my Clara!' And while Clara was saying, 'But I didn't mean it, Charlie; I didn't indeed,' I had caught her in my arms, and pressed a lover's kiss on her unresisting lips.

It was very sudden; I dare say it was very wrong; but Clara and I were engaged. How the dingy office became beautified and glorified all at once! Unhappily, the engagement was to be

kept a secret from the parents—an unpleasant and unhappy state of affairs. It was not my fault, however, but the fault of Uncle Blogue. For myself, I could have been content to have shouted my happiness from the housetop. It was very pleasant to lay out a regular little plan of operations to see all I could of Clara. Sometimes, as the evenings grew longer, I would meet her as she was shopping in Oxford Street or Regent Street; and once—ah, happy day!—in Covent Garden Market; and if the mother was not with her I could get ten minutes' chat with her. There was one house where I was asked to dinner to meet her; but Clara was not allowed to go to that house again. But if she went to the Opera or one of the theatres, I contrived sometimes to see her, and always to look at her dear face. It will readily be understood that I found ways and means of corresponding with her.

But I may venture to say that my nature was quite alien to the spirit of intrigue. I was grieved that I should be engaged to Clara, and yet be unable to tell my own mother. I could say nothing to those at home, lest the news should travel back to St. George's Road. So I made up my mind to brave the lion in his den, and I pounced upon Uncle Blogue. I watched my opportunity, and caught him one afternoon, as he was returning from the Reform, at the doorstep.

'Uncle,' I said, 'I want to speak to you on a deeply important matter which concerns my happiness, and perhaps your own.'

'Well, Charles,' he said, 'I am very busy to-day, and you had better perhaps send me a letter.'

'No, uncle,' I said; 'I can't send you a letter; and it is a matter that concerns you, almost as much as myself.'

He took out his latch-key, and motioned me to follow him. He led the way into his study behind the dining-room, and sitting down, composed himself into an inquiring attitude.

'Well, Nephew Charles,' he said, curtly, 'and what do you want?'

'Uncle,' I said, 'I love my cousin Clara, and I feel I must tell you so; and I implore you to take my avowal kindly.'

My uncle gave a grimly sarcastic look, and then went on, drily—

'You desire, I presume, to make me a proposal of marriage for my daughter, Miss Clara Blogue?'

'Yes, uncle,' I replied, somehow a little crestfallen at the pomposity of his announcement.

'May I inquire, Nephew Charles,'

said my uncle, with the pompous element unpleasantly predominating, 'whether you are able to maintain my daughter in that state of life to which she has been hitherto accustomed?'

'Uncle,' I replied, 'I love my cousin Clara, and I believe she is not altogether indifferent to me.' I believed that was the proper way of putting things mildly. The old gentleman looked greatly disgusted, but waved his hand and interrupted.

'My daughter Clara is so young and inexperienced, that she does not know whether she is indifferent or whether she is not indifferent. Let me repeat my question, young sir. My daughter is accustomed to a carriage, to her own maid, to the Opera, to parties, to tours in the recess. May I simply ask you how much you have a year?'

'About two hundred a year, uncle.'

'Absolute poverty! sheer destitution!' said my uncle. 'I could not for a moment entertain such an exceedingly absurd proposition. But I will be plain with you, Nephew Charles. In a worldly point of view you would not suit me as a son-in-law. But, Nephew Charles,' he added, with the utmost solemnity of manner, 'I do not take a worldly view. I object on principle to the intermarriage of cousins.' This is a valuable remark, which, I believe, has frequently been made in cases parallel to my own, but without bringing home a sense of criminality to the human breast.

I confess at the moment that I was greatly taken aback.

'My daughter,' continued Uncle Blogue, 'is about to visit some friends in Edinburgh. We have some notion that a thorough change of scene will be a good thing for her. Good-morning, Nephew Charles.'

My uncle had spoken, cruel brute! There were no more messages, and no more pleasant meetings. I ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Clara was in Edinburgh; but I could not find her address. The late summer and the dull autumn wore away, and I had a dull pain in my heart, and went mechanically through my hardening office work, and my heart hardened to it.

Now it so happened that on Christmas Eve I was returning to my rooms in a very dispirited state of mind. From considerations of the *res angusta domi* I was not going home this Christmas. I had been dining at some chop-house, familiar to many denizens of Gray's Inn, and had tried to encourage my-

self by usages which seemed meet for Christmas. A sympathetic waiter brought me roast beef and plum-pudding afloat in blazing brandy, and I took one or two mince-pies in pursuance of the time-honoured fiction that so many mince-pies before Christmas would entail so many happy days after it. There were very few men of the Inn there. There had been a great many hansoms flying about Gray's Inn Square this afternoon, with hampers that visibly displayed game, oysters, and codfish. Even such homeward signs as these unconsciously saddened me. The notion occurred to me that I might as well go to some place of amusement; but I presently resolved to go home, and think of Yorkshire, and brood and dream about my Clara. I walked up and down in the square, feeling very melancholy, enveloped in a thick fog, in which the gas-lamps gleamed lurid, the passers-by other than human, and the very cabs swollen into stage-coaches. At last with a groan I ascended that eternal staircase, greatly desiderating the American lift. I opened the door with my latch-key and struck a light. It was Christmas Eve to be sure, but even at Christmas there are ill-disposed people who insist on litigation. I took out half a dozen letters, addressed to the firm, and there were a couple for myself. One was from my mother. I knew it would be long, loving, and consolatory, and I laid the treasure aside, with the intention that it should strengthen and help me on Christmas Day. The other, to my great surprise, was a letter in handwriting which certainly seemed to be the handwriting of Uncle Blogue. It ran thus:

'St. George's Road, S.W.,
'Dec. 24.

'MY DEAR NEPHEW,

'Your mother mentions in a letter that you are staying in town this Christmas. I do not like to think of your spending it alone in chambers, while you have flesh and blood of your own in London. Will you come to an early dinner on Christmas Day? It is an early dinner because a lot of children are coming to dine with us, and there will be no grown-up people besides ourselves. With compliments of the season, your affectionate uncle,

'NATHANIEL BLOGUE.

'Charles Trafford, Esq.'

I confess I was astonished at this letter. Was Uncle Blogue burying the tomahawk, and lighting the pipe, and extending the olive branch of

peace? Then I felt rather vexed. A one o'clock dinner was rather a fall in life, and only to meet a lot of children was an additional fall. There was not a word about Clara—not the slightest intimation of any news from Edinburgh. I felt very grand, and had half a mind to send a dignified refusal. But Clara's parents, *quâ* her parents, seemed to have an attraction for me, and somehow to bring me nearer Clara. When the Christmas morning dawned somehow I felt very happy. The air was crisp and bracing. The depression of last night had worn away. Then I went to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, heard the gorgeous Christmas anthem, listened to a noble sermon, and though I had never been at college I could realize my favourite poet's words:

'And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned in the panes.'

Then I proceeded to the river, and took a steamer which landed me at St. George's Pier, Pimlico, whence I soon made my way to St. George's Road. It was a little late, but my uncle and Aunt Jemima received me very graciously. The twinkle in Uncle Blogue's eye—the one peculiarity about him which I rather liked—was a merrier twinkle than ever I thought it could have been, and yet he had an anxious look. Aunt Jemima had a subdued and what really appeared to me a somewhat deprecating expression of countenance. There were a lot of children who were congregated in the study, in a state of great glee and expectation surrounding a Christmas-tree.

There were a great many pretty presents about, and each child invited had a Christmas-box. Then there was a little talk about Christmas-boxes.

'Whatever custom goes out, I think the custom of Christmas-boxes will never go out,' said Mrs. Blogue.

'I always think the postman ought to have a good Christmas-box,' said a pretty child, tall for her age. 'He brought me such lovely valentines this year.'

'But everybody wants a Christmas-box,' said Mrs. Blogue. 'Policemen, newspaper-boy, butcher, baker, and all the rest. It would be much more reasonable if they gave Christmas-boxes to those who have to keep them.'

'Would you like a Christmas-box, Nephew Charles?' said Uncle Blogue, with a peculiar twinkle of that solitary redeeming feature, his eye.

'No kind offer refused, uncle,' I answered. 'The smallest Christmas-box thankfully accepted.'

'We have not forgotten you, Charles,' he said, with some kindness; 'I have a Christmas-box for you somewhere. Let me see—where is it?' And he felt in his pocket, and pretended to look about the room. 'Ah! I recollect now,' he said. 'You will find it lying upon the sofa in the drawing-room. You had better go and look for it.'

I went upstairs, wondering very greatly what might be the meaning of this unusual piece of civility on the part of Uncle Blogue.

But when I opened the drawing-room door—oh, heart of mine!—there, on the sofa, was my cousin Clara, rather ill and worn in looks, but stretching out her hands towards me; and, giving a little cry of joy, in a moment she was in my arms.

Then she told me all. They had sent her to Edinburgh, and had exacted a solemn promise from her that she should not correspond with me. Her friends in Edinburgh had received instructions to do all they could to occupy and divert her mind. She had gone on a tour through the Lakes and the Caledonian Canal; and they had taken her to all kinds of amusements and parties when they got back to their own 'romantic town.' But she did not forget that heart and faith were pledged to her cousin Charles; and the thought that she was so far away from him—the thought that she was never more to have communication with him—pressed heavily upon her spirits, and spoilt all enjoyment. She had returned to London at the beginning of the month in a very unsatisfactory state of health. Then they called in the doctor. The doctor puzzled and prescribed, and called in another doctor more illustrious than himself. They agreed that both the complaint and the remedy were beyond their art. Then the family doctor, with the advice of the consulted doctor, asked Uncle Blogue if there was anything on his daughter's mind that might account for her ill-health and depression. Mr. Blogue replied that there had been a silly love affair which she had not altogether been able to dismiss from her mind. The doctor said that the silly love affair was a very important matter indeed, and that, if he did not wish his daughter to go into a decline, he had better arrange it with the young fellow. This had happened only yesterday, and Uncle Blogue, in a great fright,

and zealously incited by the doting mother, had sent for me at once.

Thus it was that I found on the sofa that Christmas Day the best Christmas-box which I had ever received in all my life. My uncle acted liberally, and we began on much more than two hundred a year. My mother, overjoyed,

came up to the wedding ceremony; but long before that happy morn, on Clara's candid face the lilies had yielded to the brightening roses. Uncle Blogue's only regret is that he did not send me to college, and, as he considers, make me better fitted for my lofty destiny as his son-in-law.

PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

I.

ANOTHER turn, old Father Time!
The sand is slowly dropping.
We rush—alas! the fatal chime
'Too fast a train for stopping.
Time's locomotive cannot wait,
But waves a sad denial:
'You're just in time to be too late,'
Says Chronos at the dial.

II.

Some whizz away, and some remain
To muse in desperation
Of lucky fellows in the train
And sad ones at the station.
Cool sixty-eight to whom we bow
Is off to sail his cutter,
While tired thirty mops his brow
And toils for bread and butter.

III.

Miss Isabel has married well—
A baronet rheumatic—
While Winifred in Camberwell
Is teaching in an attic.
Sir Lancelot, who loved the poor,
Is missed at the assizes;
While Hodge, the brewer—bruted boor!—
The castle vulgarizes.

IV.

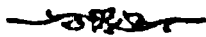
Rare cultured gentlemen we find
By priggishness are beaten,
And half the sixth is left behind
By all the fifth at Eton.
Old Beau is longing for an heir
And speculates on 'may be's,'
While Flo is puzzled what to wear
With half a dozen babies.

V.

Still surely goes the dial round,
To-day becomes to-morrow;
Some summer in the past we found,
Though kiss'd with showers of sorrow.
But God be praised if we can sing,
As each old year rolls over,
Of loves still fresh and blossoming
And lives as sweet as clover!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.



BOUGHES from the holly, and mistletoe berry,
 Circle them round in contrast bright;
 Colours should be as the season, merry;
 Haste, we must finish the room to-night!
 Clad are the fields in snowy apparel,
 Such as is meet for Christmas time;
 Waits without chant Christmas carol,
 Bells from steeple, ring out your chime!

Labour of sculptor, or work of painter
 Deftly wreath with its coronet green,
 Portrait of hero, warrior, saint, or
 Friend removed by long seas between.
 Merrily work, young hands and nimble;
 Laurel and holly play well your parts;
 And yet for Christmas the fittest symbol
 Are smiling faces and glowing hearts!

Yon there is one once dearly cherished!
 His face looks down on our work to-night.
 At the opening onset of life he perished—
 How shall we deck his portrait right?
 With holiday laurel its frame adorning,
 Or wreath of 'secular cypress' bough,
 Laughter or tears, or joy or mourning,
 Which would he wish, could he speak to us now?

Still as a statue, beautiful, gleaming
 Her face in the firelight's ruddy ray,
 Motionless e'en as the marble seeming,
 Who is the tenant of yon niche—say?
 Moves there life in each faultless feature,
 Pulsates life's blood in that exquisite frame?
 Is it a sentient, animate creature,
 Is it some form with a classical name?

Weave for her brow a coronet—throw it
 Round her as seemeth a marble queen;
 Yet to inspire the lay of poet
 Sweeter is she than marble, I ween.
 See, yes, it moves! with life's quavering
 Throb the pulses and glow the face;
 She is no sculptor's cold creation,
 Fair-haired, bonny-browed, laughing Grace!

HARRY NORTHWOOD.

By MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the second week in February. The early winter had been unusually mild, with neither frost nor snow till after Christmas; then the severity of the season began without mitigation. There was every kind of bad weather through January, with intense cold. With February came a change, but only for the worse—inasmuch as damp, raw fog took the place of clear, frosty air. The atmosphere was in fact so saturated with wet, that, without actual rain, people used umbrellas. How dismal and dirty and forlorn was London! Old people, and consumptive young ones, died without end, and every nervous invalid believed himself on the brink of the grave.

It was a melancholy time. Poor, half-clad wretches shivered and shuffled along the pavements, escaping to shelter, because so few were abroad to take compassion on them.

Yet London had its gaieties. As the Thursday evening wore into night, handsome lighted carriages drove along towards centres, where during the day awnings had been erected across the pavement to the doorways, and now carpet was rolled out, that the satin-slipped feet of delicate ladies, in scarlet and blue and gold-striped opera-cloaks, alighting from their warm carriages, might not touch the cold flag-stones. All was bright within doors; powdered servants in rich liveries received the guests; link-boys stood without to light the surrounding darkness, in which were huddled together poor, dirty, forlorn wretches, eagerly looking on, as if at angels entering paradise.

Many a gala-scene such as this occurred that night in London. But no one was more brilliant or more crowded than that given at 205 Portland Place, by the rich and fashionable family of the Clitheroe-Northwoods. All the world knew them and visited with them; and now half Portland Place was filled with the carriages of their guests, one long line driving off, and another long and ever-increasing line driving up to set down.

The Clitheroe-Northwoods were the very centre of fashion. The grand Countess Picciola, whom Mr. Northwood had married in Rome some years before,

had given wonderful *éclat* to his immense fortune. There was but one daughter. It is true there was a son, but nobody ever heard of him. It was said that he was queer; perhaps his brain was a little affected; at all events, he was in India, where his father had sent him years ago, to be out of the way.

The daughter was very handsome, and would of course have a great fortune from her father, besides which, it was known to the intimate friends of the family that she had expectations from old Lady Beryl, a cousin of her mother's, who was prodigiously rich. With all these advantages it was strange that she was not yet married; still, strange things happen in the matrimonial world; and now, after twelve seasons in London and elsewhere—as well as at Baden-Baden and Homburg and other places of fashionable continental resort—she and her family were back in London; and being followed here by a Russian lover, Count Romanhoff, attached to the court of St. Petersburg, whose sister, the Countess Paulowsky, was now staying with her, this her last winter in London would be as gay as possible.

In the very thick and throng of the arriving carriages drove up a railway cab from the Waterloo Station, containing within it a tall, thin, sallow-complexioned young man, who with an annoyed and impatient countenance and manner regarded the crush of carriages. For one moment the cab-window was hastily let down, and he was looking forth; the next the head was withdrawn and the window dashed up again with some expression very like an imprecation. The driver looked towards his fare from his seat, and finding no response, dismounted.

Was the gentleman sure this was the house? There was a *swarray*, and no getting up to the door. Did the gentleman say 205?

Again the window was partially let down, and the gentleman replied that it was all right; but his agitated voice gave a sense to the words which contradicted their literal meaning. He hesitated, and the driver waited to know his will. At first he thought he would alight below the advancing carriages, and walk to the door. Then he would

not; he would wait; the cab must drive up in its turn. He was both impatient and undecided. He threw himself back in the cab with a sense of bitter disappointment. He was ill and weak, both mind and body, and felt bitterly annoyed; but he said to himself 'they did not know that I should come to-night.'

The driver took his seat on the box, turned his horse, and drove back to the tail of the long line of advancing carriages; and again the sick young man offered himself consolation in the thought that this reception was only inopportune.

The momentary anger was gone as the cab slowly neared the door; and that faith in *coming home* which belongs to the human heart thrilled him with an agitation which was almost joy.

Scarlet and gold, blue and silver, satin and costly fur, and a sweet perfume passed from the last carriage over the soft crimson-carpeted pavement up the low steps of the door. Then followed that common cab, out of which stepped a weary, travel-worn, and apparently feeble young man, with many wraps and a small quantity of not very aristocratic-looking luggage—all his heavy luggage remaining in the Indian steamer at Southampton. This was an arrival that caused wonderment in the dingy, gazing crowd outside the awning, and still greater wonderment amongst the powdered servants in the hall.

The sallow-complexioned stranger and his rather shabby luggage were admitted, and more scarlet and purple and blue and gold followed.

Mr. Henry Clitheroe-Northwood was the name he gave; and the looks of the servants showed that they knew him not. The blank faces that stared at him roused a sudden anger in him, who for the last ten years had been accustomed to the ready obedience of Hindoo service, and in a voice of command he desired to see Miss Northwood.

'Oh, I dare say!' mentally exclaimed the imperious servant to whom this command was given—yet it had its effect. A message reached the housekeeper's room, and anon a neat-looking young housemaid invited him to follow her upstairs—by the back staircase, of course, because the principal staircase was occupied by ascending and descending guests, down which came also a buzz and murmur of voices, whilst through the open doors swelled the sound of music and a rich voice sang 'La donna e mobile.'

'Miss Northwood, she sing,' said a

tall man out of livery, a Swiss valet, whom her brother had desired to inform Miss Northwood of his arrival; 'and I may not say no one come.'

An overpowering sense of neglect, where he had looked for loving welcome, stronger than anger, subdued him almost to the unmanly weakness of tears, as he followed the young maidservant up the back staircase, whilst a disengaged servant, who looked very like a groom, and had turned up somewhere, carried his luggage after him.

He was taken up one flight of stairs after another to an inferior back chamber, in which was no evidence of preparation. Yet the young woman said, as she lighted the gas—

'This room was got ready for you last week, sir; only the housekeeper did not know when you were coming, else the fire would have been lighted.'

Now Mr. Clitheroe-Northwood burst forth into anger somewhat like an eastern despot; and the young woman and the groom-like servant with the portmanteau stood in silent dismay, whilst the housekeeper, who had followed in the wake, spoke in a mild mollifying tone.

'Yes, it was dreadful weather—and a chamber without a fire—and anybody coming off a journey! But neither Miss Northwood nor her ladyship said when he was coming. It was an inferior room, she must confess, but the Countess Paulowsky had the large room, and the next to it was occupied by Madame Duval, her ladyship's maid—but now she thought of it he might for sure have that room, at least for the night; and there was a fire in it, and all comfortable, for madame was particular—only she was very good-natured and obliging—and Miss Northwood or her ladyship would order another room in the morning; only she was afraid madam's room was untidy, because she had all the countess's things to look after.'

She had been enabled to make this long speech and thus arrange affairs because the young man seemed unable to put his indignation into words strong enough to express it. Rejecting the offer of Madame Duval's room, he declared he would go to an hotel; and with some violent Hindostanee oath, which expressed his feelings better than English could do, he brushed past the two women.

One feature of the malady which, having prostrated him in India, now sent him home for recovery, was his

total incapacity to maintain any continuous course of violent action. The next moment he was weak as water; and to carry out this threat would have been impossible. But the momentary outburst had again its effect, and the three servants before him felt an increase of respect.

'Pardon me, sir,' said the housekeeper, with bland persuasiveness confronting him on the landing, and thus arresting his steps; 'we'll have a fire lighted in a moment. Mr. Northwood and her ladyship would be so hurt if you went. Shall I send in word that you are come, sir?'

The fire was being lighted, and the poor young man went back to the room without replying to the housekeeper's last question—glad for the moment that he was prevented leaving the house, and the next moment angry with himself for having been persuaded to stay.

But the lighting of the fire was no easy matter. The chimney was damp, and the heavy external atmosphere drove down the smoke, which soon filled the room. The window was obliged to be opened; and the stranger, who now would not be persuaded in any way to mend his condition, was finally left to himself, to be talked over amongst the servants below. Nevertheless, the housekeeper did the best she could for him, by sending him up hot water and wine, and a little supper delicate enough to tempt an invalid's appetite.

He did not remove his travelling attire; and though the fire burned up, and the room began to be warm and comfortable, no sense of comfort or satisfaction came to his mind. He felt that he had no home there, yet was painfully conscious that he had not strength enough to resent with a man's spirit the neglect that met him in his father's house.

As he thus pondered the door quickly opened, and a tall, stout, handsome woman—no longer the young slender sister of former days—attired in rose-coloured *moiré antique*, and blazing with jewels, entered the room.

She was not rapturously overjoyed to see him, nor did she seem aware that his reception had lacked cordiality. Still, she kissed his forehead, as he sat, with a show of tenderness, and held his thin hand in her two delicately-gloved ones. What could she do more? She called him her poor, dear Harry, and said his father thought he had better rest to-night, and he would see him in the morning. She said how

unfortunate it was that he should come that evening; he should have sent a telegram from Southampton to say he had arrived. But Count Romanhoff was staying in London—he was with them that night; 'and he longs to see you,' she said; 'but I'm not sure that you'll like him—for he is not quite one of your sort—but he's very nice!' And the Countess Paulowsky, she said, was staying in the house—she was ten years older than Alexander, and had been a great beauty in her youth. And again she was so sorry he happened to arrive just on that night; but this was one of the Countess Picciola's receptions, and she made them so charming everybody was delighted to come to them, and they always had such fine music.

Then there was a knock at the door. 'Would Miss Northwood be so good as to go down—the countess wanted her immediately.'

Yes; but she must yet have a moment's talk with her dear Harry, for she would not be able to come up again that night, and to-morrow they were all going to the opening of Parliament—Alexander wished to see it, and in the evening to the ball at Lady ——'s. It was unfortunate they had so many engagements just then. But the season was early this year, and everybody was coming to town; she did hope dear old Lady Beryl would come—Harry would like her. She was very peculiar, but so sweet and kind!

But now she must really go, for she was sure he was tired. And, by-the-by, he did not look well—and so much older! She had really been so taken up with the joy of seeing him that she had not noticed his looks. But he was tired; and if he wanted anything he must be sure and ring. And had he not a servant with him? Well, it was very good, but rather a pity to have given him up to the other gentleman, even though he was so ill. But she was chattering without mercy, and he was so tired! He must go to bed; he would be better after a night's rest. He might lie as long as he liked in the morning, only if he came down to luncheon he would see papa—for he never made his appearance before then. And they all were so impatient to see him. Poor, dear Harry! And then laying her gloved hand on his shoulder she was so sorry to go!

'Au revoir,' said she, in conclusion; and gathering together her long skirts, passed out of the room.

Harry was not hungry for outward food, and of that abundance was before him; but he was hungry to faintness

for love and sympathy, for the tenderness of genuine affection, which would send its welcome to the heart. He locked his door; and whilst the confused buzz of mingling voices and music and mirth, and the roar of carriages far into the morning, sounded in and around the house, he lay on his melancholy bed, and, overcome by the burden of his sick heart and enervated frame, wept like a child or a woman.

Let not my readers despise him for this weakness, for of a truth he feels sick almost to death; and this meeting with his sister, the cherished love of his boyhood, lay like an icy hand on his heart.

CHAPTER II.

Now whilst they and the rest of the fashionable world are sunk in downy sleep, may I be allowed a few words on the highly respectable family of Clitheroe-Northwood?

In the first place, they were supposed not to know the want of money; and that, in the world's estimation, is the foundation and corner-stone of respectability. Secondly, the head of the family had been so singularly fortunate that his name was, in consequence, proverbial.

He was the younger son of a younger son; and his grandfather was a poor man, dependent on a half-brother for the means of educating his sons, of whom Thomas was the youngest. This rich half-uncle grumbled because he was called upon to educate his nephews; nevertheless he did it for the credit of the family.

They were the Clitheroes of Sussex, and the youngest, Thomas, was christened Northwood, after his godmother, a single lady of good family, but no fortune, a friend of his mother's. He was the only one of the boys that showed any abilities at school; and in consequence his uncle enabled him to study law as he grew to man's estate. The elder brothers, who were twins, and not richly endowed by nature, died early.

Thomas therefore remained the sole representative of this branch of the house; and no sooner was he so than Fortune began to shower her gifts upon him. He was in his six-and-twentieth year, a briefless barrister, when his godmother had reason to suppose that a considerable property was being kept from her by a distant relative, and begged him to undertake her case.

He did so gladly; he would just then have undertaken any case, let it have

been as hopeless as it might, if there were only money to fall back upon for his own expenses. He, however, proved the old lady's claims to be valid; and she, in gratitude to him for so doing, left him the whole property at her death, about two years afterwards, with the condition that he henceforth took the name of Northwood. Thus he became Clitheroe-Northwood.

He obtained by this bequest sixty thousand pounds; and then, as if Fortune wished to surpass herself in lavish generosity, a cousin-german, who had been lost sight of by his family for half a century, turned up in India, as the possessor of an immense fortune, which he had amassed by the growth of indigo and cotton. He was an old bachelor, and the fact of his existence and death were announced by the agreeable though singular intelligence that he had left every penny of which he was possessed 'to his cousin-german, Thomas Clitheroe, whom he neither knew nor cared for.'

The value of this Indian property was said to amount to half a million; and the heir to it, then an old man, died as it were from sheer astonishment at his good fortune; and his son troubled himself no further about law.

He married a lovely young lady, without fortune, unless her pure, amiable character might reckon as such; bought a fine estate in Kent where he lived in great style; took a town house in Portland Place, which he furnished without regard to cost; and thus established, as I have said, one of the most respectable families in London.

Two children were born of this marriage; first, a daughter, which was a disappointment, because the bells would have rung all day, and an ox have been roasted, and no end of ale been drunk at the village in Kent, had it been a son and heir. However, they made as much of the daughter as possible, and she was called 'Thomasine Henrietta, after both her parents.

A year later a son and heir was born; but the bells did not ring, nor yet was there feasting in the Kentish village, for the mother scarcely survived the birth; and the first sorrow of the great man came when he least expected it.

There was an immense and most sumptuous funeral, with a mural tablet in the chancel, commemorating the beauty and the virtues of her who slept beneath. There was also, as a matter of course, a very complete nursery establishment, with a staff of physicians and apothecaries—for the child was

delicate from its birth ; and many were the fears and prognostics that it never would be reared. The christening was grand but solemn ; its godfather and godmother the wealthiest of the wealthy ; and the name given was Henry Thomas, again to commemorate both parents ; but the name by which he was called was Henry—or Harry, as he grew older, for the father's heart clung as yet to the dead mother.

Poor little Harry ! They scarcely let him do anything for himself, they were so afraid of losing him. At ten years old he was a remarkably handsome but delicate boy, peculiar in character and difficult to manage, because, in truth, everybody managed him badly. His father indulged him, and treated him with severity at the same time. Their characters were diametrically opposite ; and the boy had been indulged to that degree that he had no idea of concealing his sentiments and impulses. He preferred playing with any village lad, no matter how poor and shabby, to riding about in state either by his father's side or with a groom behind him. He had no love of money except to give away, nor yet of fine clothes, but to keep him warm ; so that on one occasion he clothed a beggar-boy in his Sunday suit, because he was in rags and shivering with cold. He really was enough to drive such superfine and conventional people as his father and the grand folks that he associated with out of their senses. Even his sister, though only a year older than himself, was often ashamed of him ; but then she was a thoroughbred young lady, full of every grace and possible charm that the finest personal education can give.

Harry loved his sister intensely ; his earliest consciousness of beauty was associated with her. A word from her would tame him, as it were ; and she, encouraged by her father, who was pleased with her beauty and early accomplishments, ruled him despotically.

He did not distinguish himself at Eton, excepting for his unconventionalism, his disregard of fashion, and his utter unimpressibility by rank and wealth. If pure singleness of heart, however, a character wholly without guile—the true gold of manhood—could have obtained honours, he would have taken the first rank. But it was not so ; and his father, who was ambitious for his son, was extremely disappointed and displeased. His sister was the same. What could Harry mean ? He was tall and good-looking ; still, there was no style and fashion about him. He

would, she was sure, be as willing to be a ploughman as an elegant gentleman ; and Harry, incapable of feeling the atrocity of his sin, declared that he would.

He was now eighteen, and still gave no hopes of mending his ways. His sister was presented at court, and all the world admired her.

A great gulf was opening between himself and his family. He was perplexed and troubled, because precisely those impulses and tastes which were strongest in him set him at variance with all around him. Even his father's clerical friends treated him as one to be mourned over, who was taking wrong courses. Never did any lad wish more honestly to do right, and seem to himself to fail more completely. He began to think that he must be mistaken—for he was not conceited and full of self-love. But with all his best endeavours he could neither fall into nor admire the ways of the world.

He went to Oxford for a term or two ; but neither did that suit him. He had tastes neither for study nor yet for dissipation. His father was seriously angry ; and Henrietta found time, in the midst of her gaieties, to weep over him.

At length he began to suspect that what he wanted was simply something to do. He was not made for a scholar any more than for a fine gentleman. If somebody would only have allowed him to become the steward of his landed property, how thankful he would have been.

He made his sister the confidant of his wants and desires ; but she could not sympathize with him. Indeed, she was at that time too much engaged, too much in a flutter of pleasure and the world's admiration, to have time or thought to give him.

His father considered himself very unfortunate in his son. He offered to purchase a commission for him in any regiment he might prefer ; but neither had he a taste for the army. The measure of his father's displeasure was now full.

There were estates yet in India belonging to the old cousin-german's property, which required an agent to look after. A gentleman was engaged for that purpose ; and Harry, thinking that he had found what he wanted, proposed to his father that he should accompany him. His father gave his consent willingly enough, declaring to his friends that he was glad to get him out of the country. 'For,' said he, 'he will at all events see something of the world, which is an education in itself ;

and there are plenty of men of birth and position in India, if he will only avail himself of his opportunities and advantages.'

He was therefore furnished by his father with a whole chestful of letters of introduction to all the men of influence, diplomatic, military, and civil, in each presidency.

When he was fairly out of the country his father began to be a little tolerant of him. 'For,' said he, 'it is not every young man that has a taste for study; and I must confess that he never ran into debt, nor disgraced his family in any way.'

Harry was glad enough to be off. The only pain he felt was in leaving his sister, his love and admiration of whom had never suffered diminution, and who now, at the last, found a little time to bestow upon him. She sympathized with him in his Indian prospects, begged him to send her no end of presents—which he gladly promised. They went together on his last evening to the opera; and this pleasure he remembered for years, though she was thinking more of a titled admirer whom she hoped to secure than of the single-hearted brother and faithful friend from whom she was about to part.

But she did not win the titled lover. That season went by without any matrimonial triumph; and her father took her abroad, travelling *en prima* to Italy, whence, the following spring, she wrote the tidings to her brother at Madras, that their father had given them a stepmother in the handsome Countess Picciola. He anxiously asked in return what was her opinion of the new relative; and in six months she replied that the countess was an angel, and that their life in Paris was heavenly.

The agent whom his father sent out having merely taken the appointment to gain a footing in India, threw it up after a year, and Harry, young as he was, undertook the management. Now he was in his element: he did not, however, get much praise from home, because his father was again disappointed. Not one of the letters which he had been at such pains to provide for him had been presented, and now he had voluntarily sunk into a common civilian, devoting himself to the cultivation of cotton and indigo. The influences with which this great man was now surrounded made him look down as from an eminence on his first wife; and the only allowance he could make for his son was in consideration of his inheriting the maternal character.

Harry in the meantime worked hard and was happy. He put his soul into the employment to which he had given himself; redressed wrongs, succoured the oppressed, introduced order and strict equity into his government, and was beloved and honoured by thousands of poor people, who till then knew not what justice and kindness were. He wrote home now and then—he was no great letter-writer at best, but always endeavoured to make his letters interesting and amusing to his sister. Oh, if she would only have replied to those letters! How he longed, poor fellow, as the day of the mail's arrival approached, that there might be one from her. But they were few and far between, and told him mostly of people of whom he knew nothing. For the last few years she had written much of old Lady Beryl, a distant relation of their mother's, the widow of Sir Nicholas Beryl, an immensely rich city merchant, who had left every penny to her, free for her own disposal; and Henrietta's hope now was to make sure of her money by being frequently with her. Harry came to detest the name of Lady Beryl, and wished his sister would introduce some other subject; but he never told her so, lest she should cease to write to him.

He had now been ten years in India, and the climate and the arduous work to which he so conscientiously devoted himself began to tell seriously upon his constitution. Spite of a temperance equal to that of a Brahmin, his health gave way. He went to the mountains, and seemed restored only to suffer still more severely. He was reluctant to leave the life he had chosen and the people whom he had elevated, and by whom he was almost worshipped; but the physician warned him away whilst there was yet a chance of restoration. He wrote home, therefore, saying he should take his passage home in the 'Jumna,' which would arrive about the middle of February.

All his family were this winter in London; but I cannot say that any of them were glad of his return. His father, whose money necessities had greatly increased since his residence abroad—especially since he had become so much attached to Baden-Baden and Homburg—and who feared lest the Indian remittances should cease, was extremely annoyed that any necessity had arisen for his return. His stepmother had no predilections in his favour, rather, indeed, the reverse, whilst his sister's mind being about equally divided between her coming

marriage and the best means of securing old Lady Beryl's money, had really very little interest left for her brother who had now been so long away, and whom she remembered as a very queer fellow who gave them all a great deal of trouble.

CHAPTER III.

Let us now return to Harry in his disconsolate chamber.

He did not attempt to get up for luncheon. Indeed, he was too ill to rise. The painful disappointment of his return, and a severe cold which he had taken, prevented even the effort to do so. His father accordingly went up towards evening to see him, and was about equally annoyed to find him so seriously ill, and in one of the inferior chambers of the house. This latter cause of displeasure being principally because it was necessary to summon the family physician, who was one of the most fashionable in London. But circumstances admitted of no delay, and the doctor came.

Here, however, another difficulty arose. Harry had faith neither in medicine nor fashionable physicians, and ill as he was, he had a battle to fight to maintain his principles. The physician was a wise man, however, and perhaps not having much faith in his own prescriptions, assured his family that it mattered very little whether he took medicine or not, for that his life hung in the balance, and ten chances to one were against him. They therefore let him have his way, and after several weeks of such utter prostration that he could not lift his hand to his head, life assumed her power within him. He lay and developed quietly within himself not only a still higher and clearer inner life, based on the Divine Truth within the soul, but a spirit of great patience and forbearance towards those around him. And there was need of it, for the measure of his home-discipline was not yet complete.

His illness was a serious inconvenience to the family; for so long as he hung, as it were, between life and death, and the street was covered with straw, they were compelled to remain in a state of seclusion. As, however, towards the middle of April he became convalescent, things began gradually to fall into their natural course. Though routs and parties could not be given at the house, yet they followed in rapid succession elsewhere; and Henrietta and the countess would frequently

come into his room in their grandeur to amuse him, as they said, and bid him good-bye. This was all he saw of them. He was now removed into the large chamber which the Russian countess had occupied; otherwise—probably the great ladies of the house would not have found their way to him up the back staircase.

His father, however, appeared much more attentive, and much more anxious about him. Harry lay silent, and pondered on these things. His step-mother and sister were absorbed by the world and the approaching marriage, which was natural. But in his father there was something very different. From the commencement of his convalescence, when he first seemed capable of conscious observation, he perceived his father anxiously watching him; the old, stooping, white-haired man stealing softly about the room in his slippers, as one full of tender solicitude.

To the doctor and the nurses this was natural enough, seeing that he was his only son, now slowly rising from a bed of death; and to Harry, who had just made the passage of the Valley of Death, and come back into the unlovely realities of the world, this unwonted exhibition of paternal affection and anxiety not only touched his heart, but called forth a grateful sentiment which soothed him and did him good.

Mr. Northwood was anxious to obtain the physician's leave to have confidential conferences with his son, on what he represented to him as business of vital importance; but the physician would not permit this for some time, and the old man stole noiselessly about the room, waiting impatiently till permission was given.

At length it came. Spring time made even London cheerful. Harry sat in a large chair by the open window, the room fragrant with flowers, towards mid-day, when a message came from his father inviting himself to luncheon with him in his chamber. Poor Harry was so gratified that he would have himself gone down stairs to save his father the trouble of coming up. But his father would not hear of that, and his son received him as though he had been a king.

Poor fellow! He thought of idols supposed to be gold turning before the worshipper's eyes to miry clay as his father, now freed from imposed restraint, appeared before him in his true character, eager, and even ravenous for money; anxious only for his son's recovery that he might return to India,

and still work the golden mine which he now saw had been the fatal means of his father's ruin. He had himself felt some anxiety during his illness lest he might never be able to leave these affairs in competent hands, and for that purpose deliver over and explain the documents and papers he had brought with him. But he soon discovered that this had not been left for him to do. During his illness his luggage had been opened, and his father and his lawyer had examined all his papers. There was nothing left for him to explain. His father, however, commended his wise and prudent stewardship, and now offered him every means of recreation and renovation, so that he might be able to return. In the meantime, however, he gave him clearly to understand that he must have money. Henrietta's dowry of twenty thousand pounds would be wanted. The countess lived expensively, and he himself could not remain after the marriage in London. He must go to Baden-Baden, where his health always improved. He was very confidential about family affairs; the Russian son-in-law elect was not as rich as many Russians, but if his elder brother died without children he would have something like a principedom. Twenty thousand pounds was not what Henrietta expected; but then if she got old Lady Beryl's money, or even a good legacy from her, she would have no need to complain.

Harry said very little in reply, but in accordance with his father's wishes sent out an order for a large remittance by the next mail, and soon afterwards informed his family that the physician having recommended change of air and scene, it was his intention to set out almost immediately for Switzerland. He had no desire to be at his sister's marriage: the rich gifts which he had brought her over, and of which she had possessed herself during his illness, were his most fitting representatives.

No one made any opposition; and now more sick at heart than in body, he set out alone on his foreign tour. He took no servant with him, nor courier, no letters of introduction nor travelling paraphernalia of any kind. The shock which he had sustained by the revelation of his father's motives was a very severe one, but none, save God, knew of it; and he felt himself painfully forlorn as he set out early one May morning in a cab from the great house in Portland Place. He thought, however, of his few faithful friends in India, and took heart, knowing that he was now about to see new countries and new people, to

enter on a new chapter in the interesting study of mankind. He had some little acquaintance with French and German, for these were the languages which had interested him in preference to Greek and Latin in his early days. True, they were rather rusty for want of use, but his shyness and sensitiveness were not of that kind which prevented him doing the best he could with the little he had.

He soon found, however, that his old malady had not yet left him. His spirits ebbed and flowed, and under these fits of depression mountains of nameless fear and apprehension seemed laid upon him. But he manfully strove against it, and travelled on day by day, or lingered by the way, willing to enjoy life if he could.

He saw happy people, family groups and parties of friends travelling on together, trusting in, and reliant upon each other. This was what he coveted, and, showing himself socially inclined, he made many passing friends; still, something of a child-like simplicity, and his almost Brahminical temperance, unfitted him for the society of many men, so that here, as elsewhere, he found himself peculiar, and needing that which was not easy to find.

At length, in the steamer from Lausanne to Montreux, he met with a little party of three persons, to whom he felt himself strongly attracted—an elderly gentleman and lady and a young girl, their niece, as he soon discovered. Their style was unassuming, nor were there any characteristics of wealth or rank about them. Their refined and quiet manners, the kindly expression of their countenances, and the intelligence with which they regarded every object on that lovely sail, first attracted his attention. The young girl was not handsome, nor in fact was she the one who first drew his regards. This, on the contrary, was the old lady, with her mild aged countenance beaming, not with smiles, but with the light of peace and love within. There was no noise or bustle about them; they sat quietly or moved unobtrusively amongst the gay groups around them—probably unobserved by all save Harry.

He felt, however, an instinctive sense of kindredship towards them, strangers though they were; and without taking any means to introduce himself, remained quietly near them through the day, and felt the better for it. In the evening all returned to Lausanne. They were at the great Gibbon Hotel; and here he discovered, by referring to the strangers' book, that they were

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ashdown of London.

Learning accidentally that they were leaving by railway for Thun, he resolved to do the same, and to take the earliest opportunity of asking their acquaintance as a fellow-traveller. During their two days at the hotel they knew him by sight at the table d'hôte, and by occasionally meeting in the gardens or on the stairs.

He had not, be it understood, any thought of love for the young lady; nevertheless, a necessity seemed laid upon him to obtain their friendship. He felt better when he was near them; yet so much did he fear displeasing them by unwarrantable advances, and so good a guard had he kept upon himself during the time they had been together, that, as it afterwards appeared, they were totally unconscious of the watch he had kept upon them.

As they sat together in one of the commodious Swiss railway carriages, Harry handed his card to Mr. Ashdown, begging permission to introduce himself, and was the next moment perplexed and troubled by the peculiar expression of countenance with which that gentleman handed the card to his wife.

Timid and nervous as he was, that glance seemed like an ill augury. Very soon, however, it was in some measure explained. They knew his family well. His sister had spent a winter with them at Nice; they had met them in Paris only the last autumn; they spoke of her approaching marriage; and of the handsome Countess Picciola, whose receptions were quite a rage in the French capital.

This was the first common ground on which they met; but after that morning very little was said about his family. They got on extremely well together; they not only made him welcome to their society, but invited him to continue his Swiss tour in their company. He had now found the true medicine for his sick heart. It was wonderful how intimate they became in a short time, and how little difficulty he found in confessing to them those peculiarities of character which had placed him so much at variance not only with his family but with the generality of the world.

'I was never intended for a man of fashion,' said he one day, in familiar talk with Miss Ashdown, as they wandered up the hills behind Interlachen, after they had been two weeks together in that enchanting neighbourhood. 'My sister and I are very opposite charac-

ters. If your party had been encumbered with courier and valet and lady's maid, I should never have had the heart to ask your acquaintance. It is a real comfort to me—and I thank God for it—that your aunt is only plain Mrs. Ashdown.'

Margaret—for we will call her by that name which had become now a secret spell to his heart—smiled, and said, 'We must not be impostors though; Aunt Ashdown, who in truth is only my aunt by marriage with my uncle, has a sort of aristocratic rank by her first marriage—though she never acknowledges it now. Her first marriage, though it left her with considerable wealth, was not a happy one. She was the widow of Sir Nicholas Beryl—'

'Is she Lady Beryl?' exclaimed Harry, almost confounded.

'Why are you so astonished?' asked Margaret.

'My sister used to write to me so much about Lady Beryl in India,' returned he, 'when I wanted her to write only about herself, that I grew half jealous of her—for my sister was one of my boyish idols. Then at home I heard of her again, but only as one of the aristocratic mob in which my sister and stepmother mingled.'

'You are a dreadful democrat!' said Margaret; 'but let me tell you for your comfort that we Ashdowns are somewhat plebeian, and Lady Beryl herself now claims no higher rank than my uncle can give her.'

The revelation which had thus been made still further cemented the friendship between Harry and this family. They understood and appreciated his honest, sterling character, the little asperities in which softened down under the kindly influences which now gathered around him.

From esteeming him the advance to the warmest regard was very natural; and, singular to say, the very day on which the news of Henrietta's marriage reached them he became the accepted lover of Margaret Ashdown.

It was strange news that he sent back to England; and it came to the hands of the Count and Countess Romanhoff at Baden-Baden, at the very time they were planning to spend the following winter whenever 'dear old Lady Beryl might be, for,' said the countess, 'she is getting old, and she has nobody to leave her money to. She always liked me; and it will be a hard case if you and I cannot manage her between us.'

This fine castle in the air was now demolished; and all Baden-Baden wondered what bad news the Count and

Countess Remanhoff had received which made them so melancholy.

After this came a run of ill luck at the gaming-tables. But the old English gambler, Mr. Olitheroe-Northwood, was observed to keep up his spirits, 'for,' said he, 'it does not much matter who has old Lady Beryl's money, if it only gets into the family.'

Before Christmas, however, which was fixed for Harry's marriage with Margaret Ashdown, his father's gambling luck, bad or good, came to an end; and the small remains of his once large fortune, and the valuable property

in India, came into the uncontrolled possession of his son.

The somewhat sudden death of his father prevented the marriage from taking place that Christmas, as was first intended. In the meantime he paid a visit to India, where he was received, not as a king, but as a father and benefactor. Then he placed all in the hands of trusty agents, who would act upon and carry out his views, and returned—how differently now to the former occasion!—to those who loved and appreciated him—to a home indeed!



MAIDEN, when she turns away

Her head in anger, or in play,

Suggests a trick. So courtesy forgetting,

All unperceived I'll slyly go

And fetch the truant mistletoe,

To see if she's offended, or coquetting.



THE GIPSY MODEL.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

E met every Wednesday evening, during the winter months, to study from the figure, some eight or ten of us artists, and we took it in turns to provide and set the model. Our taste in those days, more than twenty years ago, ran strongly towards the rustic and picturesque, not to say the theatrical, and many and curious were the costumes and characters from which we drew and painted. Our studio, situated down a mews near Rathbone Place, was spacious, though rough and ready, and, by the aid of a good gas apparatus, a dais for the model, a curtain, a screen, a few stools and benches, and an easel or two, was very well suited to our purpose. We were a jovial little crew, somewhat Bohemian in our habits, and not given to many luxuries.

Lionel Brandt and myself being both principally land-

scape painters, and much of our time being spent in the country, we were greatly addicted to rough shooting-jackets, wideawakes, thick boots, and short pipes. He and I, in the pursuit of our art, had spent many summers, at home and abroad, in out-of-the-way farmhouses, lonely inns, and primitive seaside quarters. In a word, we were prepared on all occasions at that time to put up with any accommodation that enabled us to revel in the wild and picturesque.

Lionel was a great and dear friend of mine, and as fine and handsome a fellow as you would see in a day's march, and who, with his chivalrous, dashing manner, was calculated to turn the head of many a girl. He had a considerable tinge of foreign blood in his veins; a gipsy-like look about eyes, hair, and complexion, highly attractive. In fact, he would often laughingly say, 'You know, as my grandfather was a native of Bohemia proper, it is quite proper I should lead the life of a Bohemian;' and truly he did; but despite his careless, self-willed and harum-scarum habits, he was a favourite wherever he went.

It was the end of April, and our meetings were drawing to a close. My turn had come to find the last model we should want this season, when, as luck would have it one day, just in the nick of time, I came across a most picturesque-looking gipsy in the Hampstead Road. I hesitated at first to ask him to sit, for my country experience had taught me that his people, as a rule, had the greatest possible objection to having their likenesses taken, superstitiously believing that every sort of evil would befall any one submitting to such a process. Nevertheless, I accosted him, overcame his scruples, and, after a little hesitation, to my surprise he promised to come to Rathbone Place. He was as good as his word, and duly appeared according to appointment. He turned out to be a very decent sort of fellow, and by the agency of a few of our stock properties, became quite an available model. We drew from him for several evenings, during which he amused us by his constant talk, which we encouraged, about his people, their wanderings, and their mode of life. Hearing Lionel and myself on one occasion discussing our sketching campaign, the time for which was close at hand, he broke in suddenly with—

'Why don't you gen'elmen get a van—a caravan such as some of our people

go about in? Ye might live in it, sleep in it, and draft in it for the matter o' that. 'Twould carry all your traps; you'd be able to go where you pleased, and when ye pleased; to stop, or to move on, just as ye liked! Ye needn't bother about lodgings, for ye'd carry them with ye; and, as for eating and drinking, why ye'd lay in a store at the towns, and ye'd reg'lar "camp out" like any of us; and Mr. that gen'el-man there, jerking his thumb towards Lionel, 'would pass for a "Romany Rye" any day! No offence, sir; we are a rare race, and getting rarer and rarer every year. Then ye'd buy a horse—an old 'un would do for ye, 'cause ye wouldn't want to go fast; ye'd hobble him, and turn him out in the lanes to feed, just as we do, and he wouldn't cost ye much. There's a nice little stove in most of the vans, and they are more snug and watertight than many a house I've slept in. If ye had a mind to it, I'd soon put ye in the way of getting hold o' one—it might be for a matter of 20*l.* or so; and when ye'd done with it—when your season, as ye call it, is over,—may-be I'd be able to sell it for ye, horse and all. If ye wanted to go right away into the wild country at once—well, to save time, ye know, ye might pop the van on the rail, and go a goodish part of the distance so. What I mean is, ye might stop at a town as was handy, and then work away from there to where you wanted to paint.'

'Not a bad idea, by Jove! Tom, what do you say to it?' called out Lionel across to me.

'It's a first-rate plan,' I answered; 'only we should want somebody to look after the horse and the van, and to fetch water, and to do all sorts of odd jobs; for unless we had a servant to do this, we should spend all our time over our household duties—then the painting would suffer!'

'Well, gen'elmen,' again broke in the loquacious 'Nightingale Bob,' as he said he was called, 'if ye wouldn't mind trusting o' me, I'd be your servant, and willing; and I think I could serve ye well, for I'm up to the kind of life, and could show ye no end o' dodges!—make ye just as comfortable as if ye were at the first inn in the country. Lord! why, as for sleeping-place for me, why, if ye'd a bit of a tent to go along with the van, that would do. I should sleep well enough in it, or at least I ought, seeing I've lived most o' my life in that way. Then ye know I should always plant ye in a good, snug, dryish place. I should find them all out, directly I looked over the ground,

wherever ye wanted to be. I'd light your fire, boil your kettle, cook for ye—and I'd be bound to say, ye wouldn't find a man in England as would know the work better, or be more glad to do it! And, in his enthusiasm, he seemed quite to brighten up, as he thus pictured the prospect of a return to his natural mode of life.

Really there appeared much reason in the proposition, and I had often coveted the independence which such a moveable habitation would afford when from time to time I had come across these vans in country places. The 'cheap Jacks,' brush and basket sellers, and the more prosperous class of our nomadic tribes adopting them, always inspired me with envy; and if, as was frequently the case, they contrived to house the whole of a large family, together with their stock in trade, there would surely be ample room for two artists and their traps to get on very comfortably, especially if, as in the case of Lionel and myself, they were accustomed to close quarters and a rough-and-ready sort of life. Besides, the advantage of being able to take our abode into the very midst of the wildest scenery we could desire to paint, up to the very subject itself, perhaps, and live there, actually on the spot, as long as we pleased, was incalculable; for how often had we not been compelled to abandon many a fine subject simply on account of there being no habitation within miles. It would be a camp life, it seemed to me, combined with the comforts of an inn; and with such a factotum as Bob, our establishment would be unrivalled. It is true that he, doubtless, might not be an immaculate character, that his notions regarding the laws of *meum* and *tuum* might be confused, but it was pretty certain that he would allow no one else to have indefinite ideas on this point, and, at the most, the valuables that we might carry with us would be such, with the exception of our provisions, as were not likely to offer much temptation to him. Lionel took quite the same view of the subject that I did; we turned it over and over, and considered it in all its bearings; pronounced the plan excellent, and, in the long run, economical. We settled that, if he served us well and faithfully, Bob should be no loser at the end of our trip, and that he should immediately put us in the way of making our purchase. The next day, so hot were we about it, that we went off with him to a mysterious district in the direction of Copenhagen Fields, and bought a spick and span freshly-painted van for thirty pounds.

We were like children with a new toy. We wanted then and there to take up our abode in it; and the delight with which we set to work, fitting it up with all sorts of portable necessaries, knew no bounds. The interior was to be divided by a curtain, which would shut off the two little sleeping places that lay parallel with each other on either side, and at the farther end, of the van. They were like berths in a cabin, but would turn up, so as to give more space by day. There were two windows, and a fanlight over the door (which, by-the-way, had a brass knocker), besides the hole in the roof for the chimney-pipe of the little stove, so we had plenty of light and ventilation. It was soon furnished out of our own resources, and although there certainly was no room to 'swing a cat' in it, we, like 'Mr. Dick,' had no intention of putting it to that purpose. Therefore we were well content, after a week's labour, to hear Bob pronounce us to be in marching order. He had taken the cooking utensils in hand, and had provided and stowed away in the most methodical and compact manner such few pots and pans, tumblers, knives and forks, &c., as were necessary. It was like providing for and victualling a yacht, and he showed himself perfectly *au fait* with the situation. His suggestions were always pertinent, and he had a most laudable eye to economy, both of space and money. Indeed he showed, in many little ways, that we had not over-estimated his character; he really seemed a thoroughly good fellow. We procured a small bell-tent for him, which could be packed by the side of the van, where there were all sorts of outside and underneath contrivances in the shape of hooks, rings, brackets, and holdfasts. Our own sketching apparatus, always tolerably portable, completed our equipment, and having, after mature deliberation, settled on our route, we, one fine morning at the end of May, hired a horse to convey our mansion from its builder's yard to the Great Western terminus, where we put it on a truck in charge of Bob, and stowing ourselves into a neighbouring carriage, reached the picturesque old town of Shrewsbury early that evening. Getting permission from the railway officials, we passed that night, much to their amusement, in our van, within the company's precincts; and the following morning, under Bob's direction (for he knew exactly where to take us), bought a sturdy though somewhat broken-down old cart-horse. With him in the shafts, and after laying in a store of such crea-

ture comforts as were deemed necessary, in addition to our stock of preserved viands, we slowly pushed away westward into the country. Great were the spirits we were in and the fun we had at the novelty and independence of our position. Bob's appearance at the horse's head was completely in keeping with the establishment; and what with Lionel's gipsy face, our rough clothes, beards, and short pipes, there was nothing peculiarly unusual about us to attract undue attention from the natives. We soon became accustomed to our life, and enjoyed it immensely.

Our factotum proved as good as his word in the ability with which he selected the camping ground, cooked and washed for us, and attended to all our little comforts, rough though they might be. Milk was an occasional difficulty, but he generally managed to obtain it, with fresh eggs and butter, from some neighbouring farmhouse. Poultry, bacon, and cheese too, would likewise appear at unexpected times, for Bob seemed to ferret out by instinct all localities whence such supplies could be drawn. We soon got to work in a light skirmishing fashion, but, as we were not yet in the best scenery, we did little more than sketch by the way, and seldom stayed over two nights on the same spot. This was always handy for water, and as dry, sheltered, and secluded as the nature of the country would allow. By the aid of an ordnance map we took the byways, whenever we could, in preference to the highways. We were always obliged, of course, to keep within reach of a road of some sort, however deserted, on account of our wheels; but by degrees we forced our way up many a lateral valley amongst much fine 'stuff' that would have remained comparatively unexplored but for our Robinson Crusoe-like and moveable habitation. In such places, as the season advanced, we often halted for a week together; and the bell-tent pitched by the side of the van; the van itself, with its shafts drawn up, and its flight of little wooden steps to the 'front' door, as we called it; the kettle, swinging from its tripod of staves, with the fire under it smouldering into grey ashes, and a thin line of blue smoke curling up amongst the trees; the old horse tethered hard by, and dozily browsing on the bank and hedge herbage; ourselves scattered about, or clustering round the fire; a shelving bank or protecting copse, and, maybe, a stretch of smooth turf, with a plateau of dryish, gravelly earth for a back and foreground, and the tender twilight

glimmering around us;—our encampment frequently formed as picturesque a scene of amateur gipsy life as could be witnessed.

So we often thought it; but especially were we struck by it one evening, about two months after our start, for it was pitched in a secluded glen, where the scenery although not actually mountainous, had a wild undulating character. It was our first halt on this spot, and—as was frequently our custom before it got quite dark—we strolled some little distance to explore the immediate locality. Rounding a slight bend higher up the valley, which was approached by a narrow by-road, we suddenly heard voices not far off, and a few paces onward brought us in sight of a rival encampment, *this time*, one of genuine gipsies, before which our own, for picturesqueness, paled into insignificance.

There were some three or four tents of the regular bathing-machine hood pattern, and a group of the most paintable-looking people sitting and standing round about a fire. As we came upon them, the effect was very striking, and this was increased by the marvellous beauty and grace of one of the foremost figures, a girl of about sixteen or seventeen. There was enough light left in the sky to show us that she was possessed of no ordinary personal attractions, and Lionel made an involuntary exclamation as we stopped to look at her. Seated close by was a horrible-looking old woman, wrinkled, weird, and witch-like, who, by contrast, enhanced the beauty of her youthful neighbour. We were unobserved by the party, and had time therefore to examine them in detail, and upon consideration we decided not to show ourselves; and so, when we had feasted our eyes upon the picturesque beauty of the whole scene (to us, as artists, especially attractive), we stole back in the dusk to our own domicile, determined in the morning to utilise with our pencils the discovery we had made, and through Bob's influence, if possible, to get some of the people, particularly the girl, to sit to us. He acted successfully as our ambassador, and being known to the tribe, he aided us materially in fraternising with the gipsies. Without him and his 'Romany' talk they probably would have looked askance at us; as it was, they offered little difficulty to our making many sketches of them, and we were glad of the chance of adding to our portfolios such original and genuine studies. On the whole, we found them

not uncivil or disagreeable neighbours. There was much that would be interesting to describe about the entire party had we time and space to spare; but my story has only to deal with the old woman and the girl. From the first, nothing would induce the former to hold anything but the briefest intercourse with us. She would mutter and croon to herself; scowl, and turn upon her heel, whenever we approached, taking care that few words should pass between us and her grandchild (as the handsome girl turned out to be); and though Lionel made many attempts to induce Sybil, as the latter was called, to sit, and would evidently have succeeded (for she looked not unamiably at him), the old hag frustrated all his attempts, and once or twice openly abused him.

Being now in the midst of some very good scenery, on capital camping ground, and within five miles of a small town, whence supplies could be procured by Bob and the old horse, we determined to make this our head-quarters for some time. We got to work diligently at several subjects; one of these was in a deep, rocky, moss and fern-clad dingle, which lay in the side of a hill, mid-way between our own and the gipsies' quarters. It was overhung by graceful trees, and a sparkling, gurgling stream came dashing over amongst its angular boulders, losing itself in the valley below. It was a romantic and retired place; a steepish sheep-track led to the rivulet, and from here both camps drew their supply of water. One rather wildish, chilly evening, about a week after our first acquaintance with the gipsies, Lionel and I were seated side by side painting, when who should come, pitcher in hand, tripping down to the stream but Sybil herself, and alone!

Now, we had never had the luck before to come across her by any chance, under such circumstances, although we had often and often hoped to do so.

'Capital!' exclaimed Lionel; 'now for it! I'm quite sure, Sybil, you won't mind standing for a quarter of an hour up against that boulder whilst I make a sketch of you. Your old grannie will know nothing at all about it, and you won't object, I know. Why, bless my heart! I'll make a portrait of you in no time, and give you a copy of it to keep for my sake. Come now! just stand there for ten minutes like a good girl. Lean on it comfortably—that will do;—now, steady!'

She laughed, blushed, hesitated,

made some few objections—said she could not stay long, that the old mother would be calling for her tea, and so forth, but ended by settling herself, under Lionel's guidance, in a most picturesque and telling attitude. It was an opportunity not to be lost; she made a charming picture, impossible to be done justice to, either by pen or pencil; but with the latter to work we went,—imploring Sybil whenever she showed any impatience to be gone, yet again to stay for another minute, and yet again and again, to stay. Her vanity was evidently flattered; she did not dislike the proceeding; but at last declared that her grannie would never forgive her, and, ere long would be coming to look after her: 'And if,' said she, 'she finds ye making a draft of me, I doubt but it will be the worse for ye, as well as me.'

'Nay, never mind the old devilskin,' said Lionel; 'she can't do us any harm; her hard words will break none of our bones. Stand steady—but a little longer, my lass! if you only knew how I love to look upon you, and how pretty I think you, you would brave an old grandmother's anger, and a good deal more. Deuce take it! why I'd defy all the witches in "Macbeth," and every broomstick-riding old hag in the world, for such as you, Sybil!'

'Ah! beware,' she broke in, 'how ye defy the grandame. Ye know nothing of her powers. Ye've angered her already. She has forbade me, with curses, to hold speech with ye; and were she to know ye'd kept a picture of me, no power would save ye from her vengeance.'

'Ah, well! I'll chance all that,' laughingly replied Lionel. 'I'm old enough, and big enough, and ugly enough to take care of myself, I think.'

'Ah! ye are not so ugly neither, and ye know that well enough,' broke in the girl; 'but the grandame says ye have got the evil eye—that ye've marked her with it, and Nightingale Bob with it; and if ye draft me, or talk with me alone, I'd be under the same spell. Nay, I'd not have her find me here for worlds—ye must let me go.'

And now the girl really seemed as if she was in great anxiety; she had turned deadly pale, and I could see her shiver once or twice as if a chill wind had suddenly blown upon her. I was marking this, and about to say that she might go, when a hoarse kind of yell—it could hardly be called a shriek, so croaking and unearthly did it sound—rent the air. We started, and

Sybil fell to the ground, as if she had been shot. Lionel rushed forward to raise her; I turned to look in the direction whence the cry had come, and there, at the top of the bank just where the sheep-path began to descend into the dingle, stood the old woman, not twenty yards behind us. There she stood, dark and gaunt against the wild evening sky; her arms and crutch raised high above her head, the very picture of an incarnate fiend; her features were distorted with rage, her eyes seemed to glare like balls of fire, and, as she screamed forth her direful imprecations upon us, the foam gathered round her hideous lips, as they were drawn back from her few fang-like teeth, which gnashed and chattered as those of some frenzied animal.

Descending the path with a marvellously firm step for her apparent age, and approaching the spot where Lionel was endeavouring to raise Sybil from the ground, the old hag cried, 'Ah! ye wench. Ye're struck down, are ye? and dead I hope ye may be!—and dead ye may as well be since ye have been holding speech with these accursed Gorgios! Had ye no shame?—had ye no fear? Had ye no thought of what I told ye of his evil eye?' 'Tis it that struck ye down! The deadly nightshade, or the thrice-distilled "drouze," is not more swift to do its work than that blighting stare of his! Leave her alone! Leave her alone, ye devil! Keep your hands off her, will ye! or, by the furies, I'll rend ye limb from limb!' continued the old beldame, as hissing out her foul words, as if she had been some poisonous reptile, she wheeled round and round, aiming blows with her crutch at Lionel, and clawing the air with her outstretched, bony, talon-like fingers.

He guarded his head with his arm once or twice, and stepped back from Sybil, whom the old woman, now seizing with a superhuman strength, dragged into a standing posture. The girl had evidently not fainted, but was only terror-stricken, for, obeying the gestures and words of the beldame, she flew like lightning up the path, and was out of sight in an instant. Then the old woman, turning to follow her, caught sight of Lionel's overturned sketch upon the ground, and making a sudden dart towards it, would doubtless have soon obliterated the very telling likeness which it bore to Sybil, but that Lionel, anticipating her intention, was too quick for her, and quietly picking it up, shut its case, and put it under his arm. This was a signal for

another of her demoniacal outbursts, and how long it would have continued heaven knows! but that, at this moment, two or three of the gipsies, headed by Bob, evidently warned by Sybil, or attracted to the place by the old hag's uplifted voice, came running down into the dingle. Without waiting for any explanation, they seized hold of her, and half-dragging, half-carrying, they struggled with her up the path. They had to use considerable force; she stamped and swore, and struck at them, calling them 'renegades,' and 'degenerate curs,' for letting the 'Gorgios' draft the 'Romany Ri,' the better to cast their evil-eyed spells. As they reached the top of the bank she turned again towards us, and screaming and yelling with more terrific force than ever, let fall another volume of curses, the echoes of which rang through the air for some minutes after the motley group had disappeared over the hillside. Never in my life, before or since, have I witnessed such an incarnation of impotent fury in any human being; and Lionel and myself both drew a long breath of relief when at last the shrieks of the old hag had died away in the distance.

My friend treated the affair lightly, and laughed at me, when I suggested that the sooner we got clear of the neighbourhood of these people now the better.

'You may joke as you please about it,' said I; 'but if I know anything of gipsy superstitions, that old fiend will stop at nothing till she has possessed herself of or destroyed that sketch. You may think me timid and foolish, but for the sake of peace and quiet, it would have been more prudent to have let her have it; she already considers you have inflicted a mortal injury upon the girl, which you increase every moment you retain her likeness; everything that happens to her will be set down to you and your evil eye, old fellow! So I shall propose, for the sake of our work, that we beat a retreat, and put ourselves out of reach of the old witch's vengeance.'

Discussion on this point, however, was brought to an end by Bob's telling us the next morning that his people had departed; they had broken up their encampment at daybreak, and had gone across the hills to a spot some five miles off. Thus, there would be no occasion, as Lionel urged, for us now to think of moving; 'but,' he added, 'I'm deuced sorry, for I intended to make Miss Sybil sit to me again, two or three times, before I had

done with her; and I had not half finished her head; it wants two hours' more work at least to make it worth anything. You'll have to manage this for me, Bob, in spite of the old grandmother; you'll have to chain her up, or do something, and bring Sybil over here alone.'

Bob said he would try, but hinted it would be hard to get the chance after what had happened. I endeavoured to turn Lionel from the idea of having any more to do with the gipsies, but my very opposition only seemed to increase his determination. How he managed it he never would tell me, but to my intense surprise and mortification, some three days later, what should I come upon, on returning from sketching one afternoon, but Sybil seated under the shadow of our van, and Lionel making a new study of her. I suppose I showed my displeasure, as I refused his invitation to sit down and do likewise, for after a word or two he said they could get on quite well without me, and suggested that I should set to work upon some more attractive subject, and he wished I might find it. Annoyed, and somewhat out of temper, I turned on my heel, determining at once to go off to a spot where I was making an evening study. This lay at some little distance, and I had to mount a considerable hill, from which I commanded a view of the valley or glen where our encampment was pitched, and which trended away at right angles from a high road about a mile off. The country was, on the whole, thickly wooded, but every here and there bare knolls, or craggy eminences, jutted out amidst the foliage.

I was soon seated at my work on the skirts of a copse amidst some tall brushwood, whence I could distinguish below the roof of our van, the tip of the tent, and the thin wreath of blue smoke from our fire, just lighted to prepare our evening meal, curling upward with that lovely effect which the vapour has in such a scene at such an hour. It was not long before I forgot, in the interest my drawing excited, and the beauty around me, the little annoyance I had just experienced. It was one of those calm moments which are so keenly appreciated by the landscape painter; no sound disturbed the soft air, save the humming of insects and the twitter of birds, and I was only reminded of the flight of time by the gradual approach of twilight, but this even rendered the tranquillity and the enjoyment of my occupation more apparent. I was indulging in the contemplation of

the happiness of the artist's life under such circumstances, when my thoughts were rudely disturbed by a footfall and the crackling of branches in the copse near me. Turning in that direction, I immediately afterwards saw emerge from the trees where they broke away into brushwood, on one of the craggy knolls, no other than the old beldame, Sybil's grandmother. My noiseless occupation had given her no sign of my

presence; and, believing herself unobserved, she stole stealthily to the edge of the crag immediately overhanging our encampment, whence she could observe, doubtless, Lionel and his model. Her face and gestures left me in no doubt about this, for the moment she was near enough to the edge to look over she clenched her fist, and shook it as she gazed below. Much of the old expression which I had witnessed

in the dingle suffused her face, and, always hideous to behold, she again became the very incarnation of a fury, but this time a silent one. It seemed to cost her a great effort, this control over her tongue, for once or twice she evidently could hardly restrain herself from shrieking out. I cannot dwell upon the revulsion of feeling caused by her hag-like presence, breaking in as it had done so unexpectedly on the peaceful

scene with which it so terribly contrasted. It was like the advent of a demon into one of the isles of the blest.

A strange sensation of danger stole over me. I was convinced more than ever that she would stop at nothing to counteract the evil influence which she believed Lionel was exercising over the girl—a belief strengthened doubtless now by the latter again venturing into

his presence, and thus again disregarding the beldame's injunctions. She was set at naught, defied, his will was stronger than hers, and she would strive to be avenged. It was now getting dark, and I could judge that Sybil was about to leave, for suddenly the old woman dashed away into the copse whence she had emerged, and rising to watch her, I saw her again dimly appear not far off, on another comparatively open space. What she then beheld I do not know, but it must have been something which overcame all the caution she had hitherto exercised to shield herself from observation, for, out of the dim twilight, there arose the counterpart of that unearthly yell that had so startled us in the dingle.

That night, as we were turning into our state-cabin-like berths, I told Lionel what I had seen, and again cautioned him about the danger I felt he was incurring; but he only laughed, and said I was jealous of the girl's preference for him. He was 'glad to hear,' he added, 'that that mysterious scream was nothing more than the croak of the old toad. He was afraid at first there was murder being done somewhere, but now it was all explained. "Mother Shipton" had been overcome, doubtless, by witnessing the affecting parting of Sybil and himself. It was rather touching, I admit,' said he, laughing; 'but then you see, old fellow, she and I understand each other; she recognises the "Romany" blood in my veins, and is nothing loth to accord me the privileges of relationship. She has promised to come and sit again to-morrow, and I'll wager she's as good as her word, although it does cost her, out and home, a ten miles' tramp. Egad! she's a fascinating rustic, and no mistake. Now, I'm going to sleep, and if you like to preach a bit it is not likely to interfere more than most sermons do with my repose. Good-night!' But I was in no humour to say much to him in the mood he then was, and I too went to sleep. Sure enough, the gipsy girl did come again the next day, and the next, and many more; but I refused to countenance the proceeding by my presence at the sittings. I continued steadily and warmly to deprecate Lionel's folly, for on no one occasion of Sybil's visits did I fail somewhere or other to catch a glimpse of the old woman watching her. It may have appeared to my friend that I was quite in the wrong to look at the matter as I did; and although events proved that my forebodings were too

well founded, still it had the unhappy effect of causing a little coolness between us. This was not the first friendship with which a woman had interfered, I said to myself, and my distress about it was increased by Lionel's constant complaint, for the last few days, of headache; he began too, to look pale and uneasy, but he continued to work notwithstanding.

One morning, just about this time, there was a marked change in the weather, which had hitherto been very fine. Now there was a fitful chilly wind, with a leaden sky, portending rain and storm. Lionel was complaining more than usual of headache, said he felt extremely unwell, looked very pale, and seemed to feel the cold unduly. He did not go off to his painting, but had a fire lighted in our little stove, and sat cowering over it. By twelve o'clock he was much worse. I became uneasy, and asked him to let me send Bob off on our old nag to the town for the doctor. This he would not hear of, and said he should lie down; it would doubtless pass away, and he should be better to-morrow. He had a raging thirst, which kept increasing the more water he drank. To add to my perplexity, the gipsy girl made her appearance. 'She would brew him,' she said, 'a drink from herbs, that she could gather hard by, that would cool him, and stop the thirst: she would be bound to treat him as well as any doctor, and be glad to do it.' I made some feeble objection, but was at once overruled by Lionel, who would have her do whatever she wished. Bob was to help her, and it was of no use my being angry. So, in a measure, and much against my will, I found the nursing of my friend taken out of my hands; but, as afternoon came on, and still his symptoms increased, I again urged the sending for a doctor. But no! he would not have me do so. I then wanted to break up our encampment, or, at least, to take the van, with him in it, off to the town; but this, again, he insisted should not be done. We had both of us, at least, another week's work on the subjects in hand, and it would be absurd to run off in such a fashion.

As the afternoon threatened to turn into a wild wet night, I told Sybil I thought she had better go back to her people; they were a long way off, and I hinted that there would be anger at her absence. Her behaviour all through this day had much impressed me. From the first moment she heard that

my friend was ill, her handsome face expressed such emotion and anxiety as left me in no doubt that far deeper feelings on her side were involved in this matter than I had any idea of. Wild, unsophisticated creature that she was, she never attempted to disguise what she felt, and I was startled and alarmed, as the conviction forced itself rapidly upon me, that she had fallen desperately in love with Lionel. Now that I urged her departure, her words left me no room to doubt this, even could her face have done so. 'Anger!' she said; 'I no longer fear their anger! The power of her we call the grandame is gone! *His* love will hold me harmless before her, and there's blood in his veins which is akin to mine!'

'But you are watched; she knows where you come,' I said; 'the other night, you must have heard her furious shriek from yonder hill.'

'Yes, and a while ago I should have trembled at her power over me, but, I tell ye, that has passed. When the "Romany" child loves, and is beloved, father and mother, sister and brother, the whole kith and kin are naught! Their hold is lost!—save only when the love is disloyal, save only when a Romany loves a Gorgio can they retain it! He there, your friend, loves me, and he is a Zingaro; ye may read it in his face; and has he not said it to me?'

'But, foolish girl!' said I, 'you cannot think he really loves you?—he cannot have told you so?' And I was about to argue with her on her folly, when Lionel, whom I had thought asleep and beyond earshot (for this conversation took place just outside the van), called loudly for her, and she ran up the steps to the berth where he was lying. In a minute she came out, wrapping her cloak and hood close round her, saying—

'Well! he bids me go, and not dispute with ye; it is hard for me to do his wish, now he is so sick. But he says it will be best; and be sure ye mind him well! To-morrow I shall be here by daybreak.'

And with her usual rapid, impetuous movement, she darted off up the hill on the opposite side of the valley. I was sorely puzzled, and began to think that either she, or I, or Lionel, or all three perhaps, had taken leave of our senses; and I commenced saying as much to him when I entered the van; but I found him undressing, and getting into his bed, on the outside only of which he had hitherto been lying. He bade me not talk just then. 'It does

sound very foolish,' he said; 'but wait awhile; I can't speak now.' And indeed he seemed to have great difficulty in articulating. I was seriously alarmed at his now feverish state. What could this illness mean? For an instant a horrible suspicion crossed me, and I did not scruple to inquire rigidly of Bob, where our store of provisions had been kept, and whether Lionel had partaken of anything that I had not? No: the answers were quite satisfactory; he had scarcely tasted food that day; yet, had his symptoms not shown themselves before Sybil's concoction of the drink, there was no knowing where my suspicions would have stopped. There was an air of mystery about the whole affair. The means by which Lionel had induced the girl to come over to him; the sudden development of her passion for him, and now this 'unaccountable' illness, were all points which I did not like and could not understand. Anyhow his state, which was momentarily getting worse—for his mind began to wander—determined me at once to send for a doctor. In this course Bob agreed with me; and in no time he had bridled the old nag and saddled him with a horse-cloth, and, with a lantern in his hand, was riding away down the valley, regardless of the wild dark night now gathered round us like a pall.

Left alone with my invalid, I, for the first time during our trip, felt solitary and miserable; which feeling was increased by the wild weather, the time, and the lonely situation of our camp. I replenished the fire, however, and made things as snug as possible; but the hours rolled slowly by, and I became very impatient for the return of Bob. Lionel, after much tossing about, his mind constantly wandering, and his thirst but little abated by Sybil's drink, gradually became quieter, and by ten o'clock had fallen into a sound sleep. I, too, became drowsy about this time, and throwing myself upon my berth, also slept.

I awoke with a sense of danger on me, such as I never felt before, and, as I started up, fancied I saw, by the dim light of the dying fire, the skirt of a woman's dress disappearing through the door of the van, at the farther end of our little anteroom. I half doubted my senses, and should have concluded that it was but the result of fancy, and the flickering uncertain light, but that I felt a puff of night air, heard the door close, and distinctly traced the sound of a footfall descending the wooden steps until it was lost upon the

turf. The impression rushed into my mind that Sybil, under the influence of her foolish infatuation, had been unable to tear herself away from the spot where the man she appeared so deeply to love lay in imminent danger, and had returned; and that, fearing to incur my displeasure, had stolen away, hoping to elude detection, when she found I was on the point of waking. So forcible was this my conviction, that I involuntarily walked straight to the door, and looking forth into the chill blackness, called out, 'Sybil! Sybil! you foolish child! come back!' But no answer was given. Again I called, with a like result. I heard nothing but the swaying to and fro of the trees, as the wind moaned and surged through them, bringing showers of damp leaves swirling into my face with every gust. It had ceased raining, and a few stars were peeping out at intervals amidst the drifting clouds; but there was no sign of life anywhere, listen intently though I did, for several minutes. Getting no reply to my repeated calls, I, after carefully locking the door and replenishing the fire, returned to the bedside of my patient, wondering what could delay Bob so long, and bewildered at what had just happened. Surely I must have been dreaming, and my imagination, full of Sybil and her words, had played me false. And yet, when I thought for a moment, my better reason told me that I had seen some one actually leave our little house.

Glad to find that Lionel still slept—for I knew how valuable this rest would be to him—I laid down on my bed, and once more fell fast asleep. This time I was awakened by the patient's well-known call for drink. Rising, I take from the shelf at the head of our beds, which serves as a dressing-table, the jug containing the cooling potion, when I am suddenly startled by a hurried knocking at the door, and Sybil's voice in beseeching tones crying out, 'Let me in! Oh, let me in!' But, as I know Lionel is longing for relief to his dry parched mouth, I half fill a tumbler, and put it down hastily just within his reach. I then hurry to the door, for the sounds have become vehement, and in tones of furious impatience I hear Sybil cry, 'Open! open! in the name of all the gods, open! Foul murder is being done! Oh! let me in! let me in!' As I open the door, the breathless girl rushes past me, straight to where Lionel lies, just as he, having reached the glass, is putting it to his lips. In an instant it is dashed out of his hand, and Sybil, gasping, and with

a deadly pallor on her cheeks, sinks on the narrow floor between our two beds.

I hurried to her and tried to raise her, but she panted so fearfully that I was alarmed. A thin line of blood was oozing from the corner of her mouth, and her heart beat as if it would batter her frame to pieces. She made an effort to speak, but her strength appeared to be failing fast, and only in the faintest voice, and with a pause to gain her breath, between each word, was she able to say—

'The drink!—the drink! throw it all away—it is poisoned! Do ye not smell the drouze? I should have known it, even had not the grandame told me. For mercy's sake say, how much has he drunk?'

I supported her head upon my knee, and implored her to explain. A horrible dread had taken possession of me: was it not the old hag that had stolen, reptile-like, into our chamber, whilst we slept, and with some deadly drug had sought to wreak her vengeance on my friend? Yes! a word or two more from Sybil showed me that this had been so; but, 'Thank God!' I exclaimed, 'you were in time; he has not touched a drop this side of ten o'clock, and it was long after that, that the old she-devil was here. I thought it was you, Sybil; I had been sleeping and I awoke bewildered.'

'Then I have saved him,' she said. 'But ah!'—and so convulsed was she that for a moment I thought she was choking. Then slowly, and with a desperate effort she said—'My life for his—well, be it so! I am dying—I know it. Ye gods! let me speak while I yet can. The grandame—was—away when—I reached the tents—but she came to me—in the darkness—an hour ago—and whispered what—she had done. "Child," said she, "I bided my time, and while they both slept, I drabbed his drink—the drink thy whelp's hand had made him; he has tasted it ere this—and I have closed his evil eyes. On the morrow thou'lt find him—dead, wench—dead! and they'll think thou'lt killed him!" I struck the grandame from me, and like a hare have I sped hither—over brake and fell . . . I came like the wind—but—I shall never . . . ah, my heart!' and the poor girl, putting her hand to her side, fell heavily from my grasp, and the blood welled thick and fast from between her parted lips.

Shall I ever forget that moment? Lionel, who, for the last few minutes had been sitting upright watching us, dazed and scared, suddenly fell back as

if he had fainted. I felt like one in a horrible dream, and stood, I know not for how long, unable to move—unable to realise the awful nature of the situation, when voices coming close to the van restored my scattered wits. Thank God! it was Bob with the doctor.

She was dead. The pace at which she had flown to save Lionel's life had cost her, her own. As it afterwards was proved at the inquest, she had burst a blood-vessel.

I cannot pretend to describe the complicated misery and sadness of all that followed. We moved to the neighbourhood of the town, where we were delayed many weeks; for, in addition to the painful circumstances connected with Sybil's death, which took a long while and involved much danger and trouble in clearing up, my friend's illness was very severe. It was a sort of fever and ague, the result of cold and exposure, but of course was merely, most unhappily, coincident with the girl's visit. It was greatly aggravated by the mental disturbance caused by the awful tragedy, of which he insisted he had been the main cause, and of which he was so helpless a witness.

We never used our 'house upon wheels' any more; it would have been far too painful to have taken shelter again under a roof connected with such terrible associations; but to my brethren

of the brush I can fully recommend the adoption of 'the van,' as it is not likely so tragical an adventure would ever again befall two peaceful landscape-painters in the pursuit of their pleasant craft. I do not believe that Lionel had ever exercised any influence upon the gipsy girl, beyond a little harmless flattery and, it may be, rough flirtation. Without his feelings being at all involved, he was, nevertheless, deeply affected by her death; but, just as at first, partly in a tiff, and partly in joke, he had refused to give me any detailed account of how he had induced her to sit to him, so now he refused to go farther into the circumstances, alleging that the subject was far too painful to discuss. That in Sybil's breast there had been a sudden and overwhelming passion for him aroused, there was no doubt; and as such things have happened before in every phase of society, and in an equally unaccountable manner, it avails nothing to dwell upon the circumstance. As to the old hag, the real cause of all this misery, we disdained to take any steps against her, as we might have done, for her attempt to poison my friend with the accursed gipsy 'drouze.'

We had had too much to do with her people already, and, with the exception of Bob, we have ever since given those mysterious descendants of the worshippers of Isis and Osiris a wide berth.

THE STAR RIDER.

BY EDMUND YATES.

'I'm sure I know his face!'

'I'm sure he knows yours! The man turned scarlet as he caught sight of you. He did not bow.'

'Bow! no, I should think not! I cannot recollect exactly where I met him, but I am certain it is not that sort of acquaintance. Don't you know the sort of feeling that you have when you recognise a man whose face you have seen somewhere, but you cannot tell where, but you rather think it is in a shop?'

'I am sure that man had not the least appearance of a shopman.'

'No; I do not say he had; but my recollection of him is, as of some one who is not in one's set, and whom one scarcely ought to know.'

It was on the Spa at Scarborough that this conversation took place, two or three years ago.

The speakers were cousins, Minnie and Kate Brandon, daughters of two men who had begun life with a mere nothing, had worked together, and held together in true Yorkshire fashion, and were now amongst the richest merchants in Leeds. There was a great difference between the two girls, which was to be accounted for principally by the manner in which they had been brought up. Minnie's father, Richard Brandon ('Devil Dick,' as he was called, from the daring manner in which he plunged into speculation from which all other men shrunk, and which seemed almost invariably to turn out right for him), was a hot-headed, impulsive man, with whom if the first pleasure in life was in making money, the second certainly was in spending it. He had a fine house out on the other side of Woodhouse Moor, sufficiently removed from the smoke and dirt of the town; and there he entertained in a lavish manner the officers of the — Dragoon Guards, whose headquarters were at Leeds; who declared that there was no such house within twenty miles as Richard Brandon's. It was a point on which both the old and the young, the married and the single were unanimous; for while the corpulent major and the captains who wished that the regulation of the service would provide for a little addition to their undress jackets smacked their lips over the steaming dishes, and wagged their heads knowingly at the wine, the subalterns declared that Minnie Brandon

was 'quite the nicest girl in the place, don't you know?' and that there was no house throughout the whole of the cloth district where balls and all that sort of thing were so properly done. A lavish generosity was indeed Richard Brandon's characteristic; he entertained not merely the officers quartered at Leeds barracks, but the barristers who came thither at assize times, any passing strangers who brought letters of introduction, or any celebrity whom he heard might be staying in the town, besides having a certain number of set dinners for his acquaintance amongst the town people. As to his daughter, nothing could be good enough for her; when she was a child she had the best masters and mistresses that could be procured for money, and when she put away childish things her dresses were supplied by Worth, and her jewelry by Hancock. As her mother had died during Minnie's infancy, the young girl ruled the household, in which her word was law; she had horses and carriages of her own, a boudoir which was fitted up by a London upholsterer, and which was all crimson velvet, and low tables, and occasional chairs, and brackets, and lustres, and *étagères*, and hideous monsters in Sèvres and Dresden, and chiming clocks and velvet-edged looking-glasses. When her father took a house for three months in Park Lane, and let her thoroughly enjoy one London season, some people in Leeds shook their heads, and said that Richard Brandon was becoming what they called 'saft,' and would probably go into the 'Gazette;' while others winked their eyes, and said that 'Devil Dick' meant getting into Parliament and marrying his daughter to a duke.

Isaac Brandon, his brother, said nothing. He knew perfectly well that however reckless and ridiculous his brother's acts might seem to be, they were always guided by some principle of common sense. When the hiring of the house in Park Lane was announced to him, he merely smiled and said he was quite certain that Richard would find somebody else to pay the rent. When, after being a few weeks in London, Richard wrote to his brother informing him that they had been appointed sole consignees for a certain quantity of Australian wool, which they had been long desirous of getting, Isaac smiled again, and thought that

however expensive the visit to London might be it was well repaid. He thought this more especially because the expenses did not fall on him. It was enough for one of the firm, he said, to undertake what he called 'the dining and glitter' part; Dick was suited for that sort of thing, and Minnie delighted in it. For himself he was content to live in a very plain and comfortable house at Headingley, to associate with a few old chums of his own social standing, and to be perfectly happy in superintending the education of his daughter Kate, by whom his characteristic quiet common sense was inherited. At the very moment of our first sight of her she was smiling slightly at Minnie's allusion to 'her set.'

As they were retracing their steps on the promenade they again encountered the man who had formed the subject of their remarks; a man very little above the middle height, and slightly-built, but wonderfully knit together. His slight lithe frame seemed made of iron, and his whole appearance showed that he was in the highest possible state of physical training. His features were regular, his eyes large and dark, his hair crisp and curly; he wore neither beard nor moustaches, and was dressed in a loose blue suit, evidently of foreign make. As he neared the young ladies his cheeks flushed almost painfully, but this time he did not look at them, keeping his eyes straight before him as he walked past. Minnie was about to make some further remark to her cousin when the sight of Mr. Bassenthwaite turned her thoughts into another channel.

Jack Bassenthwaite—who was called 'Jack' because his name was Charles—was an officer in the cavalry regiment then quartered at Leeds, and was the possessor of a series of manly and intellectual accomplishments which deservedly constituted him the pet of the mess and the envy of his comrades. He could drink and smoke more than most men, could play billiards better, knew more comic vocalists and ladies of the ballet than any plunger in the service. In person Captain Bassenthwaite was tall and stout, with deep blue eyes, handsome bronzed features, and a thick heavy moustache, from under which the batt end of a cigar was usually protruding. He was the son of a country parson, poor in pocket but rich in blood, whom this high-spirited fellow had nearly ruined by his extravagance; and finding it impossible to keep on any longer he had determined to retrieve his fortune

by a good marriage, and had selected Miss Minnie Brandon as the exact person to suit him. He had come out that morning accompanied by his intimate friend David Morgan—humorously known as the 'Welcher,' a combined allusion to his nationality, and to a little betting transaction in which he had once distinguished himself—with the full intention of meeting Miss Brandon on the Spa; and, with a view of preparing themselves for the encounter, these gallant spirits had partaken, at the bar of the Crown, of what they were pleased to call 'two-and-a-split,' which to the initiated means one bottle of soda-water divided between two glasses of brandy.

'Here they are, Jack!' said the Welcher, as they descended on to the promenade. 'Your young woman is in great form this morning, though, as usual, confound it! she has got the little one with her.'

'Wouldn't have her walk about by herself, would you?' growled Captain Bassenthwaite, emitting a big puff of smoke. 'What is the matter with the little one?'

'Rather too much for me, don't you know?—down upon me, and all that sort of thing; always think she is poking her fun at me.'

'You must learn to stand that, Morgan, as well as a good many other things in this life,' said the captain, contemptuously. 'You're entered to make the running in this race, and you must stick to that line of country. Light a weed, old man, and you can suck away at that, and only say "Oh," and "Ay," occasionally.'

The Welcher complied with these instructions, and the gallant youths joined the ladies on the promenade. They had not walked fifty yards before they met the man of whom the girls had been speaking.

'See, Captain Bassenthwaite!' said Minnie, who with her companion was in advance of the others, 'can you tell me who that man is? His face is perfectly familiar to me, but I cannot tell where I have seen him.'

Captain Bassenthwaite honoured the stranger with a long stare. 'Never saw him before in my life,' he remarked. 'Never wish to again, for the matter of that. Rum get-up, isn't he? Looks like a painter. Dare say Mogg knows who it is; he knows everybody, does old Muggins; I will ask him.'

Old Muggins, on being appealed to, was equal to the occasion. He did not think it possible, he said, that Miss Brandon could know the stranger,

though doubtless she had seen him, as he was a rider at Quankibosco's Circus, then performing in the town. 'Sydney Seymour, or some such name, he calls himself,' added the Welcher, 'and does the bare-back trick like a bird!'

Lieutenant David Morgan was both right and wrong.

The man whom they had noticed did call himself Sydney Seymour, and did ride bare-backed at Signor Quankibosco's Circus; but Miss Brandon had been introduced to him—and more than that, had danced with him in the very best society. He was called Arthur L'Estrange then; and this was his history:—

Arthur L'Estrange was the only son of General L'Estrange, an officer who had not merely served with distinction, but whose scientific knowledge of his profession had obtained for him a prominent position at the War Office. The general's greatest wish was that his son, whom he adored, should follow his profession; and the boy was educated at Sandhurst, under the special care of one of the general's old comrades, who was a professor there. Everything seemed going on well; Arthur was reported to be diligent in his studies, and unexceptional in his conduct; but one day the professor arrived hastily at the general's house, and struck consternation into the heart of his old friend, by telling him that the boy had formed an acquaintance with a young woman attached to a strolling company of actors, who had been performing in the neighbourhood, and that unless strong measures were taken he would probably disgrace himself by marrying her. Strong measures the general took at once: he proceeded direct to Sandhurst; saw Arthur, and demanded to know the history of the whole affair. The boy, then about seventeen years old, answered frankly, completely endorsing the professor's story. He did know this young lady, who was called Florence Delavanti; he was in love with her; he did fully intend to marry her; but admitted, however, that he should not have taken that step without asking his father's sanction. The old general was furious: he would hear of no delay, no compromise; the girl must be given up at once, or he and his son would be strangers henceforth and for ever. A scene of hot and angry recrimination ensued, ending by the reiteration on Arthur's part of his refusal to give up the girl, and by the general swearing that henceforth his son was nothing to him, and must gain his living as he best could.

Arthur L'Estrange married the poor little girl with a high-sounding name, and became a member of the play-acting troupe to which she was attached. He had been always celebrated for his agility and feats of strength, and now turned these qualifications to good use. The poor little creature whom he had made his wife was very delicate, and, about eighteen months after their marriage, lost her strength and her voice, and was incapable of fulfilling her professional duties. Thus the whole burden of the household fell upon Arthur; and, under his assumed name of Sydney Seymour, he was beginning to be well known amongst the professors of that strange world which he had adopted. In graceful agility he was allowed to be quite unique; and the unmistakable bearing of the gentleman, which distinguished him on the stage, or in the circus, always made him an object of interest to the female portion of the spectators.

Three years after his marriage, his wife died. The shock was very great to him, for he had been deeply attached to her. It was some time before he could resume the practice of his profession; and when he did so, though he was as graceful and agile as ever, there was a certain callous carelessness about him, which seemed to pervade every action of his life. His companions, who, without being acquainted with any particulars of his history, could not avoid seeing that by birth and education he was not one of them, but rather a gentleman under misfortune, or, as they phrased it, 'a swell out of luck,' expressed their wonder that he did not return to his friends; but he only answered moodily that he had grown habituated to his life; that he had no interest or care for himself, and that the shackles of conventional society would now be impossible for him to bear. These remarks were fully coincided with by the manager of the circus, of which he was always the greatest attraction; and thus matters stood at the opening of our story.

That evening was a 'bespeak night' at the circus, the performance being under the patronage of a nobleman who had just arrived at his shooting-box in the neighbourhood, and who attended on the occasion with a large number of his friends. The house was crammed, and amongst the audience were Minnie and Kate Brandon, attended by Captain Bassenthwaite and several other officers. Some of them had only that day come over from the barracks at Leeds, and their arrival had been cele-

brated by their friends by a little dinner, at which a great deal of wine had been drunk. Of this Captain Bassenthwaite seemed to have had his full share; his eyes were rather blood-shot, his speech rather thick, and he rolled about in his seat. He also made himself conspicuous by his loud remarks, mostly of a derogatory character, on the various performances. But it was not until the 'daring feat of equestrianism on a bare-backed horse' by Mr. Sydney Seymour took place, that the captain's conduct excited general attention. At the sight of the rider his dull eyes seemed to glow with rage, and turning to Miss Brandon, he said, in a thick, husky tone, 'That is the fellow who stared at you this morning on the Spa!'

'Hush, pray be quiet!' said Minnie, in a frightened voice; 'he did not stare at me, he——'

'That is all very well,' he cried; 'you say that to save him, but I saw him stare at you; he is staring now! By Jove, I'll——' He suddenly rose, as though about to spring into the arena, but was checked by a cry of 'silence' which arose from the audience. His sudden motion had, however, frightened the horse, which swerved quickly on one side, disturbing the rider's equilibrium, and throwing him on to his head.

A mingled cry of fright and rage rose from the people; but Arthur L'Estrange was on his feet in a moment, bowed, quickly caught the horse, and carried on his performance with greater grace and daring even than before. Some quarter of an hour afterwards he entered the audience portion of the house, dressed in private clothes, and looking very pale and gentlemanly. His entrance was observed by the large mass of people filling the gallery, and he was cheered to the echo. At the conclusion of the performance Captain Bassenthwaite, in conducting Miss Brandon to her carriage, saw the man whose presence had so annoyed him standing with his back to the wall, as though waiting to let the visitors pass out.

'Step aside, sir,' said Bassenthwaite, pushing him roughly, 'and make room for your customers!'

Arthur L'Estrange made one step forward, but, seeing Miss Brandon, he merely bowed, and, turning into the crowd, followed in their footsteps. No sooner, however, had the carriage-door closed upon the ladies than Bassenthwaite, who was standing making his farewell bow, felt a grip of iron in his cravat, and heard a voice hissing in his

ear, 'You scoundrel! I spared you this instant because ladies were present. There are none here now, and you shall answer to me for your insults this evening!'

'Who the deuce is this? Take your hand off me!' cried Captain Bassenthwaite, shaking himself free. Then turning to his assailant, 'Oh, it is you, is it?' said he. 'I thought it was a gentleman, but I shall give you in charge of the police!'

'You are a bully, and so would shelter yourself under any excuse; but that I am a gentleman, at least your equal in birth and breeding, I am fully able to prove. If I can prove it, will you give me a meeting?'

'If you can; but you are only a tumbler in a circus, and one does not go out with such people.'

'Fortunately there is some one here who can corroborate my assertion,' said the circus rider, turning to one of the gentlemen who had gathered round. 'Your name is Norman Lockwood?'

'It is,' said the gentleman addressed, adding, rather contemptuously; 'but that information might easily be acquired, and I confess I have not the slightest knowledge of you or your antecedents.'

L'Estrange stepped up to him and whispered in his ear.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Captain Lockwood aloud, 'you don't say so!' Then turning his acquaintance under the gaslight he looked at him for a moment earnestly, and said, 'There is no doubt about it! My dear Arthur, I am delighted at meeting you again. Bassenthwaite, I will guarantee this gentleman's position and——'

'If I want to put a bullet through him, would you be his friend?' asked the captain.

'Willingly; but we will not talk about bullets or meetings; we are none of us quite in a condition to settle preliminaries. If you are in the same mind to-morrow you will find me ready to act on this gentleman's behalf. We will meet on the Spa at eleven. Now, good-night.'

The next morning Arthur L'Estrange left the humble lodgings which he inhabited in the north quarter of the town, and walked over towards the Spa. A great change had come over the weather during the night. The wind, which had been fresh for some days, was now blowing half a gale, and the surface of the sea was covered with foam-crested breakers. All the little fleet of fishing-boats lay snugly in the shelter of the harbour, and of all the

small crafts usually dotting the surface of the bay there was only one boat visible. This was a pleasure boat, which seemed to be making for the shore, but to be beating up and down, and tacking in and out in an odd and unseamanlike fashion. There was a small group of fishermen standing on one of the grassy knolls to the southward of the Spa; one of them had a telescope, through which he was examining the solitary boat, and as he passed them Arthur heard one of them say that Jim Raper could not be out in the Nancy, or he would have struck that mainsail long ago.

When he descended on the Spa he found that universal interest was roused about the little craft, which was rapidly nearing the rocks, with her sails still flying. Groups of people were gathered together here and there, pointing eagerly to her, and discussing what appeared to be her inevitable fate.

'It is impossible she can hold out!' said one of the speakers, to whom all seemed to pay attention: 'my only wonder is that she has not capsized long before this. If one could make him understand that he ought to lower that mainsail!'

'Does nobody know who it is?' asked another.

'There's two of them,' said a third—'officers, so far as I can make out. They are in the habit of going out bathing with Jim Raper; but Jim was not there this morning—he would not have let them go if he had been, with this breeze coming on; so they got hold of the boat and went out by themselves.'

'Hoy! lower your mainsail,' roared a boatman, using his hands like a speaking-trumpet. 'It is no use, they can't hear. It will be all over with them in a minute!' As he spoke a tremendous wave whirled the little cockleshell aloft, and left it keel upwards. For a moment two men were seen floating in the boiling surf. Then one of them gained the boat, and dragged himself to a secure position on her bottom—the other was lost to sight.

A cry of horror burst from the crowd, in the midst of which a wild scream of a woman was specially audible. Arthur L'Estrange rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found Minnie Brandon with her hands clasped and her hair loose and streaming in the wind.

'Oh, for God's sake save him!' she cried. 'Be men, some of you, and go to his help! You, sir,' turning to Arthur, 'you will make some attempt to save him?'

'Who is it?' he whispered, hoarsely.

'Captain Bassenthwaite,' she replied: 'my husband that is to be. Oh, for God's sake, try to save him!'

In an instant Arthur L'Estrange had pulled off his coat and waistcoat and his shoes, and sprang on to the top of the low wall, and thence into the boiling flood. The one man still remained clinging to the boat, the other had risen to the surface, and was floating helplessly about fifty yards in front of him. Arthur was a splendid swimmer, and struck out boldly; the force of the tide was tremendous, and it was some time before he could reach the object of his search: twice the man had sunk, and, helpless and insensible, was throwing up his arms preparatory to his final disappearance, when Arthur L'Estrange seized him by his hair and turned his face to the shore, attempting to drag his helpless burden into safety. The tide was running out like a mill-race, and so heavy was his incumbrance that Arthur found it almost impossible to make head against it. Again and again he renewed his effort, encouraged by the fact that he was evidently nearing the shore, that he could hear the hearty cheers of those witnessing his gallant attempt, that it needed but a very few strokes more and his end would be attained. Then an enormous wall of blue water seemed to rise up against him, sea and sky were mingled together, there was a mighty rushing sound in his ears, his senses failed him, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying in bed at an hotel, with his hand clasped between those of an old gentleman, who lifted his head as the patient moved, and revealed the features of General L'Estrange. It was like a dream to Arthur, and he took it as such, and fell calmly off to sleep again. Nor for days after was he well enough to learn how half a dozen stalwart fishermen dragged him and Bassenthwaite, whose life he had saved, to the shore; how Norman Lockwood had at once telegraphed off an account to the general, who had instantly come down to Scarborough; and how the reconciliation between father and son was complete.

It was not until weeks afterwards that Arthur L'Estrange, fully recognised by his father and his friends, was one of a wedding party, acting, indeed, as best man to Captain Bassenthwaite, whose gratitude and affection for his preserver were unbounded, and who has since sold out of the service, and be-

come one of the steadiest and most prosperous gentleman-farmers in Yorkshire. It was not until months afterwards that Arthur L'Estrange stood at the altar on his own account; but the girl who, to the solemn invocation,

asking her whether she would take him to be her wedded husband answered, 'I will!' was none other than Kate Brandon, who had first known him as Mr. Sydney Seymour, the Star Rider of Signor Quankibocco's Circus.

LOST A YEAR AGO.

THE LATE NELLY MOORE.

SHALL Christmas bring us all good things—
To men goodwill and peace?
Bid hatred rest and friendship come,
And war's fierce labour cease?
Ah, me! one joy it cannot give—
One pleasure make us know—
It cannot bring the dear ones back
We lost a year ago!

Lost a Year ago.

It cannot fill the vacant chair
Which stands beside our fire:
Shall Christmas give her back to us,
Restore our heart's desire?
As vain Time's current to command
In refluxing course to flow
As pray that bright face here to see
We lost a year ago!

She was the sunshine of our home—
She spoke, 'twas music near;
She stay'd, 'twas summer in our hearts;
She went, 'twas winter drear.
Heaven knoweth all; God judgeth best;
We bowed our heads—e'en so,
'Tis dreary work without her whom
We lost a year ago!

Her face, ah! there it gazes down
Upon us from the wall;
Without the light of living grace
All pictured charms must pall.
And yet from some bright sphere above
On us she loved below
May she not look, our dear one lost
Only a year ago!

E.

‘REBECCA.’

‘**PONTFILAS** turnpike was wrecked last night,’ said Mrs. Rhys; ‘and my maid tells me that our neighbour, Mr. Jones, had all his new palings torn down, and his lawn and flower-beds ruined by the horses’ feet. They shouted like demons, and fired shots in the air. Did you hear them?’

‘No, ma’am; I sleep very sound.’ (I had heard them, though, very plainly.)

‘That courageous footman of Mr. Philips’s, whom they maltreated in the horse-pond, is, I am glad to say, recovering. Really the state of the country is terrible: I hope Jack will come to-night.’

‘Why, auntie, should you be so alarmed?’ said Mary F——; ‘you never do anybody any harm, and you don’t keep a turnpike: and besides, I for one feel quite safe so long as we have Mr. ——’s stout heart and strong arm here. I am sure you would die to defend us, wouldn’t you, Mr. ——?’

I hastily said something in a confused way about ‘honour,’ ‘you may rely upon me,’ and so forth. Mary’s eyes twinkled with malicious fun, the conversation ceased, and we went on with breakfast.

To make the above dialogue and the subsequent incidents of the story intelligible, I must necessarily explain matters a little. The reader will have to carry himself back to the latter part of the year 1843; and as since then seven-and-twenty years have elapsed, it is probable that very few of my younger readers have much knowledge about ‘Rebecca’ and her doings; a knowledge without which the story can scarcely be understood. I crave, then, the liberty of a short digression.

Every tourist must have noticed what capital roads Wales can boast. But the price paid for them was great; and in consequence the tolls are very heavy, and the turnpikes unpleasantly near one another. These tolls tell with severity upon the farmers who are obliged to use the roads; and in the year 1841 their murmurs about them became both loud and deep; but as they continued to pay the tolls, no one paid much attention to their grumbling, until ‘Rebecca’ took the matter up. At dead of night, the keeper of some obnoxious turnpike would be roused from slumber sweet to open the gate: he opened his house door, and found himself seized by several powerful women—if petticoats make the woman—who, with the rough voice of men,

bade him, by order of Rebecca, call up his family. The terrified pikeman of course complied, for he soon discovered that his captors were three or four hundred strong, most of them mounted, well armed and provided with tools, and all, disguised as women, under the command of one whom they called Rebecca, who, however, never came forward. At first, the rioters generally contented themselves with taking up the gate, with its heavy posts and railings, and hacking the whole to pieces: but after a while, when she found that a new gate was soon put up, Rebecca, now bolder grown, did her work more completely, and in a more alarming fashion. After the family had been got out of the house, and the furniture removed to a safe distance, the house itself, the gate, and all its belongings, were rapidly made into a big bonfire and destroyed. Rebecca’s troop then, after a cheer or two, dispersed rapidly and silently in all directions. These riotous proceedings continued for many months, and, singular to say, so thorough was the feminine disguise, and so well kept the secret, that no one was recognised and brought to justice. The resident magistrates were quite powerless against so formidable an array as Rebecca’s, for at the best they could but bring together a few constables, ignorant of all discipline. Government at last determined to put down this lawlessness with a strong hand, and despatched troops to the disturbed principality. So good, however, was the organisation of the Rebecca bands, and so thorough their knowledge of the country, that their work was done and the band dispersed long before the slow-moving troops could get up; and not a capture was made, until the famous A division of London police were sent down to assist; and by the detective abilities of these last several hundreds were taken into custody, many of them respectable farmers and tradesmen. By the conviction and transportation of considerable numbers, Rebecca was quite vanquished, and the tolls paid grumblingly as before. ‘Rebecca’ does not seem to have been the soubriquet of any particular ringleader, but rather a note of defiance, a gathering cry, and the origin of it is unknown. The tolls were really so heavy a burden, that Rebecca’s proceedings were at first regarded with considerable complacency by many who ought to have known better, and it was shrewdly

suspected that persons of some standing had been out with her. However that might be, many joined the bands out of pure love of mischief; and midnight shouts and blazing turnpikes were often the prelude to outrage or plunder of private property. For Rebecca, as she grew bolder by impunity, set herself to redress other grievances besides turnpikes; and unpopular people suffered a good deal from smaller bands; while professional robbers, under the disguise of 'Rebecca's' daughters, took this golden opportunity for license, forcibly entered unprotected houses during the night, and plundered at discretion. So alarm through the principality was wide-spread and well-founded; and it was during the early part of Rebecca's reign that I, who had heard nothing in our quiet village of this terrible state of things, had arrived to pay my visit.

Mrs. Rhys was an old schoolfellow of my mother's; and the two old friends had arranged to carry out a little plot, the issue of which was to be that I should fall in love with Mary, Mary with me—result—marriage, and general satisfaction. But there was a slight obstacle. Mrs. Rhys's only son, a great iron-master, great in person, for he was six foot four (I am but five foot six), and great in the magnitude of his business—had been brought up from childhood with Mary, who was Mrs. Rhys's orphan niece; and although no actual words had been spoken lately about matrimony—for Jack was not given much to love-making—it was perfectly understood between them, that when Jack thought proper, Jack would simply say, 'Well, Mary, shall we be married next month?' Mary would say, 'Yes,' and the thing would be settled. As the case was, everybody knew all about this except Mrs. Rhys, who had so long looked upon her son and her niece as brother and sister, that the idea of marriage between them never entered her head. Mary, with all a woman's quickness, had instantly seen through her aunt's plot, in a few hours reckoned me up, and discovered the peculiar weak point in my character.

I am brave as a lion. I love to read the deeds of high-souled heroes. I have stood beside Oocles as he kept the bridge in the brave days of old, and hurled the foeman into Tiber's dark stream. I often grip my charger with vice-like knees as I charge with the six hundred at Balaklava, just two strides ahead of the gallant Cardigan, sabre the gunners with the swoop of my fell sword, and rally my broken Light

Brigade to return from their deed of glory. But my favourite hero is Henri Quatre, with his white plume, at Ivry. On him is my utmost admiration bestowed, not because he was so great and wise, but because, though constitutionally timid, like myself, he always showed himself bravest of the brave. I am sure that no heroic person has been more brave, mentally, than myself. But any one might surpass me in corporeal bravery. I know that I had the reputation of being a dreadful little coward at school; but then schoolboys do not make abstruse studies of character. Indeed, very few persons, I am afraid, would think that pale cheeks, trembling legs, and chattering teeth, through which gasped out, 'I wo-o-o-n't fight Jones minor!' could belong to a being who had a soul of courage high as Achilles. And yet it was so. The only difference I could ever see between Henri Quatre and myself was that his brave soul subdued his cowardly body; my poltroon of a body always gets the better of my dauntless mind. And Mary had found out all about this. I knew she had. And these Rebecca riots had been the occasion of many a little stab during the two days I had been there, such as that one at breakfast about 'strong arm,' which sent a shiver through my wretched body that I could not control for the life of me. She was brave enough, and was not at all frightened by the reports; but her aunt was very nervous, and in the absence of Jack, who had been away at his iron-works for the last week, and whom therefore I had not yet seen, had caused the two men-servants to be armed and keep watch all night, one outside in the grounds, and the other in the kitchen, while I was to be called at the slightest alarm of malpractices.

As the day wore on, many reports were brought in of the past night's devastations. Rebecca, one might think, had been all round us: and Mary seemed to take a malicious pleasure in drawing out the one or two visitors who dropped in; for when anything was told more than usually horrible, she insisted upon having the story down to the minutest details, notwithstanding all her aunt's remonstrances. 'They took him out of the house, did they? What did they do to him—did they really cut off his ears? flogged him with stirrup-leathers? horses trod upon him when they knocked him down? What does the doctor say—lame for life? How much nose was kicked off? Oh! Mr. —, how glad I am you are here! All this was very trying to my nerves:

but my inward courage rose high, though I could not conceal from myself that I did not look like it; and when I stammered out a few brave words in very faltering tones, my confusion terribly increased by the thought that Mary's penetration should have been so much deceived as to my true character. But then how could the dear girl think I was brave, when my looks so belied my words?

A dozen times that day I walked round the house, noting its capabilities for defence. It was an ordinary old manor-house, with centre and side wings: and I saw with concern that there was scarcely a shutter or a door in the house that could stand a good kick, and that half a dozen men with sledge-hammers might demolish the whole place without much trouble. Mary and her aunt slept in the north wing, and most of the servants on that side also. I had a room in the south wing, a part of the house, with the exception of a snugger and a bedroom at the end—Jack's own den—reserved for visitors. Giving up all hope of keeping the enemy out of the house, I had determined at first to defend the top of the great stairs where the galleries branched. But the wing stairs would let in the crafty foemen upon my undefended flank! I gave up this, therefore, the only plan that suggested itself, and determined to rely upon the inspiration of the moment.

We retired to bed, as usual, about ten, and without any alarm; for Rebecca was not a bird of the day and early night; and after a last parting shot from Mary upon the stairs about 'devotion' and 'chivalry,' I went into my room, and eyed with much mental satisfaction and bodily tremors, a huge, bell-mouthed blunderbuss in the corner, loaded, as I knew, to the muzzle, and the yeomanry sword at the head of the bed. This blunderbuss had been a source of great torment to me. I knew that one discharge, if it were only held right, would be sufficient to kill half a regiment; but I had never been able to divest myself of the idea that it might go off in some spontaneous manner (I am not well acquainted with fire-arms), and the night before I had scarcely had any sleep, after the distant shouts of Rebecca's people had roused me, as a mouse kept moving about in the wainscot, and I had a notion that he might somehow cause the piece of ordnance to explode. To-night, however, I put my heavy trunk across the blunderbuss corner, and thus made it safer. I got into bed quickly, for it was a bitter

cold night, and my fire nearly out; and in spite of the excitements of the day, and expectations of what was to happen that night, in two minutes I was fast asleep.

I never dream of unpleasant things. I am never just tumbling down a precipice; I have never been hanged in a dream. I dream of battles, and I am a warlike lord, followed to the field by a regiment of attached tenantry: my charger caracoles through the streets of some ancient city of the Low Countries: I bend to my saddle as some fair one drops from her lattice a flower for the gallant leader; I am in a deep carouse with my comrades; we sing, and talk loudly of our success with the fair, and of hair-breadth 'scapes. I shout ha ha! amid the din of battle, as the foemen fall thick around; they fly; I pursue; I distance my followers; I am alone; the enemy is dispersed. But hark! do they not rally in yon wood? is not that cheering in front? what yell was that to the left? a clatter of hoofs upon the paved road; another cry to the right; I am surrounded—I awake! And there is the sound of horse-hoofs, and shouting, and much strong language. 'Here they are!' I cry out—in perfect silence, for my tongue resolutely refused to speak—'Now for the head of the stairs!' But my body instantly crept close to the wall away from the door. The shouting continued for some time, and the clatter of hoofs, till at length I heard a door or a window opened with some violence. By this time I was quite powerless, and after a vain struggle with my person to compel it to get out of bed, I resolved to wait the course of events, and if unable to display the courage of a hero, to suffer with the patience of a martyr. I heard steps ascending the stairs: the tread was firm, and yet, to my surprise, it seemed that the step avoided all unnecessary noise. Was Thomas, the footman, overpowered? to save his craven life had he basely divulged about the blunderbuss? are they stealthily approaching my chamber to seize on me while I sleep, and disarm me? What revenge will they take for my intended slaughter? The steps approach; they seem to linger: again I hear the sound of hoofs in the court-yard. My heart beats wildly; the steps go on farther—farther; a door is opened far away. Ah! whose? Dreadful thought! is it Mary's? is it Mrs. Rhys's? I listened for a shriek; I struggle with all the force of a mighty soul to move my inert body—it is useless—I cannot rush to

her aid. There is a dead silence, if it were not for the scratching of that horrid little mouse in the wainscot; I try to speak, to cough, to hem—not a sound can I make; nought can I hear but that horrid little mouse. At length a sound—the steps again! one—two—three—they stop at my door! The handle is turned gently, but the door is locked; fool that I was not to place those heavy drawers against it! There is a fumbling at the handle. I make one supreme effort to get out of bed, and rush to the blunderbuss;—my own safety, the safety of the ladies, is at stake;—even that thought nerves not my body; it feels limp and boneless. I lie perfectly still, and almost inanimate, I await the issue. More fumbling, a muttered curse in a deep voice—a crash—the door is burst open, and a gigantic Rebecca strode in, clothed, as I could just see in the faint light, from head to foot in white. He—she—advanced instantly towards the bed, stooped, searched with one hand, as I thought, for my head, and then, just as my brain with the rest of my body sank rapidly into insensibility, I was dimly conscious that with one movement she tore off counterpane, blankets, sheet, all—and I remember no more.

When I recovered consciousness day was beginning to break. I was chilled

to the bone, the bedclothes all gone, the door wide open, the lock burst. There was a deep silence in the house. I got up, tried to recover my thoughts, and as my teeth chattered again with cold, hurried on some clothes, and then looked cautiously into the gallery; no signs of evil there; crept to the head of the stairs, down the north gallery—no signs. I went back to my room, dressed completely, and went down stairs. The front door was fastened securely; I unlocked it, and stepped out into the court; all was still: my bewilderment became extreme. I returned to my room, sank into an arm-chair, and, racked with perplexity, dozed off until aroused by the sound of the breakfast-bell. I hastily completed my toilet and went down.

When I reached the breakfast-room door, which was half open, I heard a deep voice exclaim, the tones of which I recognised instantly:

'I say, mother, I thought I never should make that fool of a groom hear me last night; and how jolly cold it was! I was obliged to go into the blue room (I started) and strip the bed of all the clothes, or I should have been starved.'

'Good heavens, Jack! that is Mr. —'s room!'

I stole away.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES.

I.

'SO you're determined not to come and spend the Christmas Vac. with us?'

'My dear old boy, if I do it's good-bye to my chance of a first, and therefore a long farewell to my hope of a fellowship.'

The first speaker was Walter Carew, heir to one of the richest baronetcies in wealthy Beeveshire, and gentleman commoner of St. Guthlac's College, Oxford, on which fine old foundation his friend Charlie Brandreth was a scholar.

'Well, then, at all events you'll come and stay somewhere handy, so that you can spend your Christmas and New Year's Day with us?'

'To have you come and chevy me off my work every day?' said Brandreth.

'No; 'pon honour I won't. There's a farm of the governor's at Bishop's Olimstoke, five miles from the nearest station, and that's an hour and a half from us. They're excellent people, and will put you up capitally, and for a moderate screw. Say yes, and I'll write to old Dimsdale about it by this evening's post.'

'It is a tempting idea. Are you sure there is nothing about the locality to keep a fellow from reading?'

'Not more than any other place on this jolly sphere. You know I'm no judge. As my old coach used to say, the only place where I should be likely to stick to reading would be Eddystone Lighthouse, and then I should have to promise not to fish.'

'Well, I confess, with all my anxiety for a class, I don't quite like the notion of Christmas Day in Oxford and solitude, so I'll say yes.'

The upshot of this conversation was that the beginning of the Christmas Vac. found Brandreth comfortably settled at Dovecote Farm, in the retired little village of Bishop's Climstoke. He found the Dimsdales very agreeable people, and rather superior to his notion of farmer life. The family consisted of old Dimsdale, an honest and energetic man, his wife, a very homely and easy-going body, and Rose, their daughter, a girl of about eighteen, and pretty enough to deserve to be, what Brandreth soon discovered that she was, the belle of Bishop's Climstoke.

Brandreth had been thrown on the world an orphan at an early age, with no kith or kin save an old bachelor uncle, who was his guardian until he came of age—an event which had taken place a couple of years before the date of this story. He had, therefore, never known womanly kindness or attention; and the care and thought which Rose bestowed on him as their visitor came upon him with no less novelty than enjoyment. She, on the other hand, having been all her life accustomed only to the awkward homage of rustic admirers, was charmed with the refined and respectful attention which Brandreth naturally paid to a woman.

It was hardly likely that such a state of feeling should remain at a fixed point, and it was scarcely probable that it would suffer diminution. It naturally deepened and strengthened. Brandreth, with a man's instinct of rivalry, could not bear to see a girl like Rose surrounded by such clowns as her village suitors; and taking advantage of his position as a visitor at her father's house, he contrived on all occasions to monopolize her, much to the chagrin of her rustic swains, but greatly to her satisfaction.

Poor Rose! her guileless and unsophisticated nature saw no wrong, no danger, no inequality in their love. How could she fail to believe and return what she supposed to be an honest and honourable passion? What else could his attentions mean?

And now it was Christmas Eve, and he was about to start for Sir Ranulph Carew's, to spend his Christmas. Poor girl, though the separation would only be for a day, it seemed as if it was to be for ages. It was her first experience of the bitters of love.

She stood in the hall, waiting to see him off, with a sad heart, which sorely hindered her in her appointed task—the decoration of the old farmhouse with evergreens.

At last Brandreth came downstairs equipped for his journey, which was likely to prove a cold one, as the winter had begun to set in severely.

'Good-bye, Rosie! A merry Christmas to you,' said he, cheerfully.

'And to you too,' said she, but in no very merry tone.

'So you're doing the decorations,

eh? I shall take the privilege of the season.'

He caught up a bit of mistletoe, and holding it over her head bent down and kissed her.

It was the first time he had ever kissed her, and it should have been pleasant therefore. But it was not. As he drove away toward the station he recalled it again and again, but with an uncomfortable feeling, a self-reproachful dread.

Shall I tell you why? Because, when he stooped down to kiss her, she had not turned her head away or tried to escape. She had raised her face calmly and innocently and met his lips with hers. It was so simply and trustfully done that there was nothing unmaidenly in the action. It shocked him because it was a revelation—in that kiss she had given him her heart. He felt he was a villain. He had won the poor child's affection by false pretence. He had blighted her happiness merely to gratify his vanity; for of course, as he kept repeating to himself, there could be nothing between them, their stations in life were so very different.

The line between the station at which he entered the train and that near Sir Ranulph's seat ran close to the village of Bishop's Climstoke, and as he was whirled rapidly by it, and recognised many a familiar spot, his heart grew sad to think what evil he had wrought in that quiet hamlet, and to the poor trusting girl who had given him her heart.

Before long, however, he found himself at Sir Ranulph's hospitable mansion, where, in the pleasure of meeting Walter and in the jollity of the season, he soon forgot his remorse, and dismissed the subject of his cruelty from his mind.

It was a thoroughly old-fashioned Christmas, kept up in the regular old-fashioned style. When the Yule log that was drawn in by a party of mummers was laid on the capacious hearth, and began to blaze, it was not only the sap that hissed. There were big flakes of snow coming down the wide chimney, and they sputtered and steamed as they fell on the hot log.

A week passed pleasantly enough, and perhaps only too quickly. It required all Brandreth's resolution to make up his mind to tear himself away and get back to his books. His difficulty in doing so was not decreased by the fact that his friend's only sister, Edith, showed a decided partiality for him, which Walter was only too delighted to foster, and upon which

Brandreth could not help fancying neither her father nor mother looked with any displeasure.

However by a strong effort he resisted the spell, and on the day after New Year's Day found himself in the train on the return journey to Bishop's Climstoke. As he passed the village, the recollection of what had happened when he left it came back to him again vividly. He could not help reproaching himself for his attentions to Edith as a treason to Rosa. And yet, after all, how could that be? Rosa and he were so differently situated, it was absurd to think of anything serious between them!

But when he arrived at the farm he found the Dimsdales in sore distress and tribulation. Rose had gone that morning early to visit her grandmother in the next village, which lay four miles off across the moor. At mid-day—though Brandreth had been too much occupied with his thoughts to notice it—there had been a blinding snowstorm of long duration, and Rose had not yet returned. They had waited and hoped until the lateness of the hour had driven them to acknowledge the fear that they had not ventured to hint to each other—she must have lost her way in the snow!

The whole village was out in search of her, but the moor was a wide one, full of gullies and watercourses, and the peril was extreme, the Dimsdales said.

Almost before they had finished speaking Brandreth had seized his hat and stick and hurried out. He did not know the moor at all, but he felt that he would find her. He must find her or die, he said to himself, and then wondered what this violent feeling meant.

He could see lanterns moving about on all sides, and heard at intervals one party of searchers shouting to another. He strode on in darkness and in silence.

His ignorance of the moor did what the villagers' intimate acquaintance with it failed to do. They searched on and about the different paths. He went blindly on, now plunging into holes, now falling over ridges.

At last the ground seemed to open under him—he felt himself falling into space. He could scarcely smother a cry. But the sensation had been deceptive—he had merely plunged into a watercourse. But as he turned to scramble out again he saw a shred of grey cloth in the snow. He knew it—it was Rose's cloak. He threw himself on his knees, and began madly tearing the snow away with his hands.

Yes, it was she! But was she asleep—or dead? He raised her from her cold couch, and taking off his cloak and coat wrapped them round her. As he was taking off the latter he felt something in its pocket. Thank God! it was the brandy-flask Walter had pressed on him when he started. He contrived to pour a little between her pale, motionless lips, then catching her up, with a strength which surprised him even at

the time, he strode back along his clearly-marked track, covering her poor cold face with showers of warm kisses, and addressing her in the fondest terms of endearment.

It would be vain to attempt to picture the joy and the gratitude of the Dimsdales at recovering their daughter, who, thanks to her warm wrappings and the brandy, had already begun to show signs of returning consciousness when

Brandreth, almost wearied out with his exertions, came staggering into the farm with her in his arms.

But wearied as he was, that night he did not sleep a wink. He lay awake, trying, as he had tried on the moor, to make out the road before him. Did he love Rose? Could he make her his wife? And the spirit of pride was strong in him, and early in the morning he packed up his things, bade good-

bye to Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale, left a farewell for Rose, and went back to Oxford.

II.

When he had recovered from the fever by which he was prostrated immediately on his return to Oxford, Charles Brandreth set to work with unabated zeal at his studies.

The examination arrived; and when the list came out the name of 'Brandreth, Carolus, e Coll., Sti. Guth.,' was in the First Class. He took his degree, and in another term had arrived at the height of his ambition—a fellowship. But somehow all his success failed to make him happy. He had lost his pleasant old smile, as his friend Walter complained, and then wondered whether his old chum Charley was wretched to think he had not proposed to Edith, to whom the young Earl of Marston was now paying suit with apparently every chance of success.

So—the year having now come nearly to an end—Walter determined to ask Brandreth down once again for the Christmas. 'Who knows,' said he to himself, 'but he may cut the Earl out? He shall have my assistance anyhow!'

He could not prevail for some time upon his friend to accept the invitation; and it was not until he declared he should interpret his refusal as a desire to bring their friendship to a close, that he got Brandreth to promise to come. But even then he would not come an hour earlier than Christmas Eve.

So Brandreth made his arrangements for the journey. And then the recollection of the same time last year, and of the Dimsdales and dear old Bishop's Climstoke, came back to him fresh and bright. In a gracious mood he sat himself down, and wrote to old Dimsdale, wishing him and his family the compliments of the season. And then, just as he was closing his letter, something came over him, and he added—

'I shall be able to utter the wish almost within your hearing, for I am going down by the evening mail on Christmas Eve to spend a short time at Sir Ranulph Carew's.'

You may be sure the letter was a pleasant surprise at Dovecote Farm. For the simple-minded old people never connected Charles Brandreth with the sadness and gloom that had come over Rose, that had stolen the colour from her cheeks and the light from her eyes, and that made her sigh and go heavily, like one weary of life. They only thought of him as the preserver of their darling; and they fancied the change in her was due to the shock she had received when she was lost in the snow.

'Why, dame!' said the farmer, brightening, 'tis a letter fro' our Mr. Brandreth.'

'A cursed jackanapes!' came in a growl from a dark corner.

The farmer turned—it was only

Black Dick, as he was called in the village, an ill-favoured lad, not many degrees removed from an idiot or a brute. He used to hang about poor Rose, much to her horror, making a display of slavish admiration for her that was almost revolting.

'What's wrong wi' thee, Dick?' said the farmer.

'A thrashed oi onst—on'y for carr'in a bit mialetoe in ma pocket to catch Rosey wi'!'

'Serve you right too!' said Mrs. Dimsdale, who shared Rose's loathing for the creature; 'and what says Mr. Brandreth, father?'

'He's coming down here to stay 'long of the Carews, and 'll wish us a merry Christmas as he passes along the line o' Christmas Eve by the mail train. Here's a merry Christmas to him, eh, dame?'

Mrs. Dimsdale heartily joined in the wish; and then they began to talk of his stay at the farm, and about Rose's rescue; and they did not notice the malicious grin with which Black Dick stole out of the kitchen after hearing the news contained in the postscript of Charles Brandreth's letter.

'Cursed jackanapes!' he muttered to himself, as he went pounding across the frosty meadows in the direction of the railway; 'who but he 'as bruk Rosey's heart? Who but he 'as teuk the maid away from oos honest village maates? An' 'a thrashed oi too! But I'll be even wi' un!'

III.

There was no moon on Christmas Eve, but the stars were bright in the frosty sky, and the reflection from the thin sheet of snow that had fallen in the morning reflected what little light there was.

The throb and rattle of the train that rushed so rapidly along, bearing him towards Bishop's Climstoke, seemed to fall into a regular rhythm, and his imagination, heated by remorseful memories, seemed to supply it with words—

'Ruthless traitor! Ruthless traitor!'

The words rang continuously in his ears. He could not shut them out by reading. They were like the sounds that repeat themselves with such maddening monotony to a man in delirium. He was positively grateful when he recognised by certain familiar landmarks that he was approaching Bishop's Climstoke. He opened the window and leant out. Still the train hurried on. Now he could see the tower of the church. He was getting near the village

now. He would see the farm in a minute.

Ah! what was that? Some black object moving down the side of the embankment a little way ahead. The engine-driver must have seen it, for hark! there is a warning whistle.

All of a sudden the tone of the whistle is changed. It becomes a shriek, as of terror. There follows a tremendous grinding of breaks hurriedly applied till the sparks rush from them in a stream. Then arise cries of alarm. And then, over all, a crash—the train heaves like a wounded snake; the carriages seem to fall into splinters. A grinding, crushing roar—the bellowing of escaping steam—the hissing of water flung upon live coals! All this compressed into a minute's space; and this the last thing of which Charles Brandreth is conscious!

Those of the guards who are uninjured set to work to learn how the accident rose, and to extricate the passengers. They find the line has been blocked with several sleepers and up-torn rails, which have thrown the engine off the track. It has been overturned in its fall. Stoker and driver have both been thrown some distance, and lie dead or insensible—it cannot be clearly ascertained which just yet.

But there's some one under the engine, for all that! They can hear a faint moaning. Whoever it is he's as good as dead, what with being crushed, and burnt, and scalded, all at the same time. They extricate him.

It is a young fellow, apparently a farm labourer. It is promptly conjectured that he is the person who placed the obstruction on the line; and when the question is put to him, he does not deny it. Just at that moment they are carrying past the apparently lifeless body of one whose dress seems to indicate that he is a clergyman. A ghastly red cut across the face heightens its pallor. The bystanders acknowledge with a shudder the presence of death.

The wretched author of the calamity grins a terrible grin, half of agony, half of triumph.

'I be done for—but I ha' killed un!—I ha' killed un, for sure!'

And with that he falls writhing, and dies like a crushed viper.

And just then a big burly figure comes pushing through the crowd.

'Mr. Brandreth! Mr. Brandreth! Are you hurt? Where are you, sir? Have ye any o' ye seen a clergyman?'

And then he catches sight of the dead body, and all he can find breath to say is, 'Oh, my God! he is dead!'

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IV.

But Charles Brandreth was not dead. 'Better he had been,' he thinks when, after a long lingering recovery from the worst, he learns from the doctor that he is hopelessly disfigured, and that he will be a deformed cripple for life!

He shudders and turns away from a gentle hand that is laid on his shoulder—oh, so softly! It does not put him to physical pain, but it racks him with mental torture. For there is the ghost of poor Rose—the spectre now of the pretty girl he knew—waiting on him, tending him, nursing him, patiently, devotedly, unwearyingly. But somehow he feels there is a barrier between them. Not the cruel old barrier of pride that he had built up. In his humiliation, in the silent hours of waking, in the constant school of pain he has learnt to see clearly now. The barrier is none of his raising. It is interposed between them by Rose. If he were the merest stranger, she could not keep him more coldly at a distance with her face emotionless as a mask, and her demure 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir!'

He prays for death: but he feels that he will live. And the thought of what life means to him now is unendurable.

One day when he is, as he supposes, alone, he complains aloud, reproaching himself for the past.

'I blighted her life, and mine is darkened! I killed the prettiness in her face, and mine is made a horror. I deserve it—and yet it is sad to think of the doom the doctor passes—a disfigured, deformed cripple for life!'

And then suddenly he feels two arms round his neck, and a shower of kisses on his forehead, and he hears Rosie's voice sobbing: 'My darling!—my darling! Yes, I dare to call you so now—my own! my own! Dearest to me now than ever!—doubly dear, for they will not steal you from me now!'

'Merciful heaven! what have I done to deserve this?' he gasps.

And from that day he begins to mend fast!

* * * * *

There is little more to add, but that little is good.

Sir Ranulph, dissatisfied with the opinion of the local surgeon, sends to town for the first surgeon of the day, who comes down with his cheerful face and his noble grey head—grown grey in the service of suffering humanity—and he takes a brighter view of the case—and a more correct one, which is better still.

For, by the time Charles Brandreth
is well enough to move about again,
and goes to take the fat college living
for which he exchanges his fellowship,
you would never guess from his straight,
well-proportioned figure, that he had
ever been such a shattered wreck as he
has been. There's just the shadow of
a limp in his walk, and there's the
white seam of a long scar on his brow,

but you can only see it when you are
very near him.

But Rose, his beloved wife, who is
nearer—and dearer—to him than any
one else in the world, vows she cannot
see anything of a disfigurement, or any
fault or imperfection at all in her hus-
band.

TOM HOOD.

METAGRAMMATICAL.

(For Substitutes.)

Suppose I grant you letters three
With orders strict that they shall be
A quadruped, perhaps we'll see
(Fruit of your ingenuity)
A long-tailed Rat.

But if, to drive the rat away
For ever from our house, we may
Change the first letter, you will say
The best thing to call into play
Will be a Cat.

But should her feline courage fail,
Her talons be of no avail,
The rat, instead of turning tail,
Gives tit for Tat.

Another beast that soars on high
With leathern wings, and dares to fly
Aloft, to clear of gnats the sky,
Is, sure, a Bat.

So said my Uncle Matthew; he
Was learned in zoology:
Yet in the world he came to be
Known in polite society
As poor old Mat.

When people told me he'd departed
This life, with grief sincere I started;
My heart (I being tender-hearted)
Went pit-a-Pat.

Although of Uncle thus bereft,
I could not charge Grim Death with theft,
Because the legacy he left
Was very Fat.

And now, to you, my Reader dear,
Wishing a prosperous New Year,
With many a pleasure and not one tear,
(' We'll meet again ? — ' Oh, never fear ! ')
I raise my Hat.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.



ACTING is confined to one side of the curtain, but a theatre may furnish equally pleasant entertainment on the other. It is quite as good as a play, the scene in the auditorium at Christmas time, and far better, I need scarcely add, than certain plays by authors who might be mentioned. The audience are a performance in themselves. With the exception of a few hardened frequenters nobody comes to be critical. Paterfamilias, who has taken a box, or a little colony of seats in the circle, for the daughters and sons of his house and heart, is as determined as they are to be amused; and it would take a very clever piece indeed to balk their intention.

To the younger children the scene is entirely new. But the idea of a play has been handed down to them by oral tradition; and of a pantomime in particular they have a clear conception. They will be certain to know the Harlequin when he comes on; and the Clown must be unmistakable. For has not one of the elders—Master Jackey, who was at the theatre last year—performed all the Clown's antics, to the confusion of the nursery? The opening the pantomime, it must

be confessed, causes a little disappointment. It is very beautiful to look at; the fairies are lovely; and the people with preposterously large heads, delightful. But this is not quite what the little people have been waiting for. The transformation scene diverts them from the pressure of hope deferred by taking their breath away. Can they believe their eyes! How wonderful are those red coral caves beneath the silent sea, where enchanted nightingales sing songs of the morning of life! And what wonders are worked upon them by that fairy queen! Who could have supposed that each of those flowers would contain a young lady—and a young lady, too, of such surpassing beauty! Still, as the red and green fire becomes pale, the impression made by even this marvellous spectacle fades away; and the first bound of the Harlequin—the first salute of the Clown—is hailed as the beginning of the real business—that is to say, the real pleasure—of the night. During the remainder of the performance the juveniles give themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment.

They will have something to talk about for six months to come. They have had a fortnight's talk in anticipation. The first idea of 'going to see the pantomime' furnished a subject for inquiries which, not being quite rational, were found difficult to answer. As the day drew near the excitement increased, and the younger children awoke at a preternaturally early hour in the morning, having a settled idea in their heads that they were destined to be too late for the theatre at night. Their restlessness all day has tried the patience of the authorities to a dreadful extent. Mamma has early given up the idea of combining complaisance with the exercise of a necessary amount of repression. The governess has undertaken the task, not without some slight ebullitions of temper; and the elder sisters have exercised what influence they could in the cause of peace and quietness. Early in the day the children have taken their meals with some tractability; but the meal which they comprehensively call 'tea' in domestic circles had been sadly neglected; and indeed the serious business of the toilette, which took place about the same time, was alone sufficient for any amount of demoralization in the matter of refreshments.

And what wonderful little lords and little ladies they have all turned out! Their hair alone is a marvel of what adroit brushing may effect in the way of flat curls, and the reduction of wandering locks to cohesive clusters. The boys do not much care for their appearance at the theatre, though they conduct themselves at a child's ball like so many Sir Charles Grandisons.

Here they dilapidate themselves by swift degrees. But the girls are precociously attentive to deportment, and can manage to reach the seventh heaven of ecstasy without turning a hair.

Family parties, like that with which we have made acquaintance, are all over the theatre. One touch of pantomime makes the juvenile world con-

pletely kin, and they all conduct themselves much in the same manner. Now and then—in the pauses of the performance—one small boy will be more demonstrative than another small boy, and direct more general attention to the party; but Christmas covers a multitude of conventional improprieties; and occasional obstreperousness is regarded as part of the general arrangement.

It is when the performance is suspended on the stage that you are best

able to observe the audience. Then everybody talks away at the same time. A conversational gentleman once made an objection to going to the theatre on the ground that the actors had all the talking to themselves. There is evidently no such drawback experienced here, at least when the curtain is down. And I think that people generally amuse themselves better than they used to do in the intervals of the performance. Charles Lamb, in his account of

the servant girl at the play, mentions, as a remarkable fact, that she liked even the waiting between the acts, which, he says, is so tiresome to other people. But in Charles Lamb's days theatres were not so commodious as they are in these; and to move about them freely was to mix in all sorts of society. So people stayed more continuously in their places than they do in these days, and the places themselves were by no means such pleasant accommodation as is now provided. That waiting between the acts was peculiarly vexatious under such conditions may easily be conceived.

The children, however, are only a

part of the entertainment in front of the curtain. There are the young ladies, of course, who are the chief attraction in entertainments of most kinds. These may be divided broadly into two classes—those who are 'out,' and those who are in, but may be seen out occasionally. The former, being free of society, are tolerably well known. Every one among them is of course conducting herself as if the entire theatre—scenery, dresses, and decorations, play, pantomime, Harlequin, Columbine, and Clown—were her own freehold property; and any respect and attention paid to her she receives as strictly her due. But the younger girls, who are not yet released from

governesses and professors—and not so long ago pursued studies associated with slate pencils and dog-eared elementary works—are far more affable. They take any attention they can get in a most grateful manner, and are pronounced charming by everybody but very young men of their own age, who hold them in natural scorn. They love a little dignity, perhaps, when their young brothers interfere with a 'grown-up' conversation by a playful reference to juvenile topics, and it may be a more than playful pull at their hair; but they are not quite sure that they do not like this kind of fun as well as any other, and when placed in a situation between flirting and romps—like Gar-

rick between Tragedy and Comedy—they may find an undefined charm in flirting, but romps will usually carry the day. Young ladies have been known to romp after they 'come out,' but of course such proceedings are buried in domestic oblivion.

Next to the young people who enjoy pantomimes, old people interest us the most. They would not dream of seeking such entertainments for themselves; but those who live again in their children must have sympathy with their amusements, and sympathy will carry the elders of a family into the keenest enjoyment of the escapades of Harlequin and Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon. We should think twice before calling

Materfamilias an old girl, but Paterfamilias has many representatives among old boys, who take intense delight in seeing the Pantaloon robbed of the mangles from his capacious pockets, and in beholding the agility of the Clown in connexion with a red-hot poker. They remember the days when such antics were enacted for their especial benefit; and they can no more forget them than they can forget the days when they committed such preposterous irregularities at school, and suffered accordingly; their irregularities,

as well as their sufferings—as they will tell you—being far beyond anything that boys have an idea of in these days. I dare say that their school frolics were much like the school frolics of their descendants; but it is the old story. In our latter years there seems to have 'passed away a glory from the earth.' The old nobleman in 'Gil Blas' thought that the peaches used to be larger when he was young; and even the delinquencies of boyhood appear in a magnified form to matured memories. I once old boys, by-the-way, who were re-

markable for the decorum of their youth, will assure you that they were dreadful scamps in their early days. Their motive is not quite apparent; but it may be supposed to have its source in a certain sympathy with human failings which advances with advancing years—a sympathy doubtless born of charity, and therefore claiming our respect. Professed Stoics in society are principally represented by very young men.

At Christmas time, as at all other times, if you go to the theatre, you cannot avoid meeting the regular man-about-town. At this festive season of the year—as the perfumers say in their advertisements—he comes into the stalls as if the festive season rather interfered with him than otherwise, and meets with his toleration only on sufferance.

He classes it—if exclusive in his views—with bad weather and the absurd pretensions of the masses. The *oi polloi*, however, cannot do him much harm in the stalls; and even the camellia in his buttonhole is safe from any popular atmosphere. He does not usually care about the Christmas element among the audience, and has so little respect for the pantomime that he departs after the transformation scene. His *admirari* views are shared by professional critics in his neighbourhood, who, however, go away and praise the piece in their papers with charming inconsistency. In the stalls they talk from their own point of view; in their offices they write from the point of view of the public—a happy arrangement, without which the readers of the journals, who give their trust thereto, would

be at the mercy of individual vagaries to an absurd extent.

The majority of the audience—in all parts of the house—come determined to enjoy any entertainment prepared for them at Christmas-time; and they do not like it the less if they make less noise than they used to do. There is a tradition about Drury Lane and Covent Garden which still leads to a call for a senseless song about 'Hot Coddins,' which the Clown has usually to sing; but I think that the demonstration is dying out by degrees; and of late years holiday audiences, even at the large theatres, are much better behaved than they used to be. But pits will be pits, and galleries will be galleries, and unruliness—from the latter part especially—may still be considered on the cards. This, however, is part of the entertainment before the curtain; and far be it from me to deprecate the public delight.

Many of the audience move about the theatre between the acts—or between the pieces, as the case may be; and those who go outside for a time will find crowds of persons there assembled, who, without seeing anything of the performance, are assisting at it in their own way. Towards the time when carriages are ordered many vehicles assemble, of which the private con-

veyances have the pre. There is a great crowding, too, of cabs claiming to be hired, and necessary contentions between them and the police. The number of volunteer vagabonds, who are ready to run anywhere in the cause of the comers-out, is nothing less than legion; and those who commission one of them to get a cab usually find a dozen claimants to the honour of the service rendered. But the cabby who is really engaged, and waits in good faith, is not, of course, to be tampered with by these marauders. He is there, punctual to his post when wanted; and, although he has not seen the pantomime, considers that he has had a good evening's entertainment. Let us hope that he will be well rewarded by his patrons when they arrive home; and if during his time of trial he has not been insensible to the attraction of refreshment, let us also hope that this frailty—a mere nothing for Christmas-time—will be taken into account. A gentleman who is clinging to a lamp-post hard by has abused this claim to consideration, and the only hope appropriate to him is, that he will be taken care of by the police. He is happily little noticed by the crowd coming away from fairy land, and going home to dream—as all but the disillusioned are sure to do—through the ivory gate.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

'I hold the world but as the world ;
A stage where every man must play a part.'

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

CHRISTMAS has come ! the cheery time !
And Christmas never comes too soon.
It brings the pageant Pantomime,
The merry Clown and Pantaloon.
We laugh when that queer painted Clown
Pelts his poor friend with fish and greens :
He trips him up, he knocks him down ;
They fraternise behind the scenes.

Behind the scenes ! ah, what a change
From all the front-view glow and glitter !
Strained canvas is the mountain-range,
The god of day's a coarse gas-fitter ;
With tin he rolls the thunder loud ;
The monarch's throne a prompter screens ;
The King himself, though princely proud,
Chats affably behind the scenes.

Deception throws aside the mask ;
Lear hastens home to tend a daughter ;
The Fairy, wearied with her task,
Regales herself with gin and water ;
Illusion sinks to commonplace ;
The Empresses may turn to queans ;
The Villain wears an honest face ;
And all is changed behind the scenes.

The Comic man is gay no more ;
Momus no longer looks diverting ;
And, with a fogie of threescore,
The Pink of Purity, alas ! is flirting ;
Miss Modesty looks bold as brass ;
Miss Reticence says what she means ;
Titania's weaver's not an ass
When he disrobes behind the scenes.

Friend Bardolph casts away his nose ;
Malvolio lays aside his swagger ;
While Tragedy laughs out and throws
To blithe Burlesque her bowl and dagger ;
Fat Falstaff flings his stuffings off ;
The supers strut like embryo Keans ;
Good Humour turns to snarl and scoff ;
Folks change their moods behind the scenes.

Upon the stage and off 'tis so ;
This fabled tale *de te narratur*.
Each man acts in the social show ;
The Truth's full revelation's later.
We play our parts, we strut our hour ;
Small space for plaudits intervenes ;
Then, summoned by Supernal Power,
We pass indeed behind the scenes.

OUTHERBERT BEDE.

BOXING-DAY.

THE ELLESMERE THEATRICALS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

IN THREE ACTS.

. . . . 'The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.'—HAMLET.

PROLOGUE.

SIR THOMAS ELLESMERE sat in his sanctum at Ellesmere Hall over his breakfast, quite alone, and, judging from the manner in which he neglected his grill and allowed his chocolate to cool, without the slightest vestige of an appetite. Something had evidently occurred to disconcert the baronet, and as Sir Thomas was not a man who was accustomed to have his will thwarted or his purpose crossed, he displayed anything but a spirit of servile submission to this novel dispensation of events. A widower of long standing—how long none knew—but so long, indeed, that it may reasonably be presumed whether it ever occurred to him as possible that the scheme of creation could be intended to include and consult any one's pleasure or convenience save his own—Sir Thomas Ellesmere was the incarnation of suavity and beneficence just so long as there was no let or hindrance to the fulfilment of all his projects and the realization of all his wishes. In a word, he could not tolerate contradiction of any kind, and, as has been hinted, it was quite plain that he had received some of that moral discipline this morning. Raikes, the butler, had just brought in the letter-bag, solemnly unlocked it in his master's presence, and arranged the contents, some half-dozen epistles *plus* the 'Times,' *on échelon*, on the table, which laborious duty concluded, that well-drilled functionary retired from the apartment, leaving Sir Thomas to the perusal of his correspondence and the consumption of his breakfast—and breakfast was a meal that the baronet usually took in a late as well as a substantial form.

A glorious August morning: and the window of Sir Thomas Ellesmere's oak-pannelled, Turkey-carpeted, and velvet-fitted room opened upon the lawn, from which a magnificent view of the park and of the hills that bounded the Ellesmere estate was obtainable. To all these attractions of nature their owner was as insensible apparently as to the culinary allurements of his cook. Only one letter had he opened, and that was signed, 'Your affectionate nephew,

Frank Netherton.' But Sir Thomas read it over and over again, and finally, having done so for the sixth time, crumpled it up, threw it down, and took to pacing the room.

'Very well,' soliloquized the proprietor of Ellesmere Hall, 'you have made your bed, Frank Netherton, and by Heaven you shall lie on it! What an utter fool! what a detestable idiot the lad must be! I suppose he is aware that though he must inherit the title I can leave every acre and every sovereign away from him—and I will. Married an actress! By George! in my day, if we cared about actresses, we did not marry them. "Love!"—"purity!"—"perfect lady!"—so devilish likely—most actresses are!' Sir Thomas was certainly very angry indeed. 'An actress, by George! and that when he might have had Blanche Fairleigh to-morrow for the mere asking, and by joining the two estates have come into the finest property in the county. I can stand most things'—this remark by-the-by, was only true in a very modified way—'but not this. I'll send round for Pippins'—Mr. Pippins was Sir Thomas's solicitor in the neighbouring country town—and that precious nephew of mine shall know what a codicil means;' and Sir Thomas Ellesmere rang the bell with a considerable degree of energy.

'Raikes, send round to Elleston, with my compliments to Mr. Pippins, and beg him to come here at once—and, Raikes, find out Leatherstrap'—Mr. Leatherstrap was the baronet's head gamekeeper—and tell him I want to speak to him.'

The delivery of these mandates seemed somewhat to mollify the baronet, for he sat down in his chair with the air of a man who had relieved his conscience, opened the other letters, glanced through the 'Times,' and made a show of breakfasting.

'Leatherstrap,' said Sir T. Ellesmere, in reply to that worthy man's respectful salutation, 'Mr. Netherton will not come here on the 1st, nor will he shoot in any of *my* coverts'—and Sir Thomas emphasized the possessive pronoun—'this season. I don't think I

shall shoot either, for I fancy I shall go to Italy.'

'Dunno what's up with Sir Thomas,' remarked Leatherstrap, as Raikes regaled him in the servants' hall previous to his departure with a pint of home-brewed; 'he's in a reg'lar takin' about summut,' and the speaker blew the head off his ale, and, *integer hausit*, drained it at a draught. 'Mr. Frank, I guess, he's been up to some game or other.'

'That's about it,' replied the butler; 'and if so, so much the worse for him. I know when Sir Thomas means business, and if he ever did he does this morning.'

Yes, Mr. Frank Netherton, Sir Thomas Ellesmere's nephew and heir, had married Miss Minnie Lavelle, the actress: and the interview which Sir Thomas had a few hours later with Mr. Pippins conclusively proved the baronet—to use Mr. Raikes's expression—did 'mean business,' and resulted in the formal disinheriting of the young gentleman in question.

ACT I.

December had come, and Christmas was close impending. There were to be great doings at Ellesmere Hall. Sir Thomas had returned from the Continent, and the old house was full of guests. There was nothing which pleased Sir Thomas better than playing the rôle of the grand signor—there was no part in which he was seen to such advantage. By this time he had in great measure contrived to shake off the annoyance which the miserable *mésalliance* of his nephew had caused. 'Thank God,' mentally ejaculated Sir Thomas, 'there's a difference of name, and, after all, the disgrace won't be a family one.' Of course there were moments when the truth came out that blood is thicker than water—times when Sir Thomas was anything but happy at the retrospect of the whole business—nay, times when he almost felt disposed to welcome back his nephew, and to extend the right hand of recognition and forgiveness: but the man's nature was stern as iron, and these passing moments of weakness were invariably followed by a reaction of inflexibility.

For the present, he was perfectly contented with the existing condition of affairs. He was an admirable host, and he was pleased with his guests. Who were there? Why almost everyone in the county who was anybody, and no insignificant sprinkling of well-known metropolitan characters. There were political celebrities, and there

were one or two moderately-effulgent literary stars; the Carlton, the Athenæum, and the Garrick, all had their representatives. There was that extremely winning companion, Charles Merrimac; there was that rising young *littérateur*, Reginald Graceless, and several other *stellæ minores* as well as *maiores* of the fashionable firmament. Then, of course, there were, as has been said, the county people. Blanche Fairleigh, that should have been Frank Netherton's bride, graced the mansion. General Martinet and the Misses Martinet had come. There was the contingent of the three Lytewytte girls; and there was the extremely accomplished Miss Vavasor. Sir Thomas Ellesmere had intended the gathering to be a success: he had certainly omitted no steps which he possibly could have taken for achieving his ambition.

'Old Ellesmere knows how things ought to be done,' said Charles Merrimac, in the smoking-room: 'for myself, I don't care how long this Christmas is protracted.' Mr. Merrimac fancied, to use his own expression, that he was 'making the running' at a great pace with Miss Fairleigh; and 'hang it,' as he used to say, 'in these hard times an heiress is a godsend. Ellesmere's coverts are certainly splendid, I've played on worse billiard tables than the one here, and certainly never want better dinners or more unimpeachable Chambertin. I say, Graceless, how is your company getting on for these theatricals? 'Tis your own piece, they tell me, so you ought to coach them well. What's its name?'

'Well,' responded that gentleman, 'I had called it originally "Family Feuds," but hearing that Sir Thomas had parted with his nephew recently in terms of anything but cordial amity, and thinking it not impossible that he might take my title as a personal allusion, I have changed it to "Thicker than Water."'

'Eh?—ah!—what?' said Mr. Merrimac, who was at that moment engaged in building a Spanish castle of gigantic structure, on the strength of Miss Fairleigh's money. 'Oh! I see! devilish good too. Decent caste?'

'Admirable. Miss Vavasor, who plays the heroine, has real genius; and all the rest, I flatter myself, are more than passable. As for the stage, Nathan, whom I told to be specially careful in the matter, has sent down the best thing which he ever turned out. I've played the part of amateur stage manager more than once before,

but never with such satisfaction. Yes, I think we shall "bring down the house."

'Seeing that this crib is so deucedly comfortable,' remarked Mr. Merrimac, 'one can't help pitying that poor beggar, Netherton, for the mess he has made of the whole affair. Know whom he married at all? Some girl, I fancy, connected with the stage. Great mistake that.'

'No, I don't know at all whom he married,' answered Graceless. 'As you say, it is a pity; and between you and me, I think old Ellesmere is something of an obstinate old donkey not to take some steps to ascertain whether the child is not after all decently presentable. I don't approve of the sweeping condemnation which it is fashionable to mete out to all actresses. Because a woman is compelled to make her bread, and finds that she makes it best on the stage, is there any reason to suppose her worse than the remainder of her irreproachable sex?'

'Ah, well, you know,' oracularly replied Mr. Merrimac; 'deuce take it, but—you know what I mean.'

'Know, but don't appreciate. I'll tell you what, Merrimac, to change the subject; I'm by no means certain that notwithstanding all his tremendous worldly wisdom Sir Thomas may not do quite as foolish a thing as his nephew appears to have done. The old boy is as vain as a peacock, and thinks that threescore years have in no way diminished his personal attractions or power of lady-killing. Did you notice, Charlie, how he was going it with that widow, Mrs. Flutter—an uncommonly clever woman, let me tell you—to-night; how he eyed her, and made pretty speeches, and all the rest of it? I'll take long odds that, if she only plays him skilfully, there may be a Lady Ellesmere before next year's out.'

And Reginald Graceless lit another of the excellent havannas which Sir Thomas kept for his friends—just as he kept the smoking-room, for he was a stranger himself to the delights of nicotine.

Apocryphos of the last remark of this gentleman, Mrs. Flutter was at this present moment engaged in conversing on precisely the same theme with her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Plymley, who, with her long hair floating down over her white dressing-robe, had, in the course of that talk which women love to have in the privacy of their own chambers with each other before they retire for the night, broached the subject.

'Nonsense, my dear,' said Mrs. Flutter: 'I tell you it's perfectly absurd. Why Sir Thomas is old enough to be my grandfather.'

'Never mind that,' said the sagacious little Mrs. Plymley; 'there's no love like an old love, to make the adage a little more complimentary. My dear Laura, if I were you I should sincerely think about him. Depend on it he's hooked.'

'Nonsense, child,' again responded Mrs. Flutter; but in spite of this deprecatory sentiment, it may be questioned whether Mrs. Flutter did not entirely acquiesce in her sister's view of the question.

ACT II.

As has been said, Reginald Graceless was a stage manager of unflinching rigour and unrelenting activity. He felt that his reputation was staked upon the piece which he had written for the Ellesmere theatricals, and he was determined that its representation, at any rate, should be all that could be desired. His decrees were issued right and left; his edicts cut at the root of the creature comforts and conveniences of more than one of the amateur company. The hour fixed for rehearsal was in the afternoon, immediately upon the conclusion of lunch, and Mr. Graceless took care that there was no unnecessary dawdling over the meal. Did Charles Merrimac attempt to protract it by a flirtation with that very piquant young lady, the second of the Lytewytte girls, she was instantly 'called' by the remorseless disciplinarian.

'What an infernal nuisance you are, Graceless,' remarked Mr. Merrimac, in a spirit of confiding candour one day on one of these interruptions.

'Can't help it, my dear fellow; quite out of the question. No trifling with the facts, you know. Young ladies must answer their call—never do to keep the whole company waiting for half an hour simply because an idle young gentleman like yourself wants to whisper sweet inanities into Clara Lytewytte's ears. As it is, we have not too much time, you know. We play on Christmas-eve—only four days off. By Jove! there's the doctor's carriage! Wonder who's the sick man now?'

Mr. Reginald Graceless hadn't long to wait before he received that information, for Dr. Miramel came up to him in about ten minutes' time, and beckoned him aside.

'I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Grace-

less, to have in any way to interrupt your proceedings; but I must imperatively forbid Miss Vavasor's taking any further part in your theatricals. As it is, she has overstrained her nerves, and over-excited her system to a most unpardonable extent. She has already fainted once to-day—sheer exhaustion: nervous system won't stand it. If she goes on with what she is doing now, I won't answer for the consequences, and I must now, once for all, enter my professional veto against it.'

'Good heavens, doctor, but what are we to do? Here it only wants three days to the time. Suppose Miss Vavasor was to lie by till the night on which we play, and then —'

'Must not be done, my dear sir, upon any consideration;' and the tone of Dr. Miramel evidently betokened that against this judgment there could be no appeal. 'Have you not got here some other young lady who would fill Miss Vavasor's rôle, and who in a public spirit would come forward to fill the gap?'

But this, Mr. Graceless, with an emphasis scarcely perhaps complimentary to the histrionic capacities of the remainder of the young ladies at Ellesmere, pronounced to be entirely out of the question. Why, the part was the heaviest and the most important one in the piece: all depended on the heroine—the most effective situations—in fact, the whole 'go' of the play. It would be as much as a professional actress, and that one who was more than ordinarily quick at her study, could do to get up the part in time.

'Then,' said Dr. Miramel, catching at the idea, 'would it not be possible to enlist the services of some such professional actress? Surely with your experience of the London world, Mr. Graceless, you must know more than one who would, and could, do all you could require. Once again, Miss Vavasor cannot and must not act.'

'Tis the only thing to be done,' gloomily responded Mr. Reginald Graceless, determined, at any rate, that the thing should not fall through, and that 'Thicker than Water' should be a success after all. 'Yes,' he continued musingly, 'I think I could find the actress we require, one who would do the thing admirably—if only she has no engagement, and I don't think she has. But what will these people here say to the introduction of the professional element? The world is so hyperbolically sensitive on these matters.'

'If you have any misgivings on the

point, dismiss them altogether, I would say,—or else don't go into particular explanations at all. The young lady is merely an accomplished amateur—that will do, I imagine. Unless, indeed, her name and her face are too well known to admit of that account. I suppose she will come chaperoned.'

'Oh! I think the thing can be managed without any scandal at all. The young lady—and I use the word in more than a conventional sense—is not so illustrious as to be recognized everywhere, and if any of the people here have ever seen her play in London, depend upon it they forgot her name when they destroyed the playbill.'

In this wise then the matter was to be arranged, and it was known that same afternoon at Ellesmere Hall that Mr. Graceless had rushed post haste up to town to see whether he could not manage to secure the services of some accomplished amateur—Sir Thomas gave him *carte blanche* to bring down whomsoever he liked, and as many as he liked—in the place of Miss Vavasor, who was so unfortunately invalidated.

We must change the scene. London. A dark, dripping, dank, December day—altogether unlike Christmas weather, as people with great originality remarked to each other on meeting in the streets and elsewhere. The stage-door at the Palladium Theatre—a grimy, sooty-looking entrance, round which those personages, whose appearance is peculiarly theatrical, lounged, and smoked, and chatted. The Palladium was closed, and, contrary to usual dramatic precedent, the manager did not intend to open his doors on Boxing-night, but to wait till the first day of the new year, when he was going to offer to the public an entirely new piece, of strong domestic interest, scenery and properties expressly fitted and prepared for the occasion—as the bills announced.

'Miss Lavelle here?' inquired Mr. Graceless of the doorkeeper.

Yes; Miss Lavelle was there, and had just finished rehearsal. Would the gentleman send up his card? The gentleman did send up his card, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of the young actress, whose name, it will be remembered by the reader, he has probably heard before. Mr. Graceless stated the purpose of his mission. Oh! Miss Lavelle would do anything for him—how could she do enough—seeing what Mr. Graceless' kindness had been to her—and in truth it was Mr. Graceless who had been instru-

mental in procuring her her present engagement. What was the name of the house?

'Ellesmere Hall, Sir Thomas—my dear Miss Lavelle,' said Mr. Graceless, unaware that the name could have any interest for that young lady, the fact of whose marriage even was known scarcely to any one who was what she called a business friend—and that was the extent of Mr. Graceless' friendship at present—'are you unwell?' for Miss Lavelle had changed colour, and trembled all over at the mention of the word.

'Oh, no, it's nothing! a little giddiness, that's all—this theatre is so hot.'

Somehow or other, Mr. Graceless, whose wits were tolerably wide awake, noticing Miss Lavelle's confusion, jumped at once to a conclusion, which he only indicated to himself by mentally exclaiming—'By Jove! I wonder—'

However, it was all arranged: Miss Lavelle said she was sure that patient study would enable her to get up the piece. It was Tuesday now—Friday the playing—well, she would be at Ellesmere station by the first train on Friday morning, where Mr. Graceless would meet her and drive her over to the Hall. They would be able to have a rehearsal at once, and that Miss Lavelle thought, with going over the difficult parts two or three times, would be enough.

Miss Lavelle hurried home to the little house in Brompton in which Mr. and Mrs. Netherton lived.

'Frank!' she said, 'what do you think has happened?' and Mrs. Netherton told her husband everything. 'What am I to do Frank? do you mind my going?'

'Not at all,' said Mr. Netherton. 'Let me have a look at the piece and your part. By Jove! "Thicker than Water"—family quarrels—irate father. I see—prodigal son—angel of peace—oil on the troubled waters—and all that sort of thing. Curious coincidence, rather, upon my word!'

ACT III.

Great excitement at Ellesmere Hall. The eventful Friday had arrived. Miss Lyndhurst—that was Miss Lavelle's acting name for the occasion, to avoid all possibility of a discovery which might create a scandal—had come. The curtain was to rise at nine, and it was now eight. Miss Lyndhurst was universally declared promising, and Mr. Reginald Graceless was more than

satisfied with the rehearsal of the afternoon. Yes; it would and should be a success!

'Gad!' remarked Charles Merrimac, 'from the way in which Graceless bothers himself about it all, you'd think he looked upon the whole thing as a puffing advertisement for himself.'

'Aunty,' said Miss Lavelle to the old lady who had brought her up ever since she could remember; 'I don't know how it is, but I feel so dreadfully nervous to-night. I hope for Mr. Graceless' sake I shall not break down.'

Mrs. Pickett—that was the name of Miss Lavelle's duenna—it is needless to observe, knew the relation in which her charge stood to the master of Ellesmere Hall,—that of the wife of Sir Thomas Ellesmere's nephew.

'Never fear, darling: you will do yourself justice: 'tis just the piece for you, and I think that to-night may be a great success for us all.'

Punctually at nine the curtain drew up and the play began. Sir Thomas Ellesmere was seated in the middle of the front benches with the Countess of Fitz Foodle on one side, and the pretty widow, Mrs. Flutter, on the other. There were all the county magnates. Mr. Graceless felt like a man who commences a career.

Miss Lyndhurst walks on the stage, bows gracefully, is applauded heartily. Sir Thomas Ellesmere had not seen the lady before. He lifted his eyes from pretty Mrs. Flutter's face and looked. If you had scrutinized the baronet closely, you would have noticed just the slightest little start in the world. If you could have heard his mental exclamation, it was, 'Heavens! how wonderfully like!' For the rest of the evening Sir Thomas Ellesmere, not a little to that lady's mortification, withdrew his attention from the widow and devoted it to the play. The Countess of Fitz Foodle was heard to remark to her next-door neighbour, Lady Fitz Fum, that 'Sir Thomas was almost as much interested and pleased with the performance as if he had never entered a theatre in his life.' In fact, Sir Thomas scarcely ever lifted his glance from the stage: he never removed it from Miss Lyndhurst. 'Marvellously like!' that was his sole criticism.

The play was in three acts—and the last scene of the third was in the course of performance. The contending emotions of stubborn pride and yielding affection—the fight between the two—first relentless, the then moved, and the finally forgiving father—the equally proud and offending son—these were

the materials out of which the playwright had constructed his drama. 'Love was lord of all,'—feminine tenderness conquered a nature proud as Lucifer and unbending as adamant. The disinherited was restored—the ties of race were stronger than the hate—blood was 'thicker than water.' All this was admirably depicted, and the way in which Miss Lyndhurst represented the *deus ex machina* of the piece was admirable. She was applauded to the echo. As for Sir Thomas Ellesmere, he was far too well bred to betray the intensity of his feelings; but he was not sorry when the company dispersed, and he could get quietly to his sanctum in which we have already seen him.

A marvellous likeness! and in that lady's case it was more than a likeness, it was identity. Sir Thomas had seen that evening in Miss Lyndhurst the very image of Maud Thurton, the governess whom he had made his wife nearly twenty-five years ago, whom he had pensioned off when in his selfishness he wearied of her, and news of whose death reached him soon afterwards, almost simultaneously with that of her infant. This was the one mistake which Sir Thomas had made in the course of his life, and directly he had committed it he spared no efforts to repair it. Sir Thomas frankly told Maud that he found he had acted foolishly; it was impossible they could live happily—the world which they each of them knew and liked was so different. Of course Maud should be amply provided for, and so, too, should their child, if she lived: and Sir Thomas mentioned a handsome amount. Lady Ellesmere refused this. She would not take a penny more than she was actually compelled: she had supported herself once, and she could do so again. As for her child, Maud vowed that she should never touch, if she could help it, a farthing of her father's money. So her ladyship left Sir Thomas: the title she renounced: she was plain Mrs. Gennian—and resumed the old business of teaching.

All this Sir Thomas Ellesmere knew. But then—and here the baronet's confusion became redoubled. Did not Maud write to him, in her own hand, informing him that her child was dead? Well, if so—no; that could not be, and as Sir Thomas Ellesmere thought of her appearance in that last scene, he felt not the slightest doubt as to whose child Miss Lyndhurst was—his own and Maud's.

Well, the morrow would come; and,

perhaps this Mrs. Pickett, under whose protection Miss Lyndhurst had arrived, would be able to do something towards clearing up the mystery: with which reflection Sir Thomas went to bed, and endeavoured to go to sleep as well.

The morning came—the morning of Christmas Day, and the bells rung out the old message, which is yet ever new, of peace and good-will to all the world.

Raikes informed Sir Thomas that Mrs. Pickett and her niece, Miss Lyndhurst, were going to return to London by the first train, as they did not like to be away from home on Christmas Day.

'Present my compliments to Mrs. Pickett,' said Sir Thomas, 'and ask her whether she could give me a few minutes' conversation at her leisure.' The answer was brought back that Mrs. Pickett would be ready at once. So Sir Thomas went to his sanctum at once.

'Mrs. Pickett, I have no doubt my request will seem strange, but I should feel exceedingly obliged if you would answer one or two questions to me respecting Miss Lyndhurst. I have a very particular object indeed in asking. I am much surprised at a most extraordinary likeness in her to one whom I knew once well.'

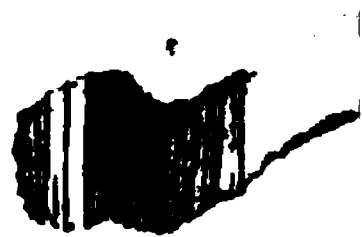
'She is exactly what her mother was, Sir Thomas—her very image.'

'May I ask you something more—curious though my question is—has Lyndhurst always been her name?'


Mrs. Pickett here looked confused. When, shortly before her death, Maud Gennian had given her only child into her hands, she had made her promise by a solemn vow that her real name should never be revealed. Maud had further told Mrs. Pickett, who had promised to bring up the infant as well as her poor means afforded her, that she was to be considered as one dead to the world; 'for,' added Maud, 'I cannot tell you why, but I think I could scarcely rest in my grave if her father, who still lives, should hear of her, and taking her from you, teach her to despise her mother's memory.'

'Mrs. Pickett,' said Sir Thomas Ellesmere, noticing that good lady's evident perplexity, 'you have told me something. Am I not right in supposing that Miss Lyndhurst's real name, as known to you, is Gennian? I am—well, in that case, it is her father who is speaking to you. Yes, Mrs. Pickett, Maud Gennian was my wife. We separated: and Miss Lyndhurst is Maud Ellesmere.'

If Mrs. Pickett had been told that her charge had suddenly come into the



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Drawn by F. A. Frazer

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE REHEARSAL.

English sovereignty she could not have exhibited more surprise. Perfectly speechless she sat.

'It is quite true,' said Sir Thomas, 'and now will you let me see and speak to my daughter?'

'But, Sir Thomas,' said Mrs. Pickett, who by this time had recovered her speech, 'there is something else you must know. Minnie—I have always called her Minnie—is always spoken of as Minnie Lavelle. She is an actress, you know: Mr. Graceless thought it would be better, however, that she should not use her stage name here, and she would not use her married name because—oh, dear me! her husband, Sir Thomas, is——'

'Lavelle—married,' repeated the baronet, mechanically, 'then, great heavens! my daughter is Mrs. Netherton, my nephew's wife! and disinheriting him, I should have disinherited her—her, Maud's daughter!—Maud, whom I would do anything in the world could I but recompense for the sin of past days!'

EPILOGUE.

We may drop the curtain on the meeting which took place between Sir Thomas Ellesmere and his daughter. Nothing need be said as to the anguish which that proud man suffered—of the

double Nemesis which on the discovery he had made had come upon him. When Maud Netherton went back to town that day, she did not go attended by Mrs. Pickett alone. Sir Thomas pleaded a business summons to his guests, and requested that if he should fail to be back in time for dinner they would allow his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Marshman, to do the honours of host and hostess. He was not back in time for dinner: that day he dined in the little house at Brompton. Wholly superfluous, too, it is to add, that on that day week—New Year's Day—Miss Lavelle did not appear at the Palladium Theatre, that a substitute was found, and that the whole party were at Ellesmere. By this time Mr. Pippins's services had been again called into requisition. As for Mrs. Flutter, she did not become Lady Ellesmere. As for Mr. Netherton, what need to say that he was not disinherited because he had married an actress? As for Reginald Graceless, it is enough to observe that, independently of the dramatic successes which he has subsequently achieved, he considers his merits to be considered one of the most remarkable playwrights on record are sufficiently established by the mere fact that he wrote '*Thicker than Water*,' to say nothing of managing the theatricals at Ellesmere Hall.

THE GHOST OF BYRON ABBEY.

A Tale with Three Readings.

FIRST READING.—HOW THE GHOST WAS MADE.

LONDON was empty, and I was miserable. I sat at my lonely breakfast-table, wearing my slippers and perusing the 'Times.' I had devoured a part of the marmalade, all the war intelligence, and most of the 'leaders,' and knew not how to amuse myself. It was the last day in August, and the only fellow in town resided, between the hours of ten and four, at the War Office—I allude, of course, to young Cecy Sparkler—always a bore, and in the early autumn a positive nuisance. Well, I suppose I am not particularly cheerful myself when my club is closed for repairs, and my stall at Covent Garden is covered with brown holland. 'Shall I go and see Cecy?' I thought, as I allowed the 'Times' to slip through my fingers, 'or shall I go to sleep, or shall I——' My yawn was interrupted by a knock at the door.

'A letter for you, sir,' said my servant, entering the room.

I took the missive from him, and peered at it with languid interest. Having satisfied myself that it contained no bill, and therefore was destined to fill a more dignified position than a corner in my waste-paper basket, I opened it, and found to my delight that it was a note from Arthur Vaughan, one of the nicest fellows in the world—were I an enthusiast I would write the very nicest. It ran as follows:—

'Byron Abbey, August 30, 1870.

'MY DEAR HAROLD,

'If you are not engaged will you come down here for a week? I have got one or two men you know staying with me for the 1st. Start at once, and bring your gun with you. There is a telegraph station here.

'Yours ever,

'ARTHUR VAUGHAN.'

Now this was really pleasant. If Arthur was a nice man, his sister Alice was equally nice—in fact, our relations during the past season had verged upon flirtation. It is well known that I am not a marrying man—I really can't afford the expenses of a milliner—but still I found the company of Alice particularly agreeable. She kept a 'round' open for me at all the dances throughout the summer. We used to arrange in the Row in the morning what our

movements were to be in the evening, and I nearly ruined myself in cabs, in my desperate attempts to keep my proper time. At eleven I was due in Eaton Square, at twelve fifteen I had to be in Tyburnia, at twelve forty-five South Kensington claimed me as her own, while at half-past one I had to show up in Cavendish Square. This programme was changed, of course, daily. I feel almost sure that by degrees my friendship for the fair Alice would have ripened into a warmer feeling—always supposing that I had been a marrying man.

Besides the undoubted attractions of Miss Vaughan's society, there were other things to make me regard the prospect of a visit to Byron Abbey with pleasure. First, the place was situated in the most charming part of Dorset, and boasted very excellent shooting; secondly, Arthur's wife, Lady Mary, was a delightful person; and thirdly, London was simply intolerable. So my face lighted up with a smile as I ordered my servant to pack up my portmanteau at once. I sent a telegram to Vaughan, informing him that I should arrive at Byron Abbey at four, lighted a cigarette, and was ready for all emergencies.

My journey down to Beaufort (the station for Byron Abbey) was uneventful. The time hung dreadfully upon my hands, and I never read so much of the 'Saturday Review' in all my life as I did on this occasion. Having exhausted the contents of the admirable periodical in question, and a very early edition of the 'Echo,' I looked about me for fresh mental food. When I had travelled about a third of my journey the train stopped at a station where refreshment for both body and soul was advertised. I got out and entered the buffet with the intention of feasting merrily. After partaking of a banquet composed of one stale sandwich and one tumbler of bitter ale, I walked on to the platform in search of the bookstall of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons. As I arrived before the counter the bell rang, the guard whistled, and I was forced to turn back into my carriage, not before securing, however, hap-hazard, a volume valued at a shilling. When I was settled comfortably in my seat again, I opened the book, and

found that I had purchased a collection of English Legends. Finding the table of contents, the first title that caught my eye was a story called 'The White Lady of Byron Abbey'—a strange coincidence, I thought, as I opened the book at the proper place for its perusal. I am afraid I fell asleep over my author more than once, but as far as I can remember, the legend was to the following effect :

Many many years ago, when Byron Abbey was in the hands of the Vaughans of the time of Charles the First, the place was subjected to a siege by the soldiers of the Commonwealth. The family were, of course, Cavaliers—I say of course, because the loyalty of the Vaughan race to the Stuarts has passed into a proverb. After the castle had been subjected to very rough usage, it was taken by storm, and fell into the hands of the Roundheads. The officer commanding Cromwell's soldiers was a certain Colonel Cook, who, it seems, was more of a bully than a warrior. This man, after ordering the chaplain (a Roman Catholic priest) to be hanged upon the battlements, forced his way into the apartments of Lady Ida, the newly-married wife of Sir Charles, the head of the family. The colonel found the poor bride pale and trembling. Poor girl—she was little more than a girl—she had good cause for alarm. Stories had reached her ears from the villagers of the character of the man who now stood before her. She knew him to be cruel and pitiless. With a grim smile upon his repulsive features he bowed to her in mock courtesy, and addressed her as follows :

'Fair lady, I wish to see thy husband. My men have sought for him high and low, and they cannot find him; we wait thy assistance.'

She turned away from him, and the tears rolled down her cold, pale cheeks, but she answered him never a word.

'Come, come, mistress,' he continued, in the same tone of insulting banter, 'we must find him sooner or later, and it will be better for thee if we have thy help. Look over yonder and see we know how to treat insubordinate spirits. The pestilent papist dangling in the wind from that tower would not show us the way to his chalices, so we sent him home to prepare the way for his master;' and with a cruel laugh he pointed to the unfortunate ecclesiastic who was hanging from the battlements.

The Lady Ida shuddered, but still kept her peace.

'Very well; as thou wilt not help

thyself to the weeds that will so become thee, we must make thee a widow perforce.'

Without further parley the Colonel sounded the pannelled walls, tearing down the tapestry when it impeded him in his search. The Lady Ida watched his movements with tearful eyes, and as he approached the old-fashioned mantelpiece her agitation increased tenfold.

'Ha, ha!' he laughed, as he observed her emotion, 'thou art an excellent guide, mistress. I see that I shall soon be able to restore thee to the arms of thine husband.'

He had scarcely uttered these words ere the lady started up, and, seizing a small knob in the ornaments of the stonework, pulled it towards her. It yielded to her pressure, and discovered a thin silken cord. Drawing from her bodice a poniard, she severed the cord from the knob, and the rope sprung away from her with a slight whirr—a noise which was followed almost immediately by the sound of falling masonry.

'What does this mean?' cried the colonel, taken fairly by surprise.

'That my husband is saved from the hands of a butcher;' and with a face as cold as marble, but with the dignity of a queen, Lady Ida left the ruffian to his own devices: she swept past him, and retired into an inner apartment.

In spite of all his efforts, the colonel failed to discover the baronet's hiding-place. After a week passed in a fruitless search, he called his men together, and leaving the castle dismantled and the abbey in ruins, proceeded on his way to new conquests. On the night of his departure a figure clothed in white was seen in the grounds separating the two buildings. As midnight was tolled in the belfry, Lady Ida entered the deserted abbey and made her way to the high altar. She looked around her timidly, and then touching a spring concealed in the masonry, discovered a flight of stone steps. She stretched forth her hand and uttered a terrible cry, for lying before her was the lifeless form of her husband. The next morning bride and bridegroom were found dead. It is supposed that Sir Charles, unable to return to the house by the secret passage running between the abbey and the castle, and fearful of discovering himself to the soldiers of the Protector, who had used the church as a stable for their horses, was absolutely starved to death. At any rate, the tragedy was quite horrible enough to give the crones of the village

hard by a theme for a ghost story; and so it was currently reported that every night at twelve o'clock the phantom of Lady Ida visited the high altar in search of her husband. So said the oldest inhabitants of Beaufort, and the tale was repeated in the pages of the shilling Collection of English Legends, under the appetising title of 'The White Lady of Byron Abbey.'

By the time I had finished reading this particularly interesting story (told by the author of the 'Shilling Volume' in the best penny-a-line English), I found myself at Beaufort. I jumped out of the railway carriage, and leaving my man to look after my luggage, passed out of the station. As Byron Abbey was only a mile from the terminus, I determined upon stretching my legs by walking to my destination. So, after referring the coachman of the trap sent by Vaughan to meet me to my fellow, I shouldered my stick and marched away.

Dorset is a favourite county of mine. I am exceedingly fond of its wooded hills and verdant valleys, and consider them at their best in the autumn. After a five minutes' stroll I found myself before the entrance-lodge of the Vaughan estate, and passing through the gates, made my way towards the house.

It was indeed a beautiful scene. I stood upon a hill with a wood for the background, and in the valley before me was the quadrangular house rising from a parterre of flowers and a forest of shrubberies. The rays of the setting sun cast a rosy light upon the stone front with its clinging ivy and pointed windows. Hard by was the old abbey, overgrown with leafy creepers, gorgeous with the glorious tints of autumn. Here and there in the green sward before me were patches of trees—beyond the abbey were hills brilliant with verdant grass and particoloured shrubberies. I stood for a moment entranced with the loveliness of the landscape and then hurried on. Below me was a sparkling stream which emptied itself into a lake to my right—a lake dotted with islands and birds. Crossing a rustic bridge, I passed over a lawn into an Italian garden, and bearing to my right had left the house behind me and was facing the porch of the abbey. The door was ajar, and as I neared it the deep tones of an organ reached my ears and filled my soul with solemn melancholy. I entered the abbey and stood under the lantern. The high altar (once the scene of poor Lady Ida's woe) had been adapted to the needs of our reformed church and was shorn of half its glories—it con-

fronted me in all the cold dignity of Protestantism. To my right and left were the defaced tombs of abbots, statesmen, and warriors; at my feet were old brasses, telling of those who were dead—who had been dead for many a hundred years. My mind travelled back to the days long, long ago, and so absorbed was I in my reverie that I did not notice that the sound of the organ had ceased and that a light train was falling on the stones immediately behind me. At last I turned round, and, to my delight, found myself in the presence of Alice Vaughan. She smilingly gave me her hand, and as we passed out of the abbey together, in silence, it seemed to me that the colour on her cheek was deeper than it was wont to be in London.

'I am so glad to see you, Harold!—I mean Mr. Harwood,' she said when we were again in the open air. 'It's just like old times—isn't it?'

'Not a bit,' I replied. 'When we were in town you used to call me Harold.'

'Well, when we return to town I may perhaps call you Harold again.'

This was said with a smile.

'Why? Because the country is so artificial, and London so arcadian?'

'Not exactly! But, don't you see, we do all sorts of silly things in the season—and have only time to regret them when we get back to our dull old places in the country. I am awfully changed. I have buried every bit of the past and am going to be a very pattern of discretion for the future.'

'This is sad news indeed, Miss Vaughan,' I said, with mock seriousness. 'You would never forgive me if I called you Ally?'

'Forgiveness is a Christian virtue, and I have been awfully pious since the last time we met. You can't imagine what a nice Sunday-school I have got down here.'

'May I come and teach in it?'

'Don't be ridiculous. But I must do the honours. Arthur and Mary, and Colonel Bartle and Monte Gaunt have gone out for a drive. The Mount Desarts don't come down till to-morrow; so I am all alone. Isn't it a pretty place? Shall we go in?'

I opened the door and followed her into the house.

She took me through all the reception-rooms 'to make me at home,' as she said. We lingered over this picture and that piece of armour until the first dinner-bell rang, and then she exclaimed—

'Oh, I must show you the gallery—it

is so jolly! See—do you think that young lady pretty in the ruff? She was my great, great ever-so-many greats grandmother.'

She chattered away as she was wont to chatter in the Row, and found in me a very willing listener. At last we stood in front of a picture concealed from view by a green curtain.

'What's behind that?' I asked.

'Don't speak so loud,' she whispered. 'That's the picture of the "White Lady,"—the portrait of my poor great-great-great-aunt Ida, who died before the restoration of Charles the Second.'

'I know the legend well,' said I, rather proud of my knowledge.

'Well then, sir, you must know you mustn't look at it.'

'Why not?'

'Because they say that the stranger who looks at this picture for the first time is sure to see the ghost of the original within twelve hours.'

'I am rather fond of ghosts,' said I; and with that I pulled back the curtain.

I started with astonishment. Alice looked up into my face, and laughing merrily asked if it was like any one I knew. Then she tripped away down the corridor, leaving me to my own reflections.

Like any one I knew! Why the picture, in spite of its great age and antique accessories, was a portrait of Alice herself!

SECOND HEADING. — HOW THE GHOST APPEARED!

An hour after this conversation I was seated at dinner in the great hall of Byron Abbey. We were a particularly cosy company. I liked the men, and the ladies were absolutely charming. As the new arrival, I sat on the right of Lady Mary; next to me was Alice, and opposite us were Colonel Bartle and Monte Gaunt: the foot of the table was taken, of course, by Arthur himself.

'Well, Harwood,' said Monte Gaunt, a tawny giant of six feet four, 'I hope you have made up your mind to a good day's shooting to-morrow. We are going to take Scales Park: a thirty miles jaunt at least.'

'I don't expect you will see Mr. Harwood with you to-morrow,' observed Alice, silyly.

'Why not?' asked Colonel Bartle, an officer of Indian Irregular Cavalry. 'We could not go out without the Phenomenon.'

I may here remark, *en parenthèse*, that Bartle (who had been at school

with me) made use of an old Eton nickname of mine. I was called in early youth 'The Phenomenon,' chiefly because (I have reason to believe) I was considered rather an ass.

'Not coming!' cried Arthur. 'Oh! that will never do. Why, Harold, you mustn't desert us on the first day. We intend, with your valuable assistance, to make a stupendous bag.'

'I am at Miss Vaughan's command,' I said, smiling. 'If she requires my services I——'

'Oh, I don't want you,' interrupted Alice, quickly. 'It's the ghost.'

'How absurd you are, dear!' said Lady Mary, laughing. 'Whatever do you mean? The ghost! What ghost?'

'Why the White Lady, to be sure. Mr. Harwood was imprudent enough to look at her picture before dinner, and you know the prophecy—he is destined to see the apparition within the next twelve hours.'

'Only if he goes into the abbey,' replied Lady Mary. 'And I am sure Mr. Harwood won't care to pay a visit to the abbey on such a night as this. Why it is almost cold enough for a fire.'

Her ladyship was unquestionably right. The house stood upon high ground, and it was certainly a little chilly. However, this attack of Miss Alice was the cause of any amount of chaff on the part of the men of the party. Now I don't object to waggy as a general rule, but when one becomes the butt of Guardsmen and brainless Members of Parliament, it becomes rather a nuisance. You see, swells, when they are unaccustomed to magazine writing, are such dull dogs. They get hold of a good idea and run it to death. This may or may not be; however, I can only assert that I was quite pleased to escape to my bedchamber. We all retired early, in anticipation of the toil of the coming day. As Monte gave me my candle he said, with a decidedly silly laugh—

'Mind, you must be up by eight, Hal—that is to say if the ghost lets you come with us.'

And then they all laughed as if Monte had been a wit of the first water, instead of a very mild idiot indeed! As Alice pressed my hand, she murmured—

'I am afraid you are angry with me. I was only in fun—mind you don't go though—I really do believe in the ghost.'

I am afraid that I was rather in a bad temper as I entered my bed-

room. However, the sight of a cheerful fire went a long way towards restoring me to my usual tranquillity. I took off my tail-coat, assumed my smoking-jacket, lighted a cigar, and made myself comfortable.

'Come,' said I to myself, 'this is better than those dreary rooms in St. James's Street. How slow young Cecy Sparkler must feel!'

With this I drew up an arm-chair to the fire, and sat down. There is nothing so pleasant as a midnight cigar. As the smoke wreathed round my head, my thoughts wandered away to the fair face of Alice Vaughan.

'She's an awfully jolly girl!' I murmured, with a sigh; 'I half wish I was a marrying man. But, no; the idea is preposterous. I can't afford it. Besides, I am too young to do anything rash of that sort. When I am fifty it will be time to think of settling down—not before.'

Then my fancy led me back to the picture gallery. Once more I was standing in front of the veiled portrait, and comparing the face of Alice with the visage of the White Lady.

'The strangest resemblance I ever noticed in my life,' I said, as I got up from my chair, and approached the window. 'And yet why should I be surprised? The features of a race can be traced in its descendants for generations and generations. And yet it was strange!'

I drew up the blind, and opened the window, and found myself facing the old abbey, now bathed in the moonlight. The place looked awfully solemn in the deep silence of the night. As I stood looking forth, the bells chimed a quarter to twelve, telling me of the near approach of midnight.

Midnight!

A thought struck me. Midnight was the hour sacred to the White Lady. Of course I did not believe in the old legend, but why shouldn't I test its truth? Nothing would be easier for me than to slip down into the courtyard below, and enter unobserved the precincts of the dead. The moment the thought entered my head I determined upon accomplishing the idea. It seemed to me to be almost the act of a coward to hold back. I hurriedly assumed a Scotch plaid, and made my way noiselessly into the quadrangle. I had little difficulty in opening the doors, as they were but rarely bolted, for the Vaughans, living in the midst of their tenants, have nothing to fear from thieves. Once in the open air, I threw away my cigar,

and approached the porch of the abbey. I pressed the door, found it ajar, and entered the sacred building.

A wildly beautiful sight met my view. The moonlight streamed through the stained-glass window, and fell in fantastic splashes of colour upon the ruined tombs. The place was very solemn, and seemed to be haunted with the awful silence of the dead. I walked towards the altar, and my footfall upon the stone flags echoed through the aisles. As I crossed the scene of the tragedy acted so many years ago, midnight was chimed in the belfry above me. The last stroke of twelve reverberated and died away, and then a strange dread filled my soul with vague uneasiness. I was standing in front of the altar, and did not dare to turn round. It seemed to me that some horrible presence was approaching towards me—that I was in the company of the phantom dead!

I don't think I am naturally a coward, but certainly at this moment all my courage left me. I could not help picturing to myself the shade of the curtained portrait standing before me—I could not banish from my mind the details of the dreadful tragedy of Lady Ida's death. I stood with my hand resting upon the altar rails, and listened intently.

Surely I heard a sound.

Yes; the sound was repeated, and repeated again. Some one had entered the abbey, and was walking towards me: the footsteps were very faint, and yet in the dead silence of the hour they were as distinct as the quick throbbing of my heart. Impelled by a curiosity born of dread I turned round and started back in terror.

Gliding towards me with sightless eyes and bloodless lips was the White Lady of Byron Abbey! She was swathed in the flowing drapery of the grave, and her hand was stretched out as if in warning. She slowly moved towards me, now bathed in the moonlight, now lost in the shadow until she stood before the high altar—the scene of the tragedy of her husband's death. As she approached I fell back in terror; but enough nerve remained to me to see or rather to hear. When the phantom arrived at the altar, its lips began to move and murmur incoherent words. I listened intently, and found to my horror—to my despair—that those words bore reference to me! Yes; the White Lady, this ghost of a dead bride, was speaking about me—was claiming me as her own! As I am a living man I heard her murmur—

'Harold, my darling, my love! Harold, come to me!'

And she stretched forth her cold white arms, and smiled a ghastly, unreal smile—a smile that froze the very marrow in my bones. And then she turned round, and with the same faint footfall moved towards the door. I saw her in the moonlight, I saw her in the shadow. I looked at her for the last time—she was gone!

An hour afterwards I staggered back to my room; but although I went to bed, the night passed, as far as I was concerned, without sleep or rest.

THIRD HEADING.—HOW THE GHOST
VANISHED.

I am forced to admit that I felt rather ill on the morning succeeding the night of my fright. When my man entered the room to prepare my tub, I ordered him to inform Vaughan that I should not accompany the shooting party—that I was not very well. Then I dressed and went down into the dining-room.

'Sorry you're not up to the mark, old fellow,' said Arthur, got up in knickerbockers and gaiters. 'It's a splendid day—you'd better come.'

'I'm not up to it, old man; I'm not indeed.'

'You do look rather pale,' said Colonel Bartle, helping himself to some omelette. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Oh, nothing; only a general feeling of seediness.'

'Well; you must come at any rate to lunch. Alice will drive you over, and then if you're better you can have a gun for the afternoon.'

Shortly after this the men started on their expedition. I saw them through the window getting into the trap, attended by dogs, and accompanied by keepers. Then I returned to the table, and taking up the 'Pall Mall Gazette' that had arrived by the morning post, began listlessly to discuss my breakfast.

I had scarcely read one 'occasional note' ere the door was thrown open, and Alice, dressed in a charming morning costume, entered the room. She looked deliciously fresh and lovely: I rose from my chair and greeted her heartily.

'You look worried,' she said, as she took her place at the head of the table; 'what is the matter? I hope no bad news.'

'Oh dear no; only a little knocked up, I think.'

'What! by the exertion of doing nothing in town? Come, that won't do, Mr. Harold. Why, you look as frightened as if you had seen a ghost—perhaps you have.'

'Alice, if I tell you something will you promise not to chaff me?'

'It depends,' she said, with a smile. 'It would be rather a triumph to have a story about you. But there, my curiosity is the victor. I promise.'

'Well, last night I—I saw the—ghost!'

Alice put down her cup and laughed merrily.

'You may laugh, Alice, but on my word of honour what I tell you is true. I saw the ghost of the White Lady last night as plainly as I see you.'

Noticing that I was annoyed at her levity, Alice became more serious (although every now and then a smile *would* play upon her lips), and asked me for the particulars of my adventure. I told her my story as I have written it down here, with one trifling suppression. I left out the strange avowal of love that the ghost had made to me before quitting the abbey. Women are so jealous, you know.

'It is certainly most strange,' said Alice when I had done. 'But how silly of you to go into the abbey at that time of night; you might have caught your death of cold. You want looking after.'

'Who cares for me? I asked, rather sentimentally.

'I should say no one,' replied Alice, with a smile, 'except perhaps——'

'Well?'

'Remember you put me in possession of all your secrets, so you mustn't mind my alluding to them. From what you told me last season I should think there is one person who would be dreadfully out up if anything happened to you.'

'Whom?' I asked again, looking into her bright, laughing eyes, and waiting a flattering answer.

'Why, your tailor.'

'Oh, no one cares for me a pin,' I said, rather annoyed at her attack. I was out of sorts and quite in a condition to consider myself a martyr at the shortest possible notice.

'What nonsense!' cried Alice, wiping her dainty little fingers upon a table-napkin. 'And now, if you are a very good boy I will take you over the ponds. But first, do you mind getting me a walking-stick? I have hurt my foot.'

I jumped up and brought her one of my canes. She took it from me with a smile, and we passed out into the grounds together. After a stroll of about

five minutes' duration, Alice, who had been walking with some difficulty, stopped in front of a garden-seat.

'I am afraid I must ask you to wait here for a minute or so,' she said, seating herself; 'my foot is rather painful.'

As the seat was shaded by glorious trees, just the place for a *tête-à-tête*, I hailed the proposition with delight. When I expressed my sympathy at her accident she laughed and replied—

'Oh! it's nothing very serious—it was my own fault.'

'Your own fault?'

'I must tell you I was once—when I was very little—a confirmed somnambulist. In fact, they used to lock me in my room at school every night to keep me from wandering about the house. I thought I had broken myself of the habit, but find that I have not. Last night I left my room in my sleep and was called back to wakefulness by treading upon a coalscuttle. Wasn't it absurd?'

I started back and stared at her.

'Well, you don't pity me;' and then,

as she met my ardent gaze, she blushed and turned away her head.

A light began to dawn upon me. Alice a somnambulist! The resemblance between herself and the veiled portrait! I jumped up triumphantly. At last I had solved the mystery of Byron Abbey! She was the phantom!

'In telling you my story just now, Alice, I left out one thing, something that filled me with joy and hope. It was what the ghost said to me.'

'And that was?' she asked, timidly.

'That you returned my love. Was the ghost right?'

* * * * *

'I congratulate you, my boy,' said Arthur, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'There is not a man on earth I would sooner have for a brother-in-law. But tell me all about it. How did it come about?'

'Don't laugh, Arthur, but I give you my word, old man, that the match-maker on this occasion was a ghost—the White Lady of Byron Abbey!'

ARTHUR A'BECKETT.



THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

'THEATRICALS!' But what to have?
 Comedietta gay and sprightly?
 Or else in tragedy to rave
 Of crimes by day and horrors nightly?
 Agreed at last we fixed our play:
 Our toils much laughter interspersing,
 Two precious hours we gave each day
 To very vigorous rehearsing.

Ah me, that cast! For one sweet maid,
 Whose form was anything but airy,
 Declared she would not be gainsaid,—
 She certainly would play the 'fairy.'
 The Prince's rôle remained unfilled,
 Some one to take the part was wanted—
 In royal duties all unskilled,
 I was proclaimed the Prince enchanted!

We ransacked wardrobes high and low,
 We got the most surprising dresses,
 I saw adown my shoulders flow
 A crop of artificial tresses!
 In robes tight fitting, golden wrought,
 I viewed myself ablaze with splendour,
 For which, I could not check the thought,
 My nether limbs were sadly slender!

Before my glass I practised all
 The arts of histrionic gesture,
 And gracefully I taught to fall
 Each fold of my embroidered vesture;
 And how to bend upon my knees,
 Tests my mirror's true reflection—
 I thought I'd learned with perfect ease,
 In princely dignified affection!

Our play night came: there opened wide
 The folding-doors upon their hinges!
 Whilst standing there, close at the side,
 I owned to some strange nervous twinges!
 My *début* next! I wildly stared:
 My powers seemed fled of declamation!
 They called me on: the prompter glared,
 A most distressing situation!

All in a moment they were gone
 My much premeditated graces!
 I could not speak: I saw alone
 The smiles of thirty upturned faces.
 Prostrate I fell on bended knee:
 My cue was lost: confusion seize it!
 The prompter prompted: as for me,
In faucibus vox mea hæsit.

The Prince could not address his love!
 The speech had vanished—vanished wholly!
 A fair young face I spied above,
 Reproving, criticise me drolly!
 Those studied gestures—all were fled,
 Not e'en a word my memory haunted!
 Then straightway from the scene I sped,
 A veritable Prince enchanted!

CHRISTMAS IN THE STREETS.

The Toy Shop.

IF the state of the atmosphere does not always proclaim the advent of Christmas, the state of the shop windows invariably does. We may or we may not have what is known as seasonable Christmas weather. Ah, that seasonable weather! what a host of different experiences does it bring to us: warm fires and glad merriment for some, shivering and anguish for, alas! too many. But the shop windows never fail to bedeck themselves in undeniably seasonable costume. Look at the grocers! Did you ever see such extraordinary piles of preserved fruits, citrons glistening like diamonds in the gas light, and figs reposing beneath artificial leaves, whose emerald green positively laughs at you from its bed? And the poulterers: were there ever such turkeys as those? And the butchers: I should like to know at how many shows the deceased ox, a portion of whose carcase you sirloin represents, has not gained the prize for his potential beefiness. The well-to-do tradesman grins at the monstrous coils of lean and fat. Poverty, in the person of a thin gentleman scantily clothed, and with very pointed features, shrugs his shoulders, buttons his coat, feels in his pocket for money, and finding that he has enough to buy half a quartern of gin, but not enough to purchase half a pound of honest meat, passes hurriedly on to the immediately adjacent public-house. Manifold and strange, in truth, are the human sights just now to be met with outside the divers shop-windows of London. Penury elbows opulence, and starvation touches the hem of sleek prosperity's garment. There are sermons, so they say, in stones; there are sermons enough just now in the contrast presented between the shop windows and the manifold in-gazers from without.

Still we linger in the streets, strolling on till we find ourselves immediately confronted by a huge sheet of glass, behind which are carefully imprisoned what would have seemed to our juvenile imagination very much like the contents of Fairyland. It is the toy-shop, that magical depository of everything which excites the thirst of infantile avarice. Was there ever such a world of curiously-wrought wealth? And how anxiously puzzling do the little eyes peer into its midst! But it is not for them. Not for the Arab children

of the streets is that wealth of wonderland displayed. And the little ones know it, and think, with a vague sense of admiring and awe-stricken envy, how curiously blessed must be the lot of their well-furred and warmly-clad co-equals in age, but not in station, for whom the treasures of the toy-shop are reserved. Nor is the toy-shop merely a source of delight to those who are destined to be the recipients of its opulence. Is it nothing that the donor of its bounties witnesses the juvenile delight which the bestowal of the toy-gift awakes—nothing that the parent watches the various ways in which the grateful pleasure of the young ones makes itself manifest—nothing that that parent is able to purchase, with so small an expenditure, such a world of enjoyment for the darlings at home, and through them for himself?

Not in all cases 'so small an expenditure' by any means. On the contrary, modern toys are strangely expensive, as any person can testify who has been tempted into purchasing a doll in the Burlington Arcade for little daughter or small niece. A doll is nothing in these days if not fashionable, and your young friend, *stat.* five would scarcely accept any of these burlesque effigies of infantile human nature if it was not bedecked according to the latest mode. The present is a period of surprising and not altogether, to our minds, grateful showiness in the matter of children's costume. Does the increased attention which is paid to the external that our young people of the present day present betoken a corresponding increase in the attention which their real welfare receives? Every person must have been struck, within the last two years, at the manner in which children seem to have taken recognised positions as pets—a position which they share with favourite poodles and fortunate cats. Last season in London a lady's pedestrian equipage was not considered complete unless she carried in her arms a lilliputian terrier, or was accompanied by a gorgeously arrayed little boy or little girl—often enough she had both. What is the meaning of this freak of fashion; what does it indicate? We suggest the question; we might also suggest an answer; which answer, however, we leave it to the ingenuity of our readers to discover for themselves.

Nor is 'the one particular item of expense,' to employ Mr. Swiveller's phraseology, the only respect in which the toys of the present generation differ from those of the past. The old order of toys has changed and given place to a new. We miss sadly the toys of our own childhood. We suppose the present race of children has developed so surprisingly that it would find no charm in the simple but ingenious 'hop-frog,' or the more complex and equally pleasing 'monkey and stick.' Instead of articles so simple as these we have elaborate structures of houses,

engines, and so forth. Modern toys are like a certain species of modern recreations—they attempt to combine instruction and amusement. A child is taught the principle of the locomotive by being told to pull a string, and learning something of the art of communication by the electric telegraph in much the same pleasing manner. As the world gets older it gets more expensive and more knowing. Children participate in the tendency, and we suppose it is only natural that toys which are intended for children should illustrate it.



BILLS, BELLS, AND BALLS OF CHRISTMAS.

THERE was a very pretty girl dancing with a young fellow at a Christmas ball. He had rather a long face, helped by his style of whisker, but this evening he looked preternaturally elongated. For once he did not at all appreciate his pretty partner, who consequently found him very uninteresting. She said afterwards to a great chum of hers whom she met on the staircase, 'Charley, what's the matter with Tom Bobus? He looks very glum, and he won't talk.' 'Oh,' said Charley, 'I'll tell you what it's all about. He's got his Christmas bills in, and he can't pay them. That is what makes him so glum.' The young lady laughed, as at an exquisite joke, and afterwards told me. She was not unkind, and the words conveyed no meaning to her mind. Her people were rich, and she has had no practical acquaintance with the subject. But I confess I sympathised greatly with Mr. Thomas Bobus. As you saw the young swell, faultlessly dressed, step into his hansom, you would hardly think that Black Care was getting up behind that licensed driver, badge 7111. I pity Mr. Bobus, when he finds that during his absence at the ball some more bills have come in by the last post. I dare say he will make some acute distinction between Christmas balls and bills, with a decided preference for the former. I could not joke about it, like the young lady. The subject is one that comes home to the hearts and bosoms of us all.

I confess that this postal card system bears very hard upon my friend Mr. Thomas Bobus. He certainly owes a good many bills, rather unconscientiously, and pays no attention to his promises to pay unless they are on stamped paper—and not always then. Bobus, like myself, lives in what we consider is a fashionable suburban village, within the twelve mile postal delivery. Offensive cards come to Bobus sometimes; as, from a bootmaker, 'Sir, if you don't pay me I shall county-court you;' 'Sir, you're no gentleman, not to keep your word;' or, 'Dr. to C. Simpkins: To bill delivered, 9s. 19s. 9d.' It is bad enough to have those vexatious blue envelopes which discompose one. I wonder why they always put up their bills in those thin blue envelopes. I expect it is pure malice and aggravation, like showing white to an elephant, or red to a bull. They have the solitary advantage that

they can be thrown aside, without any danger of loss to one's real correspondents. Still, they are not so bad as these postal cards. Bobus declares that since they came in Charley has manufactured several of an awful kind against him, but I believe Charley denies that soft impeachment. I am happy to hear that there is a sensible man of science who is bringing out a sympathetic ink exactly to meet the difficulty of these postal cards. I have no doubt but in London and large towns, at least in the busy parts of them, the postmen do not care for letters, and could make nothing out of them. But in more curious localities these postal cards are really putting you, whether you like it or not, into the Temple of Truth. Take the case of Bobus. The postman there adds to his official duties the keeping of a grocery shop, where of course these offensive missives have materially deteriorated Tom's credit. Nor is this all. The postman, when his labours are done, retires to the bar of the popular public to recruit upon gin and water. Those postal cards have given him a further opportunity of ventilating his conversational powers. Even a nod or a wink may do a great deal; but the postman will probably go pretty fully into matters with his cronies. I believe there will be a great demand for that sympathetic ink.

I can very well sympathise with Bobus under his shower of Christmas bills. Christmas is a great disillusionator. It brings its payments, but also its liabilities, and the fat kine swallow up the lean kine. There is not much pleasure in drawing your quarterly payments when you know that, with all your ingenuity, they will not spread over half the surface which you want them to cover. Christmas has the merit of showing a man pretty clearly how he stands in financial matters, and frequently the knowledge is not of the very pleasantest kind. I must say that our unfortunate French neighbours show to great advantage compared with us in this respect. At no time did they come near that tremendous ramification of credit which extends throughout all English society. If a Frenchman wants anything, he simply waits till he can pay for it, and then he buys it. If an Englishman wants anything, he gets it at once, and is content to run in debt

for it. When he pays for it, the article is probably worn out, and he takes credit for a new one. I think our Gallic neighbours are the wiser; that their *étrennes* are a shade more cheerful than our Christmas-boxes.

But let me not underrate Christmas. If it brings its bills, it also brings its balls. That impecunious fellow, Bobus, will go with the greatest alacrity to any Christmas ball. The young wretch appears to be quite oblivious of the fact that, in a monetary point of view, he ought to be overwhelmed with his pecuniary liabilities. As a rule, the bills don't come in till after Christmas; and so at Christmas Bobus is very merry, albeit about Twelfth Night he becomes exceedingly glum. Take it altogether, that heavy party with a few plums in the funds does not enjoy life as doth Bobus with a minus fatally less than nothing. I don't much care for dancing now. Like the heavy party, I should hardly appear to much advantage thereat. Time was when what would I not have done for a dance? I remember taking a journey of a hundred and sixty miles for that purpose alone. But that was to see Laura—Laura, who has now a Laura of her own o'ertopping her. People seem now to arrogate to themselves an immense lot of credit for going a score of miles, in or out of town, to attend a ball. Across country, a score of miles may be a very serious matter; or, if the party is pleasantly arranged, a very pleasant matter. There ought to be no trouble in going down to Richmond, for instance, for a ball; and if you go by rail, it is simply a trifle. Tom Bobus and Charley will dance as vigorously as King David, and are a vast assistance to any party. I twine myself, as elegantly as I can, close to the door, as a wallflower. I don't think that I am so very much worse off than Tom Bobus, although he is dancing with that pretty girl who laughed so about his bills, and towards whom honest or dishonest Tom has long been concentrating his vagrant affections. For while Tom can only see the merits of one girl, I can do justice to the merits of all. While she is a shadowy, illogical, ethereal divinity in his eyes, I can sum her up in the course of a few minutes. I know that I am only an old foggy, and I confess to my fogysm. But some very nice girls come and chat with me; and though they would rather dance with the young fellows, some of them would have the sense to prefer talking with me. If not, I can talk with their mothers—or, indeed, on such an occa-

sion as a Christmas ball, with their grandmothers. Very stately, and indeed, at times, very pretty are some of the grandmothers. I really do not know where the wonderful grandmothers of the future are to come from; I am afraid that few of the young ladies of the present day will grow into anything so stately and good. Some of these old ladies are simply delightful. They indoctrinate me with the diplomacy and inner life of the ball, and recount all the ins and outs of family history. There is no more brilliant sight than a crowded ball-room; it is pleasant to watch the convolutions of the dance; no ballet can be better. Only I am free to say, in my character of a foggy, that if I were engaged to one of those girls, I should not like to see her clasped round the waist by an obnoxious stranger. Read Byron's poem, 'The Waltz,' and then confess that it is very odd how entirely society has accommodated itself to the state of things that he condemns. It is all very well, however, at the Christmas balls, where they dance the old country dances, not only with duennas and chaperones, but in the presence of all one's friends and belongings. The least dancing people might dance at Christmas; the parsons themselves turn out in great force, and the servants get their dancing parties, which are sometimes livelier and longer than those of their betters.

Now I must say a word or two about our church bells. We have a peal that for its musical carillon is known far and wide. Our church is an ancient, a picturesque church, which modern innovation has touched lightly, and really only in a helpful way. We are going to have another big church here, and in the mean time an ugly iron structure is perpetrated, and of course there are tabernacles and things of that sort belonging to our worthy 'dissenting brethren.' Our church is smothered with ivy, and it has much stained glass, a fine organ, with a finely-trained choir, and has some good monuments. I promise you that it is well decorated at Christmas—not with mere sprigs of holly, stuck about at the will of a homely sexton, but after a scientific and beautiful order, of course by the young ladies of the place. Our bells are very fine; but their Christmas aspect is at times nearly a nuisance. A worthy citizen and cordwainer, who had retired from business, and vegetated his remaining years down here, left some fields at the end of his garden, the annual rent of which was to be given to the bellringers. If he had left them ten shillings a year, which

was probably his intention, it would have been all right; he left it in land, and happy are those old charities which have had bequests of land instead of money; but he left it in these two suburban fields, which have been turning over their value again and again. Consequently these bellringers are not at all badly off, and they do not do their work at all ill. Those who only listen to ordinary tolling and chiming know very little of what it is in the power of our bellringers to achieve. It is pleasant to hear them on a Christmas night as you come across the snow, pealing most musically some of our best and simplest tunes. It is not enough for them, however, that they enjoy their little bequest and a payment from the rates, or anything that answers to the rates now. They regularly come round with a little book, and we must do something to keep up the credit of our famous set of bellringers. The fellows, by-the-way, only go as far as the belfry, and do not enter the church. They go up their winding staircase in the tower, frightening the owls, clad in their work-day clothes, and when they have rung in the congregation, they go home and loll about till the public-houses are open. Now on Christmas Eve our bells are made to excel themselves. As soon as it is dusk you may see a glimmering light from the belfry through the ivy. Then there are interludes of chimes, soft, musical chimes—chimes that remind you of immemorial days, of old stories and old songs, old associations and old loves, a little marred, perhaps, if you are a man of mean and prosaic mind, by the recollection of the beery crew in that ivied tower, who, refreshed by much beer, are defying competition with any other set of ringers in the metropolitan county. Now on Christmas Eve we have a custom at our suburban church. We have a late service on Christmas Eve. The first sight is then revealed of the glories of the Christmas decorations. There is a keen curiosity to know how the floral cross, woven by the fair fingers at the Hall, has been completed, and upon what plan the ornamentation of the font has been effected. The peculiarity of our local custom is that after service the people are very much given to walking about in the church, and indulging in shakings of the hand and the wishings of a happy Christmas.

Friendly reader, were you ever locked up in a church? If you are a weak-minded person, afraid of ghosts, for instance, it is not a very pleasant sensation. I knew of a young lady who

was once locked up in the Tower of London. I wonder if she held all the dignity of a prisoner of state; but I am afraid that she was not very much like the Princess Elizabeth or Mrs. Rousby. Rather a large party had been formed to visit the Tower on a winter day, and made a long and vigorous examination, recruited by the hot elder wine which, in those years at least, was procurable at the fortress. As they were returning home the question was asked in one of the two carriages, 'Where is Ellen?' 'Oh! she is in the other carriage,' was, of course, the answer. In the other carriage, however, an identical question was put and answered in the same way. When the inmates of the two carriages met again and compared notes it was found that Ellen was missing. They drove back at once to the Tower, and commenced to search through all the places they had visited. Poor Ellen, in the meanwhile, had really been locked up in one of the apartments. She had been examining some object very minutely at the time when the party quitted the room, the janitor locking the door behind him. When she found she was alone she tried the door vigorously and called out as loud as she could; but no one answered. For some time she bore it very patiently, thinking that her friends would be certain to return for her. She became very nervous and excited when she found they did not come back; and well she might, for it was quite within the bounds of possibility that nobody might come near that room for a month. She might starve or go mad very long before that. But in the dusky gloaming of the wintry afternoon unreal terrors were added, which seemed more dread than the actual terrors. The armour seemed peopled by dead warriors or their ghosts; the weapons threatened to fall and pierce and overwhelm her; the ghostly White Lady might sweep past her, or a spectral headsman come with a spectral axe. She flung up stones at the window. One of them broke it and fell into the yard; but the noise was quite disregarded in the sighing of the wind. At last the poor girl began to scream loudly, and fell into a fit of uncontrollable agitation. She ran up and down the room, wringing her hands, and wild with terror. She was just on the point of fainting when, after visiting several apartments, they found her clasping the greaves of what might have been the armour of some famous baron of the middle ages.

Now it was the lot of the young gentleman whom I have been naming to be locked up in church all night. He had

been to church—let us hope for the best of purposes—but he also wished to see the decorations, to obtain a greeting or a smile, and, above all, to listen to our famous Christmas carols. He got into a very comfortable pew, the Squire's pew—the great Squire, who claimed the chancel, and had not allowed his own pew to be altered when Mr. G. G. Scott was completing his restoration of other parts of the building. He was listening, as several people were listening, to our remarkable chimes, and composed himself into an attitude of comfort which did not quite correspond with his ecclesiastical surroundings. The bells rang on with their soothing influence, and when they ceased the quiet made the soothing influence still more complete. Then Tom fell asleep, and naturally awoke very cold and chilly. It was very dark in his corner; but still the moon was streaming through one of the windows so brightly that when he came into the moonlight he could make out by his watch that it was past two o'clock. He tried the doors and the window, but every avenue was well guarded and fastened up securely. Tom made the best of things under the unpleasant circumstances. He selected a stout hassock for his pillow, and brought together a lot of cushions—those belonging to the Squire being happily of a broad description—and entrenched himself beneath his works. A practical-minded fellow was Tom, with as much poetry as a drayhorse; and it mattered little to him that the moonlight slowly revealed to him the letters on the great lady's monument, and fell upon the crossed arms and crossed legs of the Crusader in the corner. He fell asleep and soundly slept till morn.

What a lovely legend is that of Milton falling asleep under a great tree near Cambridge, and the young Italian lady kissing him as he lay there and leaving some lines of poetry in his hand. The story goes on to say how Milton became deeply enamoured of the unseen lady, and sought her far and wide through her own Italy, and pined all his life that he had not married her. I wish I could relate some such pretty story of my impecunious friend. Let it be that the Squire's daughter came devoutly to matins and awoke Bobus; or let us say that, seeing Bobus, she drew the erroneous conclusion that he was turning over a new leaf and attending matins, drawing a brighter conclusion than I am afraid his antecedents warranted. But I am obliged to be historical. Bobus woke up, felt queer, shook himself as a

dog shakes himself, and was meditating in what way he should make his exit, when, to his great astonishment and perplexity, he heard some light steps and some cheery voices, and presently the noise of a big key being fitted into the big lock of the church door, then a heavy tramp, followed by some rustling dresses.

Tom Bobus stole a look over the church pew into which he had made a precipitate retreat. This is what he saw. Heavy tramp belonged to a big rustic. Big rustic was enshrouded in a bower of holly, looking very much like a moving wood of Dunsinane. The light steps belonged to three or four young ladies. One of them was the unfeeling young heiress who only saw something amusing in the notion of Tom not being able to pay his Christmas bills. There are *bells* and *belles*. Tom liked this one better than the peals which had led the way to his incarceration. He felt very ridiculous, and of ridicule he had a more intense terror than perhaps anything else in the whole world. Oddly enough, he felt more afraid of the rustic than he was of the young ladies. He had an instinctive feeling that they would not think the worse of him for so romantic an incident as spending the night in the old church, but he knew the gaping rustic would only find material for inane laughter. He soon found out the reason of their presence. There was the sweet prattle of feminine voices. 'I felt sure,' Miss Merton said, 'that we wanted some more holly to cover up those pillars.' 'Well, my child,' answered the voice of another young lady who had taken a very busy part in the decorations, 'I confess I thought the effect was very good last night; but it will be very easy to put up those few wreaths long before the service begins or any people come.' 'It brought me out of bed an hour before my time,' shivered rosy Alice, who appreciated snugness and warmth. 'The worst of it is,' said Miss Merton, 'that there is no one here who can manage to trail the wreath as high as that side arch. I don't suppose Giles would understand it,'—Giles being of the chawbacon species with scanty gumption.

At this point Bobus came very demurely forward. He said with all calmness, 'Can I help you, young ladies?' The young ladies gave a shriek as if the old Crusader had suddenly leaped up with couched lance. 'How in the name of fate did you come here, Mr. Bobus?' said Miss Merton, the only one of the group who knew him

personally. Tom had the presence of mind to say, 'Why, that is my secret, Miss Merton; but as you see I am here, had you not better make use of me?' Tom Bobus was forthwith utilised. They managed to wind the desiderated wreath round the pillar until it reached the arch. Then Miss Merton took it upon herself to give Mr. Bobus an invitation to her ball on Christmas night, and Mr. Thomas, who was only booked for a stately family dinner that day, said he would be happy to put in an appearance about eleven o'clock. As I have explained, life with

him was at that delightful stage in which a ball is the acme of existence. He told Miss Merton the story how he had been locked up all night, and felt it a great thing that he had established a confidence between them. Also—since he knew Miss Merton had heard the story—he ventured to discuss with her his chronic impecuniosity, and found her sympathetic rather than indignant or amused. In fact, without wishing to inculcate an unsound moral for a commercial country, I have much hope that he will scramble out of debt as easily as he scrambled into it.

